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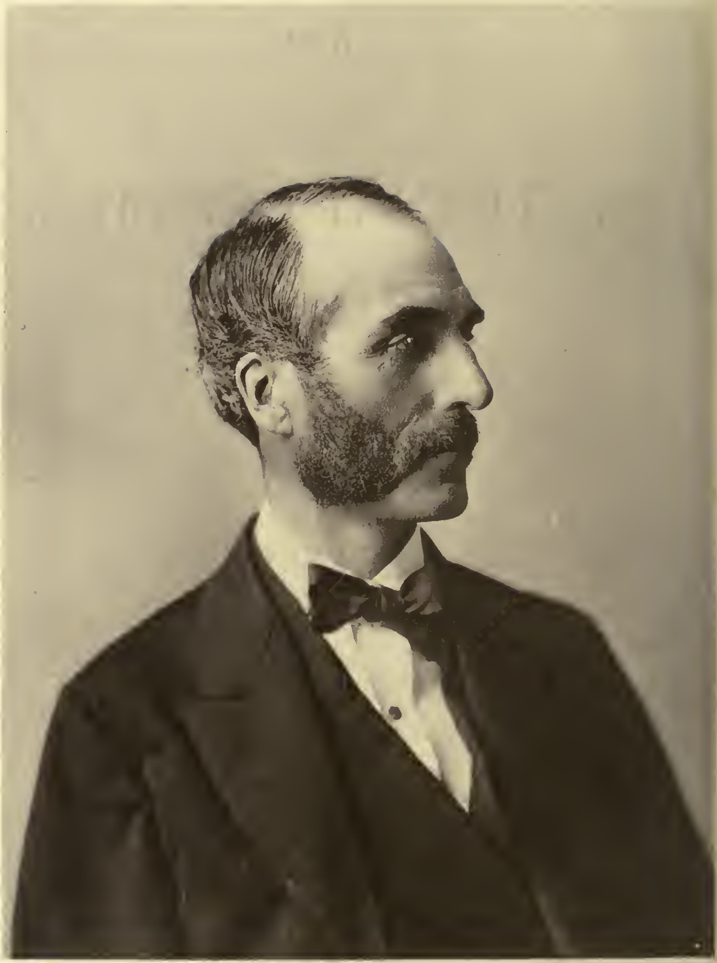

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

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AND

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 4.] JULY, 1873. [NO. 1.

AN OLD CANADIAN TOWN.

> "Little of what we value here
> Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year."

TWO hundred years, though very far below the antiquity of the Chesters and Berwicks of Old England, constitute a pretty respectable age for a town in a world which is emphatically called the *New*. On a continent where the relics of even a centennial antiquity are few and far between—whose oldest traces of civilization, leaving Mexico out of the question, do not go farther back than three hundred years—where a complex civilization has, in the course of a couple of centuries, replaced the primeval wilderness, and some of whose most magnificent cities of to-day had, half a century ago, no existence, the citizens of Kingston may justly claim some of the reverence due to age for a place which, during two hundred years—as Fort Frontenac, Cataraqui, or Kingston—has played an important part in the history of Canada, ranking in military importance next to old Quebec itself.

It is not easy mentally to realize the Canada of two hundred years ago, since the Canada that *we* know had then, save in the comparatively unchangeable natural features of the country, no existence. To see it as it was we must obliterate, in imagination, its busy and substantial cities, towns and villages, its harbours and shipping, its roads, and its network of railways; and call up in their stead a vision of the trackless forest wilderness, haunted by the deer, the wolf, and the beaver; and forming the hunting-grounds, as well as the battle-ground, of a few fierce, wandering tribes, who waged no less cruel and destructive warfare with each other than upon the animal denizens of the forest.

We must also exactly reverse the position of the British possessions in America, for *Nouvelle France*, under the dominion of the most Catholic King, Louis XIV., occupied almost precisely the present boundaries of the Dominion of Canada, while the territory now forming the United States, so far as it had then been explored, was claimed by the English settlers, and held by their garrisons.

The time when our history begins is the July of the year 1673, the thirtieth year of the reign of Louis XIV. of France, and the thirteenth after the Restoration—little more than half a century after the "Men of the Mayflower" had sprung ashore on Plymouth Rock—when Boston and New York were as yet little more than villages, and Quebec and Montreal only clusters of log-cabins, under the shelter of palisaded forts.

The scene is the lower extremity of Lake Ontario, just where the interposition of several large islands seems at once to narrow it into the channel of the St. Lawrence, and where, flowing out from a chain of lakes, cascades and winding river-reaches, the Cataraqui joins the incipient St. Lawrence, forming, by its widening mouth, a quiet bay and an excellent harbour; a place called, from the river, Cataraqui, or rather, in its old form, *Katarakoui*, varying its spelling in some dozen ways, just as differently inclined orthographer stook it down from the lips of the Indians.

It is the glorious midsummer time, when the forests wear their intensest green. The wide St. Lawrence is calmly sleeping in the sunshine, between the richly-wooded winding banks, which in their long vista permit a glimpse of the soft blue of the distant lake. The picturesque outlines of inlet, promontory and island catch the eye, unbroken by any artificial feature to disturb the sylvan monotony of the deep green woods that clothe the bending shore, the gentle slopes, and the more prominent eminence which in our day is bare and crowned by Fort Henry. Never yet has any bark save the canoe of the Indian, or of an exploring party, glided over those clear waters, threading, under the shadow of overhanging hemlock or pine, the mazes of the Thousand Islands. But now a little flotilla approaches, arranged with some pomp and circumstance. It consists of one hundred and twenty canoes and two *bateaux*, carrying a military force of four hundred men. Four squadrons of canoes proceed in line as a vanguard; then come the two *bateaux*, laden probably with the *impedimenta* of the expedition, and then follow the main body of the fleet, the foremost canoe carrying a brilliant cluster of French officers, among whom, in the rich, picturesque costume of a French nobleman, and conspicuous by the stately haughtiness of his bearing, may be distinguished Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac and Governor of *Nouvelle France*. He is supported by a squadron of his Indian allies, and two other squadrons of canoes, following, compose the rear guard of the little fleet. Martial music floats over the waters, for no feature of military pomp was omitted by the French which could impress the minds of the Indians.

While the expedition is still at some distance from its destination it is met by an Iroquois canoe, bearing the chiefs of the Five Nations, magnificent in war-paint and feathers, accompanied by the Abbé d'Urfé, who had notified them of the Count's approach; for there, as elsewhere, the Jesuit Missionary is found the harbinger of French progress, and the companion of the French explorer, if not the explorer himself. From the journal of this voyage of de Frontenac is quoted the following description of the civilities which took place on the occasion of this meeting between the newly arrived French Governor and the chiefs of this formidable tribe:

"They saluted the admiral, and paid their respects to him with evidence of much joy and confidence, testifying to him the obligation they were under to him for sparing them the trouble of going further, and for receiving their submissions at the River Katarakoui, which is a very suitable place to camp, as they were about signifying to him.

"After Count de Frontenac had replied to their civilities they preceded him as guides, and conducted him into a bay about a cannon shot from the entrance, which forms one of the most beautiful and agreeable harbours in the world, capable of holding a hundred of the largest ships, with sufficient water at the mouth and in the harbour, with a mud bottom, and so sheltered from every wind that a cable is scarcely necessary for mooring."

But the real object of Count de Frontenac's visit was not merely to receive the "submissions" of the Indians, or exchange expressions of civility. His predecessor, M. de Courcelles, as well as the energetic Intendant, M. de Talon, had for some time been desirous of erecting at Cataraqui an outpost fort, for the purpose of protecting the fur or peltry trade, then the great traffic of Canada, and also of acting as a check upon the always dangerous Iroquois. One of his last official acts had been to call a convention of these Indians, just then at peace with their European neighbours, and, by plausible representations, to procure their assent to the erection of the "fur depôt with defences," which became Fort Frontenac. M. de Courcelles had already undertaken an exploring expedition to Cataraqui in person, going all the way in a canoe, and landing at the spot now occupied by the City of Kingston. Of the place the memoir of his expedition says: "the Governor remarked at this place a stream bordered by fine land, where there is sufficient water to float a small bark. This remark will be of use hereafter." It is not likely that the writer could have realized how many a large bark was destined to float in that fine natural harbour!

It is said that this exploring expedition, with its attendant exposure and fatigue, so much injured the health of M. de Courcelles as to be the cause of his demanding his recall. But, on the arrival of his successor, de Frontenac, he strongly impressed upon him the importance of proceeding to erect the fort, and, as has just been described, Count de Frontenac, in July of the succeeding year, 1673, proceeded in state to Cataraqui to inaugurate and superintend its erection.

On the fifteenth, the day after he landed, the fort was commenced. On the nineteenth it was finished; not a long period, certainly, for the erection of a fortress, though it was long enough for that of the wooden stockades, whose walls were rounded pickets pierced by loopholes, which could not have stood for a moment the shock of modern artillery, though they formed a tolerable protection against the primitive weapons of Indian warfare. De Frontenac remained on the spot for eight days longer, probably amusing himself with hunting, fishing, and exploring the neighbourhood of what became his favourite fort, and in all probability, as was his wont, conciliating the Indians by mingling with them in their games, and even joining in their war-dances. On the twenty-seventh of July he set out on his return to Montreal, having thus laid the first foundation of the City of Kingston. The good city ought to hold her bi-centenary celebration this month.

But the man who is most prominently and closely connected with the early history of Fort Frontenac was its first commander, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a young Norman from Rouen, whose eventful and hapless history is as interesting as that of any knight of chivalry. Brave, persistent, enthusiastic; endowed with indomitable firmness and inexhaustible perseverance; with a constitution—mental and physical—naturally strong and enduring, and hardened almost to iron by a ten years' discipline among the Jesuits; and with an imagination fired by the achievements of Cortes, Pizarro and Jacques Cartier; he was eager to distinguish himself by exploring hitherto unpenetrated wildernesses, and taking possession of them in the name of the King of France. His favourite idea of finding a north-west passage to China by the waters of the Ottawa or the upper lakes, is perpetuated in the name which his enemies are said to have sarcastically given to his trading-post of *La Chine*. Just about the time when Fort Frontenac was erected, the discovery of the Mississippi by Père Marquette and M. Joliet excited intense interest in Canada, from their representation that it was possible to go in a bark from Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario, with the exception of one "carrying-place," which has since become known to the world as Niagara Falls. La Salle, who thought it might be possible to find, in this way, water communication with the Pacific Ocean, conceived the hope of thus realizing his favourite project of a Western passage to Asia, and de Frontenac, who seemed to find in him a congenial spirit, gave him the command of the new fort at Cataraqui. There, while maturing his plans, he resided, ruling, it may be presumed with pretty despotic sway, his miscellaneous subjects, including French soldiers and settlers, Franciscan monks, half-breeds, Indians, and *coureurs de bois.* The Fort, which under his administration seems to have been partially rebuilt in stone, stood—there is every reason to believe—on the spot now occupied by the *Tête du pont* barracks, commanding the outlet of the river Cataraqui, and protected by the opposite point from the eastern winds, and by the main shore—curving gently outward into a more distinct point than now, from the winds which so frequently sweep down the lake from the westward. From the northward the Cataraqui swept down, as now, between rather high and curving banks, begirt with marshes, inhabited by water-fowl, musk rats and beaver, while to the south and west, hill, headland and long green islands hemmed in the bright, lonely expanse of water.

In 1675 La Salle went to France, taking with him letters of recommendation from the Governor to Louis XIV. In answer to his petition he received from the French king letters of *noblesse*, together with the grant of Fort Frontenac, and a tract of adjacent country, which was constituted into a Seigniory, with La Salle as its seignior.

The document containing His Majesty's grant is dated at Compiègne, in May, 1675, signed by Louis and Colbert, and bestows upon him not only the four leagues of mainland adjacent to Fort Frontenac, with a depth of half a league inland, but also the neighbouring islands, called Ganounkouesnot and Kaouenesgo, supposed to be respectively Wolfe and Amherst Islands, with the adjacent islets; and with the rights of hunting and fishing on the said lands in Lake Frontenac or Ontario (then called interchangeably by its French and Indian names), and in the adjacent rivers. To this grant were attached certain conditions, the principal of these being that La Salle was to reimburse the 10,000 livres expended in the erection of the fort; to keep in good order the fort and the necessary garrison; to maintain twenty men during nine years who should be employed solely in clearing the land granted to him; to remove all his own personal property to Fort Frontenac; and to build a church and provide for the administration of religious ordinances. It seems a curious accident which thus connects the magnificent Louis XIV., the builder of Versailles and *le petit Trianon*, with the first primitive log chapel ever built in Kingston.

La Salle, having obtained his letters of *noblesse* and his royal commission to "labour in the discovery of the western part of New France," which meant, of course, that he was to carry his exploring projects as far as he felt disposed—set sail from Rochelle in July, 1678, with about thirty chosen companions, one of whom was the celebrated Recollet, Father Hennepin. Another was a brave officer who had lost an arm in the Sicilian wars, the Chevalier de Tanti, whose name was long preserved in the former name of Amherst Island, the Isle of *Tanti*, as well as in all probability, though slightly disguised, in the present name of the Bay of Quinté. Strange to say, the name of La Salle himself seems to have left no trace in all his seigniory. The City of Kingston has ungratefully omitted to preserve his name in even a street or a public building. Detroit has a street bearing his name, but the "La Salle

Institute" of Toronto seems to be the only memorial of this remarkable man in Upper Canada.

At Cataraqui, where, we may suppose, a little cluster of log huts and Indian wigwams had grown up under shelter of the fort, La Salle made vigorous preparations for his expedition, and by the month of November had built and launched the first decked vessel or vessels that ever floated on these inland waters. Then, with a cargo of goods, and of materials for building a brigantine, he sailed up the lake to Niagara, where the Indians were as much astonished by his barks as the minds of the French were impressed by the wonders of Niagara, beneath whose mist and foam, according to Indian tradition, brooded the Spirit of Thunder with his giant sons.

Having built at Niagara a palisaded storehouse, as the Indians objected to a regular fort, La Salle laid the keel of his brigantine at Navy Island, above the Falls, where, even at the beginning of the present century, some charred remains of his dockyard were still visible. During the winter, in company with Père Hennepin and a guide, he returned to Fort Frontenac on foot. The traveller of our day, who, borne smoothly along in a Pullman car, can accomplish the journey while wrapped in unconscious slumber, can scarcely realize what it was then to traverse the trackless, frozen forest, amid the bitter winds and wild storms of winter, with the dread bay of the distant wolves not seldom resounding in their ears as they made a rude shelter for themselves around the camp-fire, even as the trappers and missionaries of Manitoba do now. While still two days' journey from Cataraqui, their provisions, which were carried on a sled drawn by a dog, gave out, and they had to perform the rest of the journey fasting, arriving, however, safely at Fort Frontenac.

By the following midsummer the brigantine was ready. She was armed with seven guns, and launched to the sound of a salute of cannon and the chanting of a *Te Deum*, receiving the name of the *Griffin*, or as some say, the *Cataraqui*, and fitted to astonish and overawe the aborigines by her formidable aspect and the thunders of her cannon, as much as if she had indeed been one of the fabled griffins of the Middle Ages.

It would be a too long, though a most interesting digression, to follow La Salle through the interminable wanderings of the next five years; to tell how his newly launched brigantine was swallowed up in the waters of Lake Huron while he was proceeding westward, building forts as he went; how, after two weary journeys on foot from the Illinois to Fort Frontenac; after losses and misfortunes and persecutions, which made him exclaim that all Canada was against him except only the Governor, he eventually succeeded in triumphantly exploring the Mississippi to its mouth, taking possession of the newly discovered territory in the name of Louis XIV., and calling it, after him, *Louisiana*. But the saddest part of the story is that which tells how, when success seemed assured, when he had vindicated himself from the accusations of his enemies at the Court of France, and had been formally authorised to commence the colonisation of Louisiana, the squadron with which he sailed, through the stupidity or ill-will of its commander, missed the mouth of the harbour, and La Salle, landing with his followers on the wild coast of Texas, perished by the shot of a mutineer, while endeavouring to lead them back to Canada. A rude cross in the wilderness, planted by his faithful friend Père Anastasius, was all that marked the last resting-place of the dauntless but unfortunate explorer.

In the meantime Canada was suffering from the dreaded advances of the Iroquois. Under M. de la Barre, M. de Denonville, and de Frontenac, (again recalled to office,) Fort Frontenac played a prominent part, as the headquarters of the French forces when in Upper Canada for the purpose of defending that part of the Province against the Indian incursions. De Denonville, however, made it the scene of an act of treachery as vile as any that ever proceeded from the untaught savages with whom he waged war. Availing himself of the influence of two devoted missionaries to the Oneidas and Onondagas, two of the Five Nations, he induced a number of the chiefs of these tribes, with their followers, to meet him at Fort Frontenac for a pacific conference. As soon as they were within the precincts of the Fort he caused them to be seized, put in irons, and carried as chained captives to Quebec, whence these liberty-loving children of the forest were transported to France, to wear their life out in the dismal confinement of the galleys. This gross and cruel breach of faith excited, as may be supposed, intense indignation and grief among the tribes to which the captives belonged, but, with a forbearance not often met with in the annals of Indian war, they did not wreak their vengeance on the innocent missionaries who were in their power. Père Lamberville, indeed, was dismissed by the elders of his charge with a safe convoy, and a speech, the forbearance, justice and wisdom of which shine out in bright contrast to the cruel treachery of the French commander. While expressing their conviction that *he* had had no share in causing the wrong which had been done them, they intimated that it was better that he should leave them, since the younger members of the tribe might not always take the same view, but might be led away by their just indignation to take an unjust revenge; "and we, aged and feeble as we are, shall not have the power, in such an hour, to snatch thee from their vengeful grasp."

But the hour of retribution was at hand. Despite a temporary advantage gained by an expedition from Fort Frontenac in boats and canoes to the Genesee, the avenging Iroquois were soon sweeping the country around Cataraqui, burning the cabins and destroying the crops of the unfortunate settlers,—covering the lake with their canoes, and blockading the garrison. An enforced truce followed, the terms of the Iroquois were accepted, and the Indians consented to leave hostages at Montreal to ensure the safe convoy of provisions for the famishing garrison at Fort Frontenac. But the treachery of an Indian chief put a stop to the hoped for peace, enraged the Indians beyond all bounds, and led to the midnight massacre of Lachine, the ravaging of the surrounding country, and the capture of Fort Frontenac. The panic-stricken garrison deserted the fort, which was razed to the ground by the Indians, a fate which, shortly after, also overtook Fort Niagara.

The inefficient de Denonville was now recalled, and de Frontenac again arrived in Canada, to find a great part of it laid waste, villages in smoking ruins, and his favourite Fort Frontenac destroyed. Another large expedition under his command was soon at Cataraqui. It embraced a striking variety of *matériel*: Indians in their savage battle array, colonial soldiers in grey capotes and bright sashes, and the staunch veterans who had followed the standards of Condé and Turenne, and whom de Frontenac had brought to the New World to wage war with American Indians.

We must not linger to describe de Frontenac's vigorous proceedings against the Iroquois, and the massacre at dead of night of the unoffending inhabitants of Schenectady—a massacre covering with infamy the Europeans who took part in it. De Frontenac's stern measures speedily restored the ascendency of the French over the Indians. But a new danger menaced the French dominion, for New England was preparing to attack New France, encouraged thereto by the British Government, which, elated by triumphs over France in Europe, began to conceive the design of conquering her possessions in America. Quebec was twice besieged, but de Frontenac's small garrison bravely held its ground. These hostilities made the governor more anxious to restore Fort Frontenac, with the importance of which he was strongly impressed, and in spite of the opposition of his Intendant, de Champigny, he carried his point, and had it rebuilt before contrary orders could arrive from home. He had previously drawn up and sent home a list of reasons why the Fort *should* be rebuilt, and de Champigny a parallel list of reasons why it should *not*. De Frontenac dwelt on its importance as an entrepôt of trade, a storehouse for provisions, a place for repairing weapons and implements, a headquarters for expeditions, a place of retreat in danger, and a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. De Champigny objected that it was a useless expense to re-establish a fort lying out of the direct course either of trade or war; which could furnish protection only to the men within its walls; and which, from its contiguity to poisonous swamps, was so unhealthy that eighty-seven men, out of the eight hundred composing the garrison, had died in one year.

The re-establishment of the fort, however, was a *fait accompli*, and cost about £600, a large sum in those days. It is said, in an old MS. of the eighteenth century, to have "consisted of four stone curtains, 120 feet each, defended by four square bastions. The walls were not good, and were defended by neither ditches nor palisades. There was no terrace to sustain it on the inside. A wooden gallery was built all round for communicating from one bastion to another. The platforms of these bastions were mounted on wooden piles, and the curtains were pierced by loop-holes."

During the half century of peace which intervened between the death of de Frontenac, two years after the fort was rebuilt, and the war which ended in the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, we hear but little of Fort Frontenac. If there was a settlement at Cataraqui, it was still, probably, of the rudest kind. The French settlers had, through intermingling freely with the Indians and tasting the pleasures of their free forest life, become restless and impatient of persevering labour; while a system of oppressive exaction, monopolies, and arbitrary rule, crushing enterprise and discouraging industry, was not favourable either to agriculture or the industrial arts. Such rude comforts or luxuries as they could easily obtain from the chase, or from the bountiful soil, were theirs; anything more they did without. Horses and stock were as yet so scarce as to be almost unknown, and Indian warpaths were still the only roads, save the great highway of the river. Father Picquet, visiting Fort Frontenac in 1758, says that the bread and milk that he got at the Fort were bad, and that brandy, for medicinal purposes, was not to be had.

But the Fort was soon again to feel the shock of warfare. The two great powers, which had been silently contending for the sovereignty of the American continent, were gradually approaching each other across the slopes of the Alleghanies and the valley of the St. Lawrence, and the capture of many French vessels by British cruisers hurried on the crisis, though the first shots of the war were fired in the wilds of Virginia. La Jonquière, Governor of Canada in 1751, repaired and strengthened Fort Frontenac in preparation for the impending conflict. The war was fast increasing in violence, and the names of Wolfe and Montcalm began to be distinguished among the combatants. In 1758 eighty thousand British troops marched to the borders of Canada, and soon after came the last hour of Fort Frontenac.

An unsuccessful but determined attack on Carillon by the British, under Abercombie, drew off nearly all the troops that garrisoned Fort Frontenac. Abercrombie, hearing that it was almost abandoned, and well knowing its importance as the key to the lakes and the entrepôt of the French marine, sent Colonel Bradstreet to take it, with three thousand men and eleven guns. This tolerable army landed near Cataraqui on the evening of the 25th of August, 1758, and quickly erecting a battery on the site of the present market-place, besieged the garrison of seventy men, commanded by the brave and chivalrous, but aged and infirm M. de Noyan, who had foreseen and vainly warned the governor of the impending danger. The gallant little garrison held out as long as it could, and succour was sent to relieve it with all possible haste. But, ere it could arrive, indeed after a brief cannonade, the British bombs had produced such an effect upon the walls, which "were not good," as to render it no longer tenable, and de Noyan was obliged to capitulate, stipulating for the safety of his troops and their transport to Montreal, and not omitting the condition that the ornaments and sacred vessels of the "chappel" be removed in the baggage of the commander.

It was no mean prize that thus fell into the hands of the British; the entire French navy in Canada, including two 20-gun brigs, some of the barks having been trophies from the preceding capture of Oswego by the French, and some being richly laden with furs—the whole of the merchandise and supplies intended for other forts and outposts—and eighty cannon, besides a large quantity of smaller arms. Bradstreet loaded his barges with all the goods they could carry, burned the fort and most of the navy, and permitted the garrison to return to Montreal.

The fall of Fort Frontenac was most disastrous to the French interest, its results fully confirming the grave apprehensions with which M. Doreil wrote to Paris announcing its loss; and was one of the chief causes which led to the conquest of Canada.

The Fort was never rebuilt. Attempts were made to do so, but as three considerable armies were bearing down on Canada, to be met by fifteen thousand French, it was necessary to concentrate all available forces at the chief points of attack. In June of the following year Quebec was taken; and by the treaty of 1760 the rich possessions of France in the New World passed under the sway ot Great Britain, the French monarch consoling himself, like Reynard of old, by the reflection that he was losing only "a few leagues of snow."

Traces of Fort Frontenac, and also of the breastwork thrown up by Colonel Bradstreet, were still to be seen many years after the conquest. The remains of the tower in the interior were removed only in 1827. Some vestiges of the fort were still visible when the Grand Trunk Railway line was opened into the city. A few French families and half-breed Indians still clung to the ruins of the old Fort, but the place is scarcely heard of again until the enthusiastic loyalty of its first systematic settlers, the U. E. Loyalists, had changed to *Kingstown* its fine old Indian name of Cataraqui, which, less fortunate than Toronto, it never regained. It thus happens that the traveller who enters Canada by its watery highway, finds in the names Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, reminiscences of the three different races who were successively masters of the country.

The first real and permanent settlement of Cataraqui took place at the close of the American War of Independence. A party of loyalist refugees, undecided where to go when compelled to leave their American homes rather than forsake their allegiance to Great Britain, were directed to Cataraqui by a former English prisoner at Fort Frontenac, who became the captain and guide of the party. They took the circuitous route of sailing from New York and up the St. Lawrence, and their little fleet of seven ships was nearly wrecked on the way. The men of the party alone ascended the St. Lawrence in bateaux to survey the new location, where, at that time, according to an account afterwards given by the leader of the party, no building was to be seen save "the bark-thatched wigwam of the savage, or the newly erected tent of the hardy loyalist." The explorers returned for the winter to Sorel, where they had left their families, and when the spring once more set free the waters of the blue St. Lawrence, the little band, a curious second edition of the "Pilgrim Fathers," proceeded in bateaux to settle in their new home. Captain Grass observes, in a passage which recalls the days of the "Men of the Mayflower,"—a striking instance of the way in which events repeat themselves: "I pointed out to them the site of their future metropolis, and gained for persecuted principles a sanctuary, for myself a home."

This influx of loyal settlers into *Kingstown*, as the first settled township was happily called, had, of course, the strongest influence in forming the character of the town which they, principally, founded. Other settlers soon followed, among whose names are those of Herkimer, Macaulay, Kirby, Cartwright, Stuart, long well known and respected names in Kingston. The families which they founded, and imbued with strong Tory predilections, communicated to the place an atmosphere of Conservatism which it has long and faithfully retained, despite the occasional vigorous attempts of "Reform Associations" to disturb the even tenor of its way.

The life of the settlement must have been for a long time primitive to a degree which the inhabitants of long settled districts of Canada can scarcely realize. For a time there was not even a mill to grind the corn, which had to be pounded with an axe upon a flat stone, or beaten with a pestle in a mortar. The clearing of the land alone was a matter of no small difficulty, unaccustomed as were many of the refugees and old soldiers to such work, and impeded as they were by the awkward and clumsy construction of the axe then in use. Fine farms in those days were sometimes sold for a horse, a cow, or even a half-barrel of salmon; and the first beef killed in the region—accidentally slain by the falling of a tree—was long remembered as a rarity by all who had the privilege of tasting it. In 1788, which was called the "dear," or famine year, when that part of Canada was afflicted with a dearth so great that people were fain to eat the bark and roots of trees, beech leaves, and even the young shoots of the sprouting grain, Kingston was resorted to by not a few starving families from remote parts of the surrounding country in search of food.

As the country became more and more thickly settled, Kingston, the only approach to a town within hundreds of miles, became of more and more importance. The original log-cabins, one of which a few years ago still remained standing in the middle of the town, gradually gave place to more ambitious brick and stone, of which latter there was abundance to be had for the quarrying. A grist-mill was built by Government in 1782, at the spot now called Kingston Mills, about seven miles up the Cataraqui, where a pretty cascade, tumbling out of a picturesque gorge, made a very fair water-power. A dozen years later Kingston was exporting three or four thousand bushels of flour annually, as well as a considerable amount of salt pork. Gradually the shops, or "stores,"—miscellaneous collections of all sorts of merchandise—grew so numerous as to give the long retained name of *Store Street* to the principal thoroughfare, now Princess Street. The surrounding settlers had hitherto managed to manufacture home-made clothing from their flax and wool, or the skins of the deer they killed, while even blankets and shoes were, with great ingenuity, made at home from such materials as they could procure. But, as they began to grow a little richer and more ambitious, the "stores" at Kingston were frequently visited to buy the Sunday apparel, or the bride's calico wedding-dress, or the groceries to be used on the festive occasions of "logging" or "raising" bees. As yet there was but little cash in circulation, but the farmers could pay in promises to supply farm produce; and when, through the failure of the crops in bad seasons, such promises could not be redeemed, the stock—sometimes even the farm itself—had to be sacrificed to meet the creditors' claims, and went to enrich the Kingston merchants.

But Kingston had to be resorted to for other and more interesting purposes than those of trade. It was one of the five places early appointed for the issuing of marriage licenses, and was, moreover, for a number of years, the abode of the only clergyman in Upper Canada, the Rev. John Stuart, D.D., who has been called the "father of the Upper Canada Church." He, too, was a refugee from the United States, where he had suffered some persecution on account of his monarchical principles, and came to settle in Cataraqui, or Kingston, where he had received a grant of land, and where he afterwards became Chaplain to the Garrison; having been also, for a time, missionary to the Mohawks of the Trent. About the time when he came to settle in Kingston, 1785, he says: "the town increases fast; there are already about fifty houses built in it, and some of them very elegant. We have now, just at the door, a ship, a scow, and a sloop, beside a number of small crafts." Dr. Stuart was the first teacher, as well as the first clergyman in Upper Canada, for, finding that there existed no school for boys, he opened an academy in the year following his arrival. The schools of the district of Kingston are noticed by Rochefoucault on his visit in 1795. Kingston was probably the first place in Upper Canada to make provision for the education of the poorer classes, when, in the early part of the present century, a number of its leading citizens subscribed to establish schools for the poor, at which the fees were merely nominal, and which, previous to the establishment of the present Common School system, proved a very efficient substitute. One of the original subscribers was the son of Dr. Stuart, who, inheriting several of his father's traits of character, as well as—nearly—his unusual height, succeeded to his charge, and, as "Archdeacon Stuart," was long and affectionately known as one of its most prominent characters, until his death in 1862, at the age of 86. His curious mania for *building* has left substantial memorials in a part of the buildings now composing Queen's College, and in a handsome but unfinished edifice of large size in an out-of-the-way corner of the town. A considerable portion of the present city was once the property of the Archdeacon, being part of his father's grant, and was disposed of by him in small building lots, chiefly to artisans, his benevolent nature taking no small pleasure in seeing them settled in homes which were entirely their own.

The society which grouped itself around Archdeacon Stuart and his amiable wife, some forty years ago, was of a kind which deserves some honourable mention, as a type which has grown but too rare in Canada. The business men of those days, in Kingston at least, were not too much engrossed in the pursuit of riches to take a vivid and active interest in philanthropic objects affecting the physical and moral well-being of their fellow-citizens. Hearty, genial Englishmen, as were some of them, and thoughtful, practical Scotchmen, as were others, they worked bravely and harmoniously side by side, leaving pleasant memorials of their united labours, as, for instance, the schools just referred to, and the very well conducted General Hospital.

The social condition of Kingston was also affected, in no small degree, by the circumstance of its always having been, under the British, as old Fort Frontenac was under the French, a naval and military station. For a short time Carleton Island, near the American shore, took its place as a station for troops and shipping, but when it was discovered that the Island was within the line of the American territory, Kingston resumed its importance as a garrison station.

Thirty years after the old Fort had been destroyed, barracks were built upon its site, and Lord Dorchester was most anxious that it should be thoroughly fortified, and made the capital of Upper Canada on the separation of the Provinces. It was the residence of Commodore Bouchette, commander of the Canadian navy, originally a French Canadian, but latterly a trusted servant of the British Government. The *Mohawk*, the *Mississauga*, the *Onondaga*, were among the earliest armed vessels built at Kingston, and the "stone frigate," partially built of marble, at the dockyard, was long a sort of naval school of practice for seamen ashore.

The presence and influence of the officers of the garrison and navy imparted to the social life of Kingston, from its earliest days, a certain atmosphere of old-world culture and refinement, making it very different from the new towns which grow up from backwoods settlements at the present day. But on the other hand, the presence of soldiers had a very demoralizing influence on the lower classes, especially in the multiplication of the low groggeries and taverns which always spring up like mushrooms in the vicinity of a garrison, scattering liberally the germs of misery and degradation. Nor was even the influence of officers always a beneficial one, as one instance of which it may be noticed that Kingston was the scene of the first duel ever fought in Upper Canada, between an officer of the 25th regiment and a civilian, in which the latter fell.

The officers, with plenty of spare time on their hands, naturally took a foremost share in the amusements of the place. Horse-racing, especially, used to be largely encouraged by them, and it was customary in old times to celebrate the King's birthday by races, winding up with a grand entertainment, at which the ladies had their "brilliant dresses" adorned with the loyal motto, "God save the King." But at all kinds of amusements, pic-nics, toboggan-parties, driving-parties, the officers of the garrison were conspicuous for the zest with which they entered into them, and for the graceful courtesy which usually marks a British officer. And though Kingston still retains a small volunteer force, it was considered no less a social than a commercial misfortune when the last British troops were, a few years ago, removed from Kingston. When, on a sunny day towards the close of winter, the Canadian Rifles marched for the last time through the city, just before being disbanded, many listened most regretfully to the last strains of the fine band, which had been associated most pleasantly with every public entertainment held in the city for many years. Doubtless many a fair damsel has of late years often regretted in her heart the genial, *dégagé* cavaliers, who were never too busy for a pic-nic, an afternoon at the rink, or a sleigh-ride to the music of silvery bells and the no less silvery tones of a fair companion.

But it was not alone in the matter of amusements that English officers left behind them pleasant memories in Kingston. From time to time its garrison included noble specimens of that noblest type of British officer who devotes his leisure genially and wholeheartedly to philanthrophic and Christian work. Among those who, by the influence of their own self-forgetting ardour and radiant Christian character, left permanent tokens of good in the society with which they came in contact in Kingston, may be mentioned, as only a few examples, the late General Anderson, of Woolwich, Captain Hammond, who fell at the storming of Sebastopol, and whose name is now so well known to the Christian world; and General Burrowes and General Aylmer, both still pursuing an active and useful career in England.

When Upper Canada, in 1792, became a separate province, Kingston, the site of the first Fort, the first surveyed township, and the first town in Upper Canada, urged, but urged in vain, its claim to become the capital of the province, notwithstanding the strong recommendation of Lord Dorchester and Commodore Bouchette. But although Governor Simcoe preferred to go farther west, and Newark, now Niagara, became, for a time at least, the seat of Government, yet Kingston was virtually the *first* capital. For it was there that Governor Simcoe, on a Sunday, and with religious solemnity, was inducted into office, in an old wooden church then standing opposite the Market-place. There, too, his first Cabinet was formed, his first official proclamations issued, his Executive Council chosen, and the writs issued to summon the Legislative Council, which shortly afterwards met at Niagara. It was not long, however, before Niagara yielded, in its turn, to York, which, then a dreary, dismal place, not even possessing the characteristics of a village," as an eye-witness of those days described it, became the capital of Upper Canada.

In 1812 the whole country was startled by a sudden declaration of war with the United States, arising partly from the old bitterness and animosities left by the War of Independence; partly from a sort of Trent affair, with circumstances reversed, in which the young and "bumptious" country just arrived at independence did not display the toleration shown by Great Britain at that memorable crisis; and partly, perhaps, from the ambition of possessing Canadian territory, which has always been so captivating to our neighbours. The prospect of invasion was naturally a terrible one to peaceful settlers scattered through a country whose frontier of nearly two thousand miles had only some four thousand regular troops to defend it, while England, absorbed in the formidable advances of Napoleon, seemed apathetically indifferent. But the loyal Canadians proved worthy of their fathers, the old U. E. Loyalists. The province rose *en masse* to the defence, under their gallant General, Brock; and numbers, unable to procure arms, were obliged to return, disappointed, to their homes. Kingston, nursed in the cradle of loyalty, was not behindhand in the struggle, but, though selected as one of the three chief points of attack, it suffered much less than other places. The woods which formerly clothed the Fort hill were, indeed, cut down to prevent surprise, and the settlers on the front were obliged to retire, with their stock, into the interior. But while York was twice captured, and the country between Niagara and Hamilton became the scene of many a sanguinary struggle, Kingston escaped with a cannonade from a gun-boat, in which the assailants got very much the worst of it; and some naval skirmishes, in one of which Commodore Chauncey, with a small squadron, chased the *Royal George* into the very harbour of Kingston, where a schooner called the *Simcoe* was sunk, from the effects of the shots she received while similarly pursued.

The war, which seriously checked the progress of York, and destroyed Niagara, doubled, however, the population, buildings and business of Kingston. Fort Henry was then begun—at first a rude fort of logs, with an embankment, the present stone Fort not being begun till twenty years later—and a regular chain of those essentially Canadian defences now almost extinct, yclept "blockhouses," connected by a picket stockade, made the town, for those times, a strongly fortified one. Snake Island, too, some miles out towards the lake, was fortified by a blockhouse, and made a telegraph station. With the progress of modern improvement the blockhouses have disappeared, and have given place to a cincture of massive Martello towers and stone batteries, which present an imposing appearance on approaching Kingston from the water.

The Rideau Canal, connecting the Ottawa with Lake Ontario, and thus providing a safe though circuitous water connection with Montreal, out of the reach of an enemy on the frontier, was also suggested by the events of this war. The massive stone masonry of its embankments and locks, beginning in the picturesque gorge of Kingston Mills and ending at the city of Ottawa (126 miles by water,) is probably unexcelled by any canal-works in the world. As it was planned chiefly for military purposes, its cost, upwards of a million sterling, was defrayed by the Imperial Government, the Duke of Wellington having, it was said, a share in designing it. Its construction was superintended by Colonel By, from whom Ottawa received its former name of Bytown. There is a story told of an Indian and squaw who were residing on the lands now overflowed by the waters of the Canal, and called "drowned lands," and who, utterly disbelieving those who warned them of their danger, persisted in remaining where they were till the water, rushing in, submerged the level land for miles, and the obstinate couple paid for their incredulity with their lives. As there were then no canals on the St. Lawrence, the Rideau Canal became for a time an important highway for the transit of merchandise from the seaports of Quebec and Montreal, and in consequence of transhipment at Kingston being necessary, this circumstance gave a considerable impetus to the business of the town.

Kingston, situated as it is at the confluence of four routes of water communication—the Lake, the River, the Bay of Quinté, and the Rideau Canal—has always taken the lead in the shipbuilding of Upper Canada, being second only to Quebec in this branch of industry. Its various shipyards, at the town itself, at Garden Island and at Portsmouth, have sent out the greatest number of vessels* and the greatest weight of tonnage to the lakes and river, while even in the smaller department of yachts and skiffs it has attained considerable repute. Some of its pleasure boats are to be found floating on the Lake of Geneva. Not long after the close of the year 1812, the first lake and river steamboat was launched at Kingston, and called the *Frontenac*. She was built at a cost of £2,000, and her launch was the occasion of great delight to the Kingstonians, her various proceedings being affectionately chronicled in the Kingston *Gazette*. She was soon followed by the *Queen Charlotte*, which, for upwards of twenty years, continued to ply on the Bay of Quinté.

The Kingston *Gazette*, one of the earliest Canadian journals, was first published in 1810, by Stephen Myles, a very youthful editor. Four years later Messrs. Macaulay and Pringle, two most deservedly esteemed "old inhabitants" of Kingston, started the Kingston *Chronicle*. The two eventually coalesced in the *Chronicle and Gazette*, for many years a respectable weekly, and the lineal ancestor of the present *Chronicle and News*. This weekly, and its offshoot the *Daily News*, with the *British Whig*—which was the first *daily* ever published in Canada—are now the only papers published in Kingston; the *Argus*, which had a somewhat spasmodic existence as an expounder of grievances, being long since defunct. A monthly magazine, called *Barker's Canadian Magazine*, was started in 1846, but had only a brief existence.

In the years which elapsed between the war of 1812, and the so-called "Rebellion" of 1836-7, Kingston made great progress as a town. In 1810, there had not been a pavement or a "sidewalk" to be seen or felt, while street lamps were an unknown luxury; and in wet weather people walked as they best could, ankle deep in mud. Pine trees, venerable relics of the "forest primeval," still waved over the market-place, close to which waggon wheels had not uncommonly to be "pried out by fence-rails" from the mud in which they were sunk. However, the genius of McAdam gradually changed all this; old-fashioned stone pavements were to be found along the principal thoroughfares, and oil lamps, few and far between, somewhat lightened the gloom of night. It was growing rapidly, too, for in 1821 it was the largest town in Upper Canada, numbering about five thousand inhabitants, including the garrison. Its citizens, we are told, "lived in good style, but were not very hospitable," a charge which doubtless arose chiefly from its small size, compared with the large number of visitors who were, owing to its central position, frequently passing through it. Between 1827 and '29 was built the very long bridge across the Cataraqui, connecting Kingston with Barriefield.* In 1838 Kingston became an incorporated town. Its first two *elected* Mayors—in one year, one having resigned and the other declined to accept office,—were Thomas Kirkpatrick, Esq., and John S. Cartwright, Esq. One of its earliest Mayors was Dr. Sampson, for many years a leading physician and most respected citizen, whose originality of mind and character, and terse and laconic, but often quaint and witty sayings, are still vividly remembered. A tolerably characteristic *bon mot* of his was his complaining to a mounted friend, in company with whom he was walking into town, that he had to follow *haud passibus equis*.

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* Yet, during the war of 1812, the framework and principal parts of a frigate, which could have been so much more easily and cheaply procured on the spot, were *sent out* from England, of course at great expense. Of a similar nature was the blunder, which occurred at the same time, of furnishing the ships of war on our lakes with a full supply of water casks and an *apparatus for distilling sea water*.

In 1837-38 broke out the so-called "Rebellion," though it was only a sort of Fenian *fiasco*, in which discontented politicians and American filibusters contrived to keep the country in some perturbation for a considerable time. Toronto was suddenly invested by a band of armed men, headed by the celebrated William Lyon Mackenzie. The loyal inhabitants of the country poured in, to the number of ten or twelve thousand men, and the "invasion" collapsed ere long, leaving a few prisoners as its only relics. At Kingston very considerable alarm was felt, and an invasion from the States was hourly expected. Many of the inhabitants mustered at the barracks in readiness to bear arms; valuables were sent to the Fort; and one cold January night the inhabitants listened in anxious suspense for the firing of a signal gun, which was to announce the expected approach of the enemy and summon the women and children to take refuge in the Fort. But the bubble soon burst, and the "Rebellion" began to assume its true proportions in the eyes of the frightened Canadians. In the following year, however, fresh demonstrations were made, and an attempted "invasion" at Prescott was repelled by a force of British regulars and Canadian militia. A large number of prisoners were taken under arms, and Fort Henry soon after became the scene of a dismal spectacle, the execution of ten of the "rebel" prisoners, among them the unfortunate Polish exile Von Schultz, who had been the victim of designing conspirators, and whose hapless end excited much sympathy among the people of Kingston.

These unhappy events led, among other constitutional changes, to the reunion of the Provinces in 1840, under Lord Sydenham, then the able and judicious Governor. He made Kingston the capital of the United Provinces, and indeed a proviso to this effect was inserted in the contract of union. But Lord Sydenham's premature death put an end to the hope of Kingston becoming permanently the seat of Government. It however remained for several years longer the metropolis of the United Provinces, and a second time St. George's Church became the scene of the solemn pomp of a vice-regal funeral, Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Sydenham's successor, having been killed by a fall from his horse, after a short tenure of office. He was followed by Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose many noble qualities have since been made widely known through Kaye's "Life of Lord Metcalfe." The party strife which then raged so hotly between Conservative and Reformer on the subject of "responsible government" prevented full justice being done to his abilities and his goodness, but his most genial and kindly nature left a deep impression on all who came in contact with him. The generous hospitalities of Alwington House, then the vice-regal residence, are still pleasantly remembered from the easy cordiality that characterised them. Even then the fatal disease that carried off Lord Metcalfe was making its insidious progress. It caused him a good deal of uneasiness, and imposed upon him the most rigid abstemiousness, so that, when his guests were enjoying the choice wines provided for them by their kindly and courteous host, he himself was wont to drink only from a decanter of toast water placed beside him.

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* It was somewhere about this time that an inhabitant of Kingston is said to have taken to *private wolf breeding*, in order to obtain a reward of four dollars per head, offered by Government for their capture.

The House of Parliament in those days was the General Hospital, which at that time was new, and was temporarily applied to that purpose. A number of the members found lodging in the large building a short distance above, now belonging to Queen's University. Both buildings were commodious, and most pleasantly situated, commanding a fine view of the lake. Numerous, however, were the objections urged against Kingston as a permanent seat of government. It was maintained that the surrounding country was comparatively barren, that the markets must be poorly supplied, and that the water was unwholesome. It was in reference to this last cause of complaint that the well-known and eccentric member Dr. Dunlop, remarked to a friend, when suffering from a slight attack of illness,—"They complain o' the *water*, but it's no' the water wi' *me*, for I aye tak' it weel diluted wi' brandy!"

In 1844 Kingston was the scene of an event which has considerably affected the religious and ecclesiastical interests of the country, — the memorable "Disruption" which broke up the large and influential Presbyterian body into two parts, that which remained attached to the Established Church of Scotland, and that which seceded in sympathy with the "Free Church." Excited feeling ran high in Kingston, as in other places, though the event was deeply regretted by many, who thought that the disputes of the older land should not have found a place in a new country, totally unaffected by their causes. As the re-union of these two branches of the Presbyterian Church will, in all probability, take place ere long, there would be a dramatic fitness in its being consummated in Kingston, the scene of the separation.

In 1845 the seat of Government was removed to Montreal, and never returned to Kingston, although it continued to aspire to the honour, until the question was finally settled by royal choice. Under this blow, the sudden prosperity of the town sank as rapidly as it had risen. Business became comparatively stagnant, and enterprising speculators, who had entered largely into building operations, found themselves left in the lurch when rents at once sank below their old value. The handsome and expensive market and city buildings, which had been commenced under the same impulse, burdened the city with a heavy amount of debt. But the improvements which had been made as to streets, drainage, &c., remained to increase the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants. In 1846 Kingston was elevated to the rank of a city, but she has increased at a much slower rate than her more modern rivals. The Grand Trunk Railway, passing as it does at a distance of nearly two miles from the centre of the town, interferes seriously with its freight and transhipment business, although it still is a headquarters for the transhipment of grain, and in the autumn its fine harbour is usually filled with schooners waiting to be unloaded.

But if not an important commercial or political centre, Kingston has long enjoyed the distinction of being one of the educational centres of the Province, and the presence of the University of Queen's College has exercised a not less important influence on its social condition than that of the garrison. The first grammar school of Kingston, established by Dr. Stuart, has been already referred to. It was at Kingston too, that Bishop Strachan, like Dr. Stuart, also originally a Presbyterian, began his Canadian career as a grammar school teacher, and after his removal to Cornwall he occasionally gave courses of lectures on Natural Philosophy in Kingston. In the years that followed, Kingston was often fortunate in securing really good teachers. To its educational advantages, at all events, two of its most distinguished sons—the present Premiers of the Dominion and of Ontario, both old Kingstonians, educated in Kingston, do ample honour.

The University of Queen's College was established by Royal Charter, just at the time of the removal of the seat of Government Its origin was, in a great measure, due to the fact that the University of King's College, had become an exclusively Episcopalian institution. It was, therefore, thought needful that the Presbyterian Church also should have a University under its control, to which should be attached a theological school for educating a native ministry. The first Principal of Queen's University, and Professor of Divinity, was the Rev. Dr. Liddell, now in Scotland, and its second Principal and honourary professor of Hebrew was the Rev. Dr. Machar, for thirty-five years the faithful and esteemed minister of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in Kingston. The University, not having any rich public funds at its command, was inaugurated, without pomp or ceremony, in a plain wooden building; and the standard of education in the surrounding country was so low that, when the first classical professor, now Principal of Aberdeen University, inspected his proposed class, he found that he must first of all undertake the duty of a grammar school teacher, and *prepare* most of them for matriculation. The discouragements and difficulties through which these pioneers of University education struggled, can scarcely be realized in these days of widely diffused grammar school education.

The last thirty years have been rather uneventful to Kingston. She has been growing slowly, adorning herself with a park, with rows of shade trees, and now and then with handsome public buildings, such as the Post Office and the Custom House, and the beautiful Court House, as well as imposing banks, all built of the light water-limestone of the place, whose pure and delicate tones of grey so pleasantly harmonise with either a winter or a summer landscape. Seen from the water on a bright summer morning, when the eastern rays bring out all its fine public buildings into vivid relief, it always challenges the admiration of passing strangers. The American author of that amusing and graphic little book, "Their Wedding Journey," describes it as "a handsome place, substantial to the water's edge, and giving a sense of English solidity by the stone of which it is so largely built." One of its most marked features, as seen from a distance, is the massive Roman Catholic Cathedral, built some thirty years ago, which towers, like a giant warder, over the city. In its vaults repose the remains of the venerable Bishop Macdonnell, honourably known in the early part of the century for his loyalty to his country and devotion to his church. He took an active part in rousing the Glengarries to action during the war of 1812, and had a seat in the first Legislative Council. Near the Cathedral stands the building called Regiopolis College, which, however, is at present nothing more than a grammar school.

Except the Fenian *scare* of 1866, in which, of course, from its nearness to the American frontier, Kingston largely participated, sending out large contingents of volunteers to the points of expected attack, almost the only remarkable incident of recent years was one which gave Kingston a rather unenviable notoriety both at home and abroad, in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada. On that occasion His Royal Highness was expected in no place with greater eagerness and enthusiasm than in Kingston, and no town in Canada had made more elaborate preparations according to its ability. With the exception of a visit paid to Upper Canada many years before by the Duke of Kent, when at Quebec, it was the first time that any royal personage had delighted the vision of the eager and loyal Canadians, and the expectation of seeing the heir to the Crown, the future King, thrilled all hearts. Unfortunately the Orangemen of Kingston and the neighbourhood, full of loyalty, also desired to honour the occasion by a grand turn out and a hearty demonstration. They poured into the city from all sides, in their gay trappings and decorations, and reared with infinite trouble triumphal arches, profusely decorated with the significant colour. In the midst of the preparations came a rumour that the Duke of Newcastle, the temporary "Governor" of the Prince, had decreed that Orange Societies were in no way to be recognized. This excited the indignation of the Orangemen, who maintained that the Duke had no constitutional right to refuse the addresses of any society legally constituted, and they determined to make a stand for their principles, as it seemed to *them.* But no one supposed that the difficulty would prove so serious as eventually proved.

The day of the Prince's arrival came. It was a lovely September afternoon, the city decorated with arches and flags, and steamers and yachts skimming about the harbour, when the *Kingston*, with the royal visitor on board, rounded Cedar Island and steamed into the harbour. The city was all out of doors, wharves and roofs covered with eager crowds, among which the Orange element was pretty clearly perceptible. As the steamer neared the wharf and expectation reached its height, she came to a dead halt, ominous enough. The Mayor and other prominent citizens went on board in boats, and the afternoon was spent in fruitless negotiations with the two opposing parties. The Duke inexorably refused to allow the Prince to land unless the obnoxious colours were removed, and the Orangemen as firmly refused to strike their colours. Of course there was no power to coerce them. The Kingstonians were divided between their eager, loyal desire to see the Prince, and the sturdy British instinct which enjoys seeing men "stick to their colours" *coute qui coute.* Deputation after deputation fruitlessly visited the steamer, on board which presentations and addresses were made to the Prince, while boats full of anxious watchers glided round and round the vessel in hopes of getting a stray glimpse of His Royal Highness. As dusk drew on the Prince's dinner, prepared for him at the house intended for his quarters, was taken out to him, and the disappointed sightseers went home. The steamer lay close to the wharf all night, but none of the royal party left it. However, the projected illumination went on, as did the ball in the Prince's honour, the "play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out." Next morning the irrepressible Orangemen were again at their post, paraded in front of the very wharf where the Prince's boat lay. The Duke remained obdurate to all entreaties, and at noon a salute was fired, and the vessel, bearing the unseen Prince and his inexorable guardian, steamed away to Belleville, where a similar scene was enacted. Great was the grief of the disappointed and loyal Kingstonians when they at length realized that they were not to see their future king. One infirm old Scotch lady sat down and wept, not for her own disappointment, for she had not expected to see him; but "that such a thing should have happened!" It is to be feared that some of the Kingstonians, however, rather enjoyed the circumstance of the Duke being inveigled into passing, under cloud of night, beneath an Orange arch in Toronto, and much to his indignation when he discovered it. It was a very unwise piece of stiffness on his part, and for a good while after some of the more ignorant among the Orangemen retained their indignant feeling, even blaming the Queen herself for the unfortunate *contretemps*. However, the subsequent visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur awakened great enthusiasm, and tended to obliterate the soreness and the sense of disappointment which a little more tact on the part of the Prince's advisers might have prevented.

The last few years have seen a considerable impulse given to the business and manufactures of Kingston, and a number of new houses, shops, and some very pretty churches have been built, so that the appearance of the place no longer justifies the remark of Dickens respecting it, that it "looked as if one-half was burned down and the other half not built up." It has, indeed, suffered severely from fire, that scourge of American and Canadian towns, but the old scars are now pretty thoroughly obliterated. The close vicinity of the Provincial Penitentiary, while its massive pile of buildings always constituted a prominent feature in the *tout ensemble* of the place as seen from the water, has been attended with considerable disadvantage to Kingston, both from the contaminating influence of released prisoners lingering around the city—several incendiary fires and other crimes having been traced to such—and also from the discouraging effect which cheap convict labour exercises on home manufacture. The convict labour being now, however, withdrawn from competition of this kind, home manufacture has taken a fresh start. The projected Kingston and Pembroke railway, already begun, has also aroused activity and encouraged enterprise, and in addition to the foundries and machine-shops that had for a long time been almost its only industrial products, various other branches of manufacture have been encouraged and developed. A Car Company has been organized, and preparations for forwarding are going on with greater vigour than ever, so that the material prosperity of the place would seem to be steadily advancing. It may be hoped that renewed prosperity may affect the higher interests of the place as well as its more material ones, and raise its social tone, which of late seems to have been deteriorating, to judge by such signs as the items chronicled by its local press, its waning interest in philanthropic work, the increased prevalence of rowdyism in what used to be a city of good order, and the low buffoonery that finds too much favour at its popular entertainments. In this last respect it is, perhaps, only participating in a too general degeneration, which the excessive rage for the *burlesque* with which our American neighbours are infecting us, is spreading over Canada. It is time that strenuous efforts were made to stem the tide of an influence which so tends to debase and vitiate the public taste. In the absence of any literary society to invite and encourage lecturers from a distance, the professors of Queen's University, with laudable public spirit, keep up an annual course of lectures during the winter, though their efforts in this respect are not so fully encouraged as they might be—"six-penny readings," (so called) being more generally appreciated than even six-penny *lectures*.

But we may hope that better times are coming, and all true Canadians, at all events, will cordially join in the hope that this "old Canadian town" may, in all respects, have a future record worthy of the *prestige* of its earlier history; and that it may take that place in the Canada of the future to which it is entitled by its antiquity and the importance of the part which it has played in the Canada of the past.

FIDELIS.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

From the Poems of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

[This poem is intended to illustrate the spirit of Yorkshire racing, now unhappily, or happily, as the case may be, on the decline. The perfect acquaintance of every peasant on the ground with the pedigrees, performances, and characters of the horses engaged—his genuine interest in the result—and the mixture of hatred and contempt which he used to feel for the Newmarket favourites, who came down to carry off his great national prize, must be well known to everybody who has ever crossed the Trent in August or September:—altogether it constituted a peculiar modification of English feeling, which I thought deserved to be recorded; and, in default of a more accomplished Pindar, I have here endeavoured to do so.—*Note by the Author.*]

THE sun is bright, the sky is clear,
Above the crowded course,
As the mighty moment draweth near
Whose issue shows *the horse.*

The fairest of the land are here
To watch the struggle of the year,
The dew of beauty and of mirth,
Lies on the living flowers of earth,
And blushing cheek and kindling eye
Lend brightness to the sun on high:
And every corner of the north
Has poured her hardy yeomen forth;
The dweller by the glistening rills
That sound among the Craven hills;
The stalwart husbandman who holds
His plough upon the eastern wolds;
The sallow, shrivelled artisan,
Twisted below the height of man,
Whose limbs and life have mouldered down
Within some foul and clouded town,
Are gathered thickly on the lea,
Or streaming from far homes to see
If Yorkshire keeps her old renown;
Or if the dreaded Derby horse
Can sweep in triumph o'er her course;
With the same look in every face,
The same keen feeling, they retrace
The legends of each ancient race:
Recalling Reveller in his pride,
Or Blacklock of the mighty stride,
Or listening to some grey-haired sage
Full of the dignity of age;
How neither pace nor length could tire,
Old Muley Moloch's speed and fire;
How Hambletonian beat, of yore,
Such racers as are seen no more;
How Yorkshire coursers, swift as they,
Would leave this southern horse half way,
But that the creatures of to-day
Are cast in quite a different mould
From what he recollects of old.
Clear peals the bell; at that known sound,
Like bees the people cluster round;
On either side upstarting then,
One close dark wall of breathing men,
Far down as eye can stretch, is seen
Along yon vivid strip of green,
Where, keenly watched by countless eyes,
'Mid hopes, and fears, and prophecies,
Now fast, now slow, now here, now there,
With hearts of fire, and limbs of air,
Snorting and prancing—sidling by
With arching neck and glancing eye,
In every shape of strength and grace,
The horses gather for the race;
Soothed for a moment all, they stand
Together, like a sculptured band,
Each quivering eyelid flutters thick,
Each face is flushed, each heart beats quick;
And all around dim murmurs pass,
Like low winds moaning on the grass.
Again—the thrilling signal sound—
And off at once, with one long bound,
Into the speed of thought they leap,
Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.

A start! a start! they're off, by heaven,
Like a single horse, though twenty-seven,
And 'mid the flash of silks we scan
A Yorkshire jacket in the van;
Hurrah! for the bold bay mare!

I'll pawn my soul her place is there
Unheaded to the last,
For a thousand pounds, she wins unpast—
Hurrah! for the matchless mare!

A hundred yards have glided by,
And they settle to the race,
More keen becomes each straining eye,
More terrible the pace.
Unbroken yet o'er the gravel road
Like maddening waves the troop has flowed,
But the speed begins to tell;
And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,
The Southron stealing from the rear.
Ay! mark his action well!
Behind he is, but what repose!
How steadily and clean he goes!
What latent speed his limbs disclose!
What power in every stride he shows!
They see, they feel, from man to man
The shivering thrill of terror ran,
And every soul instinctive knew
It lay between the mighty two.
The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from their straining eyes—
Future and past, and hate and love,
The life that wanes, the friend that dies,
E'en grim remorse, who sits behind
Each thought and motion of the mind,
These now are nothing, Time and Space
Lie in the rushing of the race;
As with keen shouts of hope and fear
They watch it in its wild career.
Still far ahead of the glittering throng,
Dashes the eager mare along,
And round the turn, and past the hill,
Slides up the Derby winner still.
The twenty-five that lay between
Are blotted from the stirring scene,
And the wild cries which rang so loud,
Sink by degrees throughout the crowd,
To one deep humming, like the tremulous roar
Of seas remote along a northern shore.

In distance dwindling to the eye
Right opposite the stand they lie,
And scarcely seem to stir;
Though an Arab scheich his wives would give
For a single steed that with them could live
Three hundred yards without the spur.
But though so indistinct and small
You hardly see them move at all,
There are not wanting signs, which show
Defeat is busy as they go.
Look how the mass, which rushed away
As full of spirit as the day,
So close compacted for a while,
Is lengthening into single file.
Now inch by inch it breaks, and wide
And spreading gaps the line divide.
As forward still, and far away
Undulates on the tired array
Gay colours, momently less bright,
Fade flickering on the gazer's sight,
Till keenest eyes can scarcely trace
The homeward ripple of the race.
Care sits on every lip and brow.
"Who leads? who fails? who goes it now
One shooting spark of life intense,
One throb of refluent suspense,
And a far rainbow-coloured light
Trembles again upon the sight.
Look to yon turn! Already there
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery mare,
And through *that*, which was but now a gap,
Creeps on the terrible white cap.
Half-strangled in each throat, a shout
Wrung from their fevered spirits out,
Booms through the crowd like muffled drums,
"His jockey moves on him. He comes!"
Then momently like gusts, you heard,
"He's sixth—he's fifth—he's fourth—he's third;"
And on, like some glancing meteor-flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came.

And during all that anxious time,
(Sneer as it suits you at my rhyme)
The earnestness became sublime;
Common and trite as is the scene,
At once so thrilling and so mean,
To him who strives his heart to scan,
And feels the brotherhood of man,
That needs *must* be a mighty minute,
When a crowd has but one soul within it.
As some bright ship, with every sail
Obedient to the urging gale,
Darts by vext hulls, which side by side,
Dismasted on the raging tide,
Are struggling onward, wild and wide,
Thus, through the reeling field he flew,
And near, and yet more near he drew;
Each leap seems longer than the last,
Now—now—the second horse is past,
And the keen rider of the mare,

With haggard looks of feverish care,
Hangs forward on the speechless air,
By steady stillness nursing in
The remnant of her speed to win.
One other bound—one more—'tis done;
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head, and stride for stride,
Newmarket's hope, and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessed side by side,
  Are struggling to the goal.

Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!
For the dear honour of the north,
Stretch every bursting sinew forth,
  Put out thy inmost soul,—
And with knee, and thigh, and tightened rein,
Lift in the mare by might and main;
The feelings of the people reach
What lies beyond the springs of speech,
So that there rises up no sound
From the wide human life around;
One spirit flashes from each eye,
One impulse lifts each heart throat-high,
One short and panting silence broods
O'er the wildly-working multitudes,
As on the struggling coursers press;
So deep the eager silentness,
That underneath their feet the turf
Seems shaken, like the eddying surf
  When it tastes the rushing gale,
And the singing fall of the heavy whips,
Which tear the flesh away in strips
  As the tempest tears the sail,
On the throbbing heart and quivering ear
Strike vividly distinct, and near.
But mark what an arrowy rush is there,
"He's beat! he's beat!"—by heaven, the mare!
Just on the post, her spirit rare,
When Hope herself might well despair;
When Time had not a breath to spare;
With bird-like dash shoots clean away,
And by half a length has gained the day.
Then how to life that silence wakes!
Ten thousand hats thrown up on high
Send darkness to the echoing sky,
And like the crash of hill-pent lakes,
Out-bursting from their deepest fountains,
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once, from thirty thousand throats
  Rushes the Yorkshire roar—
And the name of their northern winner floats
  A league from the course, and more.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By Louisa Murray, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEETING IN SHIPQUAY STREET.

As soon as he arrived in Dublin, Maurice posted the letter which McCann had given him. He had sales to make and money to receive from corn-factors and salesmasters in Smithfield; and, when his business with them was over, he had to select the necessary furniture for two rooms, a parlour and bedroom, which he intended to fit up for little Dorinn; and also to get measured at a tailor's for his wedding suit. This last matter was easily accomplished, but finding himself somewhat puzzled among all the handsome articles of furniture offered to him, he finally determined that his mother, whom he intended bringing up to town in a day or two to buy the wedding-gown, should choose the furniture also—he being present, however, to see that the things she selected were sufficiently handsome and good. He could well afford the expense, for though Mrs. Byrne had chosen to live economically after her husband's death, Roebawn was a rich and well stocked farm, and Maurice had money laid by in the bank; and it had been a great delight to him to know that he was able to surround his darling with comforts she had never known before, and make her life, hitherto so poor and toilsome, bright and happy in small things as well as great. His last purchase was the wedding-ring, which he had reserved for the last, as children keep their choicest dainties, and, on the jeweller's recommendation, he bought with it a suitable guard. Then he chose a little gold brooch, with a "Forget-me-not" in the centre. Picturing to himself the pride and pleasure with which he would try the wedding ring on little Dorinn's finger, and the pretty delight and surprise with which she would receive the brooch, he put the tiny card box containing these simple treasures into his pocket.

It was late by the time he got to his inn, and he ordered his dinner to be served up in a private room, in expectation of a visit from Mr. Ryan McGarvey. He had scarcely finished his meal when that gentleman was announced, a not uncommon specimen of an Irish Yankee. He was a slight, firm, wiry-looking man, about forty, with sharp features, shrewd, not to say foxy, in expression, and with a keen and watchful, yet daring look in his eyes, which suggested the idea of a gambler, or, what is much the same thing, a reckless speculator. He came forward with easy confidence and great affability, giving Maurice's hand a grasp with his iron fingers, which, strong and muscular as it was, almost crushed it, reminding him of stories he had read of thumb-screws and similar instruments of torture.

"I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, sir," he said, speaking with a mixture of the Irish brogue and the Yankee nasal twang, "in consequence of my friend Captain McCann's letter. Allow me to introduce myself as Colonel Ryan McGarvey, late of the United States Army, but now holding that rank in the army of the Irish Republic. I am a true Irishman, sir, compromised in the unfortunate affair of '48, and obliged to fly to that land of liberty where so many of Ireland's noblest sons have found an asylum from English tyranny. Now they are coming back, sir, that band of gallant patriots, a hundred thousand strong, to revenge their sufferings on their ancient and detested foe!"

"So I have been told by Captain McCann," said Maurice.

"Yes, sir; it's quite true, sir. I have seen them myself in armed and uniformed battalions, with bands playing and colours flying, marching through all the great cities of the United States. There is no need for working in secrecy there, sir. Every man in the Union sympathises with us. And if that army of exiles and martyrs, and three hundred thousand Irishmen at home—martyrs too, if not exiles—cannot win freedom for Ireland, I'll agree to her being submerged in the sea, a fate some of her tyrants once wished for her, every Catholic and Celt washed clean off her, and the good green sod left to the tender mercies of the Orangemen!"

It ought to be understood that Colonel McGarvey, in speaking, used a curious variety of extremely unpleasant expletives, which cannot be repeated here.

"Faith! we'll want them all," said Maurice; "we'll need every true Irishman, heart and soul, before we can conquer England."

"Well, sir, England's not so formidable as you seem to think. She's worn out, sir, an old, toothless lioness, and will cave in, sir, just as soon as we go at her in right earnest. Why, what's her army? A hundred, or a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, scattered all over the globe! And what's her navy? Her ironclads, that she makes such a boast of, are great, cumbersome, unwieldy machines, sinking themselves by their own awkardness when there's no enemy there to do it for them. Yes, sir! Ireland, with America at her back, will soon give a good account of Mr. Bull; chaw him up, as the song says, just like an ice-cream. America whipped the Britishers in 1776; and in 1812 she gave them their beans, and no mistake, and she's quite ready to do it again to-morrow, and darned glad of the chance, too!"

"McCann told me you'd show me the returns from the circles in the different counties in Ireland, and from the Fenian Brotherhood in New York," said Maurice; "and letters from General Cluseret and other French officers, offering to command the Irish army?"

"Well, sir, so I will, but they are at the Central Committee room, and it will not be open till midnight. In the meantime I'll take you to a meeting that's to be held in a house on the quay at eight o'clock. The boss himself—that's the Chief Organizer, is expected to speak to-night; and at any rate there will be some one worth hearing. I'll teach you the Fenian grip, and pass you in."

"Very well," said Maurice, "but before you go won't you take some wine or punch?"

"No, sir, no wine or punch for me," said the Colonel. I come from a country where there's considerable tall drinking, and I've a pretty hard head myself, and have taken a good deal of liquor of one kind or another in my time; but you see I'm on honour with Head Centre Stephens to keep straight and set a good example to the men, for he allows no drinking among the Brotherhood, and I've been as sober as a judge ever since I came over. I must take something or I couldn't stand the work, for drilling one squad of raw recruits after another, night after night, is pretty considerable hard work, I can tell you; but I limit myself to an allowance, and what I do take I take strong and pure."

"Well, Colonel, what will you have?" said Maurice, ringing the bell.

"Brandy, sir," said the Colonel. "I'll take some brandy; I won't take any water."

Maurice ordered the brandy, and as the waiter was leaving the room, the Colonel called out, "Boy, bring a tumbler for me. I never waste time with wineglasses."

When the brandy was brought he poured out half a tumblerful and drank it off.

"Won't you take any yourself, sir," he said to Maurice, as coolly as if it had been a draught of milk, or some other equally mild fluid, that he had taken.

"No," said Maurice, smiling, "not any for me."

"Well, I don't recommend you," said the Colonel, "unless you have as good a head as my own. But that's first-rate brandy, and no mistake, and if I wasn't on honour with the boss, as I said before, I'd do it more justice. It's time for us to go," he continued, looking at his watch, "but first I'll show you the Fenian grip. It's rather out of order to teach it to any one who has not first joined the society, but as I look upon you as one of ourselves already, I'll stretch a point."

A minute or two sufficed to teach the trick to Maurice.

"Now you may pass anywhere for a good Brother," said McGarvey, "and if you are ready we'll be off."

As they walked along McGarvey described the secret operations of the society in Dublin; the manufactories of pikes and rifles established; the drillings in Halston Street and at Island Bridge.

"I haven't been a night in bed for a week," he said, "and what with drilling the boys, making out reports, and attending meetings, I'm harder worked than a nigger."

"Where's the meeting to be held to-night?" asked Maurice.

"At a sailmaker's in Fish Street. We have a private entrance through a tavern at the corner of Shipquay and Fish Streets, to cheat the police, for there's always so many sailors and loafers going in and out there, that a few fellows more or less won't be noticed."

The quay was crowded with shipping, and the street and corner tavern filled with noisy and disorderly men and women. Exchanging some mysterious signal with the barkeeper, McGarvey led Maurice through a door at one end of the bar-room, up three flights of stairs to an empty garret.

"Why, what place is this?" said Maurice, looking round in surprise.

"This is the lobby, or ante-room, to our hall of assembly, sir," said the Colonel, with a grim smile, and giving a peculiar knock on the wall as he spoke.

A concealed door was instantly pushed back, showing a lighted passage, and a man standing by the door with a green sash round his waist, in which a revolver was stuck, and in his hand a number of small green cards, on which I. R. (the initials of "Irish Republic") were printed in red.

"The Irish Boy at Fontenoy!" said the Colonel.

"Pass!" said the sentry, closing the door behind them as soon as they had entered, and handing a green card to each.

"We give these at the next door," said McGarvey, as they passed on down the passage, "and with it the Fenian grip."

This door was open, and giving their cards and the orthodox grip to the man who stood by it, they entered a large loft, formerly used by the sailmakers, but now furnished with benches, a platform, brackets for holding lights, and two or three Fenian flags. There was a table on the platform, beside which half a dozen men were standing, and about twenty more were seated on the benches. Conducting Maurice to a seat on one of these, McGarvey joined the men on the platform, and spoke a few words to them. Then coming back to Maurice, he said, "I guess the boss won't be here to-night after all, but we are to have a Centre from Clare, Hugh Sullivan, and I hear he's the finest orator in Ireland."

By this time there were more than forty men in the room, nearly all young, and generally looking like mechanics and shopmen. They took their places in an orderly manner, and though there was some low talking among them, they all seemed quiet and well-behaved.

"Time's up!" said the Colonel to Maurice, looking at his watch, "the doors will be closed now, and no one else admitted to-night."

At this moment a tall, and altogether remarkable looking man, ascended the platform. His figure was magnificent, and his face strikingly handsome, with finely cut, expressive features, jet black hair, and brilliant, flashing black eyes. He had the dress and air of a gentleman, or at least an educated man, and could speak like one, though at times, and especially when he was deeply moved, the rich deep brogue of his native Munster asserted itself in every word. He stepped very quietly and deliberately on the platform, holding a roll of paper in his hand, and stood for a moment silent and still, the electrical flash of his eye travelling over his audience as if he sought to communicate to each man there something of the flame burning in his own breast before he suffered it to escape from the strong restraint with which he confined it. As he thus stood, every eye was fixed on him—every one listened for his first word with breathless attention.

"Boys," he said at last, in a voice that penetrated every corner of the room, and stirred every heart as if the first note of a trumpet-call had sounded among them, "I take it for granted there isn't one here who is not a true Irishman; not only an Irishman by birth, but with an Irish heart to love his country, and an Irish hand to strike a brave stroke for her freedom."

At this the audience cheered, and the

speaker paused till the cheers had subsided. "I'd rather you'd listen to me quietly to-night," he said, "and not interrupt me with any hurrahs. I'm going to speak of matters that require your serious and grave attention, and I hope you'll give it to me."

"That we will! Go on! Go on!" "Silence, you blackguards! let him speak!" "Go on, then, and more power to you!"

"You all know why we've met here to-day——"

But here he was interrupted again by his excitable hearers. "To make Ireland free and independent!" "To drive the English into the sea!" "To win Ireland for the Irish!" "Erin go Bragh! Cheer, boys, cheer! Hurrah! hurrah!"

Hugh Sullivan folded his arms and looked at them with withering scorn. "Can't you keep quiet, like men," he said, "and not be shouting and screeching like children! If you shout again till I give you leave, I'll quit the platform."

"You'll do no such thing! You've come to speak and speak you must!" "Bad manners to you, sure its you that's hindering him!" "Well, let him speak!" "Go on! go on! go on!" "Order! order!" exclaimed an authoritative voice, and in a little while silence was again restored.

"It is to make Ireland free and independent we have come here to-night," resumed the speaker. "Seven hundred years—I blush to say it—have the English ruled Ireland. Seven hundred years have they tried to subdue her, and bend her neck to the yoke they have put upon it. They have taken from us our land, our laws, our freedom, our language, our very names; but there are some things they could not take from us, and never will, if they tried it for seven hundred years more—our religion, our traditions, the memory of our martyrs, and our hatred of the Sassenagh."

At this the cheering broke forth wilder than ever, but this time the speaker made no protest. He waited till it was over, and then continued.

"If there is one thing in the world could make the English invasion of Ireland worse than another, and more odious to the Irish people, it was the way in which it was accomplished, and that was, as you all know, by the wickedness of a false wife, and a king that was a traitor to his country."

Here there was a torrent of groans and hisses, and some one shouted out—

"Then onward, the green banner rearing!
We'll flesh every sword to the hilt!
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

"It's all true, boys," resumed Sullivan, "but wait a bit. That'll come by-and-by! Yes, as I said, it was a traitor's wicked passion for a wicked woman that gave the Saxon invaders their first footing on our soil. And are not these the crimes that, above all others in the world, are hateful to Irishmen? Isn't an Irishman prouder of the virtue of his countrywomen than even of their beauty; and a woman false to her marriage vow is a monster odious and hateful in his eyes? And is not a traitor to his country vile and loathsome as another Judas? Does he not deserve to die as McMorrough died, without priest or holy rite, like a dog, leaving his memory to the execration of all mankind? It was these, and such as these, brought in the English. No wonder a curse came with them! No wonder that it has remained with them, and will remain with them till they are driven out of the land!"

It would be too painful to follow him in his highly wrought description of Ireland's long guerilla warfare against her invaders, "continued," he exultingly declared, "in some shape or other, to the present day; and the tyrannous and exterminating policy, (resembling, the speaker said, that adopted by America towards the Indians), with which England attempted to subdue her unconquerable spirit. Breathlessly his audience hung on his words as he pictured the spoliated lands, the ruined shrines, the desolated homes, which goaded the maddened victims into the Confederate War of 1641; the savage cruelties that followed, when helpless women and innocent little children were hunted down like wolves, the beautiful land turned into a smoking wilderness, and the wretched inhabitants "brayed as in a mortar." Next he dilated on Cromwell's massacres, the terrible memory of which is still preserved by "the Curse of Cromwell on you!" being the worst malediction an Irishman can invoke on his enemy. With fervid eloquence he told how shiploads of the Irish youth of both sexes were sent as slaves to the West Indian planters, two-thirds of the island confiscated to the soldiers and adventurers who had served against Ireland, and the remnant of the defeated natives penned in between the "two mile line of the Shannon and the four mile line of the sea," and held there in a bondage almost unexampled in history, and fitly commemorated by the well-known phrase, "to Hell or Connaught!" Then came a passionate justification of the outbreak of '98, and an enthusiastic eulogium of its heroes and martyrs, whose heroic memories are for ever embalmed in all true Irish hearts. As he spoke his eyes by turns blazed with wrath and indignation, or melted with tenderness and pity. His impassioned looks and gestures, his burning sentences, seemed to bring the scenes he described visibly before his spell-bound listeners. The toss of his magnificent head, the sweep of his nervous arm, were equal to volumes of eloquent words, but powerful above all else was the magic of his voice. Passionate enthusiasm, fierce indignation, fiery daring, the deepest pity, the softest tenderness, were all expressed at will in his rich thrilling tones, swaying and moving the hearts of his hearers in sympathy with every emotion in turn.

"And now," he said, "after all these seven hundred years of tyranny, all these conquests and re-conquests, these confiscations and penal laws, in what state is our country? One-fourth of it lies waste, the farmers are crushed and ground down at the mercy of the landlords; the labourers worse fed and housed than negro slaves. Every year the most tyrannical evictions take place, and the landlords, who pay the passage of those they have turned out of house and home to a foreign land, are considered exceptionally kind and generous. And England, who pretends to be the guardian of liberty, the champion of all oppressed nationalities, keeps us in her chains, and expects us to be contented! As well might the wild horse of the desert be contented when he is struggling in the hunter's toils; the captive eagle beating himself against the bars of his cage; the slave, when his back is scarred by the stinging lash! Just as contented as these, and no more, are the Irish under the rule of the Saxon! And now, boys, we'll cast it off, once and for ever! Many a time we've risen against our oppressors, and almost conquered; this time it will not be almost, but altogether! At this moment there is a secret army of three hundred thousand men among us, being carefully drilled and instructed in military tactics, and all inspired with the proud determination to win back their own green land. And in America there is an army nearly as large; an army of exiles and martyrs, ready to give their lives and fortunes for the good old cause in which their fathers suffered. They are coming back to the land from which they were driven, a Nemesis as fatal and inexorable as the heathen of old ever believed in. In these men, by a just retribution, the alien rulers of our soil will find their fiercest and most implacable foes. They are waiting, with eager hearts and hands, till we summon them to join us; and when all true Irishmen stand shoulder to shoulder, fighting for the dear old sod, what power on earth can resist their might? The day is near now—and I wish it was to-morrow! The day that all true Irish hearts are longing for, as the weary night-watcher longs for morning; the day when our seven hundred years of misery and bondage shall be ended!"

An indescribable stir and movement ran through the rapt listeners at these words, but they uttered no sound. Their spirits had been touched to their inmost depths, and their dark set faces showed like "the torrent's stillness ere it dash below."

"We have forced from our tyrants one concession after another," continued Sullivan; "now we will only demand that right which includes all others—our right to independence. They may offer to do away with that incubus, the Established Church; they may promise Tenant Right and Home Rule: once these things might have been welcome, but now our demands are far beyond and above them. We are a nation, and we will assert our nationality; and, to secure it, we will not spare our own blood or that of our enemies. And, boys, isn't old Ireland a land worth fighting for? A paradise of beauty and richness—and we'll live to see her a paradise of peace and plenty. She'll be a free country then. We'll make our own laws and keep them; we'll call home our exiles; we'll build up a better and a happier commonwealth than England ever knew; and green Erin shall be once more a holy and a sacred Isle. And now, boys, hurrah! Hurrah for the Irish Republic and the Irish Army that's to make it!"

As if released from an enchanter's spell, the "boys" sprang to their feet and responded to his call. The wild burst of enthusiasm that followed, the waving of hats and sticks, the tumult of cheers and hurrahs, cannot be imagined except by those who have seen an Irish crowd giving voice to their passionate excitement in some moment of supreme emotion.

When the tumult had a little subsided, Sullivan, who had been leaning on the table utterly exhausted, rose and came forward again.

"If there are any here who have not taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic," he said, "there is an opportunity for them to do so now."

There was a rush to the platform, and Maurice Byrne was the first man who ascended it. There had been little or no rhetorical display in the speech he had just heard, but Hugh Sullivan had the impetuous temperament and burning enthusiasm of the true Irish orator: every word he had uttered glowed with the fire which blazed within his own breast, and, like an electric spark, kindled into flame the impressionable hearts of his hearers. It was the first time Maurice had heard one of those fervid, impassioned outbursts of oratory, which inspire crowds with the spirit that animates the speaker, and in this case the burning words were made still more irresistible by the splendid personal gifts of the orator. To hearts and minds already prepared to respond to his appeal, his eloquence seemed the voice of inspiration. Maurice was completely carried away by it. Everything was forgotten by him save Ireland's wrongs, and the duty of every true man to throw in his lot with those who were about to do battle for her independence.

As he mounted the platform his eye caught that of Sullivan with an answering flash.

"What's your name, my fine fellow?" asked the orator, contemplating his manly figure, and the steadfast purpose of his look, with great satisfaction.

"Maurice Byrne, of Roebawn, in Wicklow County. I have come to take the oath."

"Well done, my boy!" said Sullivan. "I wish I had a thousand men like you to swear in to-night."

It was a solemn oath, made as stringent and sacred as the invocation of the holiest names could make it. In it Maurice Byrne swore to bear faithful and absolute allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established; to foster, defend, and propagate its principles with all the powers of his soul and body; to be a true and willing soldier in the Irish Republican Army; to pay implicit obedience to the commands of his superior officers, and to seize every opportunity, and use his utmost diligence, to fit himself for the use of arms. Also to keep his knowledge of the affairs of the Republic inviolably secret—not to divulge them even in the Confessional. And this oath was to abrogate and annul any other oath previously taken contrary to its spirit.

"I'll warrant you'll make a gallant soldier," said Sullivan, when Maurice's name had been properly enrolled. "You must commence your drill at once. But Colonel McGarvey will see to that."

"Yes, sirree," said the Colonel emphatically. "I know a good recruit when I see him. And now that our business is done," he said to Maurice, "we may as well go. I'll walk with you as far as your hotel."

On their way to the inn McGarvey talked rapidly, promising Maurice that he should be introduced to the Chief Organizer the following night, and assuring him that he was certain of receiving a commission as soon as he could handle a rifle. Maurice said little in return. The words of the oath had had a sobering effect on his enthusiasm, and, though he did not regret the step he taken, he was beginning to feel and understand all that it involved.

"I'll see you the first thing in the morning," said McGarvey, as he left him at the door of the inn.

"Very well," said Maurice, wearily; and, thoroughly worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, he went to his room, threw himself on his bed without undressing, and fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

HORACE, OD. I. 22.

Integer vitæ.

THE upright man of conscience clear,
My Fuscus, needs nor bow nor spear,
Nor poisoned arrows—Moorish gear—
In loaded quiver!

O'er Lybian deserts he may fare,
Or barren Caucasus, or where
Hydaspes shews to monsters rare
Her fabled river.

For, as in Sabine woods I stray,
Singing my love in careless lay,
Unarmed! my steps a wolf did stay,
Then (wondrous!) fled.

Such monster feil the Daunian wold
In its oak forests doth not hold,
Nor Juba's thirsty land, where bold
Lions are bred.

Place me in savage deserts drear,
Where summer breezes never cheer.
But storms and clouds through all the year
Man's heart appal.

Or where Sol's rays most fiercely beat,
For human dwelling all unmeet—
My love's sweet smile, her accent sweet,
I'll still recall.

E. A. M.

OTTAWA.

SCENES FROM "*RABAGAS.*"

[RABAGAS is a political satire in a dramatic form, which created an immense sensation in France. Its author, M. Sardou, is also the author of the dramatic satire on the Americans, which has aroused a commotion in Paris. In the case of *Rabagas* the Government was obliged to interfere and stop the representation. It is violently Napoleonic. The Prince of Monaco (Napoleon III.) is a beneficent sovereign, against whom his ungrateful and fractious subjects (the French Republicans), are caballing and conspiring Rabagas, a low advocate, is the type of the Republican leaders, and his associates are types of the different sections of that party. Eva, an American lady, comes in as a sort of good angel, is made governess to the Prince's daughter, helps the Prince through his difficulties, and ultimately marries him. Her character, as a daughter of the Republic, who abroad is an Imperialist, is perhaps drawn with a fidelity of which the writer himself was hardly conscious. The Bonapartism of the piece is extravagant. The author of the *coup d état*, and of the massacres on the Boulevards, is depicted as too humane to order the dispersion of a mob by the troops for fear some one should be injured. The Liberals are painted in colours correspondingly unjust. A somewhat vapid love-story is interwoven with the satire, but some of the political scenes are good fun.]

OPENING SCENE.

[*A terrace of the palace of Monaco. Bricoli and gardeners cleaning.*]

BRICOLI — (*to gardeners.*) Now then, be quick, take away those wheelbarrows. Attend. His Highness the Prince of Monaco is coming as usual to smoke a cigar on this terrace after dinner. You must be more careful than ever in watching the promenaders, since His Highness, in spite of my remonstrances, is determined to leave the gardens open till dark. (*To André.*) Lieutenant, I have just taken from this terrace three wheelbarrows full of broken glass, rubbish, rabbit-skins and refuse, which those malicious monkeys threw over the balustrades. They know that this is my lord's favourite walk, and they make it the general dunghill.

ANDRE.—The Prince is too kindhearted. This will end badly.

BRICOLI.—Here is His Highness.

[*Enter the Prince, with Carle, Gabrielle,* *Sotto Boio, Fleurans, the Baronne, Mlle. de Therouane, two Ladies of Honour, lacqueys serving coffee.*]

THE PRINCE—(*with a letter in his hand.*) Good evening, gentlemen. Well, M. de Mora, what does the captain say? Menton appeared to you in a rather disturbed state?

ANDRE.—Yes, my lord, some gatherings of people.

THE PRINCE—(*to the Governor.*) And here?

SOTTO BOIO.—A more concealed agitation.

THE PRINCE—(*throwing himself on the sofa to take his coffee.*) It is decreed that I shall never smoke a cigar in peace. (*He goes on reading the letter.*)

BRICOLI—(*perceiving a rake against the pilaster on the left.*) A rake forgotten! (*He takes away the rake, and stands thunderstruck before a caricature of the Prince sketched in charcoal on the pilaster.*)

SOTTO BOIO.—What's the matter?

BRICOLI.—Look there!

SOTTO BOIO.—Good Heaven! (*He places himself before the pilaster to hide the object from the Prince.*)

THE PRINCE—(*not seeing it.*) My very servants begin to be frightened. Governor, this concerns you. (*He hands him the letter.*)

SOTTO BOIO—(*not daring to stir.*) My Lord!

THE PRINCE.—A letter from Madame the Superintendent of the Palace.

GABRIELLE.—My governess?

THE PRINCE.—Your governess, my daughter, frightened by the murmurs with which you were received the other day at Rochebrun, asks me to accept her resignation.

GABRIELLE.—O what happiness! She was such a tiresome woman.

THE PRINCE—(*in an undertone.*) Well! well! Can a princess put up with these things? Baron, you may tell the Superintendent that her resignation is accepted with great regret on the part of the Princess Gabrielle. (*Still holding out the letter to Sotto Boio, who does not dare stir to take it.*) Well, Baron, at your leisure.

SOTTO BOIO.—My Lord, I——

THE PRINCE—(*looking sideways.*) Aha! What are you hiding there?

BRICOLI—(*upon a sign from Sotto Boio quickly taking his place before the pilaster.*) My Lord, it is nothing, nothing.

THE PRINCE.—Pray step aside, Baron. (*Sotto Boio and Bricoli step aside.*)

GABRIELLE.—Ah! It is papa.

THE PRINCE—(*rising.*) Sure enough, it is I.

THE BARONESS.—Gracious, how ugly!

BRICOLI.—My Lord, in a second. (*Looking for something to rub it out with.*)

THE PRINCE—(*stopping him, and looking more closely.*) Oh, the nose! It is not the nose, nor the chin (*going backwards.*) However, (*smiling*) it is funny enough.

SOTTO BOIO.—My Lord is not going to let this work of vileness remain?

THE PRINCE.—Ah! If they could only be content with drawing my caricature.

[*Scene between the Prince and Eva. The Prince tells Eva his political difficulties.*]

THE PRINCE.—I succeeded my brother Honoré V., and I came here full of ideas of liberty, progress and reform.

EVA.—Yes!

THE PRINCE.—And I began with the *monacos.* You must have heard of the *monacos.*

EVA.—The copper coins?

THE PRINCE.—The copper coins!

EVA.—Yes, when I was quite little people were already tired of them.

THE PRINCE.—Just so. And observe that those copper coins were just as good as any of the others. But the French are terrible people. The first to whom you offer one bursts out laughing; and our copper coins come back with an uncertain odour of bad money.

EVA.—Not a good foundation for a dynasty.

THE PRINCE.—Accordingly I suppress the *monacos*, the monopoly of bread, &c. I reform, I improve, I purify. People grumbled.

EVA.—No wonder.

THE PRINCE.—But I am firm. Then comes the unhappy affair of the olives.

EVA.—The olives!

THE PRINCE.—Heavens! I beg your pardon. I am telling you all my little affairs.

EVA.—Oh, pray proceed. These little domestic matters are most interesting. What about the olives?

THE PRINCE.—The olives, or more properly speaking the oil, is the staple of the country. But we make it so badly by old processes, that it is not so good as that of Provence. I import two excellent English presses, and I invite all my subjects to send me their olives to press. There is a cry of *arbitrary government*. I buy their olives to make the oil myself. There is a cry of *monopoly*. I give up the presses and restore everything to the primitive state. There is a cry of *routine*.

EVA.—Dear me!

THE PRINCE.—I renounce industrial reform.

EVA.—I should think so.

THE PRINCE—(*rising.*) And from that day dates between my subjects and me a feud which has gradually arrived at the point of ferocious enmity.

EVA—(*rising.*) Ferocious!

THE PRINCE.—You must have seen one of those unhappy couples in which whatever one partner does the other opposes it. So with me and my people. All my acts are misconstrued, perverted, artfully travestied For example: I go for an airing—"Then I have plenty of leisure." I do not go for an airing—"I am afraid to show myself." I give a ball—"Prodigal luxury." No ball—"What avarice!" I hold a review—"Military intimidation." I do not hold a review—"I am afraid of the spirit of the troops." Fireworks on my birth-day—"The money of the people spent in smoke." No fireworks—"Nothing for the people's enjoyment." I am in good health—"Idleness." I am in bad health—"Debauchery." I build—"Waste." I do not build—"And what is the working man to do?" In a word, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, but what I do is declared to be detestable, and what I do not do, still worse.

EVA.—Such a life is not worth having.

THE PRINCE.—Ah! It is time to give up the trade.

EVA.—Let us see. You must have some friends left.

THE PRINCE.—Uncommonly few. There are the shopkeepers—and yet nothing amuses them so much as worrying the government. Let any one begin demolishing, and they are delighted. They will help the work in their own small way if needful. Only when the downfall comes, they will find that the first things to be crushed are themselves. This country is like its neighbour. It knows only two courses—absolute routine and general confusion. When it leaves the rut it is to blow up the road. To level it, never!

EVA.—And you take all this cheerfully!

THE PRINCE.—What is to be done? Look here, my dear lady, do you see that little red roof?

EVA.—Which spoils the view?

THE PRINCE.—Just so. That is the volcano which will blow us all up.

EVA.—That?

THE PRINCE.—A pothouse, where all the cabals and intrigues against me go on. Placed at the foot of my palace that cabin is undermining it.

EVA.—A pothouse!

THE PRINCE.—Oh, it is no longer a pothouse. It is a world. The new world. Pardon me, I am speaking to an American citizen, who prides herself on being a Republican.

EVA.—Oh, in America, yes—but here, no. For the honour of my country I decline the comparison. And your old world has notions of liberty which are not like ours, happily for us.

THE PRINCE.—You are right, citizeness. All that live in that house are good for nothing but to dishonour the flag under which they pretend to serve. It is the common sewer into which the gutter pours all morbid appetites and all unsatisfied rancours. Thither comes to vent his spleen, to vomit his hatred and cupidity, everyone who finds fault with the social order for the disappointment of his pride and the failures of his impotence. There holds his state, there writes for the applause of the gallery, the most charming builder of phrases—an advocate, Rabagas—jovial, a pleasant fellow, a hard drinker of beer, whose knowledge is universal, and who on every subject has a set speech ready, like a firework, which goes off like a spark from his pipe, to the great delight of the rabble, for whom his Roman candles are luminaries. Imagine this dangerous babbler surrounded by all the disappointed aspirants and abortive geniuses, the briefless advocate, the physician without patients, the damned author, the turned-off clerk, the expelled functionary, and the broken officer, a bankrupt, three insolvents, two sharpers, a utopist, seven idiots and eight drunkards, and you have exactly the constituent elements of the *Crapaud Volant*, which at Monaco represents progress, light and liberty, on condition that the first will permit them to say anything, the second to do anything, and the third to pocket anything.

EVA.—And is it Rabagas —— ?

THE PRINCE.—Who directs everything! More powerful than I, he has his journal, his courtiers, his police, his troops.

EVA.—So have you.

THE PRINCE.—Fourteen guards by the treaty of 1817, and twenty gendarmes by sufferance.

EVA.—For an army!

THE PRINCE.—Besides I don't care much about power, far from it. To remain here and be as useful as I can, I am ready. To correct, reform, (and everything needs it)—good. But if those who yelp for progress are to render it impossible by their violence —if I cannot give liberty without the *Crapaud Volant* taking license, I would rather end all at once by a good *coup d'etat.*

EVA.—How?

THE PRINCE.—Pack up my trunks and let Monaco be free, and Rabagas its President.

EVA.—You would be thoroughly avenged. But what a joke!

THE PRINCE.—Not at all. I am seriously thinking of it.

EVA.—Run away from an advocate?

THE PRINCE.—Advocate and politician! The worst animal in creation!

EVA.—There are swarms of them.

THE PRINCE.—Of course. When a civilization is rotten, the advocate begins to breed in it. All the great nations, Athens, Rome, ended in a reign of talkers. When the man of action disappears, the rhetorician comes on the scene. That is the hour of fine speeches and low actions, of paltry deeds and lofty words. And while Byzantium is wrangling about an adverb more or less, behold at the gate the Turk, who does not talk but act.

[*Scene in the office of the Carmagnole* (*Republican journal*) *between Rabagas and Eva, who has undertaken to bring him over to the interest of the Court.*]

EVA.—I was told at your house, Monsieur, that I should be likely to find you here.

RABAGAS.—It is true, Madame.

EVA.—Be assured that I will not waste your precious moments; and the counsel which I come to solicit from your great talent, as a stranger——

RABAGAS.—(*Taking a chair behind the sofa on which Eva is seated.*) Ah! Madame is——

EVA.—An American.

RABAGAS—(*rising.*) That title alone,

Madame, will command all my sympathy! Then it is to the advocate——

Eva.—That I address myself—and very naturally to the most illustrious of them all.

Rabagas.—My modesty, Madame, would rather say to the most upright.

Eva.—The fact is, Monsieur, that I have come from Naples. But travelling in haste, and not wishing to encumber myself with luggage, I sent it forward in the charge of my lady's maid. Now, this morning I learn that it is stopped at the custom house at Genoa, under the pretext that there is too much lace on my dresses, and that it is contraband.

Rabagas—(*a little disappointed.*) Ah! it is a case of lace!

Eva.—You can imagine, Monsieur, what a blow it is to me. I have not closed my eyes all night. I have nothing with me but this travelling dress and one evening dress; two dresses in all, out of twenty-two! What do they think will become of me with two dresses, three hundred leagues from my milliner.

Rabagas.—Yes, Madame, yes. (*Aside.*) She is a simpleton.

Eva.—Put yourself in my place!

Rabagas.—I do, Madame, I do.

Eva.—Don't you find my situation frightful?

Rabagas.— It is so, Madame. Nevertheless, I must confess to you that I had hoped for an affair of a more stirring kind—some domestic drama—on one side a husband, perhaps—on the other ——.

Eva.—No, I am a widow.

Rabagas.—Ah! Then on the other side only ——. Well, that is not it. Let us return to realities. It is a case, apparently, of one or two trunks ——.

Eva.—How, Monsieur? Of eight trunks!

Rabagas.—Eight, well! Now, Madame, (*he rises.*) I am going to have the honour of giving you the address of one of my brethren who is the best man in the world for affairs of that kind.

Eva.—What, Monsieur, you refuse me your assistance?

Rabagas.—With great regret, Madame; but I do not appear in commercial cases.

Eva.—But, Monsieur, my dresses are not articles of commerce.

Rabagas.—Works of art, no doubt! But each to his own line: mine is politics. (*He writes an address.*)

Eva.—Ah, you appear in political cases.

Rabagas.—And with success, Madame, I venture to say.

Eva.—Well, this is a political case—the custom house.

Rabagas—(*stopping, struck with the idea.*) —Perhaps, yes—in a certain point of view—but in its general character your case is not attractive. Dresses! What do you think I could make of that? Ah! if you had besides some little treatise—some pamphlets—some numbers of a prohibited newspaper.

Eva.—Newspapers, yes. All my boots are wrapped up in newspapers.

Rabagas.—Italian newspapers?

Eva.—The *Pasquino*, the *Pulcinella!*

Rabagas—(*Earnestly.*) Very advanced journals.

Eva.—With caricatures.

Rabagas.—Against the French Government?

Eva.—Oh, capital ones.

Rabagas— (*delighted.*) Why, that will do. That is just what we want.

Eva.—Ah, you think so.

Rabagas.—Now politics come in. We could not have anything better. Your laces are a pretext! What is persecuted in your trunks is the liberty of the press! And you are an American! Bravo! I read the newspapers to the court! A scandal—a row! You lose your cause.

Eva.—Dear me!

Rabagas.—But I make a hit.

Eva.—Lose my cause!

Rabagas.—No matter — a fine — your dresses will be returned to you. Leave all to me! You have all your papers, receipts, and so forth?

EVA.—All.

RABAGAS—Good! I will do myself the honour to come to your residence for them. You reside, Madame, ——?

EVA.—At the Palace.

RABAGAS.—Bless me!

EVA.—Court B—the grand staircase—on the second story.

RABAGAS.—With ——.

EVA.—The Prince. Yes, I have been one of the ladies-in-waiting since yesterday, and governess to the Princess.

RABAGAS.—And it is to me that —— Ah, well! (*Aside.*) What a simpleton!

EVA.—What did Monsieur say?

RABAGAS.—Heavens, Madame, I beg your pardon; it is such an awkward affair! But you are a stranger here.—You are ignorant. That is evident.

EVA.—Pray explain.

RABAGAS.—In two words, Madame. You belong to the Court, and have come to seek advice of the leader of the opposition.

EVA—(*innocently.*) Why, is there an opposition at Monaco too?

RABAGAS.—As well as everywhere else, Madame! It is a necessity! Without it ——.

EVA.—And the object of this opposition?

RABAGAS.—To thwart all the measures of the Government. It is the same everywhere.

EVA.—From conviction?

RABAGAS.—Yes—sometimes.

EVA.—Indeed. I understand your difficulty now.

RABAGAS.—Be counsel for you! Impossible! Against you as much as you please.

EVA.—Against me!

RABAGAS.—Certainly. You belong to the other camp. You are at present the mark for my fire,

EVA.—What, in this very case?

RABAGAS.—In this very case, if it is brought to me.

EVA.—But you said I was in the right!

RABAGAS—(*smiling at her simplicity.*) Oh! in principle, Madame, as much in the right as possible. But what good will that do you, if I prove you to be in the wrong?

EVA.—Why, a moment ago you demonstrated to me ——.

RABAGAS.—A moment ago, yes—but now I will demonstrate the contrary just as clearly.

EVA.—But those advanced journals!

RABAGAS.—That strengthens my case. O philosopher, man of letters, thinker, bend over thy nightly labour—and here is the way in which that Court treats thy noble writings! It wraps up in them the boots of a woman! And what a woman!

EVA.—Monsieur!

RABAGAS.—Pardon my warmth. I fancied myself in Court. But I can speak in that style to any length you please.

EVA.—It is admirable. You change your convictions with facility!

RABAGAS.—Change them! I never change them. I have none.

EVA.—Indeed!

RABAGAS.—In a lawyer they are unnecessary—or rather embarrassing. Besides, we are not bound to believe what we say, but to make other people believe it—a very different thing. Suppose the prisoner is guilty—who knows it better than we, his counsel. But the more guilty he is, the more merit there is in proving him innocent. If the only object was to prove what is the fact, what one believes, what one is sure of, where would be the use of advocates?

EVA.—I see clearly, Monsieur, that I have not been deceived with regard to your talent. It even surpasses the idea I had formed of it.

RABAGAS—(*bowing.*) Madame!

EVA.—And I understand, now, His Highness' exclamation.

RABAGAS.—His Highness'!

EVA.—His saying this morning, with regard to your last speech in Court: "What a man, what talent!"

RABAGAS—(*delighted.*) Hah! The Prince said so!

EVA.—"Ah!" he added, "if I could venture."

RABAGAS.—Let him venture.

EVA—(*rising.*) But he did not complete the sentence.

RABAGAS.—What a pity!

EVA.—I leave you, Monsieur, with double regret—

RABAGAS.—Madame!

EVA.—Because I both lose you as counsel in my cause, and am at the same time deprived of the honour of your visit.

RABAGAS.—At the Palace?

EVA.—You would not be arrested there, I assure you, Monsieur—at least, if you were, it would be to keep you there.

RABAGAS—(*looking round him and lowering his voice.*) Ah, were it not for my party!

EVA.—Pooh!

RABAGAS—(*after glancing round him.*) Allow me, at least, to conduct you to your carriage.

EVA.—And your party!

RABAGAS—(*offering his arm.*) Pooh!

EVA—No, no, no. I don't wish to compromise you. Adieu, Monsieur.

RABAGAS.—Adieu! Must it be adieu. Permit me, Madame, to answer—to meet again.

EVA— (*roguishly, at the door.*) Goodness, who knows?

RABAGAS.—(*in deep disappointment, following her with his eyes.*) Who knows? That is all she says. What does she mean? Can she be making fun of me?

[*Scene in the Palace—Rabagas, having been gained over by the Court and made Governor, undertakes to put an end to the revolutionary movement which, as a demagogue, he had got up.*]

THE PRINCE—(*presenting Rabagas to the Court.*) Monsieur Rabagas, your new Governor! (*General surprise*).

RABAGAS—(*bowing to the ground.*) Ah! Your Highness!

THE PRINCE—A truce to compliments, Mr. Governor. Let us conjure the peril.

THE PRINCE.—You hear, Mr. Bricoli! (*Bricoli goes to the window*).

RABAGAS.—It is so good — that people . . . so calumniated! . . a perfect child!

THE PRINCE.—Go, Bricoli. (*Noise outside on the appearance of Bricoli in the balcony*).

BRICOLI.—People of Monaco! (*Noise, cries.*) I have to announce to you . . . (*Redoubled hooting*).

THE CROWD—(*yelling.*) No, no; Rabagas! Rabagas!

BRICOLI — (*leaving the balcony.*) They call for Monsieur Rabagas.

RABAGAS.—Ah. They want to see me! Good people! I am the only one they know. Unfortunately they are a long way off. Hold a light that they may not lose the play of expression. (*Two footmen go out on the balcony with candles. He arranges his neckcloth and hair, like an actor going on the stage.*) That's right. Stand aside. You'll see the effect. Watch the effect!

EVA.—Yes; let us see the effect. (*Cries of astonishment at the appearance of Rabagas on the balcony; then general silence.*)

RABAGAS — (*with a loud and thrilling voice.*) Citizens!

THE CROWD.—Bravo, bravo! Hear, hear!

RABAGAS.—I am happy and proud to announce to you that His Highness the Prince of Monaco—

THE CROWD.—No, no!

RABAGAS—(*turning round to the Prince.*) That, Your Highness understands, is not intended for me.

THE PRINCE — (*calmly.*) By no means. Your turn is coming.

RABAGAS—(*on the balcony.*) . . The Prince of Monaco, I say, has acceded to your just demands—

THE CROWD.—Bravo!

RABAGAS. — By making me Governor General of Monaco.

THE CROWD—(*yelling.*) Down with him. Down with Rabagas!

RABAGAS—(*recoiling from the hooting.*) How!

THE PRINCE—*That* is for you.

RABAGAS.—Citizens!

THE CROWD.—Traitor! Hireling! Scoundrel! Down with Rabagas!

EVA.—Watch the effect!

RABAGAS—(*struggling for a hearing.*)

THE CROWD—(*yelling still louder*).—No, no! Death to the renegade.

RABAGAS.—But! It is— (*He screams to make himself heard, but the uproar drowns his voice.*)

THE CROWD.—Down with the spy!

RABAGAS—(*leaving the balcony in a fury.*)—Idiots, they will not hear a word.

THE PRINCE—(*to Eva*).—Well Mistress, what say you to your man?

EVA—(*calmly*). Why, nothing could be better. He is set going. Now give him his swing.

THE PRINCE—(*to Rabagas.*) But that popularity of yours. What has become of it?

RABAGAS—(*in a fluster*). A misunderstanding, your Highness. Nothing more. (*Aside.*) Those rogues want to make me lose my place. (*Aloud.*) A proclamation! Quick! They will read me at all events.

THE PRINCE—(*showing him a paper*). There is the proclamation of your predecessor.

RABAGAS.—That will do. "Society menaced! Order! Anarchy!" Very good. "Liberal monarchy." Excellent. I could not do it better myself. (*Signing*) "Rabagas." Let it be posted without delay.

BRICOLI.—Especially as they are putting up placards on their side. (*Showing a placard.*

RABAGAS.—Incendiaries, I am sure! Wretches! Yes, an appeal to the most hideous passions! Insurrection proclaimed, the most holy of—. The deuce, it's mine. (*Crumpling it in his hand.*)

GABRIELLE.—Oh! that blaze!

CARLE.—They are burning a sentry-box.

BRICOLI.—The outbreak has come.

RABAGAS.—Outbreak of what?

ANDRE.—Of the insurrection. They are throwing up barricades.

RABAGAS—(*disturbed*). Insurrection! How insurrection? It is not the time. It was ordered to commence at eleven.

ALL.—Ah!

RABAGAS—(*beside himself.*) Without the signal! A revolution! But it is not wanted now. Tell them it is not wanted.

BOUBARD.—Tell them so yourself.

RABAGAS.—But since they have the government of their choice, what more do they want?

BOUBARD.—To be in the government themselves.

RABAGAS—(*rushing out upon the balcony.*) My friends, my brothers! (*He is driven back by yells more menacing than ever.*)

CARLE—(*taking him by the arm.*) Take care.

RABAGAS—(*leaving the balcony in a fury.* Brutes, brutes of democrats!

THE PRINCE.—Close the shutters. Well, I think after this—

RABAGAS—(*flying to the table and signing orders.*) I believe you. Colonel! Three summonses. Then throw open the gates, and charge home.

THE HAND-CLASP.

BY CLUNY.

THE night was cold, and the wind was chill,
As they left behind the glittering throng—
And the two strolled home 'neath the starry sky,
As the wind went whistling and howling along.

She was fair, he thought; but had she a heart?
He himself was tall, and handsome, and strong—
He whispered low, but she laughed at his words,
And the wind moaned sadly and softly along.

She's a flirt, thought he, with her laugh of scorn,
But she loved him well, and he did her wrong;
For his whispered words made her heart beat fast,
In time to the wind as it leaped along.

They have reached the gate, and he takes her hand,
While his heart pulsed loud with a joyful song,
For the hand-clasp said what the tongue kept mute,
And the wind laughed gently and softly along.

He soon has forgotten the laugh of scorn,
But he thinks of her grasp, so firm and strong;
What cares he now, as he saunters home,
For the wind as it rages and storms along.

HAMILTON.

WICKETS IN THE WEST.

THE visit of twelve English gentlemen, invited to engage in friendly competition with their fellow-cricketers of Canada, does not, at first sight, appear an event of such importance as to deserve a permanent memorial. Some years ago, our "Knights of the Willow" encountered a team of professionals from home, and made the best of a somewhat ignominious defeat in the field. The defeat was of course a foregone conclusion; but it was accepted cheerfully as the price of the knowledge acquired. Parr's impetuous drives, Wisden's deceptive bowling, and Lockyer's incomparable wicket-keeping were, perhaps, of use to our colonial amateurs. At any rate they could admire, though they did not hope to emulate them. The feats of Lilywhite and his party were something to see; but we doubt if they left any permanent trace even in cricketing circles.

The tour of the gentlemen players last year, on the other hand, may not be without valuable results, both here and at home. Mr. Fitzgerald, the captain of the band, has put on record his impressions of the trip, in a volume we cordially commend to our readers, whether they take any interest in cricket or not.* Canadians have heard and read much about the love of out-door life and athletic sports, which is said to be bred in the bone of a true-born English gentleman. But to those who had never crossed the Atlantic, the appearance in the field of twelve of them—all well-educated and refined young men, in the hey-day of life, full of the buoyancy of youth, in the first flush of animal spirits, and keenly alive to the pleasure and enjoyments of nature—was an agreeable novelty.

"Wickets in the West" is the record of the experiences of the Twelve in Canada and the United States—nearly two-thirds of the book being devoted to the former. In raciness and vigour of style, in acute, and on the whole, accurate observation of all that was noticeable about him, the author has not been excelled by any professional writer of travel-books. He has a decided advantage in the freshness and freedom with which, in the kindliest manner, he "quizzes" friends, strangers, comrades, and even himself, with impartial pen. The narrative was necessarily of a personal character; but we are not "troubled by the cricketer's" personal vanity, "or our ears assailed by blasts of a brazen trumpet too constantly blown by" themselves. Even the egotism of Mr. Fitzgerald is of a most genial and pleasing kind.

The author is not disposed to rate very highly the value of the expedition from a sporting point:—

> "That many enthusiasts really believed in the stir we should give to their favourite pastime is undoubted. Whether that object of our visit will be attained is doubtful. We have our own opinions as to the practical results of matches between a trained eleven and an undisciplined twenty-two. We incline to the belief that the essential elements of good cricket can only be found in matches between foes of equal number. Should a visit of Englishmen on the same errand be repeated, we should feel more sanguine of its results than of our own, were the visitors even less distinguished than ourselves, so that the *eleven* of the Dominion, instead of twenty-two, were pitted against them. We will not prolong this discussion further than by saying that a 'twenty-two' generally cuts its throat in more than one place; that an 'eleven' takes more individual interest in

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* Wickets in the West; or the Twelve in America. By R. A. Fitzgerald. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

the game, and that the pleasure of the spectators is enhanced by 'hits' obtaining their full value, rather than by the fall of the best hitter into the hands of an outsider."

The cricketers, as they travelled through the Provinces, learned the true spirit of their "hosts." Mr. Fizgerald states, we believe with truth, the real meaning of the cordial reception accorded to the Twelve :—

"Our cricketing exploits appealed to a comparatively small section, and if success in the cricket-field had formed the sole basis of sociality, many of us would have gone supperless to bed. No! the spirit emanated from a higher motive, though we are sensitive to a pin's point on the epidermis of our noble game. As we journeyed from Quebec to Montreal, from Montreal to Ottawa, and so on through Toronto to London and Hamilton, we were *made* sensible that our reception was mainly owing to the fact that we were Englishmen. The people were glad to see us, because they feel themselves to be no less Englishmen than ourselves; because they resent keenly the suspicion which, Heaven and the Home Government only know how has arisen, of their loyalty to the Queen and affection to British institutions."

Upon this theme Mr. Fitzgerald is never tired of dilating; it crops up continually throughout the volume, colouring, unconsciously, no doubt, the less favourable picture he draws of our American neighbours. We have not space for the amusing account of the captain's troubles in mustering his men, the inconveniences of a sea-voyage to tyros who had no sea-legs to put on, and therefore remained prostrate during the voyage, or for the graphic description of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

When once ashore the Twelve gave themselves over to holiday glee, so far as they were permitted to enjoy it. They were not without their annoyances, however. The "drinks" were heady and insidious, where, as was the case with the wines, they were not washy and factitious. Even the lunches were not the thing, and, at Quebec, hope told a flattering tale about the "near prospect of a bath, and the comfort of a bedroom to oneselves," which, but for private hospitality, would have proved delusive. But the cricket lunches were execrable. Quoting the words of a New York reporter, the author says :—

"The reporter is again *nuts* on the lunch. He writes, 'After a little practising to digest the sour beer and unpalatable viands, the contestants begin again. John Bull's sons are generally fond of good cheer. They have a strange proclivity for taking their ease at an inn—and innate politeness forbade them from growling at the viands.' We are not sure that it did, at least in a *sottô voce* strain. The lunch was the only weak point on all the cricket-grounds we had played upon."

It is no solace to our patriotic feelings that the only satisfactory "spread" our friends enjoyed was at an American table.

Passing from these transient discomforts in a land where Fortnum and Mason, and Spiers and Pond have no agencies, the subject of emigration is touched by the author in some sensible and vigorous sentences, from which our extracts must be brief. After inquiring why so many of the labouring classes are diverted to the Western States, when equal or superior advantages are offered under their own flag in Canada, Mr. Fitzgerald points out in a discriminating manner, why the hard-working and industrious son of labour should prefer Canada :—

"The hard crust of old English prejudice did not crumble without a struggle. But it did crumble ere we left the Dominion. It was impossible to resist the conviction that the hand held out to the stranger was a proof of the warm heart; and we needed no proof of the attachment of Canada to the mother country."

"Canada is made of self-made men; the aristocracy is self-created; there are no obstacles to success save what man makes for himself. It is not the country for the aspiring clerk, the ambitious juvenile, discontented at home with his quill-driving salary; that class of emigrant is pre-eminently undesirable. It is the country for the strong man, with the head on his shoulders, the muscle in his arm ("Hodge," as a marginal reference informs us.) Its wealth does not lie buried in the earth, where it may fall to the luck of the weak as well as to the strong; it lies within the few inches turned up by the plough; it is hewn by the axe. Still the stream tends to the prairies of the West, and why? Is it not owing to the neglect at home of our great colony, in some measure? Are not the crumbs doled to our blood-relations, and the pottage presented to our distant cousins almost without their asking? The climate may influence some emigrants; and the horrors of a Canadian winter lose none of their forbidding features on the tongues of those agents who, in every part of Europe, direct the stream towards the States. *There is no doubt that the organization on the part of American agents is far superior to that (if any) of the Canadian.*"

The author then proceeds to expose the untruthfulness of ordinary English notions about the Canadian winter, and essays, at a length which prevents our following him, to demonstrate the superior claims of this country. "We do think," he says in conclusion, "that when hundreds are induced to quit their native land for a foreign soil, it is but right that Englishmen should know what advantages are open to them across the Atlantic, in a country which is English to the back-bone; albeit separated by a vast ocean."

A minor subject of no slight importance, however, is Bridget or Mary Jane, as our author prefers to call the representative of what is ordinarily termed "servant-galism." In private houses, "the neat maid or the clever cook" is treated with great deference, and performs her duties with an independent air that rather gives a zest to appetite than otherwise. We have a well-grounded apprehension that if there had been a Mrs. F. domiciled in Canada she would have made such revelations to our author as would have impaired even his English strength of digestion before the termination of the first quarter. The secret of the "deference" may be easily understood by a glance over the "wanted" columns of any of our daily papers. In hotels, however, the mask is thrown off:—

"There it is the exception to meet with civil attendants. The sauciest of the saucy, as a rule, are the chambermaids. Woe betide you if you lie in bed longer than the lady who rules your passage with a broom and bunch of keys considers your *quantum suff.* You will be roused from your delicious dreams by a hard knock, often repeated; you will be told that you *must* get up, you, the proprietor *pro tem.*, as you foolishly imagine, of a bedchamber!—must hasten to leave it, as you are trespassing upon the time of the lady whose pleasure it is to do her duty how and when she pleases."

Of natural scenery, as we have already said, Mr. Fitzgerald is an ardent lover, and, in consequence, all his descriptions of it are warm, vigorous, and sympathetic. Two of his experiences of Northern America, however, inspired him with great contempt. The first was the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, which he characterizes as an uncomfortable humbug. Of the other he shall speak for himself:—

"Nobody has thoroughly 'done' Ottawa, until Ottawa has tried its best to do for him in the well-known 'Slides.' The Slides are the fabulous dangers of Ottawa, ... to shrink from the Slides is considered natural on the part of strangers. The ladies affect the Slides. The Twelve placed themselves at the mercy of several Circes, and did the slides. It is an agreeable sensation; a lady clinging to each arm, or if nervous yourself, clinging to a waist not loth to be pressed, a raft and rushing of water, a sudden dip, a stifled scream, a wild hurrah from a bridge, under which you slide, a succession of the above sensations before you can say your prayers; a gradual unclinging and unfastening of waists, and the danger is done. All told, the peril is not equal to a real slide on a bit of orange-peel in the streets of London."

The element of danger being wanting, our author has no respect for the pretence of it. A real sensation, to him, would consist in sliding on a raft "about whose construction you have your doubts, and in company with a Canadian raftsman perfectly indifferent to your safety or his own."

Preferring to indicate by a few extracts the general character of the volume, we shall not enter at length upon the cricketing department. To cull any single passage from the fresh and lively narratives of the various matches would be unjust to the author and the subject. After reading them all, we are not surprised at the slight regard the Twelve entertain of their newspaper reporters on both sides of the line. They should remember, however, that division of labour in our literary microcosm could not possibly have been perfected as in England. It is hardly fair to make too much fun of our Smithville *Mirror* or Jonestown *Pioneer*, when you come from the land of the *Sporting Magazine*, the *Field* and *Bell's Life*. On the subject of cricket we shall content ourselves with a few passages collected from various parts of the volume :—

"The Twenty-two were hard at it, practising to make perfect (one of the great mistakes of the day); practise before a match should be limited to a few minutes, to take the stiffness out of the joints, and not persevered in at the expense of strength and waste of breath." "In a great measure the hollow victory was due to the exaggerated opinion formed of the Englishmen's bowling. * * It was past comprehension, unless we assume some magical influence, that young and stalwart cricketers should refuse long hops and half volleys. The twenty-two of Ottawa were a fine lot of young men, and that they could hit and open their shoulders was very evident 'at practice.'" "The (scratch) match was interesting in one sense, in that it brought the natives in close comparison with the visitors. It showed some good cricket to be existent in Toronto, and some excellent fielding. * * The batting, as a whole, was superior to that shown in the first match." "We believe that the visit has given a stir to cricket; it has demonstrated the weak points and has illustrated the strong ones. The bowlers, as a class, must feel proud of their exploits. Had they been backed by their field, the results would have been closer. . . . The batsmen will practise low bowling, and will learn that it only requires patience, and the proper use of the legs. Not to put them before the wicket, and run the risk of a blind umpire, but to have them ready to run to meet the *slow drop* ball; the batsman that is on his legs, not glued to his crease, will break the heart of the wiliest lobster. . . . The game must be forced with slow bowling. Hit with judgment, but always hit. Runs will be made through the best fieldmen if you force them continually. We cling to a belief that a better match would have resulted in many places with less in the field. We almost wish that an eleven of Canada had been selected from the Dominion. With the one exception of a wicket-keeper, who never turned up, we saw the making of a good eleven out of the ranks of our antagonists."

Mr. Fitzgerald's American chapters we have not space to follow. Whilst cordially acknowledging the hospitality of our neighbours, the Twelve were evidently not at home. The descriptions of social life, public amusements, youthful pertness and precocity and other features of American society, are in the vein of Dickens. Even the great national game of base ball is nothing to boast of. The author says :—

"This game is adapted to the genius of the people. It is of comparatively short duration, it has few pauses, it is constantly changing its aspect. There is no sticking, no monotonous change of overs; all is on the strike, everybody is on the bound. It will hold its own in America, and cricket can never expect to attain to its popularity. From an English point of view, it presents little interest; there are no hard knocks on the knuckles or shins, none of the excitement that is engendered by a fast bowler on a quick wicket. . . It is an improvement on our old school-boys' game of rounders, without, however, the most attractive part to an English school-boy—"the corking." We can see still, we are not sure that we cannot still feel, the quiver of the fat boy's nether parts, as the ball, well-directed, buried itself in his flesh. "Rounders" had its attractions for youth; we doubt if the improved game would amuse the grown-up British public. . . . . Americans might learn much, if they chose, from our noble game: if it inculcates one thing, it preaches and practices patience, it enforces self-control it eliminates the irascible, it displays the excellence of discipline, it is more eloquent than Father Matthew on temperance and sobriety. With all respect for base-ball and its disciples, we believe that it encourages the two leading failings of American character—ultra rapidity, quicksilver-osity, or whatever else you like to call it, and ardent speculation."

We have made this last lengthy extract, not so much on account of cricket or base-ball, as to give Mr. Fitzgerald's view in brief of his impressions of the United States. In closing, we cannot avoid expressing our gratification that the Twelve enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, and that their experiences are recorded in a style so lively, so full of humour and good nature. So far as Canadians are concerned, we can assure them that they were welcomed with pleasure, and that our love for the old English game has derived a fresh impulse from their visit.

THE PORTRAIT.

(*From* "*Nugæ Canoræ.*")

Painter, I am poor,
But gold shall be thy fee,
If thou wilt paint my Leonore,
As Leonore is to me.

Paint her not all fair,
But of mortal birth;
Not a spirit of air,
But a wife of earth.

Paint her not all bright,
She has shed some tears;
Shadow chequering light,
Through our wedded years.

Paint her blessing gain,
Soothing loss and trouble,
Halving all my pain,
Making pleasure double.

Paint the memories rife
Of love—how with one heart
We have breasted life;
Hers the harder part—

Suffering—On her brow,
In her voice's tone,
Traces linger now
Though the pain is gone.

Paint the hopes she bears
For the time to come,
Hopes of golden years,
In a happy home.

Then call up the face
Of first love—the time
When I wooed her grace,
In our merry prime.

This she is to me,
What she is to mine
Paint too, ere the fee
Or the praise be thine.

Does thy pencil fail?
Dost thou fear thy part?
Go—paint cows and kale—
Go, alas poor Art!

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER IV.

SPRING, with its flowers, had passed away; the bright month of June was drawing to a close; and "haying-time" had arrived. In the Valley of Germaine, where M. de Lisle's meadows were situated, the air was fragrant with the odour of new-mown hay, and the proprietor, shaded by a large-brimmed straw hat, was busily superintending the loading of the first waggon. The lengthening shadows from the wooded hills announced the approach of evening, and Evonyme, after enjoying his siesta on a bed of hay, was gravely watching the manœuvres of some crabs in the brook, while behind a haystack, at a short distance from a little spring which came gurgling down through the woods, sat Antoinette, chatting gaily with Jacques Duhoux, the stern forester seeming to be in no wise bored by his lively companion.

In spite of his good resolutions, the mermaid had obtained a decided influence over him; those water-lilies must have contained a charm which, if it worked slowly, had proved all the more enduring. When M. de Lisle again visited the hostelry of Pitoiset his advances were received less coldly. Soon Evonyme persuaded Jacques to accompany him to *les Corderies*, since which event the forester had called frequently alone. Life at Rochetaillée was very monotonous, and the inn, with its noisy customers, so disagreeable, that M. de Lisle's house, with its smoky kitchen, its great, bare *salon*, and little terraced garden, appeared a paradise in comparison. Besides one cannot work incessantly; after long tramps through the forest, an hour or two spent in pleasant converse was almost a necessity, and *les Corderies* was really the only place within reach where agreeable, intelligent conversation could be enjoyed. With these and like reasons Jacques sought to account to himself for his frequent visits. M. de Lisle was always pleased to see the young man, and received him warmly, often repeating to Antoinette: "I like that youth; he is so modest and unassuming in spite of his great learning. There is both pleasure and profit to be derived from his companionship; he will certainly get on in the world." Duhoux in the meantime continued to visit at *les Corderies* so often that when the good ladies of Rochetaillée met to gossip, they did not fail to find much material in the subject of M. de Lisle's imprudence and Antoinette's giddiness. Occasionally the young man dined there, and was frequently the companion of M. de Lisle's walks.

On this day the whole party had been out of doors since morning, and only intended returning at nightfall with the mowers. Antoinette was in one of her most winning moods, and her musical laugh floated like silvery chimes to where the haymakers were at work. Presently she rose and began climbing the rather steep ascent which followed the bed of the stream; Jacques attended her in her capricious wanderings, and after a while they reached the source of the stream, half hidden under a thick covering of cresses and veronica. At a couple of yards distant was a platform, shaded by beech trees, under which there still remained traces of an old charcoal furnace. On the threshold of the charcoal burner's hut Antoinette sank down completely out of breath, and Jacques, as in duty bound, seated himself by her side. The girl was in high spirits, and indulged in all manner of fantastic frolics, by turns singing snatches of some rustic melody, imitating the flute-like trills of the gold-hammer, or twining wild flowers and grasses in her hair. Her companion watched her silently, but the smile which at each new freak illuminated his features, shewed that he sympathized with her lively mood.

Grown weary at last of alluring birds and startling dragon-flies, Antoinette leaned her head against the wall of the hut, and gazing rather wistfully at the clear blue sky, she said softly :—"How charming it is here ! I have always dreamed of living in a cottage like this, in the very heart of the forest."

"A cottage and a heart !" laughed Jacques.

When Jacques Duhoux's features were in their usual grave repose his face had a hard, almost stern expression, but when he laughed the change was so complete that he did not appear like the same individual ; his black eyes sparkled, the lines about his mouth softened, and his whole countenance bore an expression of almost child-like goodness. Antoinette watched this transformation closely, then, shaking her head thoughtfully, she replied :

"A cottage !" Yes, that might do,—but a heart……hm ! That depends very much….. I would be very exacting."

"Let us hear," said Jacques, softly questioning her with his eyes ; "let us hear what you require."

Antoinette bent her brows, and assuming a meditative attitude, replied :—"In the first place I wish him to be loving and devoted."

"Of course ; what next ?"

"Proud, stately, obedient to no one—except me."

"You are exclusive."

"Yes, strangely so. I should exact every sacrifice because I, in turn, should be prepared to sacrifice all things. I am determined to love only such a man as would be willing to relinquish all things for me—even to commit the greatest follies for my sake."

Jacques had become grave. "Follies," replied he ; "no ; I cannot believe that you could urge one one whom you loved to commit what this too indulgent world would dedenominate follies. The first principle to be observed is the honour and dignity of those we love ; true love is founded and lives upon esteem."

"True love lives on passion !" exclaimed Antoinette impetuously.

"I will not discuss the matter with you. I speak only of things which I know and understand," said Jacques ironically ; "all I can say is that my ideal . . ."

"Oh, I know your ideal !" said Antoinette, interrupting him, "a good, meek, submissive little provincial girl, who goes to vespers on Sunday, and spends the rest of the week mending the household linen."

"Perhaps," he replied thoughtfully.

Antoinette's face assumed an expression of disdain and disgust. "I see her," she continued, "in her black alpaca dress and simple linen collar, netted mittens—and her eyes . . . " She hesitated, and with a provoking tone inquired, "What is the colour of her eyes ?"

Jacques rose phlegmatically. Walking to the brook he picked a veronica, which he handed to Antoinette, saying : "Modest, sweet, and blue, like this little flower."

She threw down the blossom contemptuously : "China blue," she said, with a burst of laughter ; "I thought so ! and what is the colour of her hair ?"

"Fair," he replied, in a calm tone, which provoked and irritated Antoinette ; "fair, and worn in simple bands."

"Oh, indeed ! and what is the name of your little *bourgeoise ;* is it Eulalie or Brigitte ?"

Jacques frowned. "I think," he said, in

his usual haughty voice, "that we have carried the joke too far; we are speaking lightly of things that ought to be respected. Let us change the subject."

He rose and walked round the birch trees, cutting the heads off the thistles with his cane, while Antoinette sat gazing fixedly and in silence at the little flowers in the brook. Presently Jacques, annoyed at having exhibited his ill-humour, returned, and taking her hand, said in rather embarrassed tones, "Do not be vexed with me."

She bit her lips. "Why should I be vexed?" she asked, without looking at him. "I was wrong to tease you. Pray forgive me, and I will not offend again."

She withdrew her hand, which was cold as ice, and seemed plunged in a fit of abstraction. After a few minutes' silence they heard a prolonged *houp*, and Evonyme appeared upon the scene.

"Well," he exclaimed, "everybody is waiting for you in order to return; what are you thinking of?"

Antoinette ran towards him and took his arm to assist her in descending. The sun had disappeared beneath the horizon, but the clouds were still tinged with beauteous colours; the waggon with its load of hay was proceeding slowly on its way from St. Germaine to Rochetaillée; M. de Lisle was walking in front of the horses with the haymakers; and Antoinette followed, leaning on Evonyme's arm. Jacques lagged behind, feeling rather out of sorts. Perceiving that M. de Lisle was entirely occupied with his hay, and that the young people took no notice of him, he slackened his pace, and was soon at a considerable distance from them. He could still see Antoinette's animated gestures, and hear Evonyme's shouts of laughter. "She is telling him about our quarrel," thought Jacques; "doubtless he agrees with her, and is making fun of me; he at least gives way to her in everything, and obeys her slightest whim! He loves her; he is the first on whom she has tried the power of her bewitching beauty; probably Evonyme was in her thoughts when she spoke of a heart ready to commit every folly . . Idiot that I was not to understand. How ridiculous I must have appeared!"

The longer Jacques thought of this solution the more probable it appeared. He remembered Antoinette's strange visit to the Val-Clavin, Evonyme's attentions and embarrassment; how he had praised Antoinette; until by degrees the thought, which had at first been but a simple hypothesis, acquired all the importance of certainty. After all it was natural enough; they had been brought up together, and Evonyme was rich and independent. Upon the whole he might account himself fortunate to have escaped a love which would doubtless have injured his work, displeased his family, and disturbed his whole future. Despite all these good reasons, however, Jacques felt strangely oppressed. He was dissatisfied with himself as well as others, and feeling in a sulky mood he abruptly left the high road and returned to his solitary room at the inn. For several days he avoided going to *les Corderies*, but one afternoon, feeling that he had regained the mastery over himself, he ventured once again to ring at the door. Antoinette was seated at the piano in the *salon*, the shutters of which, hermetically closed to exclude the hot rays of the sun, admitted only a feeble line of golden light. A bouquet of mignonnette, tea-roses and jessamine, emitted a delightful fragrance. On Jacques' entrance Antoinette rose from the piano; she appeared more bewitching and lovely than ever in the subdued light, her large eyes sparkling like emeralds.

"I acted very absurdly the other evening," said Jacques abruptly, "and I come to apologise."

She took his hand and pressed it without uttering a word, and after a short silence said: "I am glad that you have come; I should have been sorry had we parted in anger."

"Parted!" exclaimed Jacques; "are you going away?"

"Yes, my grandparents expect me; if I were to refuse their invitation a quarrel would certainly be the result, and as my father counts upon their assistance in getting me well married, I must not risk offending them."

She uttered the words with sarcastic emphasis. "Why," queried Jacques; "do you leave to others the right of disposing of you? I thought you were sufficiently independent to choose for yourself."

"Oh," she replied, "when the occasion arises I shall be able to speak for myself; but hitherto," she added, laughing, "I must confess wooers have not been very numerous at *les Corderies*."

"I think I know of one at least," said Jacques.

She looked at him half seriously, half incredulously.

"You are joking," she said, leaning her elbow on the centre-table, and playing with the vase of flowers.

"I am not joking," pursued Jacques, "I do know one."

Antoinette's eyes betrayed emotion. "Really," she faltered, "is there one?"

Jacques made a sign in the affirmative.

"And who is he, pray?" she enquired, burying her face in the flowers.

"My friend Evonyme," replied Jacques.

She drew herself up haughtily and exclaimed: "Evonyme. Did he request you to intercede for him?"

"No," muttered Jacques, struck with her almost tragical expression, "I imagined. . . I thought I had seen—"

"That he loved me, and you have taken it upon yourself to plead his cause? How very kind!" She had become deadly pale, and her hands were clasped convulsively.

"Forgive me," Jacques ventured to say. "I have been foolishly indiscreet, but I assure you that Evonyme—"

She interrupted him violently. "Evonyme! I hate him! You can tell him so. I should have done so myself, had he taken the trouble to learn."

"Once more," protested Jacques," I swear to you he has not asked me to speak for him."

"Why then," said she sobbing, "did you speak thus to me? Were you mocking me, or was it a wager?"

Her eyes were filled with tears; she turned from Jacques and leaned her brow against the window-pane. There was a moment's silence, then the young man approached, wishing if possible to clear up the misunderstanding. "Mademoiselle! Antoinette!" he exclaimed.

"Leave me," she whispered, without turning her head. "I wish to be alone." And as he still lingered: "No," she continued, stamping her foot, "Go away; leave me!" He hesitated yet a moment, then, seizing his hat, he hastily left the room. Antoinette remained motionless. Hours passed; evening came, and the *salon* was filled with with gloom. When Céline entered to close the shutters all was so silent that she thought Antoinette must have gone out; suddenly she heard a suppressed sob.

"Antoinette!" exclaimed Céline, hastily thrusting the shutters open, "What is the matter with you, my child?"

In the faint twilight she saw the young girl extended on the couch and bathed in tears. "Leave me," said Antoinette, with the wild movement of a hunted animal, and without another word she fled to her own room.

CHAPTER V.

JACQUES spent the night seated at his open window. He gazed mechanically at the sky, and the sombre park of the ancient abbey, while the crickets chirped, and in the distance belated carriages rolled heavily along the highroad; then, closing his eyes he lived over again the scene in the *salon* of *les Corderies.* He seemed once more to breathe the fragrance of the jessamines, mingled with the perfume of tea-roses, to hear the clear silver tones of Antoinette's voice, and to see her green eyes sparkle in the gloom. He repeated to himself the words she had spoken, seeking suitable answers and reproaching himself for not having uttered them at the right moment. Jacques hardly slept an hour, and day had scarcely dawned ere he was on his way to Val-Clavin. Evonyme was up, and buttoning his gaiters in his bedroom. "Good morning," he exclaimed, slightly surprised at the sight of his early visitor. "I am going to Santenoge; come with me, and I will show you a lovely country."

I have a question to ask of you," said Jacques. "Pray listen seriously and answer frankly. Are you in love with Mlle. de Lisle?"

"What?" exclaimed Evonyme, opening wide his childish eyes, "in love? What a question! In love with Antoinette? Well, such a thing might have happened, for she is certainly both lovely and fascinating in spite of her peculiarities. Indeed, on a not very remote occasion, I was on the brink of making a fool of myself; happily, however, reflection came to my assistance at the right moment, and—Cupid fled."

"In short," said Jacques, whose voice trembled with impatience, "You have never thought of marrying Mlle. Antoinette?"

"Marrying? Why, of course, I think of marriage occasionally."

"At all events, you are sure that you are not in love with Antoinette—that you do not wish to marry her?" eagerly queried Jacques."

"How you torment me with your questions," groaned Evonyme. "Can't you see that I am by nature so vacillating that I can never make up my mind to anything? But, frankly, I do not consider myself a marrying man."

Jacques asked nothing further, but, thanking his friend, hurriedly left the house and disappeared in the forest. There he endured that sort of agony which many have to pass through before making any weighty decision. He rapidly reviewed his whole life, his studious childhood, the regular routine in his father's house, his college years, and those he had spent at his father's school. He thought of his ambitious dreams, his hopes for the future, and throughout all the figure of Antoinette was ever present to him. In his walk he had reached the ponds of Thuilière. At sight of the broken bridge he stooped, half expecting still to find among the rushes the impression of Antoinette's little feet. Suddenly he was startled by a deep bass voice exclaiming, "Hallo, old fellow, are you in search of a four-leaved clover?"

Turning he perceived M. de Lisle, who continued: "I have just escaped from *les Corderies;* Antoinette, who was not to leave for Paris until September, has suddenly changed her mind, and is going to-morrow, consequently the whole house is in confusion, and so littered with trunks, parcels and bandboxes, that there is scarcely standing room. I am off to Sauvageots. Will you come?"

Jacques excused himself, on the plea of being engaged, and left M. de Lisle abruptly. His mind was made up now. Hastily traversing the distance to Rochetaillée, a quarter of an hour later brought him to *les Corderies.* The gate was ajar, so he slipped into the yard without ringing. There was, nobody in the kitchen, but hearing some noise in the *salon*, he stopped in the porch to take breath. Through the open windows he could see dresses and parcels lying about, and Antoinette, with her back to the door, busily occupied in putting some clothes into the bottom of her trunk. The creaking of the door caused her to turn, and seeing Jacques she rose with a startled cry. The girl was very pale, and the dark circles round her eyes made them look even larger than their wont. There she stood, the sun shining on her slightly dishevelled tresses, making a halo round her head. After a momentary pause she smiled and tried to look unembarrassed as she apologized for the disorder in which he found her. Jacques replied only by a gesture; there was such a choking sensation in his throat that he could scarcely articulate. Finally he managed to speak.

"Are you really going to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow at daybreak, by the coach. The train passes Langres at eight o'clock, and I shall arrive in Paris in time for dinner. I hope it will be a fine day. Listen, how distinctly you can hear the bells of Genmarie. That is a good sign, is it not?"

All this was uttered rapidly, mechanically, and in a preoccupied manner. Jacques did not reply, and in the deep silence the clear ringing of the chimes could be distinctly heard. Suddenly he approached, and said in stifled tones: "Antoinette, I love you. Will you be my wife?" She crimsoned, then became deathly pale. She tried to speak, but in vain. Then Jacques, approaching still nearer, took both her hands in his: "Antoinette, I love you. Have you not a word for me?"

She had closed her eyes, but her hands returned the pressure of Jacques'. Presently her lips parted, her eyelids unclosed, and a tender smile overspread her features. "Do you really love me?" she asked.

"Dearly."

"Better than your books?"

"I cannot read them for thinking of you."

"More than of the girl with the smoothly banded hair?" continued she, while an arch smile played around the corners of her mouth.

He answered gravely, "That girl was but a shadow, which you have caused to vanish."

Antoinette heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"And pray since when have you taken it into your head to love an ill-bred girl like me?"

"Since the night of the ball at La Thuilière."

She blushed and cast down her eyes. "Your love is of a later date than mine; it is so humiliating that I should not confess it, but I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you, leaning against the mantelpiece at Val-Clavin, erect and with knitted brows. Your melancholy look went straight to my heart, and I recognized at once the only master I could ever acknowledge."

"My own Undine!" whispered he drawing her gently towards him. Again she became pale, and, closing her eyes, leaned her head for a moment on Jacques' shoulder, who this time did not withstand the temptation, but imprinted the kiss of betrothal on her lips.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Céline, just then appearing in the doorway, and letting fall in her consternation a whole armful of linen; "What is matter, child?"

"Only," replied Antoinette, "that I am not going away, and that you may unpack as soon as you please." Then folding her arms round her nurse's neck she exclaimed, "Kiss me Céline—I am *so* happy!"

Jacques left them to go in search of M. de Lisle, for he was anxious to obtain his consent to the new state of affairs as soon as possible. The two men met on the road to La Thuilèire, and there Antoinette's father listened attentively to the forester's recital. When he had finished, M. de Lisle shook him warmly by the hand. "There is no man upon whom I would more gladly bestow my daughter; but remember, I possess only landed property, and times are at present so hard that I cannot give Antoinette a *sou*." The forester shrugged his shoulders and protested that he did not think of money, but M. de Lisle interrupted him.

"Pardon me, I have not finished. Your disinterestedness pleases me and does you honour, but you cannot live on fine sentiments. My advice therefore is, that you go home, obtain your parents' consent to your marriage, and arrange with them about settlements. I need not tell you that I shall welcome you on your return, for as I said before, I could find no son-in-law whom I could respect more highly or like better than you."

It was accordingly agreed that Jacques should ask for a holiday, and in a fortnight he was to leave for L—— where his family resided. These were halcyon days for the young people. Who would attempt to pourtray the delicious feeling of enchantment which animates those who love for the first time? All is smiles, veiled pleasure, bright promises, the early dew of hope gives to everything that fresh and delicate colouring which endures but for a moment and returns no more.

When the day for his departure had come, Antoinette and M. de Lisle escorted Jacques to the mail-coach which plied between Rochetaillée and Langres. Evonyme was to accompany his friend to this station, from whence he himself would take the train for Paris, whither business summoned him. While taking his place in the coach, Jacques contemplated Antoinette, who had become strangely silent.

"What are you thinking of?" he enquired gently.

"I am thinking of your relatives," sighed Antoinette. "I am afraid of them. What will your parents think of so frivolous a daughter-in-law? Promise me to resist all their sermons and entreaties." She hesitated a moment, frowned almost imperceptibly, and then continued: "Swear to me that you will not go to see the girl with the smoothly-banded hair."

"I swear it," laughed he, "but if either of us has the right to feel uneasy, it cannot be you. I hate this separation, and although I have not as yet shown it to you, I am horribly jealous."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Antoinette, with a pretty pout, "you cannot surely be jealous of me—did not I love you first?"

The conductor meanwhile had taken his place, and Jacques hurried into the carriage.

"Au revoir!" cried out Evonyme to M. de Lisle, "I shall be back in a week."

When the coach reached the station at Langres, Jacques' train had already been signalled. Before parting, the forester, who had remained silent during the major part of the journey, took his friend aside and begged him to go frequently to *les Corderies*, and keep him acquainted with all that occurred there.

"I will be at home about a month," he said. Antoinette is rather eccentric and headstrong, and I should not like her to be guilty of any imprudence during my absence. You are her companion and friend; pray persuade her to remain quietly at home, and promise me to watch over her faithfully."

"My dear fellow," replied Evonyme, "you entrust me with a task for which nature has scarcely fitted me. I have not the slightest authority over Antoinette, and she is decidedly of a contradictory disposition; if I were to oppose her in any of her fancies she would not hesitate for a moment to send me about my business. However, you may rely upon it that I shall do my utmost, as far as such a thing is possible for any man, where a woman is concerned.

"La femme est toujours femme ; il en est qui sont belles,
Il en est qui ne le sont pas,
S'il en était d'assez fidèles,
Elles auraient assez d'appâts."

After this quotation, which was far from being consolatory, Evonyme shook hands with his friend, and closed the door of the carriage in which Jacques had taken his seat; then lighting a cigar, he thoughtfully watched the train as it disappeared in clouds of smoke.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first two days following Jacques Duhoux's departure Antoinette was taciturn and melancholy; she scarcely left her own room, and spent hours at a time gazing on the road by which her lover had disappeared; her thoughts were full of him—his image constantly before her eyes. On the third day the postman brought her a letter. Jacques had written to her immediately on his arrival at L., and consequently could not give her any details concerning the object of his journey, but his letter was filled with fond recollections of *les Corderies*, and fairly overflowed with love.

Antoinette read and re-read her treasured letter, then shut herself up in her room and wrote a long reply. So passed the third day. Next morning the young girl awoke with a longing for change or excitement of some sort. She had been dreaming all night long of Jacques' family, the various members of which she so dreaded; they appeared to her austere and serious, and very different from all she had been hitherto accustomed to. She told the wondering Céline that she wished to busy herself with household matters, and, tying an apron round her waist, set vigorously to work. After having severely pricked her fingers while endeavouring to repair a towel, and allowed the shoulder of mutton, which was to compose M. de Lisle's dinner, to burn, she lost patience, and throwing her apron into the kitchen, went out into the garden, where she seated herself under the walnut trees. She did not expect to hear from Jacques again before the end of the week, and time began to hang rather heavily on her hands. M. de Lisle only returned at night to get his dinner and go to bed; besides, as he could not be expected to understand his daughter's feelings, and in fact looked upon her as a child, she could not make him her confidant. There was only Céline to whom she could open her heart, and although the latter was an excellent listener, being patient, attentive, and quick to admire, she was passive and mute, and poor Antoinette, condemned to a perpetual monologue, longed for an occasional reply. Consequently she heaved a sigh of relief when she beheld the fair beard and laughing eyes of Evonyme through the shrubbery.

Jacques' friend was very welcome. Antoinette, always in extremes, received him with a warmth and cordiality to which he was far from being accustomed, and which filled him with artless conceit. She was kind and engaging, and invented numerous pretexts to lure him to *les Corderies*, in order to be able to talk unrestrainedly of Jacques. No one could be more charming than Antoinette when she desired to please, and Evonyme was greatly flattered by her eager welcome. Even the greatest sceptic is liable to delude himself at times, and Ormancey was fain to forget for a while the couplet of his favourite poet:—

> "Ce n'est pas vous, c'est l'idole
> A qui cet honneur se rend."

He never perceived that this charming welcome was extended to Jacques Duhoux' confidant rather than to himself personally, and accepted it as given for his own sake. Antoinette, meanwhile, managed skilfully to mingle with the conversation about her lover topics which were peculiarly interesting to Evonyme. She flattered his self-love by listening to long extracts from the famous journal, and so pleased the young man that he soon became a constant visitor at *les Corderies*. He would come early in the morning, and Antoinette, expectantly watching his arrival, would see him and slowly open the gate, when they would saunter into the garden while the flower beds were still wet with dew. Their rambles were not always confined to the garden; occasionally they were extended into the woods beyond. The people of Rochetaillée, accustomed to the girl's vagaries, were not surprised at this, and, whether they made any remarks or not, Antoinette did not care a straw for their opinion. One morning, towards the end of August, the sky was so softly veiled, and the air so fresh and inviting, that they were enticed farther than usual into the forest. The preceding evening Antoinette had received a letter from her lover, which, being shorter than usual, appeared to her also to have been written under some strong external influence, and she had spent the greater part of the night in trying to solve the mystery of his very laconic epistle. She had slept but little, felt nervous, and to quote Céline, it was "a stormy day" for her. Walking by Evonyme's side she could not get rid of the idea which so tormented her, and having turned the conversation upon the Duhoux family, she continued to question him about the girl who was to have been betrothed to Jacques. Ormancey, however, could give her but little information on the subject; he only knew that she was a friend of Jacques' sisters, that she was said to be modest and gentle, and that this marriage had been a cherished dream of his parents. Antoinette frowned and looked grave, and Evonyme, looking at her furtively, was alarmed at the expression of her features. He tried to change the subject of conversation, and as the ramble through the woods had roused the poetry of his nature, he launched forth eloquently in praise of solitude and a forest life; but Antoinette, possessed by the demon of contradiction, would not listen to his metaphors.

"I am weary of solitude," she said in pettish tones, seating herself on the trunk of a tree; "after spending six months in Rochetaillée one sighs for less sylvan pleasures." She seemed thoughtful for a moment, then, giving her head a little decisive shake, continued: "I feel that I am becoming worldly once more, and I should like to taste forbidden fruits. I want to dance and enjoy myself; why can't you persuade my father to take me to the *fête* at Arc; there is to be a grand ball there this year, and all the officers of the garrison will be present." At the word "officers" Evonyme opened his eyes. He thought that the time had come for playing his rôle of mentor. "How!" he replied gravely, "do you think it would please Jacques if he knew you had gone to this ball?"

Antoinette made a wry face. "Jacques is not here" she said, "and he need not be told."

"But I am here, and that is about the same thing. I think it would be overstepping my authority if I permitted . . . ."

"What?" hastily interrupted Antoinette, "Your authority! Pray what do you mean by that?"

Thereupon Evonyme, who never could keep anything to himself, entered into an explanation of the fears Jacques entertained relative to the peculiar fancies and whims of his betrothed, and expatiated upon the delicate mission he had received. As he spoke the expression of the girl's face changed completely; first she bent her brows and measured Evonyme from head to foot, then a sarcastic smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Indeed!" was all she said when Ormancey commenced his oration. She was deeply hurt by Jacques' want of confidence, specially shown by his selecting Evonyme to chaperon and lecture her, but the latter, totally unsuspicious of the impending storm, innocently continued his speech. Antoinette glanced at him, and confused thoughts of rebellion and revenge flitted through her brain; suddenly a malicious fire came into her eyes, a demoniacal temptation had come to her to mystify Evonyme, to entangle him in the folds of his mantle of moralist, and to let him be the first to roll over the precipice from which he had been charged to avert her steps. She rose and laid her little hand gently on the shoulder of the sermoniser: "You have said enough! I see you are right, and am ready to relinquish my fancy; but it is now time to go home; give me your arm, for I am weary." Evonyme was delighted with the success of his homily, and Antoinette lightly leaning on his arm, they slowly retraced their steps. On the way she amused herself by leading her companion back to the enthusiastic reverie which a short time before she had so cavalierly interrupted. Evonyme's mind was a vase always ready to overflow with lyrics: a ramble through the woods put him in a state of intellectual intoxication which found vent in never-ending effusions of poetry, comparisons and pictures. He became by turns grave, gay and melancholy, and all in his peculiarly disconnected manner. Antoinette, with true Machiavelian wiliness, excited and applauded him, and when he was most interested, interrupted him to sing snatches of songs, or to pick a flower; then she would return to him, take his arm, and looking up into his eyes, ask in gentle tones: "What were you saying?"

At a turning in the path they came upon a declivity above which rose a thicket of wild mulberry bushes. She climbed up quickly, signed to Evonyme to approach, and holding on to a young ash tree with one hand, began to eat the tempting blackberries. Ormancey gazed at her longingly: "Be patient," she said laughing, "and you will get your share." Then picking the ripest berries and holding them to his lips in the tips of her dainty fingers: "Here, these are for you."

Spite of his philosophy, Evonyme was but mortal, as he discovered by the strange pleasure he experienced from the touch of her fingers on his lips; he was fast losing his self-possession, and would fain have prolonged the scene, but Antoinette willed it otherwise, and suddenly returned to the road. This time, however, she refused to take her companion's arm in spite of his entreaties; she walked a little in advance of him with light and graceful step. As he saw her under the bright green foliage of the beech trees he became aware, for the first time, of the charming details of her beauty, and his eyes rested upon her admiringly. The young man dined that day at *les Corderies*, and when he left Rochetaillée it was in a very thoughtful mood. "What?" mused he, "am I truly, in mind and body, the same Evonyme I was last year; I, who never gave a thought to womankind, feel my heart flutter after a *tête-à-tête* with Antoinette. The fair maid must have employed witchcraft, for I actually believe I am falling in love with her. The preacher is right when he likens woman to the fowlers' nets—her 'heart is snares, her hands as bands.' Nevertheless love is a good thing, especially young, innocent love, with its sighs and tremors and blushes. Oh, those dear little fingers stained with mulberry juice—I feel them still upon my lips!"

The sight of the farm of the Val-Clavin, with its lights gleaming through the branches of the last trees in the forest, interrupted Evonyme's soliloquy and recalled him to reality. "Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "I had quite forgotten Jacques; Jacques, who relies so firmly on my friendship! No! I shall not betray his trust in me. I must conceal my love, and no one shall ever guess my secret; I will escort Jacques and Antoinette to the very threshold of marriage, and will contemplate their happiness as Adam, expelled from Paradise, must have gazed from afar at the blooming gardens of Eden. I will say sadly to myself: 'I also might have reclined under this arbour of verdure, and might have inhaled the fragrance of these flowers.' But alas! in spite of my loyal friendship, I cannot arrest the beating of my heart; I cannot alter the fact—I am in love."

Evonyme returned to *les Corderies* fully determined to make the necessary sacrifice, and satisfied that no one would perceive the change that had come over him. Unfortunately he was a bad dissembler, and his letters to Jacques imperceptibly betrayed the new emotions he experienced. Duhoux, in the meantime, was struggling against obstacles which he had foreseen, but which were therefore none the less difficult to surmount. The news of his love for Antoinette had been received by his family with equal surprise and repugnance, as it entirely upset their plans. His mother more especially, with true provincial dislike to Parisians, regarded this marriage with dread. A portionless girl, with expensive habits and tastes, and without the slightest knowledge of house-keeping, such was the picture she had drawn of Antoinette. Finding that her son turned a deaf ear to her objections and comparisons, she assailed him with prayers and tears. In the midst of all these troubles and annoyances Evonyme's letters, filled at the same time with strange sentiments and mysterious reticence, surprised and worried him, while, on the other hand, Antoinette's correspondence in no wise tended to reassure him. Whether from thoughtlessness, or from malicious desire to pique her betrothed into hastening his return, the young girl constantly harped playfully upon the strange metamorphosis of Evonyme into a Celadon. The latter was now her constant companion; he began to be careful about his attire, wore gloves and a flower in his button-hole, and had actually given up his pipe. In a letter dated the beginning of September Antoinette wrote:

"Do you know the woods of *La Faye.* Just fancy, Evonyme and I got lost there the other morning in a labyrinth of charming, though very deceptive little paths, and finally emerged—Guess where! At Santenoge, where we had a *tête-à-tête* breakfast. Don't frown and look jealous, for I was fainting with hunger, and it would have been cruel to make me return in such a pitiable condition. I should have died on the road. The breakfast had an exhilarating effect on Evonyme, and returning he seemed to take me for a wood-nymph, and insisted on wreathing me with clematis."

This letter, as well as others written in a similar strain, irritated, and at the same time saddened Jacques. Not that he did Antoinette the injustice of suspecting her; he believed firmly in her love, but her frivolity pained him. He disliked her spirit of independence and total indifference to the world's opinion. All these escapades seemed to justify his mother's objections, and hence particularly exasperated him, and made him dread the time when his betrothed would make the acquaintance of his family. He did not care to write this to Antoinette, but it made him anxious to return to Rochetaillée, when he would put an end to all her giddy doings and try to alter some of the eccentric habits of the girl he loved. In his haste to depart he showed his determination, and wrung a consent from his father and a hesitating concurrence from his mother—then, without waiting to apprise Antoinette, he took the first express train for Champagne. The very day Jacques arrived in Rochetaillée Evonyme was spending the afternoon at *les Corderies;* M. de Lisle was out hunting; Céline busy in the laundry; and the young people alone in the *salon*, whose French windows, overlooking the terrace, were half open. Antoinette was seated before the piano, singing and playing by turns; Evonyme reclined comfortably on the sofa listening to the music with closed eyes. Occasionally he would open them to gaze at Antoinette's willowy waist and softly sloping shoulders, her lovely head, and the glossy hair which curled in little graceful rings about her ears—then, heaving a sigh and closing his eyes, return to his reverie.

Presently Antoinette began to play the minuet in Don Giovanni, upon which Evonyme rose with an expression of enthusiasm.

"Pray, begin that once more," he exclaimed rapturously, "this music possesses a wonderful charm for me. I can never listen to it without picturing to myself a room full of dancers; I hear the silvery laughter and murmuring voices of those who are grouped around, see the couples gliding silently with curtsey and bow through this most graceful of dances; in one corner a lover whispering soft words to his beloved; then I picture to myself these same young people fifty years later, at rest under the sod of the grave-yard; I see them . . ."

The noise of footsteps on the gravel-path interrupted him, and turning round he beheld Jacques.

At the sight of Jacques Antoinette's first impulse was to run to him with outstretched arms, but the grieved look which he cast upon her arrested the desire. Guided by the sound of the piano Jacques had approached noiselessly towards the *salon*, where he hoped to find Antoinette alone. Seeing Evonyme, however, so comfortably stretched on the cushions, his disappointment had betrayed itself in a sudden change of expression. Although he soon regained his equanimity, and endeavoured to smile, the mischief was done, and for both the pure, first pleasure of his return was spoilt. The lovers shook hands affectionately, but with something of reserve in their manner; Evonyme was the only one who seemed thoroughly unrestrained, and he greeted his friend with cordial welcome. To all his questions Jacques only returned monosyllabic replies; he was inwardly wondering whether Evonyme would never perceive that his company was not desired. The latter, however, was perfectly unconscious of these thoughts, and seeing the conversation drag, thought it his duty to remain and make himself agreeable. Finally M. de Lisle appeared and insisted on the two young men staying to dinner, so that poor Jacques had not even a ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Antoinette that evening. Happily fortune was more propitious the next day; Evonyme wisely remained at home, and the September sun shone so brightly that Antoinette and Jacques spent the whole morning in the forest. The young girl felt happy, and happiness invariably brought to light the best side of her character; while Jacques, won by the charms of her richly gifted nature, forgot the torments he had suffered during his absence, as well as the disappointment he experienced on his return. She gently reproached him for his ill-humour of the previous evening, and he had not the courage to shadow the joy of these first hours by any harsh or fault-finding words. They returned home more than ever in love with each other, and spent a day of unalloyed happiness. But on the following days Evonyme reappeared upon the scene, and again shared their walks and talks without even dreaming that he could be *de trop.* Full of his ideas of self-sacrifice and loyal friendship, he felt as if it were his right and privilege to enjoy at least a share of the charm of Antoinette's beauty. Was his life to be all bitterness? Besides, could it be a sin to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich feast which his friend would have a lifetime to enjoy. With such thoughts as these he would wander beside the lovers, casting furtive glances at Antoinette, and sighing from time to time. All this amused and flattered the young girl, but provoked Jacques, who was beginning to weary of his friend's role of martyr. One evening he asked Antoinette whether Evonyme were not soon going to Paris.

"I hope not before we are married," she answered; then, seeing Jacques' face fall, she added with a gay laugh: "Why are you so anxious about it? Surely you are not jealous of Evonyme!"

Without replying to her question, Jacques remarked that Ormancey's constant presence was, to say the least, rather indiscreet; "besides," continued he, "people will make remarks about it, and Evonyme ought to understand that."

"Nonsense," said Antoinette, impelled by the spirit of contradiction; "what a simply provincial idea that is! As if we cared for the gossip of Rochetaillée. Besides Evonyme chaperons us—would you consider it more proper if we were continually seen alone together?"

"You did not reason thus," remarked Jacques severely, "when, before my return, you used to wander alone with Ormancey."

As sole answer, Antoinette shrugged her shoulders, and Jacques felt vexed and annoyed. "I beseech you," he continued, make Evonyme listen to reason." Then, seeing an expression of impatience pass over the girl's face, he added in imperative tones: "I insist that all this shall be put an end to."

Antoinette trembled at his authoritative accents, her face crimsoned and she looked defiant. "Pray deliver your own messages," she said, curtly. Scarcely had she uttered these words than she desired to recall them; the forester turned pale, and his eyes assumed an expression of such sorrowful tenderness that her heart was touched. On beholding his sad look she was seized with repentance, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed impulsively: "Forgive me; it was very wrong of me to grieve you."

He pressed her hand silently and smiled.

"Yes," she continued, with a wistful and at the same time coaxing air, "I know I am naughty, but pray never speak to me again as you did just now; my wicked nature, which rebels against a harsh word, yields at once to a kind one. I implore you be patient with me, and I promise to try to become better and more worthy of you."

He promised by kissing her little hands tenderly. The smile returned to Antoinette's lips, and raising towards Jacques her beautiful and loving eyes, she continued: "Promise me one thing more, that should we ever be unfortunate enough to quarrel again, you will not let the sun go down upon your wrath."

So peace was signed, but unfortunately it proved of short duration. Evonyme soon returned, and resumed his aggravating airs of a misunderstood and martyred lover. Antoinette received him with unwonted reserve, but he did not seem to notice this, and continued to sigh, while Jacques resumed his frowns and morose demeanor. Instead of complaining, however, he became taciturn, jealousy slowly eating its way into his heart. All his previous fears concerning Ormancey's love for Antoinette returned, and these recollections saddened and oppressed him. The girl, perceiving his sullen humour, was annoyed, and yielding once again to her capricious temper, recommenced her childish flirtation with Evonyme. Heavy clouds obscured the young people's horizon, but still Ormancey perceived nothing, and it fell to the more clear-sighted Céline to open his eyes. One day, arriving at *les Corderies* in a joyous mood, he was met in the garden by the faithful nurse, who did not mince matters in speaking of what lay so near her heart.

"Listen," she began; "as we are alone I have something to tell you; if you continue your flirtation with Antoinette, you will end by bringing trouble on us all. Last year you were at liberty to make love to her, for she was free; now it is another matter altogether, she is betrothed; and in short you must return to Paris as soon as possible."

Seeing that Evonyme, entirely taken by surprise, was about to exclaim, she continued: "I know very well that you mean no harm, but it is always dangerous to play with fire: though Antoinette is a child and likes to amuse herself, M. Jacques is neither blind nor long-suffering, and I assure you harm will come of it. Besides, Antoinette loves him, and he must not be vexed; consequently," added Céline, opening the gate, "I have spoken frankly to you. Forewarned is forearmed."

Evonyme retired with bowed head. "This good girl is right," he thought. "I am playing a dangerous game; the hour of sacrifice has come." He determined upon leaving Rochetaillée, and on his return to the farm at once commenced his preparations for departure. Unfortunately he had a great weakness for theatrical effect, and although he had fully made up his mind to leave, he wished to do so in as poetical a manner as possible. After some deliberation he remembered that Antoinette's birthday, the twentieth of September, was the very date of the ball at Arc, to which she had so longed to go, and he fixed on that day for his departure. He managed to procure an invitation for M. de Lisle and his daughter and sent it to *les Corderies*. He determined to escort his friends to the ball, and, after wishing them every happiness, to take leave of them there in the midst of music and dancing.

On the 20th of September Antoinette rose in radiant spirits. Her heart and surroundings were alike bright and joyous; the weather was fine, the sky serene, the breeze balmy; above all, Jacques loved her, and there was no further obstacle to their marriage, which was fixed to take place in the beginning of October. Never had life appeared in rosier or more charming hues. After breakfast Jacques and Evonyme appeared in the *salon*, where she played and sang for them. Presently Céline entered, bearing a letter addressed to Antoinette, who tore open the envelope and exclaimed, clapping her hands rapturously: "An invitation to the ball at Arc, how delightful! and I happen to have a dress all ready! Who has prepared this charming surprise for me? It must be you, Jacques," she said, running towards the forester; "you divined my wish. How kind and good you are!"

Jacques had become thoughtful. "No," he said, "it is not my idea. I thought all the less of the ball as M. de Lisle and I have an appointment for this evening at the notary's, who is preparing our contract."

"Oh," exclaimed the young girl in a disappointed tone and throwing the note on the piano; "who then could have thought of it?"

Evonyme looked mysterious, and she pursued spitefully: "Well, it seems that *you* are not so completely absorbed in serious matters but that you can condescend occasionally to be on a level with frivolous humanity."

Ormancey admitted that he was the author of the surprise. "Is there no possibility," he added, "of deferring this business until to-morrow? I will speak to M. de Lisle about it, and if he consents, I will take you all to Arc in my carriage, which is at the door."

Jacques remained silent, and Evonyme left the room. When the lovers were alone Jacques approched the young girl, saying gravely: "Antoinette, I have a favour to ask of you—pray give up this expedition to please me."

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, hastily, "how can you be so selfish? I can understand your being annoyed at having to devote the evening to tiresome business, but that is no reason why others should be compelled to spend the evening in solitary weariness."

"There will, as usual, be another ball next week, and I will take you there myself," he continued, in gentle tones; "it will only be a pleasure deferred, and any way, it seems more suitable that you should go with me than with Evonyme."

"Why," she asked, with a provoking air; "I assure you that Evonyme is a very obliging escort."

"I do not doubt his kindness, but, as I have already told you, situated as we are his attentions are indiscreet and compromising."

"Compromising!" Antoinette laughed nervously. "You are jealous again. My dear Jacques, this jealousy is perfectly ridiculous."

"At all events it exists, whether ridiculous or not, and I suffer from it," said Jacques angrily," and if my prayers are of no avail, I *insist* upon this little sacrifice for the sake of our love."

She turned round, casting on him a stony glance.

"And I shall never obey such exacting orders," she passionately exclaimed.

"Take care," he replied, coldly, "or I will be forced to think that your desire to please Evonyme is greater than your dread of displeasing me. Your obstinacy has a very strange appearance."

"Your desire," exclaimed Antoinette, with flashing eyes, "is full of unwarranted suspicion, and I will not submit to it!"

Jacques made an effort to control himself.

"Antoinette," he murmured, "I beseech you do not trifle with me; it is impossible to tell you how much I suffer just now."

She gazed for a few moments at Jacques' contracted features, another word, an affectionate look, an outstretched hand, and she would have thrown herself into his arms. Unfortunately he did not perceive her tremour, and continued without raising his eyes:

"Listen, Antoinette; this is a serious matter, and I beg of you to reflect ere answering. If you persist in going to this ball, you will offend me mortally, and I shall leave the house never to return."

All was over; the evil angel in Antoinette's heart triumphed, she raised her head and said proudly:

"As you please, I never yield to threats."

"Antoinette," murmured Jacques, walking towards the door.

"Go," she continued, without looking round; "if your heart bids you leave me, do so."

"Farewell, then," he said, firmly, although in a deeply grieved tone, and went out through the garden.

Pale, motionless as a statue, with clasped hands, she listened to Jacques' retreating footsteps. When the last faint echo had died away she turned, and, perceiving the invitation, took it and crushed it angrily between her fingers.

At the same time the door opened, and Evonyme entered, exclaiming joyfully:

"All is satisfactorily arranged, and I am going to take you to Arc in my carriage.

He stopped abruptly on noticing Antoinette's disturbed appearance.

"What is the matter with you? Where is Jacques?

"Jacques has left," she replied, "and you may do likewise, for I am not going to the ball."

"What!" he muttered, wonderingly, "do you give up the ball after all the trouble I had to procure you an invitation?"

"See," said Antoinette, furiously, "what I will do with your invitation!" and she tore up the letter and threw the scraps of paper on the floor.

Evonyme gazed at her in a bewildered manner.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

"I will tell you," she answered;" your visits are a bore, and your attentions torment me. I am weary, very weary, and I wish you to leave me alone."

The unfortunate man endeavoured to speak, but his first word redoubled Antoinette's passion.

"Leave me!" she said, "you are unbearable, I hate you! Do you hear me? Go!"

She stamped her foot violently, and her pale lips trembled. Ormancey moved away, but she did not seem to notice it; she opened the door and disappeared, leaving Evonyme to contemplate the fragments of his unfortunate invitation.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

MOST prominent among political events in our own country is the death of the political leader of the Province of Quebec. The pomp of Sir George Cartier's funeral was not misplaced. His abilities were of a moderate order, and rather those of a party chief than those of a statesman. Industrious, and experienced in business, he yet, as Minister of Militia, showed no great amount of administrative power. His character half fulfilled his motto; it was "frank," but not "without guile," at least not without the arts and habits of a very thoroughgoing partisan. His oratory was a wearisome continuity of misplaced emphasis, though it seemed to act like a sort of bagpipe on the martial spirits of his followers. But if he was not great he was indispensable. He exactly fitted one of the most curious holes in the political world. He was at once the perfect incarnation of French nationality and a devoted adherent of the British connection; a Catholic entirely trusted by the dominant priesthood of Quebec, and one of the most loyal subjects of a Protestant Crown. Even the apparently untoward fact that he had once been a rebel was in truth a happy ingredient in the singular compound, since it was both an assurance to his compatriots of his entire identification with their interests and a stimulus to his own subsequent loyalty. If he was not the architect, he was the cementer of Confederation, and should that measure prove successful, a large share of the national gratitude will be due to him. He has left no one capable of taking his place; but the place itself seems likely to expire with its late holder. The united body of French Catholics which he led, and which under his leadership formed the basis of the Dominion Government, is united no more. The rupture between its Gallican and Jesuit elements was marked by his ejection from his seat for Montreal, and by the curtailment of funeral honours with which, if we are rightly informed, Jesuit animosity pursued him to the very grave. Other disuniting forces, as we have before noticed, are at work. With the life of Sir George Cartier closes an era in the history of his province, and the era which is now opening is fraught with matter of interest and of anxiety for all who desire the permanence of our Confederation.

The death of Mr. Joseph Howe, on the other hand, is an event the political importance of which is inconsiderable, though it finally removes a conspicuous figure from the scene. His public life closed with his retirement to the Lieut.-Governorship of Nova Scotia, which, like the other Governorships, under the constitutional system, is rather a social than a political appointment, and one in which success depends less on the qualifications of the holder than on those of the holder's wife. Mr. Howe's political demise, however, may be placed even at an earlier date than that of his acceptance of the Lieut.-Governorship. After his mission to England to oppose Confederation, abruptly followed by his acceptance of office in a Confederation government, the career of the statesman was at an end—only the wreck of a brilliant orator remained.

A throne really higher than that of any Lieut.-Governor has been vacated, not by the death, but by the resignation of the President of the Bank of Montreal. Some, when money was tight, have questioned the late President's benevolence; some have questioned his prudence; no one has questioned his power. We may add that of those who have had the best opportunities of observing his conduct and the strongest reasons for watching it closely, none have questioned his official integrity, or doubted that, while he deservedly shared the rising fortunes of the Bank, he always kept his own interest in strict subordination to that of the corporation which he served. His influence has been more than national; he made Canada a financial power; and taught Americans, who respected nothing else in England or in Canada, to respect, while they hated the Bank of Montreal. It is said that he intends, like other successful colonists, to desert the dependency for the nation. In that case, if there is room for any new comer in so crowded an arena, we shall hear his name among those of the leading financiers of England. In the choice of his successor caution has been preferred to genius. "Did I hear you mention," said Lord Ellenborough, anxiously leaning across the dinner table; "did I hear you mention that Old Coutts had been saying a good thing? I shall take away my account from him to-morrow."

The Treaty of Washington has been once more arraigned in the British House of Commons, especially with reference to the abandonment of the Fenian claim; but Mr. Bentinck, who brought on the question, had reason to complain that the emptiness of the Conservative benches betrayed, as usual, the practical apathy of his party. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, asserted that though the Fenian claim had been excluded from consideration at Washington, it had not been abandoned; and he professed to believe that it was as valid and as capable of enforcement as ever. But he must well know that our acquiescence in its exclusion from a general settlement of differences amounts to virtual abandonment, and to abandonment in a very humiliating form. To pretend that it still exists in full force, and consequently that the duty of pressing it remains unchanged, is only to revive and perpetuate our humiliation. As to the wrong done to Canada, Mr. Gladstone avers that a full indemnity in cash having been tendered and accepted, our mouths, and those of our advocates, are closed. His plea is unanswerable in a Parliamentary point of view; but we may be allowed to cherish the belief that had our people been distinctly asked whether they were willing to take money as a satisfaction for their wounded honour, and for the blood of their murdered citizens, they would have answered that they were not. The ground on which the mass of them acquiesced, very sensibly and properly as we think, in the ratification of the Treaty, was that, having no reason for believing that their interests had been wilfully sacrificed, they desired to follow the lead of the mother country. The Opposition journals were wrong in representing us as being in a state of violent resentment, but it is equally wrong to represent us as being in a state of ignominious satisfaction. Unfortunately, though perhaps inevitably, we were treated throughout, by Canadian as well as British statesmen, not as a nation capable of being injured or insulted, and bound to maintain its own rights and honour, but as a dependency the ready remedy for whose grumblings was always to be found in the Imperial Exchequer. The continuance of this theory, coupled with the growing impatience of the British taxpayer, will some day lead to misunderstanding.

Sir Stafford Northcote confessed in the debate, with expressions of helpless regret, that the British Commissioners had been overreached in yet another instance by their American antagonists. A dispute arose as to the name to be given to the conflict between the Northern and Southern States, the British Commissioners proposing to call it a civil war, the Americans, from pretty obvious though probably unavowed motives, insisting that it should be styled a rebellion. To cut the knot, recourse was had to a chronological definition; but the British Commissioners, blinded, it seems, by the dust of the previous controversy, allowed their antagonists to foist on them a false date for the termination of the war, whereby a number of British claimants are ousted of their claims. The other day General B. F. Butler, with a frankness which would have been astounding from any other lips, avowed that the American representatives at Geneva, by exaggerating the losses of private sufferers, had obtained a far greater amount of money than was really due; and he claimed the additional sum obtained by this sharp practice as the lawful, and no doubt he thinks most honourable, perquisite of the State. Perhaps a part of it may be spent in paying for the rich service of plate which, if we are correctly informed, is to be presented to the Brazilian arbitrator as a token of gratitude by the United States Government. To crown the whole, Mr. Fish intimates in a published despatch that it is the intention of his Government, notwithstanding the Treaty and the Arbitration, to disregard the Geneva rules in case England shall ever be at war. The pretext he assigns is that the British Government has adopted the opinions of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn by sanctioning their publication; though the very opposite principle was maintained by his own Government when it published the indecent despatches of Mr. Cassius Clay. Throughout the whole of this unhappy affair, the British Government and its representatives, while they have been guilty of great weakness, have at least kept the path of honour. They have played no sharpers' tricks, and they have told no falsehoods. This is our only consolation, and it is one which our antagonists will not greatly envy us.

The Canadian Opposition may console itself for its defeats during the Session by saying that the Session is not ended, the report of the Pacific Railway Commission being yet to come. Bitter partisanship alone can desire the condemnation of the Government, when the condemnation of the Government would involve the dishonour of the country; but, should the charges be proved, we shall not be behind the bitterest partisan in calling for justice on the offenders. In the meantime it becomes us to be silent. The tribunal to which this great national impeachment has been referred is eminently unsatisfactory. It is not so much a bench of judges as a conclave of advocates, who are evidently all the time in communication with their respective clients. We feel the need, to which we have pointed before as existing under all popular Governments, of some High Court of Justice independent of party assemblies, before which charges of corruption may be brought. Such a court is an essential complement of our institutions, and one which would hardly have been omitted had any publicist independent of party been consulted in the framing of the Constitution. But such as the tribunal is, we must now wait for its verdict. Even the sworn enemies of the Government will find it best for their own purposes to do so. Their eager anticipation of a verdict of "guilty" stamps the impeachment as merely partisan, and provides the Ministerial majority, beforehand, with a ready excuse for bearing the Government through, while incessant declamation takes off the edge of public interest, and discounts the disclosures from which so much is hoped. The incessant denunciation of the Washington Treaty had so wearied all readers before the time for pronouncing final judgment on it arrived, that, independently of better reasons, the country would almost have been willing to accept the Treaty with a comic song incorporated into it merely to be rid of the din.

Unless the report of the Pacific Railway Commission redeems the day for the Opposition, the result of the Session will have corresponded with our anticipations, and justified the warning voice of him who, at the Grit Banquet, said in the simplicity of his heart that the Grits would have to deal with "the other Macdonald." A lawyer remarked to Lord Thurlow that a thunderstorm which was raging reminded him of the battle between Satan and the Angels in Milton. "Yes," replied the impious old Chancellor, "and I wish the Devil had won." According to the Grit organs, Lord Thurlow would have been gratified by witnessing the late Session at Ottawa.

The Opposition made some strong points against the Government, particularly in the case of the West Peterborough election, with regard to which the Ministerialists showed, by their conduct, that public liberty may be endangered by the unscrupulousness of a party majority as well as by the encroachments of an unconstitutional king. But special charges such as this, and the somewhat perplexed details of the alleged malpractices with regard to Section 5, make no deep impression on the people, who are bewildered by the ceaseless storm of accusation and counter-accusation, deafened by the din of indiscriminate invective, and tacitly convinced that the government of a faction, whatever faction may be in power, must be a government of dishonesty; that the morality of party leaders will always be lower than that of costermongers; and that we must be content so long as no flagrant enormity is perpetrated, and the guardians of the public interest are not seen marching out of the treasury with bags of public money on their backs. The Opposition has raised no standard of general principle; it has proclaimed no object, promised no measures for the sake of which the people would strongly desire a change of government, taken no decided hold upon the heart of the nation. It remains emphatically a party without a future, subsisting upon an almost personal antagonism, devoted to the lamentable memory of the Double Shuffle and other dead issues of the past. It is, perhaps, the sense of its failure in this vital respect that lends an air of despondency to the Parliamentary attitude of its foremost man.

As we have before had occasion to point out, the powerful journal which forms the core of the Grit party, while it is a source of strength, or rather of existence, to the organization, is also a source of weakness. It is manifestly so in the case of the leadership, a most important matter always, a matter absolutely vital when, no great question being before the people, the eyes of all are naturally looking for a man. A dominant journal of necessity chooses as the leader of its party in Parliament one who will take orders from without; but a man who will take orders from without is a man whom a party follows without devotion, and whom a nation never will endure. The mischief, however, extends beyond the leadership. Able men generally will be deterred from joining the ranks of such a party, and sometimes driven into the other camp. A Parliamentary chief, as we have said before, must tolerate a certain measure of the independence which is inseparable from high ability, when by doing so he can gain an accession of strength to his government and a powerful supporter in the day of battle. But to a dominant journal toleration is unknown; it demands that absolute conformity to its own opinions which will be found in mediocrity alone. The general election has added considerably to the numbers of the Opposition, but has added little to its ability. King William Rufus, as the story goes, hunting in a close country, was partial to a small breed of hounds, and being of a somewhat arbitrary temper he required, as a test, that every hound should pass through his stirrup iron before it was admitted into the pack. The king was a large man, and his stirrup iron was wide in proportion; yet the result was a small pack of hounds. Had he been a small man, and had his stirrup iron been narrow, nothing above the size of a spaniel could have been dragged through.

These are inconveniences inseparable from journal leadership in any case; but in the present case there is a further disadvantage. The party ranged in opposition to a Conservative Government, of course styles itself Liberal; and were it really so it might appeal, with some success, to the same sections of society, and the same temperaments to which Liberalism successfully appeals in the old world; to those who have political rights still to win; to the young, the hopeful, and all who wish to try what the future has in store. But the party cannot be really Liberal because the journal is not so. The journal may have been Liberal in former days; but at present its sympathy is manifestly with British Toryism, the organs of which it habitually quotes, sometimes outrunning them in language as the freshminded colonist is apt to outrun the cynical reactionist of the old world. In all questions concerning our nationality it takes the very opposite line to that which a Liberal would take. The movement made last Session by Mr. Blake, in favour of a fuller recognition of our national rights in the negotiation of treaties, evidently met with no encouragement at head-quarters, and the patriot must have felt that he was fighting under a cold shade. Upon all great questions the Liberal engine is reversed, while the Conservative Government steams ahead with Union and Commercial Progress.

The disclosures of the Pacific Railway Committee may prove fatal to the Government. The health of the Prime Minister may again give way. The basis of his power may be shaken by the ecclesiastical and political earthquake, the rumblings of which are audible in the Province of Quebec. But the Opposition, controlled by the influences which now control it, is not likely, by its own strength, to mount to power in the Dominion. In Ontario, on the other hand, the managers of the Grit journal have the majority of the nominations at their command. There they, no doubt, rule without the responsibilities of government; nor, unless their absolute ascendency should in itself provoke reaction, and the reaction should find a strong man to head it, can we see any end or limit to their power. Thus the Dominion and the great Province are in the hands of opposite parties; parties, if not divided by any clear line of principle, fiercely exasperated against each other. It remains to be seen how, under those conditions, party government in the Confederation will work.

Amidst the faction fights of last Session one subject at least of most serious interest to the nation was allowed to pass with comparatively little notice.

Actually and prospectively the debt of Canada is increasing at a rate and in proportions which suggest the necessity of pausing on the brink of danger. Though no two public men of opposite sides in politics agree on the exact rate of increase, there are certain figures which represent with sufficient accuracy the true state of the case. In 1867 the debt was seventy-five millions seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars; in 1872 it had risen to eighty-two millions one hundred and eighty-seven thousand and seventy-two—an increase in five years of nearly six millions and a half. A prospective increase of much greater magnitude looms behind this actual increase. Ten millions on account of the Intercolonial Railway will probably be added in the next two years. The thirty millions which the Pacific Railway is to swallow up will be distributed over a period of eight years; while the time for expending twenty millions on the improvement of the canals has come. In his Budget speech last session the Minister of Finance assumed that, within ten years, the improvement of the canal navigation would make Quebec the rival of New York. To the actual debt we have, on these items, a prospective addition of sixty millions, making one hundred and forty millions in all, by the year 1883.

So far, there is little or no dispute about the figures. When the readjustment of the debt, by charging to the Dominion ten millions five hundred thousand dollars allotted to Ontario and Quebec at the time the basis of Confederation was agreed upon, and the consequent increase of subsidies to the other Provinces, come in question, the actual increase of the debt, treating the subsidies as if they were interest on a capitalized sum, is differently estimated by different persons. But the difference is only between thirteen millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, and fourteen millions of dollars. The annual payment to New Brunswick in lieu of the export duties on timber is stated as a constructive addition of three millions to the debt; it being a fixed charge representing the annual interest on so much capital. In the same way the subsidy to the new member of the Confederation, (Prince Edward Island,) is taken as representing an assumed addition to the debt of seven millions. These items would make an estimated total of debt, actual, prospective and constructive, ten years hence, of one hundred and sixty-six millions. One speaker, in the debate on the readjustment, put the amount at two hundred and twenty-five millions; but when another member on the same side of the House, Mr. Cartwright, called it one hundred and sixty millions, the Minister of Finance said that *this* was an over-statement of a few millions, but sufficiently near the truth for purposes of argument.

In his Budget speech the Minister of Finance undertook to show that, taking the most favourable view of our finances, the country will be able to raise the interest on the increased debt, as it will be at the end of ten years, without difficulty; but he omitted to bring into the consideration the assumption of the ten and a half millions of debt allotted to Ontario and Quebec in 1867, and the equalizing increase of subsidies to the other Provinces. He ought to have added to the debt on which interest was to be provided, the fourteen millions, or whatever the amount may be, which that transfer involves. The policy which was only announced publicly some weeks afterwards, must have been then determined upon. This addition to the debt has a political, though not a party, origin, and is much to be regretted. Ontario and Quebec had got into a wrangle over the respective proportions which they ought severally to bear of the amount allotted to them jointly; and to settle this difficulty, which had at one time been on the point of being remitted to the Privy Council for decision, an addition of thirteen or fourteen millions to the debt is incurred. It may be admitted that the amount assumed by the Dominion, as well as that left to the two Provinces at the outset, was purely arbitrary; but the accumulation of an abnormal surplus by one of these provinces shows how easily it could have paid off its share, while the real pressure is sure in the long run to be on the finances of the Federal Government. A vote to increase all the subsidies, for that was the effect of the proposition, was sure to enlist an aggregate of local interests against which nothing could stand; and the anomaly of the most doubtful measure of the session passing by the largest majority became inevitable.

In England the indications of the elections caused by casual vacancies, as at Bath and Gloucester, continue to confirm the opinion which we expressed, that had the Conservative party been united and daring when Mr. Gladstone resigned, they might have taken office, and appealed to the country with a fair prospect of success. It is uncertain whether their chances will be equally good in the spring or autumn of next year. In the opinion of some of the best informed and most cool-headed judges on the spot, the current of Conservative reaction, though rapid, is not deep, and is fed rather from a freshet than from a perennial spring. Its sources are, no doubt, to some extent temporary, and to some extent personal. The recent political convulsions in France and Spain have produced a violent recoil from anything tending or supposed to tend to Communism or Republicanism, which will probably abate in case the French and Spanish Republics should assume a Conservative form, and become securely settled on the soil which still rocks and heaves with the revolutionary earthquake. The head of the government has lost the heart and forfeited the confidence of the nation, by failing firmly to uphold the national honour in the controversy with the United States, and especially by lack of energy and dignity in repelling the Indirect Claims. But it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone will long remain the leader of the Liberal party: on him crushing labour and immense anxiety have plainly done their work; fond as he is of power, he is evidently willing to retire, and from all we can learn of what is going on inside the Cabinet, he is inclined to force on a dissolution, which he must know would, under present circumstances, give him the *coup de grâce.*

Should Mr. Gladstone, from weariness or any other cause, retire, the leadership will devolve on Lord Granville, the most judicious and the strongest, though not the most brilliant of his lieutenants. Lord Granville's tact and self-control have been long and severely tested by the difficulties of his position as a Minister leading a minority in the House of Lords, and steering his frail barque now amidst the foaming breakers of Lord Salisbury's wrath, now amidst the treacherous shoals of Lord Derby's more covert hostility. An aristocrat by birth and connection, he is a Liberal partly from historical accident, which has ranged some of the great families on both sides, partly, and principally perhaps, from a fine perception of the fact that the age is one of transition, that the course of change may be smoothed but cannot be arrested, and that privilege must compromise with progress. He has the confidence of his class, and is entirely clear of the unsavoury associations which have gathered round the name of "The People's William." The enemies of ecclesiasticism and asceticism, who denounce Mr. Gladstone as a "monk," can find nothing to excite their aversion in the genial character and unascetic form of the quondam Master of the Buckhounds. In the present temper of the nation, which, absorbed in money-making, seems only to desire freedom from interruption in that pursuit, it is not unlikely that a moderate Liberal government, formed on the rest-and-be-thankful principle, with Lord Granville at its head, might live long, though quietly; and that it might seem even to the aristocracy a better barrier, practically speaking, against the tide of democracy than either the reactionary chivalry of Lord Salisbury, or the brilliant but expensive tactics of Mr. Disraeli. The difficulty would be to find a leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Lowe's temper would upset any coach in a week, and Mr. Forster, in the eyes of a large section of the party, and especially of the Nonconformists, is in the position of a typically blunt and honest Yorshireman who has adroitly sold his dearest friends. Probably Mr. Cardwell would be the *pis-aller.* His name is not one to conjure with; but he commits no blunders, he makes no enemies, and his scheme for the reorganization of the army has shown more force and boldness of conception than he was commonly supposed to possess. He has advanced steadily with the line of orthodox Liberalism, never beyond it; nor has he ever, by prematurely raising the questions of the future, built up stone walls to run his own head against. Apart from Mr. Disraeli, he would have no great force to encounter on the Conservative side, and even Mr. Disraeli's tooth could scarcely fix in a diligent but unpretending man of business with nothing salient in his history. The abolition of purchase in the army brought on Mr. Cardwell, as the minister of the department, temporary odium among a certain class; but this will die away.

We have mentioned as the two main causes of Conservative reaction, the revulsion caused by Continental revolutions and the wounded sense of national honour. In the elections the Ministry still feels the sullen ire of Non-conformists galled by the Education Act. But a power at once more hostile and more formidable is that of the Publicans, who fiercely resent the faint attempt made by the Government in the Licensing Act to arrest the descent of the nation into the fearful gulf of depravity into which it is too visibly sinking, while its downward steps, marked by the portentous increase of the liquor revenue, are characterized by financiers as "leaps and bounds of prosperity." No league against public health and morals so terrible as that of the Licensed Victuallers in England exists in this, or probably in any other country, though we may all take warning from so tremendous an example of the strength of an organized interest. But in England the tyranny is complete, and it is now exercised with the most rampant insolence. Bath, an old Liberal borough, has apparently been made over to the other party by the power of the Licensed Victuallers, and Lord Chelsea, the new Conservative member, posted to London, immediately after his election, to pay that same evening the price of his seat, by voting against the Permissive Bill. Any man may in our judgment very reasonably vote against the Permissive Bill, on grounds which we stated in a former paper; but a vote given against it under such ignoble compulsion by a man of high rank and independent fortune is ominous of the moral slavery of the nation. The political alliance of the English aristocracy, and still more that of the clergy of the Established Church with the Licensed Victuallers, is a disagreeable conjunction, view it from whichever side you will.

Among the most notable signs of the Conservative reaction is Mr. Bright's letter to the Republicans of Birmingham. His disappointed correspondents threaten to search his speeches for evidences of his apostacy. They will find none; for he has never avowed himself a Republican. But they will find a tone in speaking of republican institutions very different from that of his letter, and be able to mark the change which age, sickness, office, the friendship of the Court, and the course of events in France and Spain, have probably all conspired to produce. They may also, if they deal in the philosophy of history, show that his historical examples are not much to the point. England, at the period of her abortive commonwealth, was not only monarchical but semi-feudal, while the convulsions which followed the revolution in France were the result not merely of the removal of a dynasty, but of the fall of a social system. Mr. Bright, however, is going off the scene.

The question so often asked, whether Republicanism exists to any considerable extent in England, must be answered, as the Schoolmen said, with a *distinguo.* If avowed and organized Republicanism is meant, there is very little of it; and the party, if it tries its fortune at the next election, will be nowhere at the polls. But there is a great deal of sentiment hostile to the Court, the aristocracy, and the Established Church, floating among the working classes and finding expression in their favourite journals, which might under certain impulses take a definitely Republican form. It is not likely, however, that the movement headed by Mr. Bradlaugh will ever become serious. If a serious movement ever comes, it will come from a higher social region, and will have its source in the conviction which is evidently gaining ground among reflecting men in Europe, that reaction tends to anarchy, and that the most truly conservative course is to recognize the political forces of the future and to temper and regulate them as best you may. But the turn of England will probably be the last; the ascendency of wealth there is complete, and, so far as we can see, secure.

A certain importance, nevertheless, attaches to all rumours respecting the conduct of the Prince of Wales. Conservatives as well as Radicals are unanimous in saying that England would not bear another George IV. We are not called upon, however, to pay attention to gossip coming through the Associated Press of New York, the correspondents of which have a general commission to purvey for American tastes rather than to provide materials for history. Our readers may remember the telegram announcing that the Queen had confiscated the late Mr. Peabody's real estate; when the truth, was, as the correspondent well knew, that the Crown had simply gone through a form for the purpose of quieting the title, at the instance of Mr. Peabody's trustees. Perhaps the reception of the Crown Prince of Russia and his consort by the Prince of Wales, lately reported, which seems to indicate a renewal of amity between England and Russia, may not be without its influence at this moment on the temper of American correspondents.

That the intellectual revolution, on the other hand, advances as rapidly in England as in other countries of Europe, every consignment of new books that reaches us affords proof. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen are both among the prophets of the Conservative class; yet both of them have evidently divested themselves completely of the religious belief on which, after all, the social institutions of England, if not the political institutions, to a great extent rest. The Duke of Somerset's book was another instance of the same thing. But the tendency is all-pervading, and it is difficult to say what shred of religious conviction intellectual England now retains. It seems strange that at the same time the motion for abolishing the Established Church of England should be defeated in the House of Commons by increasing majorities; but the fact is that the establishment is upheld and with growing tenacity, from political motives by those who have renounced its faith, and even treat its doctrines with derision. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written a book defending the establishment, and urging all the Nonconformists to come into it, while he dismisses miracles, including the Resurrection, as exploded fables, and assails with the most audacious mockery the doctrine of the Trinity. We have little doubt that Mr. Fitzjames Stephen would also uphold the establishment, we should not be surprised if he were ready to persecute in its favour, though he defends Pontius Pilate and treats the existence of a God, and that of a future state, as open questions. Certainly we live in a strange age.

The Republicans in France seem to have the game pretty well in their own hands. Public sentiment, which in that somewhat submissive, not to say servile country, is always in favour of the existing government, whatever it may be, was daily telling in their favour even among classes by no means enamoured of the name of the Republic; while the three Pretenders, pulling across each other, rendered an effective movement on the part of the Monarchists apparently hopeless. The only thing needed was wisdom enough to give a Conservative aspect to the Republic, and to abstain from raising again the Red Spectre which had been laid by the overthrow of the Commune. But this is just the sort of wisdom which Frenchmen lack; and the election of the Radical Republican Barodet over the Conservative Republican Remusat for Paris, by an immense majority, produced a paroxysm of alarm among the Conservative classes, sufficient to overpower for the moment dynastic differences, and combine all the Conservative sections in an effort which led to the fall of Thiers, whom at the same time the approaching end of the German occupation rendered no longer indispensable. An interesting chapter might be written on the influence of ghosts in history. In French history especially they have played a signal part. The ghost of the Ancien Regime on one hand, and that of the Reign of Terror on the other, have alternately scared the nation into fits of revolution or reaction. It is said, of course, that McMahon will play Monk! But with which Charles the Second? That is the difficulty which confronts the Monarchists, and will continue to confront them as soon as they pass from the stage of mere opposition to Republicanism, and proceed to the erection of a monarchy. McMahon himself would, no doubt, be happy with any one of the three dynasties. He is called a Legitimist, but he is a Marshal of the Empire, and his political principles, like those of other French sabreurs, are no doubt written on his sword. The one thing which he personally desires, we may be sure, is the suppression of freedom and the restoration of a military government with unbounded power of military taxation. If he were a victorious general he would very likely make a *coup d'etat* in his own interest; but his name is associated with the greatest disaster in the annals of the French army. Another conjecture is that he will pursue "the policy of vengeance." The policy of vengeance, as we believe, is vapour, and will appear to be so, as soon as the new taxation begins to pinch.

So far as it has been developed, the policy of the new government has been that of a central despotism exercised through the old machinery of Prefects and Subprefects. But this machinery is Bonapartist; the system is Bonapartist; the ideas connected with it are Bonapartist; and if the policy is pursued, the Orleanists and Legitimists will find, as Gambetta said, that they have been gathering the strawberries for the Bonapartists to eat.

In the future looms the great question as to the dissolution of the Assembly, the perpetuation by which of its own powers is in fact a sort of standing *coup d'état*. Meantime the people of Paris, after electing Barodet and overturning Thiers, celebrated the apparent ruin of their cause by flocking to the Chantilly races, which were more thronged than usual, the people, we are told, seeming to be utterly indifferent to politics. If there is a great man among the French, the levity of the nation must fill his breast with despair.

McMahon proclaims himself the defender of "moral order," which he appeals to the army to maintain. Armies, as France ought by this time to have learnt, cannot maintain moral order; what they maintain is moral anarchy in a state of repression. Moral order can be founded only on the moral allegiance of the people to the institutions under which they live. The most truly conservative, and the wisest men in France, are united in deprecating violence on the Conservative as well as on the Radical side. "If," says M. Duvergier de Hauranne in the *Journal des Débats*, "the Conservatives wish to regain their influence and to resist radicalism with success, they must take care to repudiate the policy commenced the other day in the name of the Government of Combat, (the phrase refers to the combat with the Commune.) Let them well understand that violence and defiance will benefit nobody, least of all those who have moderation and conservatism always on their lips. The progress made by the Republican idea is due mainly to the fact that the Republicans have changed parts with the Conservatives, and that they have been seen for two years to sacrifice their party prejudices and passions to the peace of the nation, by supporting against the Conservatives a Government which had in it nothing radical. This skilful and patriotic conduct has been the most effective of all Republican propagandism. Why cannot the Conservatives imitate it!

Why do they compromise themselves by serving the purposes of revolutionists? If they are weak the fault is their own. If they wish the Government to rest on themselves alone, let them cease daily to threaten its existence; if they wish the public to confide in their views, let them do something to reassure it with regard to their designs."

So speaks the better spirit of France; and the writer is probably one of many in whose minds Republicanism has been gaining ground, not because they are theoretical Republicans, but because they now see in a Conservative Republic the best hope of security amidst so many perils, and of peace after so many storms. The Republic appears for the first time to be becoming national in France: if it does, it will defeat the three Pretenders, and live.

Gambetta is understood to have been personally opposed to the candidature of Barodet, though he could not afford to break away from the mass of the party. He now behaves with a prudence novel among his countrymen. The minority led by him is perhaps the first in the history of French party which upon being defeated has not "descended into the street," but has maintained its constitutional position, and appealed to the opinion of the nation. McMahon and the Right have no excuse for a *coup d'état.*

In Spain the scene shifts almost too rapidly for a daily, much more for a monthly chronicler. But in estimating the state of things we must remember that the disturbances are telegraphed, but the general gravitation of events is not. The general gravitation of events appears to be still towards the Federal Republic, in which, as we have always believed, if in any political arrangement, Spain is likely to find rest. A division of provinces has been projected nearly according with that of the old kingdoms and principalities, which still retain much of their local life, and which are now so diverse in sentiment, and in such different stages of progress, that a centralized constitution would be a perpetual tyranny of the majority, provocative of chronic insurrection. The Carlists, if they hold their own in guerilla warfare, evidently make no way towards political ascendency, while the struggle with them consolidates the nation under the Republican Government, and their brigandage taints the cause of monarchical and priestly reaction. The great danger lies in the army which is evidently behaving very ill, and which may yet choose to raise some military adventurer to power, and to set the unhappy country revolving round another cycle o barren revolution. Castelar's answer to Bradlaugh is an encouraging feature of the situation. British revolutions have alway been national, and therefore they have been successful. The French revolution affected to be universal, and therefore, while it threw the world into confusion, it was a failure in France. Castelar proclaims in effect tha Spain will follow the example of England that her objects are merely national, that she has no propagandist ambition, but aims only at meeting the necessities of her own political situation. Such language, from the lip of a man who has been supposed to be eminently visionary, shows that beneath the street rows and fanfaronade something more hopeful is at work. Signor Castelar migh have added that the most powerful of al propagandism is the example of moderation and success.

The old colonies of Spain on this continent having shared the political dissolution of the mother country, are also apparently sharing her slow and fitful resurrection Even for Mexico hope has dawned.

The noisome stream of the Ward Beeche scandal has inevitably flowed into the Canadian press. If Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Women's Rights candidate for the Pres dency, is a prototype of the perfect woma of the future, though we do not wish selfishl to postpone a millennium, we shall acquiesce in the decree of Providence should the imperfect woman be destined to last our time. It must be a somewhat technical morality, which would pronounce even the crime of a poisoner such as the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of execrable memory, far more heinous than that of the woman who, for the double purpose it appears, of replenishing her purse and reviving her notoriety, could publish, not only against such a man as Mr. Ward Beecher, but against a score of victims of her own sex, charges which, if credited, would inflict an infamy worse than death. Finding that the very hideousness of her accusations secured her from prosecution at the hands of the accused, Mrs. Woodhull has ventured to repeat the charges in a letter which has been published in the American papers, and which in its mixture of malignity with hypocrisy is literally fiendish. That the charges are the mere product of a foul and slanderous imagination, acting on some hint or incident such as the quarrel between Mr. Tilton and his wife, is what justice as well as charity, in the present state of the evidence, requires us to believe. Mrs. Woodhull, it will be recollected, some time ago gave to the world, through Mr. Tilton, then her great friend and admirer, a biography of herself, commencing with libels on the character of her own father, and ascribing to herself superhuman attributes and the privilege of intercourse with spirits, who must have been sainted denizens of Wall Street, since they directed her in stockjobbing. She had also, according to her own account, interviews with Demosthenes, who composed a forensic oration for her, though when the oration was delivered before an American court, it appeared that the great orator of antiquity was but imperfectly acquainted with American law. To evince her complete superiority to conventional morality, she put away her husband, married another, was formally divorced from him also, and then lived with both of them under the same roof. In her recent letter she broadly advocates unlimited license not only of prostitution but of adultery. The character must be very bad on which the breath of such a libeller could leave a stain.

It is probable that the Woodhull affair has contributed to the decisive overthrow of the Female Suffrage Movement in Pennsylvania. It may also have helped to strengthen the resolution of the jury who have found a verdict against Miss Susan B. Anthony, for a breach of the law in voting at the last Presidential election. The movement in England receives adventitious support from the tactics of the Tory leader, who hopes, and probably with good reason, that the female vote will be cast for political and religious reaction ; but in the United States it appears that the cooling point has been reached.

A sharp skirmish took place the other day upon another portion of the same line. The scene was the meeting of the Social Science Association at Boston, and the subject was Co-education. In the chair was Col. Higginson, an eminent friend of the negro, who symbolizes in his own person the close connection, in the United States, between the crusade against distinctions of race and that against distinctions of sex. The abolition of slavery in fact gave a violent stimulus to the revolutionary sentiment, which, in its levelling enthusiasm, is scarcely capable of distinguishing between the barriers of privilege and the landmarks of nature. Professor Raymond, of the Vassar Ladies' College, advocated co-education as "the millennial education," and intimated that the day might come, though he forbore from saying how soon, when Vassar College, the fruits of which he declared to be admirable in every respect, would be thrown open to male students. On the other hand President Eliot, of Harvard College, a man of remarkably open mind as well as of great ability, and one who has even alarmed Harvard Conservatism by his tendency to innovation, stated the result of a careful inquiry into the subject. After premising that long established institutions, like the New England Colleges, ought not to be required to leave the good work which they were doing, and take part in a new experiment without sufficient evidence of its utility, he proceeded to say that he had carefully examined the principal institutions of the West in which co-education exists, and had arrived at the conclusion that the tide was not rising, as Col. Higginson and his party asserted, but ebbing, and that the system was on the wane; the tendency being, in the West as well as in the East, as communities grew wealthy, to provide separate places of education for the two sexes. At the head of all the co-educating institutions confessedly stands Oberlin. But what is the experience of Oberlin? According to President Eliot, it is this: They began by admitting girls to the College course. They admit them still, but it has resulted in the establishment of a separate course of instruction for girls. On the last catalogue which President Eliot had examined there were 140 girls in what was called the Ladies' department, and only 8 in the College. This proportion of girls in the separate department has been constantly rising, and the proportion of girls in the College has been constantly falling. The President of Oberlin himself has recently called attention to this phenomenon as the result of his experience. This, says President Eliot, is the case in many of the institutions of the West where the supposed union takes place. It is not a real union, the boys taking one course of instruction and the girls another. The President declared that the result was entirely convincing to his mind. He then referred to the testimony of teachers, citing among others the matron of Oberlin College, who told him that on no account would she allow her daughter or any girl in whom she was interested to go through the college course. He noticed also the fact proved by the catalogues of the Western institutions, that the girls as a general rule are resident in the place and are living under their parents' roof, so that the college is to them in fact a day school. It is obvious that this experience furnishes no guarantee against the moral dangers apprehended from the mixture of young women with young men at universities, away from parental supervision. We may add that even when the female students are not resident in the place, so long as they are few in number, specially ambitious, specially industrious, mostly poor, and moreover under the restraints of a new and equivocal position, no estimate can be formed as to the inconveniencies which might arise from the intermixture of a miscellaneous multitude of young women, many of them rich, idle and gay, with an equally miscellaneous multitude of young men. In addition to these results of experience, President Eliot urged as reasons *a priori* that sex deeply penetrates the mind, and that the reasons for an elective system of studies in the case of male students tell still more strongly in favour of a separate course for females, while the testimony of physiologists, including that of some female physicians, tends to show that women could not bear the same intellectual strain as men. The tone of the President's address was marked, in the judgment of the reporters, by earnestness, candour and good temper; but this did not prevent Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who replied, from denouncing him as "an enemy of mankind," and intimating "that there were dark things which were not to be spoken of" in Harvard College. Professor Agassiz started up to protest against the "unnecessary personal assault" which had been made upon his President. Col. Higginson, as chairman, admitted that Mrs. Howe's language was strong, but said he was not the least surprised that the name of a college which refused at once to embrace co-education should "act upon any enlightened and enthusiastic woman as a red rag acts upon a bull." Enthusiasm may excuse violent language and perhaps even personal assaults, though we do not see how enlightenment can do so. But no enthusiasm can excuse man or woman in recklessly raising dark suspicions about the morality of a number of young students, who could have nothing to do with the legislation of the college, and whose parents would feel the stab aimed at the character of their sons.

The object at which all alike aim is the improvement of the higher education of women. It is not necessary, even on this subject, to give up our minds to rhetorical hallucinations. Co-educationists have said that woman in her present unintellectual state is a butterfly before marriage and a grub afterwards. We do not admit that a girl educated as the daughters of good parents in the wealthier class are now, who enjoys her share of gaiety in youth, and afterwards becomes a good wife and mother, deserves to be called either a butterfly or a grub. We do not admit even that "Sally in Our Alley" deserves it, though she may have no more culture than her horny-handed mate, if she lives virtuously and does her simple duty well. Nor do we believe that by teaching women classics and mathematics we shall open the gate of a new domestic paradise. Married ladies seldom keep up their music, and they are not likely often to keep up their differential calculus. The union of a female with a male philosopher for the joint pursuit of truth, which was Mr. Mill's idea of marriage, and corresponded with his personal experience of it, does not correspond to the reality in ordinary cases. The assertion that husband and wife are likely to become better companions for each other when each is the other's exact intellectual counterpart, is the very reverse of fact; or rather is mere cant, the real aim of those from whom it proceeds being to make woman not the companion but the rival of man. Still we are all agreed in desiring to promote the higher education of women, and the only question is how this can best be done. That it can be well done by means of separate female colleges is clear by the showing of Professor Raymond himself, if his statement as to the excellent educational fruits of Vassar College is to be believed. That the real tendency of highly civilized society is in that direction seems to be proved by the result of President Eliot's enquiries, with which the result of our own enquiries, including what we have heard of the experiment at Cornell University, so far as it has gone, entirely coincides. But if co-education is to be adopted, it must be adopted in good earnest. To admit to the male universities a few specially bold, ambitious and studious women, is not to improve the higher education of women in general, but rather to consign it to greater and more hopeless neglect. We must be prepared to take all the young women of a certain age from their parents' roof, and place them at the public universities with the young men. That those who undertake to carry such a plan into effect will have great difficulties to encounter is certain; for our part we are inclined to believe that they will have to struggle against the insurmountable force of nature. The question is new; we wish to keep our minds open to conviction upon it, and in the interest of that humanity which is above sex, to extend every practicable advantage to every human being. But, as the matter at present stands, we believe that our Canadian ladies are taking the most prudent course in endeavouring, as they are doing, to organize and place on a permanent basis separate institutions for the higher education of women.

Crime is very rife in the United States, and justice limps after it with a very halting step. Foster, thanks to the exceptional firmness of old Governor Dix, met his deserved doom, in spite of the usual efforts of touting lawyers and silly sentimentalists. But Stokes seems likely once more to show that in the United States the best way of obtaining the blessing attached to the fifth commandment is to commit a breach of the sixth. It will be observed that many of the crimes occur among the educated classes, and emanate not so much from barbarous passion or cupidity, as from depraved sentiment and general demoralization. The sensation novel produces its effects as well as intoxicating liquor; and in that direction also there is need, if not of prohibitory legislation, of such safeguards as public opinion can supply. But deeper than all lies the general disturbance of religious conviction, and at the same time of moral principle, which all who are really acquainted with the United States know to exist there as well as in Europe, though the crust of conventional church-going and church-building may conceal it from the tourist's eye.

The Tammany prosecution, if not technically dead, is apparently at its last gasp. Tweed and his gang will certainly escape any punishment adequate to their offences, and they will probably carry off their colossal bags of pilfered gold, only dropping a few pieces into the laps of judges and jurymen by the way. A vagabond suspected of express-robbing or horse-stealing is lynched without mercy, while these men, the enormity of whose peculations is aggravated tenfold by the fact that they were committed in a position of public trust, will enjoy a life of splendid luxury in some European capital, or perhaps, after a brief quarantine, in the scene of their crimes. The late proprietor of the *New York Herald* was as infamous as Tweed, yet his riches covered his infamy: when the feast was spread in his palace it did not lack guests; and when he died, an honourable profession lamented in solemn strains the mysterious decree of Providence which had removed its greatest disgrace. It is but fair, however, to say that the social privileges of immoral success and tainted wealth are by no means confined to New York.

The Tammany frauds have raised in the most striking manner a question which must one day engage the most serious attention of all the communities of this continent—that of city government. We fancy that this is pre-eminently an age of innovation and progress, yet some of our institutions are most absurd perpetuations, under entirely altered circumstances, of arrangements belonging to the past. This is true, not only of the two buttons, relics of some antediluvian epoch of dress, which tailors still persist in placing in the small of the back of a dress coat, but of much more important things. We live, and applaud ourselves for living, under a form of municipal government perfectly suitable to the requirements of the thirteenth century, and equally unsuitable to those of the nineteenth. In the Middle Ages a city was not merely a densely peopled district; it was a little state by itself, having a political as well as a social life of its own, and bounded in every sense by the walls which protected it against the rapine and anarchy of surrounding feudalism. It was the sanctuary of infant freedom and the asylum of the serf. Its interests and its laws were of far more importance to its citizens than those of the empire or kingdom of which it nominally formed a part. The patriotism of the citizen was rather municipal than national. Eustace de St. Pierre, the heroic burgher of Calais, when his city passed into the hands of the English conqueror, elected to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, and remained in his old abode as an English subject. Historians have been so much perplexed by this circumstance, that they have been inclined to regard the whole story of the burghers of Calais as a fable. But the explanation is to be found in the general fact which we have just stated, that the city was the main object of the burgher's patriotic affection; Eustace de St. Pierre belonged more to his Calais than to feudal France. The great cities of Italy, Flanders and Germany, were in fact, like the cities of antiquity, petty nations, theoretically subject to a feudal suzerain, but paying him little more real fealty than the Greek cities paid to the Amphictyonic Council, independent in diplomacy as well as in domestic legislation, having their own armies, and exercising every practical attribute of sovereign power. London, though less independent, played a distinct and important part in politics and civil wars. As a matter of course, the wealthiest and most eminent citizens, the Medici, the Bardi, the Van Arteveldts and the Greshams, found full scope for their ambition in civic affairs, and constantly held the offices of city government. Their mansions, placed in the midst of the cities, in quarters now occupied only by warehouses and counting-houses, were the centres of civic life and the points to which the eyes of the electors constantly turned in quest of a worthy object for their suffrages. Nobles put off their nobility for the sake of being admitted to a share in civic privileges and civic power. The Van Arteveldts were not really brewers, but gentlemen, whose ambition had led them to enrol themselves in a powerful guild. It is needless to say how completely all this has been changed. The city, once a separate unit, has ceased to be either separate or a unit. Its medieval walls have fallen down. It is identified, politically and socially, with the country. Its leading merchants live in villas out of the town. Its magistracies have lost their former importance and their former dignity. No eminent man now thinks of accepting them. No man in the first rank of commerce would dream of being a candidate for the once splendid and still sumptuous office of the Lord Mayor of London. What was once a prize has become a burden which no sense of public duty will induce a man occupied in a great commercial business to bear. As Mr. W. Boulton said the other day, in his published letter on the subject, "in a busy community like ours, with few persons of leisure, it is absurd to suppose that men of business will gratuitously neglect their own affairs to carry on those of the city; past experience shows they will not do it." City government consequently falls, and will continue to fall, into the hands of the ward politicians, whose objects and methods of government are apt to be not those of the Greshams and the Medici, but those of Mr. Tweed. There is no use in telling us to elect better men. Even if an unorganized community, bestridden by ward politicians and wirepullers, were capable of such an effort of self-reform and of careful selection, which it is not, the better men would not suffer themselves to be elected. Mr. Boulton himself is one of the few men of high social position who would ever give themselves the slightest concern about a city government, or lift a finger against its abuses. The great merchants of New York knew perfectly well, all the while, what Tammany was doing; but they would not spare the time necessary for concerting and carrying on an effective resistance. They wished Tweed and Sweeny could be hanged; they were ready to give a handsome sum to anyone who would take the trouble of hanging them; but they were not ready to put their own hands to the rope. Thus power remains, and if the American system of city government continues, must remain in the hands of the leaders of the populace and those who contribute least to the rates.

The case does not end here. In the Middle Ages, while the political functions of a city government were as important as they are now trivial, its administrative functions, in certain departments at least, were almost as trivial as they are now important. Little was done in the Middle Ages in the way of sanitary regulations, little in the way of police, little in the way of lighting, paving or water supply by the city government. In London, people lived amidst ordure, and there was evidently nothing deserving the name of police in Florence. The administration of a great city in modern times is a thing which the

Greshams and the Medici themselves would have been unqualified to undertake. It is a business demanding trained skill, special knowledge, peculiar qualities, undivided attention. A ward patriot, however eloquent and pure, would be no more fit to undertake it in his spare hours than he would be fit to take the occasional command of an Allan steamer. Any one who has seen a well administered city on the Continent of Europe, and compared it with the state of some of the large cities on our continent, must be painfully sensible of this fact.

The net result is, that whereas in former days it was a special privilege to be under the jurisdiction of a city government, the reverse is now the case. Property outside the city limits is now more valuable than property inside them. Where the elective city governments are at their worst they are dens of thieves; where they are at their best, they are administrative nuisances, and fatal obstacles in the way of introducing the improvements of modern civilization and science into the most crowded centres of humanity, and those which form, as it were, the brain of the whole frame.

We are in no danger here from the tyranny of kings. Our only danger arises from the abuse or misapplication of the elective system, of which the administration of the cities, and the expenditure of city taxes by the political leaders of the smaller ratepayers, is one of the most palpable examples. Of course, the smaller ratepayers will not easily be induced to resign their power. Yet no one suffers more from the present system than they do themselves. Pestilence, caused by the total absence of common sanitary precautions, stalked through the houses and decimated the children of the New York poor, who, for the sake of paltry bribes, supported the scoundrel government of Tweed. Moreover, in this country, happily every small ratepayer may look forward to being a large ratepayer, and our people are educated enough to be aware that what is injurious to the general prosperity of a place must be injurious to the prosperity of all its inhabitants. Municipal income taxes and municipal speculations in railroads may one day rouse even commercial apathy to resistance. But we would rather look with hope to the good sense of the people; and that our hope is not altogether chimerical, we are encouraged to believe from the recent resignation by the people of powers proved to be noxious in some parts of the United States. At any rate, it is well to probe our maladies; Time, which brings all things, may some day bring the chance of applying a cure.

SELECTIONS.

OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE.*

[The following extracts are from a work of which we have received an advance copy, on "Old Court Life in France" by Mrs. Elliot, already well-known as "An Idle Woman in Italy." Mrs. Elliot states in her preface that she has been all her life a student of the memoir-history in which French literature is singularly rich; and her work contains charming evidence of the truth of her statement. "In all I have written," she says, "I have sought carefully to work into my dialogue each word and sentence recorded of the individual, every available trait or peculiarity of character to be found in contemporary memoirs, every tradition that has come down to us. To be true to life has been my object. Keeping close to the background of history, I have endeavoured to group my figures in the foreground as they grouped themselves in actual life. I have framed them in the frames in which they really lived."]

THE END OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

FIFTEEN years have passed. The Queen-mother is now seventy. She suffers from a mortal disease and lies sick at the Château of Blois.

Hither her son Henry III. and his court have come to meet the States-general. Trouble is in the kingdom; for the great Balafré, supported by Rome and Spain, is in rebellion; Henry totters on his throne.

And what a throne! What a monarch! Henry, who in his youth was learned, elegant, sober, who fought at Jarnac and Moncontour like a Paladin, has become effeminate, superstitious, and vicious. His sceptre is a cup-and-ball; his sword a tuft of feathers; he paints and dresses like a woman, covers himself with jewels, and passes his time in arranging ecclesiastical processions, or in festivals, pageants, masques, and banquets. His four favourites ("minions" they are called, and also "beggars," from their greed and extravagance), de Joyeuse, d'Epernon, Schomberg, and Maugiron, govern him and the kingdom. They are handsome and satirical, and think to kill the King's enemies with ridicule and *jeux de mots*. But Henry of Guise, who sternly rebukes their ribaldry and abhors their dissolute manners, is not the man to be conquered by such weapons as words. He has placed himself at the head of the Catholic League, negotiates with Spain, and openly aspires to the throne.

For a moment there is peace. Henry, before leaving Paris, by the advice of his mother summoned the Duc de Guise from Nancy to Paris. The Balafré enters the capital in disguise. The cry, "The Duc is with us!" spreads over the city like lightning, and the populace, who adore Guise and detest Henry, tear off his mask and cloak and lead him through the streets in triumph. Catherine, although very ill, is so alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, that she causes herself to be carried out to meet him, borne in a chair, and so brings him to the Louvre into the presence of the King. His insolent bearing transports Henry with rage. But the citizens, not to be pacified, fall out with the King's guards, and there is a fearful uproar in the city. The Louvre is besieged. Henry, haughty and obstinate, is no longer safe in Paris. Marechal d'Ornano offers to assassinate the Duc de Guise, but the King, by the advice of d'Epernon, affects to yield to the policy of his mother, and to accept the supremacy of Guise. Under pretence, however, of a walk in the Tuileries Gardens, then newly planted, he orders his horses to be saddled, and escapes out of Paris by way of Montmartre, attended only by his favourites. He reaches Chartres in safety. At Chartres he is joined by Catherine, and a treaty is signed —a treaty of false peace, for already d'Epernon and Joyeuse are whispering into the King's ear that the Duc de Guise must die.

The treaty stipulates that Henry be declared Head of the Catholic League; that all Huguenots be banished—notably the King of Navarre, heir presumptive to the throne; and that the Duc de Guise be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The States-general are to be immediately assembled; and Henry of Guise, once the poetic lover, now hardened into a cold, ambitious bigot—ready to usurp the throne of France to ensure the triumph of the Catholic party, and exclude the King of Navarre—canvasses France to insure a majority for the Holy League against those everlasting enemies of orthodoxy, Condé and Navarre.

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* London: Chapman & Hall, Publishers.

The King, meanwhile, overridden and humiliated, agrees to everything, and listens complacently to d'Epernon, who tells him, "He will never be king while Guise lives." So, for the moment, there is peace.

Now the King has left Chartres and is at Blois. The Balafré and his brother the Cardinal are also there to attend the Parliament, which is summoned, and make known their grievances. So the sunny little town of Blois, sloping sweetly downwards to the Loire, with its superb castle marked by towers, turrets, broad flat roofs, painted windows, and ample courts, is the theatre on which the great battle is to be fought between the rival houses of Guise and Valois. All the chiefs on either side are to be present at a council which is to precede the meeting of the Assembly. Henry—at the instigation of d'Epernon—the better to play his perfidious game, has communicated at the same altar with the Balafré and his brother the Cardinal, and given them the kiss of peace to seal their reconciliation.

Catherine's apartments are on the first floor of the château,—a gallery saloon, the diamonded windows set in painted arches overlooking the town, the dark walls decorated with a crowned C and a monogram in gold; her oratory, with a large oval window where an altar stands; her writing closet, with many concealed drawers and *secrets* in the walls—a hidden stair leading to an observatory, and a sleeping-room with a recess for the bed. So unaltered are these rooms that the presence of Catherine still haunts them; she faces one at every step.

Within that recess the great Queen lies dying. She is old and broken, and her mind wanders at times through excess of pain. But she cannot die in peace, for she knows that her son Henry—the last of her race—meditates a hideous crime; a crime in which she would have gloried once, but now, racked with bodily suffering and mental anguish, with remorse for the past and terror for the future, she shudders at the very thought.

She calls him to her. Henry, her beloved Anjou! As he enters her chamber, she struggles upright on her bed. No one would have recognized the majestic queen in the hideous skeleton that now speaks.

"What are you about to do, my son?" she asks in a tremulous voice; "answer me, Henry. I fear I know too well what is on your mind. God grant you may succeed, but I fear evil will come of it. The Duke and his brother are too powerful."

"The very reason they should die, my mother. I shall never be King of France while they live."

"But, Henry," gasps Catherine, trembling from weakness and excitement, as she clasps her son's hand, "have you taken measures to assure yourself of the cities? Have you communicated with the Holy Father? Do this, do it at once!"

"Madame, good measures have been taken; trouble not yourself further."

"But, my son," continues Catherine with increasing agitation, "the Cardinal of Guise has been here to visit me; they are full of suspicion. The Cardinal says that I have betrayed them. I replied, 'May I die, my cousin, if I have anything to do with any treason whatever.' My son, I am in great agony," and she turns her eyes glowing with fever full upon him. "Do not listen to d'Epernon; let there be peace while I live and after."

"What!" cries Henry, disengaging himself from her and striding up and down the room. "What! spare, when Guise, triumphant among the citizens of Paris, dared to lay his hand on the hilt of his sword in our very presence at the Louvre! Spare him who drove me a fugitive from the capital! Spare the chief of the League, who, assisted by Spain, is dismembering France! Spare them, when they will both be within this castle to-night, to attend the council. Spare *them* who never spared ME! No, my mother, I will NOT spare them! Your sickness has weakened your courage. 'A nut for a nut' was once your motto. It is mine. If the Balafré and the Cardinal enter these doors to-morrow they shall not go hence alive; they shall die like rebels as they are."

"Alas! my son," said the Queen in a very low voice,—she has fallen back exhausted upon the bed. "Alas! it is easy to cut the thread of life; but, once cut, can you mend it? Shed no more blood, Henry, for my sake, for I am dying. Let my last hour be undisturbed. I have much that troubles me," and she heaves a deep sigh. "Too much blood has flowed already. Spare them, Henry, spare them!"

"My mother, *you* never spared an enemy when within your power, nor will I. Either Guise or I must die. You have taught me that all means are good to save the sovereign and support his authority. My brother Charles, by your order, spared not Coligni, and massacred the Huguenots at the festival of St. Bartholomew. *I helped him.* The Guises, madame, must die."

"But, my son," replies Catherine, wringing her bony hands, and struggling again to raise herself upright, "it is sacrilege. You have sworn peace upon the altar; you have eaten together the body of the Lord."

Catherine's voice is so feeble that the King either does not hear, or does not heed her. He still strides up and down the room, speaking from time to time as if to himself.

"Every detail is arranged; we cannot fail. To-morrow the guards within the walls will be doubled; a hundred Swiss will be posted at the entrance in the courtyard and on the grand staircase. When the Duke arrives, Crillon will see that the outer gates are closed. As soon as Guise enters the council-chamber, I will send for him into my closet. When he passes through the guard-room to reach it, Nambre will bar the door, that he may not return. My trusty Dalahaide and the guards—the 45th—who will be hidden on the secret stair behind the arras, will then descend, fall upon the traitor as he passes through the guard-room, and finish him."

Catherine, with haggard eyes, listens breathlessly. When the King has ceased speaking and looks round for a reply, she has fainted.

* * * *

The next morning the sky was black with clouds. The month was December. It rained violently, and the wind howled round the corners of the château. Catherine, lying in the uneasy slumber of disease, was awakened at eight o'clock by the sound of heavy footsteps overhead. The state apartments are on the second floor, immediately over and corresponding with those of the Queen-mother. They still remain gloomy and ill-omened, haunted by evil memories. Every plank has its history—each corner a ghastly detail. There is the hidden stair within the wall, concealed by tapestry, where Dalahaide and the guards hid; the door against which the great Balafré fell, stabbed by Malines in the breast, where he was spurned by the heel of the King, as he himself had spurned Coligni, and where he long lay uncovered, until an old carpet was found in which to wrap his corpse.

* * * *

Catherine, listening breathlessly, hears the council assembling. Heavy footsteps are passing backwards and forwards through the guard-room overhead to the royal gallery where the council is to meet. Then all is hushed, and the face of the dying queen flushes with hope, and her hands clasp themselves in prayer, if, perchance, at the last moment Henry has relented and listened to her entreaties to spare the Duke.

A moment after a door closes violently. She hears a single footstep—a powerful and firm footstep. It crosses the floor. Then come loud tramplings, as of a rush of armed men, a clash of weapons, a fall as of a heavy body; then a terrible cry,—

"A moi mes amis,—trahison—à moi, Guise,—je me meurs."

The dying woman knows that all is over; she sinks back on her bed raving in delirium. In a few days she was dead.

THE CARDINAL DUPED.

(*Scene between Anne of Austria and Richelieu.*)

ANNE OF AUSTRIA seated herself beside the hearth, and signed to her attendants to withdraw.

"Send hither to me the Duchesse de Chevreuse if she has returned to the château," said she to one of the pages in waiting. Then Anne drew from her bosom the letter she had just received. "It is incredible," said she, speaking to herself, "that he should so compromise himself! Pride has turned his brain. Now it is my turn, Monsieur le Cardinal." The Duchess entered hastily. "Read, *ma belle*, read," cried Anne, holding out the dispatch to her, "the fates favour us. Let us lay a trap for this wicked prelate."

"*Ma foi*," replied the Duchess, after having re-perused the letter contained in the dispatch, "even I could not have contrived it better. Here is the Cardinal craving a private audience of your Majesty in the absence of the King. It will be a declaration in form—such as he made to me."

"A declaration to me, Duchess? He would not dare——"

"Madame, he has been a soldier, and has passed his life along with a great queen. He believes himself irresistible. Who knows if Marie de Medici did not tell him so?" Anne of Austria looked displeased. "Pardon me, madame, this saucy Cardinal, whom I call the *knave of kings*, makes me forgot myself. Your Majesty must receive him graciously."

"Yes, he shall come," cried Anne; "he shall come and pay for his audacity, the hypocrite! But tell me, Duchess, tell me instantly, how can I best revenge myself? I have a long account to settle. Shall I command my valets, Laporte and Putange, to hide behind the arras, and beat him until he is half dead?"

"No, madame, that would be too dangerous; he might cut your head off in revenge, *à la reine Anne Boleyn*. We must mortify him—wound his vanity; no vengeance equal to that with a man like the Cardinal. He is intensely conceited, and proud of his figure. He imagines that he is graceful and alluring—perhaps he has been told so by her Majesty—I beg your pardon, madame"—and the Duchess stopped and pursed up her lips, as if she could say more but dared not.

"Did Marion de l'Orme betray him?" asked the Queen slily, "or do you speak on your own knowledge."

"I have it," cried Madame de Chevreuse—not noticing the Queen's question—and her mischievous eyes danced with glee. "I will meet him when he comes to-morrow and persuade him to appear in the dress of a Spaniard. out of compliment to you. Stay, he shall dance, too, and we will provide a mandoline to accompany his voice. I will tell him that you have long admired him in secret, and that if he appears in so becoming a costume he is sure to be well received. A Spanish costume, too, for he knows how you adore Spain, the spy—then he shall dance a *sarabande*, a *bolero à l'Espagnol*, or sing——"

"Ha! ha! Duchess, you are *impayable*," and the Queen laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. "But will he be fool enough to believe you? If he does, I will kill him with scorn, the daring Cardinal!" and Anne of Austria drew herself up, looked into a mirror opposite, shook her golden curls, and laughed again.

The next morning, at the hour of the Queen's *levee*, the Cardinal arrived. The Duchesse de Chevreuse met him and conducted him to a room near the Queen's saloon. She carefully closed the door, begged him to be seated, and, with an air of great mystery, requested him to listen to her before his arrival was announced to her Majesty. The Cardinal was greatly taken aback at finding himself alone with the Duchess. She looked so seductive; the dark tints of her luxuriant hair, hanging about her neck and shoulders, harmonized so well with her *brunette* complexion, her brown eyes beat smilingly upon him, her delicate robe clinging to her tall figure, that he was almost tempted to repent his infidelity to her, and that he had come for any other than for her.

"Your Eminence is surprised to see me," said she, smiling, and speaking in the softest voice, and with the utmost apparent frankness, "but I am not in the least jealous," and she shook her finger at him.

The Cardinal reddened, and looked confused.

"Do you, then, Duchess, guess on what errand I have come?"

"Perfectly, perfectly; when I heard you had requested a private audience in the absence of the King, I understood the rest."

"Perhaps I have been indiscreet," said Richelieu, and he sighed, "but I was anxious to explain my position to the Queen. I fear that she misconceives me; that she looks on me as her enemy; that she imagines that I prejudice the King against her. I desire to explain my feelings to her; they are of a mixed nature."

"So I should suppose," answered Madame

de Chevreuse primly, almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Do you think, then, madame, that her Majesty might be induced to lay aside her silence, her reserve? Are you authorized to admit me to her presence?"

"I am, Cardinal."

Richelieu's face flushed deep, his eyes glistened.

"To a certain extent," continued the Duchess, "the Queen is gratified by your homage. Her Majesty has noticed your slim yet manly form, your expressive eyes. She admires your great talents."

"Do I dream?" exclaimed Richelieu. "You, madame, are indeed magnanimous. I feared that you might be indignant at what you might consider my inconstancy."

"No, Cardinal, you could not be inconstant, for you were never loved."

Richelieu started.

"By me—I mean to say, your Eminence. You really should spare me," added she affectedly; "but I suppose I must speak. Anne of Austria, the daughter of a hundred kings, the wife of your sovereign, secretly loves you, Monseigneur. It is astonishing your extraordinary penetration never discovered this before. Since you went into the Church you must have grown modest; but love is blind, says the motto," and the Duchess was obliged to hold her handkerchief to her face to hide her laughter.

"What words of ecstasy do you utter, adorable Duchess! But you must be aware of the coldness, the insulting scorn which the lovely Queen has hitherto shown towards me. How could I venture to guess——?"

"Ah, Cardinal, it is easy to see you are not so advanced in the art of love as of politics. Let me advise you to read Ovid—a little of 'The Art of Love'—*pour vous remettre.* Did you learn so little, then, from her late Majesty, Marie de Medici, as not to know that where most love triumphs he most conceals his wicked little person? That very coldness and scorn you speak of are but proofs of the Queen's passion. But let me tell you one thing: the Queen fears you may deceive—betray her; and you must excuse her in this, when you remember, Monseigneur, certain tales of treachery—all utterly false, of course—but then pardon a woman's fears. You must, to speak plainly, give her some undoubted proof of your love."

"Madame, you cannot doubt after what I have just heard that I can hesitate in promising to do all and everything my royal mistress can desire."

The Duchess confessed afterwards to the Queen, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could keep her countenance, so absolutely farcical were his transports.

"Have a care what you promise," said the Duchess to the Cardinal; "the Queen is very *bizarre*, and perhaps may require something impracticable."

"Madame," replied Richelieu, "to *me* nothing in this realm is impracticable; speak only her Majesty's wishes, and I hasten to obey them."

"Well, then, to-night you must come at dusk to her apartments." The Cardinal bounded from his chair with delight. "To-night; but not in this sombre, melancholy dress; you must wear a toilette a little *convenable* to the part you hope to act—something brilliant, gaudy—*un pantalon vert par example.*" The Cardinal started. "At your knees little bells must be fastened. You must have a velvet jacket, scarlet scarf, and, in fact, all the *et cæteras* of a Spanish dress. It will please the Queen, and pay her a delicate compliment, to which, believe me, she will not be insensible."

All this time Richelieu had listened to the Duchess in an agony of surprise and amazement. "But, madame," said he, at length, "this is impossible. I, a dignitary of the Church, a Cardinal. Much as I desire to show my devotion to the Queen, she herself cannot expect from me so strange, so extraordinary a proof——"

"Certainly, Monseigneur, it is an extreme proof of your devotion, and as such the Queen will regard it. She will be gratified and at the same time will be thoroughly convinced of your sincerity. However, pray do as you please," and the Duchess shrugged her shoulders; "I merely mention her Majesty's wishes; you are quite at liberty to refuse. I shall therefore," and she rose, "report your refusal."

"Stop, Duchess, stop, I entreat you!" interrupted Richelieu, "you are so precipitate! I will—I must! (But what a fearful degradation! I, the prime minister of France, a prince of the Church, to appear in the disguise of a mountebank !) Ah, madame, her Majesty is too hard on me ; but I adore, I worship her too much to refuse. Yes,—her wishes are my law,—I cannot, I dare not refuse. Tell the Queen, at twilight this evening I will present myself in her apartments."

The Duchess waited no longer, but flew to acquaint the Queen with her success. Neither could for a long time articulate a single syllable, they were so overcome with laughter. Music was introduced behind the arras, for the Cardinal was to be prevailed on to dance a *sarabande.* Then they impatiently awaited the moment of his arrival. At last, enveloped in a Spanish cloak that entirely concealed his dress, the Cardinal entered. He was hastily rushing towards the Queen—Heaven only knows with what intentions—when Madame de Chevreuse interposed :

"Not yet, Cardinal—not yet ; you must show us your dress first, then you must dance a *sarabande*, a *bolero*—something. Her Majesty has heard of your accomplishments and insists on it."

"Yes," cried Anne of Austria, "I insist on it, Monseigneur, and have provided the music accordingly."

The violins now struck up. Richelieu looked confounded. He was almost on the point of rushing out, when a few words whispered to him by the Duchess arrested him ; they acted like a charm. Casting one deep, impassioned glance at the Queen, who sat at a little distance reposing on a couch, ravishing in beauty, her rosy lips swelling with ill-suppressed scorn, he threw down his cloak, displaying his extraordinary dress, bells, scarlet scarf and all, and began to dance—yes, to dance !

Poor man ! he was no longer young, and was stiff for want of practice : so after a few clumsy *entrechats* and *pirouettes*, he stopped. He was quite red in the face and out of breath. He looked horribly savage for a few moments. The music stopped also, and there was a pause. Then he advanced towards the Queen, the little bells tinkling as he moved.

"Your Majesty must *now* be convinced of my devotion. Deign, most adorable Princess, to permit me to kiss that exquisite hand."

The Queen listened to him in solemn silence. The Duchess leant behind her couch, a smile of gratified malice on her face. The Cardinal, motionless before them, awaited her reply. Then Anne of Austria rose, and, looking him full in the face, measured him from head to foot. Anger, contempt, scorn flashed in her eyes. At last she spoke—ineffable disgust and disdain are in her tone—"Your Eminence is, I rejoice to see, good for something better than *a spy*. I had hitherto doubted it. You have diverted me immensely. But take my advice : when you next feel inclined to pay your addresses to the Queen of France, get yourself shut up by your friends for an old fool. Now you may go."

Richelieu, who had gradually turned livid while the Queen spoke, waited to hear no more. He covered himself with his cloak and rushed headlong from the room.

THE CLOSING SCENE OF LOUIS XIV.

ON St. Louis day, 25th of August, 1715, the King, then seventy-seven years old, felt seriously indisposed. The disease from which he suffered was at first called sciatica. On the 15th he dined in his bedroom at one o'clock. Later he was able to rise and was carried into the saloon of Madame de Maintenon, where he met his ministers. Next day, he presided at the council of state held in a room adjoining his bedroom. On the 25th he was sensibly worse. On the 28th, in consequence of fatal symptoms, his surgeon Maréchal proposed to amputate his leg. The aged King scanned the surgeon's face attentively.

"How long should I last then ?" he asked.

Maréchal's hand was on Louis' wrist. His pulse did not vary while he waited for an answer.

"In that case," returned Maréchal, "your Majesty might hope to survive some days, perhaps some weeks longer."

"Then it is not worth while," was the reply in a steady voice. "How long can I live *now*, Maréchal ? Tell me the truth."

"Till Wednesday, most probably, your Majesty."

"Ah ! my death is to be on Wednesday. It is well. It is not so hard to die as I had thought."

He said no more at that time. Madame de

Maintenon sat beside him. Père Letellier, his confessor, and a Jesuit, hovered about his bed. In his hand was a paper concerning the Bull *Unigenitus*, which he urged the King to sign. So merciless was his persistence that the attendants turned him out of the room. The Duc de Maine, and his brother, the Comte de Toulouse, watched. The royal will, sealed with seven seals, making Maine virtually Regent, was walled up until the King's death. The Parliament was known to be in favour of the Duc d'Orléans. It was needful to be first in the field. Maine never took his eyes off his father. There lay that father, his prominent features sharpened by approaching death, upon his bed, such as we see it now, for no other monarch has lain in it since; the tester and framework of dark wood from which gloomy satin curtains hang, carved and gilt, and guarded by a *ruelle* or balustrade of gilded pillars, which none dare pass. Upon his feet lay a counterpane, worked by the pupils of St. Cyr. On the walls, near enough for his eye to rest upon, hung the portrait of his mother, Anne of Austria, and two other pictures—St. John, by Raphael, and David, by Domenichino. These pictures never left him, even on his shortest journeys. On the mantelpiece, near the bed, was a bust of his dead favourite, Adelaide de Savoie.

At the King's desire, Madame de Ventadour brought in the five-year old Duc d'Anjou, son of the Duc de Bourgogne, his great-grandson and successor. "Allow me to kiss him, madame," said Louis, courteous to the last. The child was laid upon the bed, and burst out crying. Madame de Ventadour took him in her arms to comfort him. "My child," said Louis, bending his dim eyes upon the rosy-cheeked boy, "you will soon be King over a great people. Give thanks to God for all you possess. Keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do all that I have left undone." Again and again he kissed the frightened child ere he would let him go.

Then the dying monarch turned his face towards Madame de Maintenon, who was seated within the *ruelle* of the bed. "Madame," he said in a low voice, "I regret no one but you. I have not made you happy." His voice, hitherto firm, now faltered. "But I have one consolation in leaving you," he added, "we shall soon meet again." He tried to look at her, but Madame de Maintenon turned from him with disgust. She shuddered.

"What a *rendezvous!*" she muttered half aloud. "He cares for no one but himself." Bolduc, the King's apothecary, was near, and heard her say so. That very day she left him while he dozed, and drove away to St. Cyr.

On Sunday, the 1st of September, Louis died. His confessor, the Jesuit Letellier, never returned. Madame de Maintenon remained at St. Cyr. Save the Cardinal de Rohan, and the parish priest of Versailles, all had forsaken him! No sooner had he breathed his last than precautions were necessary to guard his body from insult.

While the first lord in waiting, standing at the central window within the royal bedchamber which overlooks the Cour de Marbre, the town of Versailles, and the forest, broke his baton of office, shouting in a loud voice, "The King is dead! Long Live the King!" blasphemous songs and brutal jests passed from group to group of low women gathered along the streets.

When the funeral procession left Versailles, almost secretly in the twilight, reaching the Bois de Boulogne and the Plain of St. Dénis by tracks and country roads, crowds followed it, bellowing horrible imprecations. Along the causeway, outside the barriers of Versailles, temporary tents were pitched, where peasants stood, glass in hand, to toast the corpse with curses. These peasants and the townsmen of Versailles had heard of millions squandered on royal mistresses while the people starved of war abroad and persecutions at home, of intolerance which spared no one, of ruin, exile, imprisonment and torture. The country people and the populace did not acknowledge the dead as Louis the Great. The citizens hated him. These men neither knew nor cared that he had a sonorous voice, a measured and solemn delivery that gave weight to his smallest utterances, that leading a life of vice he observed outward decorum, that he had a majestic presence, and a stately manner. These men weighed him—manners against acts, life against words—and found him wanting. Posterity readjusted the scales and pronounced them just. The great revolution declared the balance. Louis XVI. expiated the crimes of his ancestors on the scaffold.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

AMONGST the many interesting discoveries which have been already made by he "*Challenger* Expedition," none will be more generally appreciated than the discovery of a ube-inhabiting worm at a depth of close upon hree thousand fathoms—a depth below the surface of the sea considerably exceeding the height of the summit of Mont Blanc above the evel of the ocean. In the former cruises of he "*Porcupine*," and "*Lightning*," living bengs were detected by the dredge at a depth of about two thousand three hundred fathoms, but he present discovery renders it certain that the very deepest recesses of the ocean must be the home of living organisms. On this point Prof. Wyville Thomson, the Director of the Expedition, remarks :

"As bearing upon some of the most important of the broad questions which it is our great object to solve, I do not see that any capture which we could have made would have been more important and more conclusive than that of this annelid. The depth was 2,975, practically 3,000 fathoms—a depth which does not appear to be greatly exceeded in any part of the ocean. The nature of the bottom, which consists of a smooth red clay with a few scattered sand grains and a very small number of foraminifera shells, was very unfavourable to higher animal life, and yet this creature, which is closely related to the Clymenidæ, a well-known shallow-water group of high organization, is abundant and fully developed. It is fortunate in possessing such attributes as to make it impossible even to suppose that it may have been taken during the passage of the dredge to the surface, or have entered the dredge-bag in any other illegitimate way; and its physiognomy and habits are the same as those of allied forms from moderate depths. It affords, in fact, conclusive proof that the conditions of the bottom of the sea to all depths are not only such as to admit of the existence of animal life, but are such as to allow of the unlimited extension of the distribution of animals high in the zoological series, and closely in relation with the characteristic faunæ of shallower zones."

It has always been a disputed point amongst medical men whether the great rowing matches which for the last forty years have formed such a marked feature in the great English Universities, have upon the whole acted injuriously or beneficially, as regards the health of the men concerned in them. This point may now be regarded as settled by the work just published entitled "University Oars," the production of Dr. J. E. Morgan, who possesses the double qualification for his task that he is both a well known surgeon and at the same time an eminent oarsman. By laboriously seeking out the three hundred men who have taken part in the inter-University contests, and enquiring carefully as to the results of their rowing practice upon their health and strength, Dr. Morgan found that one hundred and fifteen declare themselves to be benefitted by their work, one hundred and sixty-two have remarked neither special injury nor special benefit, and seventeen have been clearly injured. Upon the whole, Dr. Morgan concludes that the proportion of men injured by rowing is extremely small, and that no other pastime would, if carefully examined in the same way, exhibit such a small per centage of injury to its votaries.

It is stated that an American æronaut, Professor Donaldson, intends this summer to cross the Atlantic to Ireland in a balloon. The machine is to weigh nearly a ton, and will contain about two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of gas, with two reservoirs, to guard against leakage, and an electrical arrangement for light. The adventurer believes that his hazardous voyage will be accomplished in from seventeen to sixty hours, and he intends, should his first trip prove a success, to establish a balloon line for mails and passengers round the world.

BOOK REVIEWS

OCEAN TO OCEAN.*

"TRAVEL a thousand miles up a great river; more than another thousand along great lakes and a succession of smaller lakes; a thousand miles across rolling prairies; and another thousand through woods and over three great ranges of mountains, and you have travelled from Ocean to Ocean through Canada." Such is the journey described in "Ocean to Ocean." The author in a modest preface apologizes for literary mistakes, which he begs us to ascribe to the circumstances under which the Diary was written, and to the fact that, living a thousand miles away from the printer, he had no sufficient opportunities of correcting the proofs. We cannot say that this apology is needless. But the general freshness and vividness of the Diary, its unflagging interest, and the genuine aroma of wild and picturesque travel by which it is pervaded, more than make up for any literary defects.

Prince Arthur's Landing is the point from which the Expedition begins. The first stretch is to Fort Garry. One of the incidents of this part of the journey is shooting the rapids in the Maligne River:

"To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood; the excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth as a billiard table; beyond, it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls, which end off in white, boiling caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks beneath. On the brink of the inclined plane the canoe seems to pause for an instant. The captain is at the bow, —a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of the captain's wrist at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round but that every man fights against it; then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a racehorse. The waves boil up at the side, threatening to engulf her, but except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in; and, as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths and hope that another rapid is near."

For the most part the journey was real poetry, but the poetry was varied by rougher experiences such as the following, which marked the entrance of the party into Manitoba:

"The next stage was to Oak Point, thirty-three miles distant. The first half was over an abominable road, and, as we had to take on the same horses, they lagged sadly. The sun had set before we arrived at Broken Head Creek, only half-way to Oak Point. Somewhere hereabouts is the eastern boundary of Manitoba, and we are not likely to forget soon the rough greeting the new Province gave us. Clouds gathered, and, as the jaded horses toiled heavily on, the rain poured down furiously and made the roads worse. It was so dark that the teamsters could not see the horses; and, as it unfortunately happened that neither of them had been over this part of the road before, they had to give the horses free rein to go where they pleased, and—as they were dead beat—at the rate they pleased. The black flies worried us to madness, and we were all heavy with sleep. The hours dragged miserably on, and the night seemed endless; but, at length emerging from the wooded country into the prairie, we saw the light of the station two miles ahead. Arriving there wearied and soaked through, we came to what appeared to be the only building—a half-finished store of the Hudson Bay Company;—entering the open door, barricaded with paint pots, blocks of wood, tools, etc., we climbed up a shaky ladder to the second story, threw ourselves down on the floor, and slept heavily beside a crowd of teamsters whom no amount of kicking could awake. That night-drive to Oak Point we 'made a note of.'"

The next morning, however, finds the sufferers eating a good breakfast of mutton-chops and tea, and then starting in their waggons to Fort Garry across a prairie which was a perfect garden of nature. "Tall, bright yellow French marigolds, scattered in clumps over the vast expanse, gave a golden hue to the scene; and red, pink and white roses, tansy, asters, bluebells, golden rods, and an immense variety of compositæ, thickly bedded among the green grass, made up a bright and beautiful carpet. Further on the flowers were fewer; but everywhere the herbage was luxuriant, admirable for pasturage, and in the hollows tall enough for hay."

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* OCEAN TO OCEAN; Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. Being a Diary kept during a Journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the Expedition of the Engineer-in-Chief of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways. By the Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, N. S., Secretary to the Expedition. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

After a sojourn at Fort Garry, which with its notabilities is fully described, the party set forth in a caravan, consisting of six Red River wooden carts, in which were stowed the tents, baggage and provisions; a horse to each cart, and three drivers, one of them the cook for the six carts; two buck-boards, or light four-wheeled waggonettes, for any of the party to use when tired of the saddle; saddle-horses for the party; and a pack of eighteen horses to supply a change which is requisite in travelling steadily at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles a week. "Our first evening on the prairie," says the Diarist, "was like many another which followed it. The sky was a clear, soft, unflecked blue, save all around the horizon, where pure white clouds of many shapes and masses bordered it, like a great shield, of which only the rim is embossed. The air was singularly exhilarating, yet sweet and warm as in more southern latitudes. The road was only the trail made by the more ordinary traffic, but it formed, nevertheless, an excellent carriage road. Far away stretched the level prairie, dotted with islets of aspens; and the sun in his going down dipped beneath it as he does beneath the sea."

But the genius of the great North-West had some other scenes in store for them:

> "At four p.m we started for the next post, 'Rat Creek,' ten miles off. The sky was threatening, but, as we always disregarded appearances, no one proposed a halt. On the open prairie, when just well away from the Hudson Bay Company's store, we saw that we were in for a storm. Every form of beauty was combined in the sky at this time. To the south it was such blue as Titian loved to paint: blue that those who have seen only dull English skies say is nowhere to be seen but on canvas or in heaven; and the blue was bordered to the west with vast billowy mountains of the softest, fleeciest white. Next to that, and right ahead of us, and overhead, was a swollen black cloud, along the under surface of which greyer masses were eddying at a terrific rate. Extending from this, and all around the north and east, the expanse was a dun-coloured mass, livid with lightning, and there, to the right, and behind us, torrents of rain were pouring, and nearing us every moment. The atmosphere was charged with electricity on all sides; lightning rushed towards the earth in straight and zigzag currents, and the thunder varied from the sharp rattle of musketry to the roar of artillery; still there was no rain and but little wind. We pressed on for a house not far away; but there was to be no escape. With the suddenness of a tornado the wind struck us,—at first without rain—but so fierce that the horses were forced again and again off the track. And now, with the wind came rain,—thick and furious; and then hail,—hail mixed with angular lumps of ice from half an inch to an inch across, a blow on the head from one of which was stunning. Our long line of horses and carts was broken. Some of the poor creatures clung to the road, fighting desperately; others were driven into the prairie, and, turning their backs to the storm, stood still or moved sideways with cowering heads, their manes and long tails floating wildly like those of Highland shelties. It was a picture for Rosa Bonheur; the storm driving over the vast treeless prairie, and the men and horses yielding to or fighting against it. In half an hour we got under the shelter of the log-house a mile distant; but the fury of the storm was past, and in less than an hour the sun burst forth again, scattering the clouds, till not a blot was left in the sky, save fragments of mist to the south and east. Three miles farther on was the camping place. The houses of several settlers were to be seen on different parts of the creek. One of them was pointed out as the big house of Grant, a Nova Scotian, and now the farthest west settler. We were on the confines of the 'Great Lone Land.'"

We are not surprised by the entry for the following morning: "August 4th. Enjoyed a long sleep this morning, and breakfasted at 8 a.m. Had intended to rest all day, but Emilien refused."

The writer is enthusiastic with regard to the capacities of Manitoba for farming, and treats hostile Indians, mosquitoes and locusts as myths, and the winter, if not as a myth, yet as pleasanter, according to universal testimony, than that of Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces. The only point as to which he admits a doubt is the supply of water, and this he allows is a grave question.

The next point to be made was Fort Carlton, on the North Saskatchewan. Instead of the level prairie, the party was now traversing a more undulating and woody country, with a soil of sandy loam, and occasionally ridges of sand. From these ridges there was a magnificent view over a park-like country studded with young oaks; vast expanses beyond, extending on the north to the Riding Mountains, and on the south to the Tortoise Mountain on the boundary line; a beautiful country, extending hundreds of square miles without a settler. "Nothing," says Mr. Grant, "could be more exhilarating than our rides, especially the morning ones. The weather since our arrival at Fort Garry had been delightful, and we knew that we had escaped the sultry heat of July, and were just at the commencement of the two pleasantest months of the year. The nights were so cool that the blankets were welcome, and in the evenings and mornings we could enjoy the hot tea. The air throughout the day was delicious, fresh, flower-scented, healthful, and generally breezy, so that neither horse nor rider was warm after a fifteen or twenty miles' ride. We ceased to wonder that we had not heard of a case of sickness in one of the settlers' families. Each day was like a new pic-nic."

From Fort Garry and Fort Ellice, on the Assiniboine, the distance is 215 miles; from Fort Ellice to Fort Carlton, 309; from Fort Carlton up the North Saskatchewan to Edmonston, 380. In the last part of this route the travellers had one of their best days.

"Everything contributed to make it supremely enjoyable. We had fresh, spirited horses under us, a cloudless sky and bright sun above; and an atmosphere exhilarating as some pure gentle stimulant. The country was of varied beauty; rich in soil, grasses, flowers, wood, and water; infinitely diversified in colour and outline. From elevated points, far and wide reaches of the same could be seen; here was no dreary monotonous prairie such as fancy had sometimes painted, but a land to live in and enjoy life. And last, but perhaps to us most important item, Terry had in his cart new potatoes and buffalo steak, good as any porter-house or London rump steak, enough even for our appetites; man could want nothing more for animal enjoyment. In the forenoon we rode up two or three hill-sides to get wider views. With all the beauty of former days, there was now what we had often craved for, variety of wood. Clumps and groves of tall white spruce in the gullies and valleys, and along lake sides, branching poplars, with occasional white birch and tamarack, mingled with the still prevailing aspen. The sombre spruces were the greatest relief. They gave a deeper hue to the landscape, and their tall pointed heads broke the distant sky line. Recent fires had desolated much of the country, but there was enough of the old beauty left to show what it had been and what it could soon be made. Sometimes our course lay across a wide open, or up or down a long bare slope; and sometimes through a forest where the trees were far enough apart for easy riding, while a little beyond the wood seemed impenetrably close. In the afternoon we crossed plateaus extending between the different streams that meander to the south; and here the trail ran by what looked like well-cultivated old clearings, hemmed in at varying distances by graceful trees, through the branches of which the waters of a lake, or the rough back of a hill gleamed, while high uplands beyond gave a definite horizon."

At last the Rocky Mountains came into view:

"Few thought of plants to-day, or of anything but the mountains that stood in massive grandeur, thirty miles ahead, but on account of the morning light, in which every point came out clear, seemingly just on the other side of each new patch of wood or bit of prairie before us.

"They rose bold and abrupt five or six thousand feet from the wooded country at their feet,—the western verge of the plains, the elevation of which was over three thousand feet additional above the sea,—and formed in long unbroken line across our path, save where cleft in the centre down to their very feet, by the chasm that the Athabasca long ago forced, or found for itself. 'There are no Rocky Mountains' has been the remark of many a disappointed traveller by the Union and Central Pacific Railways. The remark will never be made by those who travel on the Canadian Pacific; there was no ambiguity about these being mountains, nor about where they commenced. The line was defined, and the scarp as clear as if they had been hewn and chiselled for a fortification. The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, the Roche à Myette, immediately behind the first line, reared a great, solid, unbroken cube, two thousand feet high, a 'forehead bare,' twenty times higher than Ben An's; and, before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped deep, and corries far down, where formerly the wood-buffalo and the elk, and now the moose, bighorn, and bear, find shelter. There was nothing fantastic about their forms. Everything was imposing. And these two were ours, an inheritance as precious, if not as plentiful in corn and milk, as the vast rich plains they guarded. For mountains elevate the mind, and give an inspiration of courage and dignity to the hardy races who own them, and who breathe their atmosphere.

'For the strength of the hills we bless Thée,
Our God, our fathers' God.
Thou hast made our spirits mighty
With the touch of the mountain sod.'

"The scene had its effect on the whole party. As we wound in long Indian file along the sinuous trail that led across grassy bas-fonds under the shadow of the mountains that were still a day's journey distant, not a word was heard nor a cry to the horses for the first half-hour. Valad led the way, clad friar-like in blue hooded capote, which he wore all regardless of the fact that the sun was shining; Brown next, in rugged miner costume, half-leathern half-woollen, and Beaupré in the same with a touch of colour added; the Chief and the Doctor in their yellow moose-hide jackets; even Terry, who of late invariably brought up the rear, ceased to howl 'git up out of that' to the unfortunate animal he sat upon, dropped his stick, and put his pipe in his waistcoat pocket. He had seen Vesuvius, the Himalayas, and the Hill of Howth, but they were 'nauthing to this.' Before us, at times, a grove of dark green spruce, and, beyond the sombre wood, the infinitely more sombre grey of the mountains; where the wood had been burnt, the bare blackened poles seemed to be only a screen hung before, half revealing, half concealing, what was beyond. The mountains dwarfed and relieved everything else. There was less snow than had appeared yesterday, the explanation being that the first and least elevated mountain range only was before us now that we were near, whereas, when at a greater distance, many of the higher summits beyond were visible."

This grandeur did not diminish on a nearer view:

"It was a grand morning for mountain scenery. For the first three hours the trail continued, at some distance east from the valley of the Athabasca, among wooded hills, now ascending, now descending, but on the whole with an upward slope, across creeks where the ground was invariably boggy, over fallen timber, where infinite patience was required on the part of horse and man. Suddenly it opened out on a lakelet, and right in front, a semicircle of five glorious mountains appeared; a high wooded hill and Roche à Perdrix on our left, Roche à Myette beyond, Roche Ronde in front, and a mountain above Lac Brulé on our right. For half a mile down from their summits, no tree, shrub, or plant, covered the nakedness of the three that the old trappers had thought worthy of names; and a clothing of vegetation would have marred their massive grandeur. The first three were so near, and towered up so bold, that their full forms, even to the long shadows on them, were reflected clearly in the lakelet, next to the rushes and spruce of its own shores. Here is scene for a grand picture, equal to Hill's much-admired painting of the 'YoSemite Valley.' A little further on, another lakelet reflected the mountains to the right, showing not only the massive grey and blue of the limestone, but red and green colourings among the shales that separated the strata of limestone. The road now descended rapidly from the summit of the wooded hill that we had so slowly gained, to the valley of the Athabasca. As it wound from point to point among the tall dark green spruces, and over rosebushes and vetches, the soft blue of the mountains gleamed through everywhere, and when the woods parted, the mighty column of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up its giant sides boldly and clearly revealed. We were entering the magnificent Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains by a quiet path winding between groves of trees and rich lawns like an English gentleman's park.

Crossing a brook divided into half a dozen brooklets by willows, the country opened a little, and the base and inner sides of Roche à Perdrix were revealed; but it was still an amphitheatre of mountains that opened out before us, and Roche à Myette seemed as far off as ever. Soon the Rivière de Violon was heard brawling round the base of Roche à Perdrix, and rushing on like a true mountain torrent to the Athabasca. We stopped to drink to the Queen out of its clear ice-cold waters, and halted for dinner in a grove on the other side of it, thoroughly excited and awed by the grand forms that had begirt our path for the last three hours. We could now sympathize with the daft enthusiast who returned home after years of absence, and when asked what he had as an equivalent for so much lost time, answered only: 'I have seen the Rocky Mountains.'

"After dinner, a short walk enabled us to take bearings. The valley of the Athabasca, from two to five miles wide, according as a sandy bas-fond or intervale along its shore varied in width, extended up to the west and south, guarded on each side by giant forms. We had come inside the range, and it was no longer an amphitheatre of hills but a valley ever opening, and at each turn revealing new forms, that was now before us. Roche Ronde was to our right, its stratification as distinct as the leaves of a half-opened book. The mass of the rock was limestone, and what at a distance had been only peculiarly bold and rugged outlines, were now seen to be the different angles and contortions of the strata. And such contortions! One high mass twisting up the sides in serpentine folds, as if it had been so much pie-crust; another bent in great waving lines like petrified billows. The colouring, too, was all that artist could desire. Not only the dark green of the spruce in the corries, which turned into black when far up; but autumn tints of red and gold as high as vegetation had climbed on the hill sides; and above that, streaks and patches of yellow, green, rusty red, and black, relieving the grey mass of limestone; while up the valley, every shade of blue came out according as the hills were near or far away, and summits hoary with snow bounded the horizon."

In their progress through the Yellow Head Pass to the North Thomson River, the travellers enjoyed many grand sights, and came in for at least one of those experiences which, like falls in fox-hunting—if we may trust fox-hunters—lend piquancy to the general pleasure.

"After dinner the trail, from the nature of the soil, was so rough that the horses could only go at a walk of three miles an hour. It ran either among masses of boulders, or through new woods, where the trees and willows had been cut away, but their sharp stumps remained. It was dark before we reached the east end of Moose Lake, and if all our party had been together, we would certainly have camped beside one of the many tributaries of the Fraser that run down from every mountain on both sides after it emerges from Yellow Head Lake, and make it a deep strong river before it is fifteen miles long. One of those mountain feeders that we crossed was an hundred feet wide, and so deep and rapid in two places, that the horses waded across with difficulty, and had almost to swim. Our company, however, was unfortunately separated into three parts, and no concerted action could be taken. Moberly and the Doctor had ridden ahead to find Mohun's Camp, and have supper ready; the pack-horses followed three or four miles behind them; and the Chief, Frank, and the Secretary were far in the rear, botanising and sketching. Every hour we expected to get to the Camp, but the road seemed endless. In the dense, dark woods, the moon's light was very feeble, and as the horses were done out, we walked before or behind the poor brutes, stumbling over loose boulders, tripped up by the short sharp stumps and rootlets, mired in deep moss springs, wearied with climbing the steep ascents of the lake's sides, knee-sore with jolts in descending, dizzy and stupid from sheer fatigue and want of sleep. A drizzling rain had fallen in showers most of the afternoon, and it continued at intervals through the night, but our exertions heated us so much that our clothes became as wet, on account of the waterproofs not allowing perspiration to evaporate, as if we had been thrown into the lake; and thinking it less injurious to get wet from without than from within, we took off the waterproofs, and let the whole discomfort of the rain be added to the other discomforts of the night. The only consolation was that the full moon shone out occasionally from rifts in the clouds, and enabled us to pick a few steps and avoid some difficulties. At those times the lake appeared at our feet, glimmering through the dark firs, and shut in two or three miles beyond by precipitous mountains, down whose sides white torrents were foaming, the noise of one or another of which sounded incessantly in our ears, till the sound became hateful.

"This kind of thing lasted in the case of the three in the rear fully five hours. The men with the pack-horses had got into camp half an hour, and Moberly and the Doctor two hours before them. None of us were in good humour, because we felt there had been stupid bungling or carelessness on the part of those who should have guided us, as no one would have dreamed of attempting such a journey if proper information had been given. And to crown this disastrous day, there was no feed about Mohun's camp, and his horses, that we had expected to change with ours, had left a few days previously for Tête Jaune

Cache. His men had a raft made on which to transport their luggage and instruments up to the east end of the lake, as their first work for to-morrow. They had completed the survey along the west end and centre. Our poor horses, most of which had now travelled eleven hundred miles, and required rest or a different kind of work, had had a killing day of it, and there was no grass for them. Reflecting on the situation was not pleasant, but a good supper of corned-beef and beans made us soon forget our own fatigue. After supper, at 2 a.m., wrapping dry blankets round our wet clothes, and spreading waterproofs over the place where there were fewest pools of water, we went in willingly for sweet sleep."

In this part of the journey occurred, perhaps, the most striking incident of all:

"Two miles farther on, the sound of a bell was heard. Jack said that it must be the bell-horse of another pack-train; but in a few minutes a solitary traveller, walking beside his two laden horses, emerged from the woods ahead. He turned out to be one John Glen—a miner on his way to prospect for gold on hitherto untried mountains and sand-bars. Here was a specimen of Anglo-Saxon self-reliant individualism more striking than that pictured by Quinet of the American settler, without priest or captain at his head, going out into the deep woods or virgin lands of the new continent to find and found a home. John Glen calculated that there was as good gold in the mountains as had yet come out of them, and that he might strike a new bar or gulch, that would 'pan out' as richly as 'William's Creek' Cariboo; so putting blankets and bacon, flour and frying-pan, shining pickaxe and shovel on his horses, and sticking revolver and knife in his waist, off he started from Kamloops to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Nothing to him was lack of company or of newspapers; short days and approach of winter; seas of mountains and grassless valleys equally inhospitable; risk of sickness and certainty of storms; slow and exhausting travel through marsh and muskeg, across roaring mountain torrents and miles of fallen timber; lonely days and lonely nights;—if he found gold he would be repaid. Prospecting was his business, and he went about it in simple matter-of-course style, as if he were doing business 'on 'Change.' John Glen was to us a typical man, the modern missionary, the martyr for gold, the advance guard of the army of material progress. And who will deny or make light of his virtue, his faith, such as it was? His self-reliance, surely, was sublime. Compared to his, how small the daring and pluck of even Milton and Cheadle? God save thee, John Glen! and give thee thy reward!"

Along the North Thomson River the party proceeded to Kamloops, where they slept again under a raftered roof, and their adventures were at an end.

We have recently given an article on British Columbia, and, therefore, we will not travel over that ground again, even in the company of Mr. Grant. But one little missionary anecdote relative to the Siwash Indians may find room:

"Very naturally, Siwashes measure all excellence by the grub or gifts they get. It is said that when a Church of England Bishop lately visited a tribe that one of his missionaries had laboured among for some time, they all gathered to meet him, being told that he was 'hyass Tyhee,' or great chief of the praying men. The Bishop addressed them at great length, and apparently with effect, but when done, a grave and reverend fellow rose and snuffed out his lordship with half a dozen words, which, in vernacular Chinook, are even more emphatic than in any slang English they can be rendered into: 'Lots of gab; no grub, no gifts; all gammon.' A delightful gentleman to convert certainly!"

Mr. Grant concurs in the blame which has been cast on the Colonial Office for its blundering dealings with British Columbia. We do not see how anything but blundering could be expected at the hands of officials administering a country of which they know nothing, on the other side of the globe. The Colonial Administration of England has, at all events, been wiser than that of France or Spain.

In quoting from this pleasant work we have preferred the description of travel and scenery to the disquisitions on the Pacific Railway scheme, and on economical and political questions. The disquisitions are sometimes marked by a rhetorical tone, which, while we do not doubt the perfect good faith of the writer, rather repels our confidence. Sometimes the style is even a little peppery, and there is a slight disposition to call supposed opponents hard names. "Emasculate" is the epithet which Mr. Grant applies to people who differ from him on some point of policy. He should remember that there i nothing less masculine than scolding.

There are sixty illustrations, for two of which the writer acknowledges his obligations to the pencil of Professor Wilson. We wish Professor Wilson would lay the Canadian public under a good many more obligations of the same kind.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1872. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The present volume does not differ to any great extent from other works of the same nature, but it can safely be recommended as an excellent guide to the scientific work of the year 1872. Perhaps one of its best features is the "General Summary of Scientific and Industrial Progress," with which it opens. Indeed, it may be doubted if the "yearbooks" of the future will not find it to their advantage to restrict their efforts wholly to the preparation of such a summary. In this case, the summary would have, as a matter of course, to be greatly extended in its limits, and it should give references by which the reader would be guided to the innumerable records of the year's scientific work, as represented by independent publications, the transactions of learned societies, and the various scientific periodicals of the day. As it is, however, the "Record" of Messrs. Harper, though probably not possessing any special pre-eminence as compared with other similar publications, can be consulted by the scientific student with the certainty that few points of importance have been omitted, and that the information given is in all respects accurate and reliable.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW Work is announced by Mr. Edward Maitland, the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," and other novels in which theological opinion strives with plot and incident for the reader's interest and sympathy. The title of the new production is "By and By; an Historical Romance of the Future."

Two new volumes from Mr. R. A. Proctor's pen are nearly ready for publication, viz.: a second series of "Light Science for Leisure Hours," including a sketch of the life of the late scientific writer, Mrs. Somerville; and a volume on "The Moon: her motions, aspects, scenery and physical condition," illustrated with photography, charts, &c.

We learn that Mr. W. F. Rae, the translator and editor of M. Taine's "Notes on England," is preparing a translation, with a biographical and critical introduction, of a part of the well-known series of literary and social criticisms of M. Saint Beuve, under the title of "*Causeries de Lunaï.*" The subjects to be translated will be Mary, Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Gibbon, Franklin and Cowper. Mr. Rae is also at work on a triple-biography, representing the history of the Liberal Opposition in England during the reign of George III., viz., the Memoirs of Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox.

A volume of Essays on "Questions of Belief and Practice," entitled "Theology and Morality," by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, has just been published.

A work, descriptive of the English Money Market, entitled "Lombard Street," by Mr. Walter Bagehot, is just issued from a London press.

It is stated that the late John Stuart Mill has left a full autobiography, which will be immediately published. He has also left treatises on "Nature," "Theism," and "Utility of Religion," which are ready for publication.

Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, have just brought out their magnificent edition of "Les Saints Evangiles," with M. Bida's superb illustrations. This elaborate work has been fifteen years in preparation, and, it is said, has cost the publishers a quarter of million of dollars for the artist's sketches and the preparation of the book. This *chef d'œuvre* appears in two volumes, in large folio, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars per copy.

Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have just published the two concluding volumes of the second year's issue, of "The Writings of St. Augustine," and the first issue, for 1873, of their Foreign Theological Library, embracing Kiel on "Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther," and Winer's "Confessions of Christendom."

A curious work appears in the recently published "History of Crime in England, in Relation to Civilized Life," by Mr. L. O. Pike. The first volume embraces the period from the Roman Invasion to the accession of Henry VII.

The Rev. Dr. Tristram, author of "The Land of Israel," has just had issued a new work of Travels and Discoveries on the East side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, bearing the title of "The Land of Moab."

Messrs. Cassells have brought out a "First Sketch of English Literature," by Prof. Henry Morley, which forms a compact epitome of that author's larger work on "English Writers."

The third volume of the "International Scientific Series" is ready. Its subject is *Foods*, by Dr. Edward Smith.

The new novels are "May," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Willing to Die," by J. S. Le Fanu; "He Cometh Not, She Said," by Annie Thomas; "A Vagabond Heroine," by Annie Edwards; and "Bressant," by Julian Hawthorne. Reprints of all these are, as usual, likely to be undertaken by the American publishers, as the producers of the original English editions have not yet either waked up to the fact that there is a market for good English fiction on this side the Atlantic, or they have not learned how to adapt their editions to the wants of a people who wish to own the books they read, rather than borrow them.

NOTE.—A passage in the "Notes on the Session" which appeared in our last number, criticizing the oratory of Mr. O'Reilly, was designated by a contemporary as evidently betraying "a personal animus." As we are exceedingly anxious that no personal animus, either in the way of prejudice or partiality, should ever find its way into our columns, we are glad to be able to state that in this case there can be no suspicion of the kind, the writer of the article and the person criticized being total strangers to each other.

The criticism, however, related to Mr. O'Reilly's extra-parliamentary oratory; while Parliamentary oratory was the proper subject of the article. Though not unjust, therefore, at least not intentionally unjust, it was perhaps needless; and as we are desirous of avoiding not only all unjust criticism, but all that is needless, we are sorry that the passage was inserted, and the writer shares our regret.

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TORONTO OF OLD.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

THE olden times of our Ontario capital must be measured by the scale of the New World to which it belongs, and the Young Dominion in which it occupies so prominent a place; but youthful as it is, its beginnings already pertain to elder generations; and it has a history of its own not without some interest to others besides its modern denizens. With a well-determined civic centre, moreover: the seat of legislature, and the legal, educational, and commercial capital of an industrious community; the records of their rude forefathers, and the struggles of its birth-time, grow in value with the passing years, and in a generation or two become matters of widespread interest

Antiquarian research seems peculiarly out of place in a new colony, and is lucky if it escape the sneer of the busy trader, in his zeal for wealth and material progress. Nevertheless, to one gifted with the slightest powers of fancy, there is something fascinating in the attempt to recall the infancy even of comparatively modern cities. Horace Smith, in his quaint invocation to Belzoni's mummy, delights to fancy the old Egyptian treading the thoroughfares of the hundred-gated Thebes, and dropping a penny into Homer's hat. The historian of Rome still strives to illuminate that cradle-time of the City of the Seven Hills which its first shepherds and husbandmen celebrated in their Lupercalia, or Wolf-festival, on the Palatine Hill, some two thousand five hundred years ago. The City of King Lud, the Londinum of Tacitus, when the Roman legions were fleeing before Boadicea and her Icenian Britons, is modern compared with that of Romulus. The recovered traces of its Roman occupants in the first century belong to its infant story. Antiquity, in truth, is a very relative thing. The Christian era is modern for Egypt, and recent even for Rome. The Norman Conquest of a thousand years later is ancient for London; while with ourselves the Northmen of Vinland, with their reputed explorations of the Canadian and New England shores in the tenth century, are little less mythical than Jason and his Argonauts. All, indeed, of America's antiquities which precede A.D. 1492, belong to prehistoric times; and a relic of the Tudors, which for England would be wholly modern, seems for Canada as pertaining to some antediluvian era. Pleasant therefore is it for all who now care to retrace the footsteps of our Young Dominion—pleasanter still will it be for coming generations,—to read the promising title of Dr. Scadding's handsome volume, "Toronto of Old: Collections and Recollections illustrative of the Early Settlement and Social life of the Capital of Ontario."

In 1686, or later years, when the valley of the St. Lawrence and the region to the north of the great lakes were undisputed French territory, a fort was constructed at the mouth of the river Humber to guard the terminus of the trail, or portage, by which voyageurs were wont to trade with the great Huron country around Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. This appears to have been recognised in some general sense as the Toronto region. The fort itself was originally styled "Fort Rouillé," but in course of time it came to be popularly known as Fort Toronto; and so the same name at length attached itself to the fort and village on the neighbouring bay, which have grown to be the City of Toronto and the Capital of Ontario. The French stockade at the mouth of the Humber became for a time a royal trading-post, maintained in keenest antagonism to the English traders of Oswego, Albany and New York; but the Toronto of the River Don and the great bay is strictly of English origin; and had for its Romulus Lieutenant-General Simcoe, first Governor of Upper Canada.

The portrait of the sagacious old soldier and civic founder forms the appropriate frontispiece to Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old." It is a well-engraved fac-simile of a miniature in the possession of his grandson, Captain J. K. Simcoe, R.N., of Walford—the old family seat in Devonshire; and for this we cannot be too thankful. Nothing can form a more fitting adjunct to local or general history than the portraits of the chief actors in the recorded events. Nevertheless, one cannot look on the smooth, round face and regulation hair, so suggestive of the formal military queue, without a craving that it were possible to exchange the niceties of the miniature painter's art for the more homely, truth-telling literalness of a modern photograph.

There is little mystery or romance about the beginnings of Toronto. Upper Canada was erected into a distinct province in 1791, only eight years after the Treaty of Fontainebleau; and a few months thereafter General Simcoe arrived at the old French fort, at the mouth of the River Niagara, and made choice of the sheltered bay of Toronto as the site of his future capital. The land was in occupation by a wandering tribe of Mississagas. What negotiations were made by the first Governor for permission to effect a settlement, and lay the foundations of a city in their midst, does not appear; but a report of the Indian Department, dated August 1st, 1805, bears the curious record of the "Toronto Purchase," comprising 250,880 acres, including the site of the city, and stretching eastward to the Scarborough Heights: for all which its Mississaga lords received and accepted the sum of ten shillings! It would be difficult now to obtain a lease of the needful six feet of ground within its area at the price for which the site of Toronto and its suburbs thus passed from Indian to White ownership.

The first Government House of Toronto had a historical significance of its own, which would have had a rare interest for us now had it been of a less ephemeral character. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, had constructed for himself a canvas house, which sufficed for his dwelling and observatory in the strange new-found islands of Australasian seas. This moveable dwelling chanced to be offered for sale in London just as General Simcoe was about to proceed to his new Government; and recognizing its adaptability to his necessities, the far-travelled mansion was secured, and became the scene of viceregal hospitalities in the infant Province of Upper Canada.

It was in the month of May, 1793, that General Simcoe first entered Toronto Bay, visited the village of Mississaga Indians at the mouth of the Don, and rowed up the river to the heights on which ere long he erected a rustic chateau overlooking the river valley and the lake beyond, to which he gave the name of Castle Frank. Thus established as the representative of Imperial authority, on the site of the future capital, the new Governor explored the swamps and uncleared pine-forest, amid which his sagacious eye saw in anticipation the city rise which now numbers its sixty thousand inhabitants; and so gave to the capital of Ontario a local habitation and a name. To his practical mind the Indians and their names had equally little charm. Reverting rather to old associations as an Englishman and a soldier under Frederick, Duke of York, he named the streams which bounded the civic area on the east and west, the Humber and the Don; and called his new capital YORK.

It is curious to recall the scene as it then presented itself, strange to us now as the old shepherd's hut and the wolf's lair on the Palatine Hill by the Tiber. Fortunately it has been preserved in minutest prefigurement in the narrative of Colonel Bouchette, to whom the Governor entrusted the survey of the harbour in 1793. "Here," says the Colonel, "General Simcoe had resolved on laying the foundations of a provincial capital. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage—the group then consisting of two families of Mississagas —and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild-fowl; indeed they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night." The change from this to the new settlement, military and civilian, was rendered all the more striking in its contrast by the amenities of the Government House, which, under His Excellency's care, "was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host as for the peculiarity of its structure."

But the first Governor's stay was abruptly cut short. Tradition tells that the old soldier had such an antipathy to the revolted colonists beyond Lake Ontario, that he could not be induced to preserve the most ordinary terms with his republican neighbours, and was hastily recalled, in 1796, lest he should precipitate the war, which at length broke out sixteen years later. The visit of the poet Moore, in 1803, gives us some lively glimpses of a country which, in its raw novelty, seems to have impressed him with very prosaic repulsiveness. It is curious now to read his reference to "Buffalo, a little village on Lake Erie;" and to turn from that to his satirical portraiture of the society of the new States:

"Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all,
From the rude wigwam to the Congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civilized, less tame than he,—
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world could brew
Is mixed with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nought is known of luxury but its vice!"

Yet it was impossible that the poet's eye could gaze on the grand river, the broad lakes, and the myriad islands amid which his route lay, without deriving some inspiration from the scene. From Niagara he sailed, in one of the little lake craft of those primitive times, down Lake Ontario to the St. Lawrence with its Thousand Isles, and has left us his impressions of a tranquil evening scene, in which he seems to have gazed from the deck of his schooner on Toronto and the heights beyond. Perhaps it is as well that the daguerreotype he was to perpetuate for us received no minuter details than could be caught in the distant glow of one of Ontario's lovely sunsets. Writing to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, he says:

"I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep;
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cataraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God."

The "Canadian Boat Song," which was a product of the same voyage, has become, alike in words and air, a national anthem for the Dominion. It could scarcely be heard by any Canadian wanderer, when far away among strangers, without a thrill as tender and acute as ever the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke on the ear of the exiled Switzer, or "Lochaber No More," on that of the Highlander languishing for his native glen.

The History of Toronto is necessarily to a large extent that of the early settlement, the social life, and the political organization of Canada in its youthful provincial days. Dr. Scadding recalls times to which the late Bishop of Toronto used to revert with characteristic humour, when, on his first settlement in the country, its settlers were scarcely month behind the New York news; and only one English mail was made up in the course of the year, to which—as if in purposed irony—was given the name of the Annual Express! It is curious to think that it is scarcely beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Toronto since a state of things thus existed in our midst such as may now be found at one or two of the remotest trading posts of the Hudson Bay, within the Arctic Circle. We were told lately of a factor in one of those remote forts lying towards the North Pole, who carefully lays aside his annual supply of newspapers brought by the one ship of the season, and starting with the *Times* of that date, as to day of month, if not of year, he enjoys his daily paper as regularly as if he were within sound of Bow Bells, with the scarcely appreciable difference of being only a year behind the outer world.

By that inexplicable law which seems to regulate the growth of cities, Toronto has its plebeian east-end, with the lingering flavour and halo of old historical associations; "the expected Westminster of the new capital," as its historian, with gentle irony, designates it. "At St. Petersburg," says Dr. Scadding, "the original log-hut of Peter the Great is preserved to the present day, in a casing of stone, with a kind of religious reverence;" and so, if the material relics of our founders and forefathers scarcely admit of being invested with a like literal permanence, he claims that at least their associations shall be perpetuated. Overlooking the harbour of the modern Toronto, far down in the east there stands at the present day a large structure of grey cut stone. It is the deserted prison of a later date; but it occupies the historic site of the first House of Parliament of Upper Canada—a humble but commodious structure of wood, built before the close of the eighteenth century, and destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invader in 1813. "They consisted," says a contemporary record, "of two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice. The Library, and all the papers and records belonging to both, were consumed; at the same time the Church was robbed, and the Town Library totally pillaged." The historian evidently recognises in the destruction of the Public Buildings at Washington by a British force, a few months later, no unfair set-off to that and other outrages committed by the American invaders. It is the same miserable tale of barbarity which is everywhere the inevitable accompaniment of war.

But there is a more primitive scene of Canadian legislature even than that eastern site, where "first loomed up before the minds of our early law-makers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question," and all else that has gone to the making of modern Canada. The scene is Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The reader, with the help of our historian, may picture to himself "the group of seven Crown-appointed Councillors and five representatives of the Commons, assembled there, with the first Speaker, McDonell, of Glengarry; all plain, unassuming, prosaic men, listening at their first session to the opening speech of their frank and honoured Governor. We see them adjourning to the open air from their straightened chamber at Navy Hall, and conducting the business of the young Province under the shade of a spreading tree: introducing the English Code and Trial by Jury, decreeing roads, and prohibiting the spread of slavery; while a boulder of the drift, lifting itself up through the natural turf, serves as a desk for the recording clerk." A noble French traveller, the Duke de Liancourt, witnessed the scene, and tells how, amid such primitive surroundings, a becoming ceremonial was observed. Two members of the Legislative Council gave notice to the Commoners, through their Speaker, that His Excellency desired their presence; and five members, —the remaining eleven being detained by harvest duties on their farms,—appeared at the bar, and listened to a speech modelled by the Governor after that of his Royal master. The day may yet come when this primitive scene shall be fitly produced, in some grand fresco of native Canadian art, as the most suitable decoration of its Legislative Halls.

The domestic life of the first Governor of Upper Canada, his amenities and hospitalities, his cares and troubles, are all parts of the early history of the Province. To the west of Brock street, named after the victorious general who fell on Queenston Heights in 1812, an open site still marks the first cemetery of Toronto, the old military burying ground, where, as our historian says, "hearts finally at rest in its mould, fluttered in their last beats, far away, at times, to old scenes beloved in vain; to villages, hedgerows, lanes, fields, in green England and Ireland, in rugged Scotland and Wales;" and here, in 1794, General Simcoe laid to rest, in the same sacred clearing, his little daughter Katharine. No mound or memorial stone survives to mark the spot; but far away, in the Governor's own native Devonshire, a tablet perpetuates the memory of the frail floweret who "died and was buried at York Town, in the Province of Upper Canada, A.D. 1794."

It is with strange feelings that those of a younger generation thus recall the long forgotten griefs of that olden time. Besides little Kate, there was an elder daughter, and also a son, Francis, then about five years old, after whom the Governor's chateau overlooking the Don received the name which suggests to the historical student reminiscences of an older "Castel-franc" near Rochelle, famous in the struggle of the Huguenots. When, in 1812, the cry of war rang along the Canadian frontier, and the torch of the invader made havoc of the little Town of York, Frank Simcoe was playing a soldier's part far away on a "blood-red field of Spain." Seventeen years had elapsed since the boy sported on the heights of Castle Frank, and got his Indian pet-name of Tioga from the Iroquois of Niagara; and it had come to this. He was found a mangled corpse among the pile of England's dead which closed the breach at Badajoz.

Close by the forgotten cemetery, where the first governor of Upper Canada left his little daughter to her final rest, were the well-kept pleasure grounds of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, who in his younger days had been the familiar associate of Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge; and to whom Hartley Coleridge, the son of the latter, addressed the three sonnets "To a Friend," which first appeared in his collected poems in 1833. The poet reminds his friend of the time—

> "When we were idlers with the loitering rills,"

and it seemed to him, as to the elder poets of the lakes, that Nature herself could make sufficient response for all their love. But when he returned alone to the scenes of their mutual sympathy with Nature, he exclaims:

> "But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
>   That man is more than half of Nature's treasure,
> Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
>   Of that sweet music which no ear can measure."

Before his removal to Canada, Mr. Jameson had filled a judicial position in the West Indies. In Canada he was successively Attorney-General and Vice-Chancellor—virtually Chancellor—at a time when the chancellorship was vested in the Crown. His conversational powers were great, and are still recalled with admiration by Canadian friends who remember him in his best days. Nor is the interest slight which attaches to such reminiscences of one who in his youth had been admitted to familiar intercourse with Wordsworth and his brother poets of the lakes. Hartley Coleridge refers to him [illegible] "the favourite companion of my boy[illegible]d, the active friend and sincere counsellor [illegible]th;" and trusts that the sight of his volume will recall his old friend back to youth, "though seas between us broad ha' rolled" since that pleasant time. But the young colony in which his latter years were spent did not prove a congenial soil for the poet's friend; and if his name is recalled by the outer world, it will be as the husband of Anna Jameson, the authoress of the "Characteristics of Women,"—one of the most delicately appreciative volumes of Shakesperian criticism; of the "Diary of an Ennuyé," "Christian Art," and other justly esteemed works, among which her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" claim special notice here for their graphic picturings of Canadian life and scenery of that early date. The Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Jameson both executed studies in water colours from nature with great skill; and the latter also transferred her drawings no less successfully to copper with the etching needle. In this way some pleasant glimpses of Canada in the olden time have been perpetuated.

It is sometimes startling to the stranger to find himself brought face to face with such literary associations, where he looks only for the matter-of-fact realities of a new clearing. It is surprising how many such relationships mingle with the other links which bind us to the mother land. The visitor from the Old World may see on the bench of our Supreme Court a son of the author of "Lawrie Tod,"—himself for a time a Canadian settler; may listen in the Normal School lecture-rooms to a nephew of the Philosopher of Chelsea; see amid the traders of our busiest thoroughfare a relative and namesake of the geologist of "The Old Red Sandstone;" and without travelling very far he might, in recent years, have held converse with a sister of the Ettrick Shepherd. Nor would it be difficult in other ways to multiply such literary associations. Dr. Scadding, among other reminiscences of the primitive wooden church which originally occupied the site of St. James' Cathedral, recalls among old military occupants of the long pew beside the Governor's seat, "a Major Browne, a brother of the formerly popular poetess, Mrs. Hemans." We suspect that the popularity of the authoress of "The Homes of England," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and other favourite lyrics, is not yet wholly a thing of the past on either side of the Atlantic. Of her brother, whose military figure thus rises on the memory of the historian of Toronto, among the old worshippers of St. James', the poetical record is peculiarly Canadian. He died while with his regiment at Kingston, Upper Canada, and lies interred in the old military cemetery there,—one of "The Graves of a Household," over whom in youthful years "the same fond mother bent at night," and who is thus recalled in the tender memorial of the poetess:

> "One, 'midst the forests of the West,
> By a dark stream is laid—
> The Indian knows his place of rest,
> Far in the cedar shade."

Each generation has its own marked characters rising out of the indistinguishable herd, and only requiring the eye and pen of an observant limner to perpetuate their individualities, and to reanimate the scenes in which they played their part. Of such local celebrities there are many glimpses in "Toronto of Old." It seems somehow with the city as with the individual: the bold, characteristic salient points belong to childhood and youth. With the advance of years they are apt, with both, to fade into the light of common day. Here is one little bit of portraiture sufficiently indicative of the changes that years have wrought on ecclesiastical as well as civic and legislative procedure. The subject is Mr. John Fenton, parish clerk of old St. James'. "He was a rather small, shrewd-featured person, not deficient in self-esteem; a proficient in modern popular science, a ready talker and lecturer." Though gifted with little melody of voice, the occasional failure of his choir of volunteers in no way disconcerted him. Not unfrequently, after giving out the portion of Brady and Tait selected by him for the occasion, he would execute the whole as a solo, to some accustomed air, with variations of his own; and all done with the utmost coolness and self-complacency. His own share in the service being over, he would lean himself resignedly back in the corner of his desk and throw a white cambric handkerchief over his head while the rector was proceeding with the sermon. Very probably the clerk was of opinion that his own transference to the pulpit would have materially improved that part of the service also; for his official duties in the English Church did not, in those primitive days, at all stand in the way of his being a popular class-leader among the Wesleyan Methodists. His manner of giving forth the Psalms was apt at times to be so peculiarly emphatic that the touchy editor of the *Colonial Advocate* indignantly denounced Mr. Parish-Clerk Fenton for having, on the previous Sunday, pointedly aimed at him in his delivery of the Psalm:

> "Help, Lord, for good and godly men
> Do perish and decay;
> And faith and truth from worldly men
> Are parted clean away;
> Whoso doth with his neighbour talk,
> His talk is all but vain;
> For every man bethinketh now
> To flatter, lie, and feign!"

It must have been a rarely gifted clerk whose mere look and enunciation could convert Brady and Tait to such effective ends. Nor was Mr. Fenton left to hide his light under a bushel. He removed to the United States; was admitted to Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church there; and, it is to be hoped, proved no less effective in the pulpit than in the reading desk.

The music of those primitive times seems to have been managed altogether after the old country village choirs. Mr. Hetherington, another of the clerks of St. James', was wont, after giving out the Psalm, to play the air on a bassoon; and then to accompany with fantasias on the same instrument, when any vocalist could be found to take the singing in hand. By-and-by the first symptoms of progress are apparent in the addition of a bass-viol and clarionet to help Mr. Hetherington's bassoon—"the harbinger and foreshadow," as Dr. Scadding says, "of the magnificent organ presented in after-times to the congregation of the 'Second Temple of St. James' by Mr. Dunn; but destroyed by fire, together with the whole church, in 1839, after only two years of existence."

Incidents of a different character no less strongly mark the changes that little more than half a century have witnessed. In 1811 we find William Jarvis, Esq., His Excellency's secretary, lodging a complaint in open court against a negro boy and girl, his slaves. The Parliament at Newark had, indeed, enacted, in 1793—in those patriarchal days already described, when they could settle the affairs of the young province under the shade of an umbrageous tree,—that no more slaves should be introduced into Upper Canada, and that all slave children born after the 9th of July in that year should be free on attaining the age of twenty-five. But even by this creditable enactment slavery had a lease of life of fully a quarter of a century longer; and the *Gazette*, *Public Advertiser*, and other journals, continue for years thereafter to exhibit such announcements as this of the Hon. Peter Russell, President of the Legislative Council, of date Feb. 19th, 1806. "To be sold: a black woman, named Peggy, aged forty years, and a black boy, her son, named Jupiter, aged about fifteen years." The advertisement goes on to describe the virtues of Peggy and Jupiter. Peggy is a tolerable cook and washerwoman, perfectly understands making soap and candles, and may be had for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in three years, with interest, from the day of sale. Jupiter having various acquirements, besides his specialty as a good house servant, is offered for two hundred dollars; but a fourth less will be taken for ready money. So recently as 1871, John Baker, who had been brought to Canada as the slave of Solicitor-General Gray, died at Cornwall, Ontario, in extreme old age. But before that the very memory of slavery had died out in Canada; and it long formed the refuge which the fugitive slave made for, with no other guide than the pole-star of our northern sky.

The history of Toronto, as already noted, is necessarily to a great extent that of the Province, and of the whole region of Western Canada. "Upper Canada," says Dr. Scadding, "in miniature, and in the space of half-a-century, curiously passed through conditions and processes, physical and social, which old countries on a large scale, and in the course of long ages, passed through. Upper Canada had in little its primeval and barbaric, but heroic age; its mediæval and high prerogative era; and then, after a revolutionary period of a few weeks, its modern, defeudalized, democratic era." It is a microcosm, an epitome of the Great Britain, mother of nations, from which it has sprung; and when, in coming centuries, the Dominion of Canada shall stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the historian of that coming time will turn with interest to "Toronto of Old," and acknowledge with gratitude the loving enthusiasm with which its author has chronicled the minutest incidents of its infancy and youth.

BEAUTIFUL, WHY WILT THOU DIE?

BY JOHN READE.

(*Author of "The Prophecy of Merlin," and other Poems.*)

BEAUTIFUL, why wilt thou die? Was it for this I bore thee?
Was it for this I dreamed of thy loveliness ere thou wast born?
Till, as the smile of God, thy sweet face lay before me,
Changing my night of sorrow into the joyous morn?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? The little prattler has vanished,
And the child is almost gone—and both were fair to see;
But to me thou art ever the same. By some high source replenished,
The heart in thy pure warm bosom is babe and child to me.

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? The rose that for thee was planted—
Thy birth-day rose—*it* lives. Is *it* more needed than thou
To shed the light of joy on a world that is sorrow-haunted,
To gladden the heart that grieves, to soothe the careworn brow?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? What hath Death to do with thee, daughter?
Thou art far too fair and young to be clasped in his bony hands.
Has he not plenty of prey, the monster, by land and water?
Or is he the slave of Fate, and must he obey commands?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? My life I will freely render—
Give up the sum of my years, and the bliss that I have in thee,
And, to gain Death's cruel heart, I will tear my own asunder—
What is my life to thine? Without thine what is mine to me?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die in the fair forenoon of thy beauty?
Can it be that the angels above are wroth at my motherly pride?
Do I worship my idol too much, and do I forget my duty,
To the great, good Father of all, who placed thee first by my side?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? O God! is there none to hear me?
O tears that will not come! O heart that will not break!
O white, cold face, so fair! Thou art dead as thou liest near me!
Oh! would to God, my darling, that I had died for thy sake!

MONTREAL.

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER VII.

SO soon as she was safely locked in her room, Antoinette threw herself upon her bed and gave herself up to a passionate fit of despair. Violent sobs shook her frame, and through all this outbreak the girl was sensible of many conflicting emotions—spite, repentance, shame and vexation at the same time struggling in her bosom. All that had just taken place seemed to her like some hideous nightmare; she could not bring herself to believe that Jacques would be cruel enough to carry out his threat.

"He loves me too well," she moaned; "he *must* return."

The slightest noise made her tremble; she rose and pressed her burning, aching forehead against the cool window-pane. The sun was setting in a rainy mist; the trees in the garden swayed to and fro, and groaned ominously with the wind. "He will surely come," she said; "he cannot stay away from me!"

But the silence in the house remained unbroken; night came on, and the lights from the borough gleamed fitfully through the wind and rain. Towards ten o'clock Antoinette heard M. de Lisle come in; he was cross, and complained aloud of M. Duhoux' remissness in not appearing at the notary's. Presently his voice died away; Céline could be heard closing the windows, and then everything was silent again. The young girl once more threw herself down, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

She spent a sleepless night, listening to the wind, which seemed to moan and sob over her lost happiness. Mentally reviewing the past six months, her heart turned with infinite tenderness towards him whose love had taken so deep a root in her heart. Antoinette's suffering was all the greater as pain was to her so new an experience; for the first time in her life the girl's passionate will found an obstacle from which it recoiled wounded and bruised. When at last morning dawned, she comforted herself with the hope that Jacques had waited until to-day in order to make the lesson more complete. She would hope as long as possible. Instead of going down stairs she sent her father word that she did not feel well, and wished to sleep; then her expectation recommenced, with its alternations of anguish and despair. Finally she could bear it no longer, and putting aside every feeling of pride, she wrote to Jacques. Her letter, hastily written as it was, contained all her heart and all her love. She humbled herself completely before him.

"Forgive me," she wrote. "I was very wrong, but I have been bitterly and amply punished. I am suffering far more than I can express! Be kind and gentle as you are strong, and return to your sorrowing and repentant Undine, who must surely die without you."

Céline herself carried this note to the inn at Pitoiset, where the innkeeper's wife informed her that M. Duhoux had left during the preceding night.

"He must have received bad news," said the woman, "for he seemed completely upset, and when I passed his room I could swear that I heard him weeping. When he got into the carriage he was pale as death, and so disturbed that he forgot to leave his address."

Céline was almost stunned on receiving this information, and, thinking that he must have returned to his family, she hastily readdressed the envelope to Jacques at L . . ., and took it to the post-office.

"He will receive it to-morrow," she thought, "and can reply by telegram; until then I will conceal his departure from Antoinette."

So the little missive, bearing within its folds all the hopes, as well as the destiny of poor Undine, travelled all the way to L . .; there, nothing being known of Jacques' departure, it was sent back to Rochetaillée, where, one morning, the postman laid it down on the sideboard of the inn. This time Madame Pitoiset imagined that its arrival must announce the speedy return of the forester, and without thinking further about the matter, laid it among a number of business papers which had accumulated on M. Duhoux' table. There the little packet lay forgotten, while in the house of *les Corderies* Antoinette, sick at heart, watched and waited in vain, slowly dying with anguish.

Evonyme, on being apprised of his friend's abrupt departure, had been seized with remorse, the weight of which he could not bear on his conscience. He felt responsible for this sad catastrophe, and hastened to *les Corderies*, quite ready to submit, by way of penance, to Antoinette's most cruel repulses. But his fears were vain. The poor girl gave him her icy hand, and for a moment a bitter smile hovered on her lips; that was all; she scarcely seemed aware of his presence. M. de Lisle's reception was very different. He had formerly entertained visions of marrying Evonyme to his daughter, and Duhoux' sudden departure had again conjured up this vanished dream. He thanked Heaven for having preserved him from so sullen a son-in-law as the forester, and thought that Antoinette had a much better *parti* within her reach. He did not scruple talking of this before the girl herself. Antoinette listened with an indifferent air; she had concentrated all her faculties in expectation, and her heart clung to one last hope—Jacques' reply to her letter. It seemed to her utterly impossible that he should read it and not answer; when he saw her humble, penitent words, he must surely be appeased, and return to her once more. She should hear the sound of his footsteps when least expecting it, and turning round would see him, pale and agitated, as he appeared that memorable evening in the *salon*, when he first told her of his love. Often, when sauntering idly in the garden, she would say to herself: "I will see him at the turn in this avenue;" at times even she seemed to hear a voice whispering close to her: "Antoinette!" but on turning round, trembling with eagerness, she was doomed to bitter disappointment. At mail time especially, her agony was keenest. She watched the postman every morning through the wicket, and when he passed on her heart sank within her. At last, when hope was well nigh dead, the so long delayed letter arrived. Alas! it proved the end of all her anxieties, of all her hopes. She hastily opened Jacques' note, then tottered, and was compelled to hold on by the railing. The words were traced by a firm hand, and in the clear and neat writing she loved so well; the letter bore neither date nor heading, and this is all it contained:

"Mademoiselle, the last conversation we had together convinced me that my presence was a burden to you, and that you desired your freedom. I did not wish to intrude upon you any longer, and consequently left. Now you are free. I write to M. de Lisle to withdraw my word. All I request of you is silence and oblivion.

JACQUES DUHOUX."

This was all the answer he deigned to make to Antoinette's loving epistle, in which she had so humbled herself before him. He had left; doubtless he had returned to L . . into the midst of his family, and to the young girl whom they wished him to marry.

She succumbed under this terrible blow, and going in search of M. de Lisle, who was smoking in the kitchen, she placed the open letter in his hands, then went to her own room without uttering one single word. There she opened the little casket in which she kept Jacques' letters along with other trifling mementoes of her love; bouquets gathered in the woods; the blue ribbon she wore in her hair on the memorable day when Jacques imprinted the first kiss on her lips; the book they had read together in the garden. She threw them every one into the grate and set fire to them, watching with bitter joy while they were slowly consumed. One feeling survived—anger; one solitary desire—revenge. She must avenge her slighted tenderness, her humbled pride, her love which had been trampled under foot; she must have a heavy price for her hours of agony, her nights of bitter weeping, her days of weary watching and feverish expectation. She desired bitter retaliation—she would have revenge at any cost to herself. Motionless as a statue, she racked her brain to devise the most refined cruelties with which to torture him who had so wounded her. It was while still a prey to this pitiless anger that she returned to the *salon*. In the act of entering she perceived Evonyme walking in the yard. As her eyes rested upon him she hesitated for a moment; a thought came to her like a flash of lightning, a sarcastic smile played for an instant on her lips; then she resolutely awaited the young man's approach, who, on sight of her, hastened his steps. Evonyme took her hands with compassionate sympathy, and they entered the room together. He wished to say some consoling words, but, unable to think of anything appropriate, he was obliged to take refuge in commonplace phrases about the rainy weather and the advancing season.

"How early the foliage has turned," he said, pointing to the dead leaves which strewed the ground.

"Yes," answered Antoinette mechanically. She closed her eyes, and saw as in a dream the pond of la Thuilière sleeping in the calm light of the moon, the trembling rushes, the water-lilies, and the belt of trees, from behind which came strains of distant music. She shook her head, as if to dissipate the vision, then turning to Ormancey :

"Evonyme," she began, "you often acted as if you loved me: do you love me still?"

Evonyme started and blushed.

"My dear child," he answered, "I trust you do not wrong me by doubting either my affection or my constancy."

"Do you love me still?" continued Antoinette, without looking up; "not as a friend, but as a lover?"

Evonyme experienced a sudden heat and a choking sensation in his throat; he perceived at once that he was being led to the very edge of a precipice, and comprehended at the same time his utter inability to save himself from the impending fall.

"My heart has not changed," he said, laconically.

"Evonyme, will you marry me?"

She was white and cold as a marble statue, and seemed afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"I!" he exclaimed.

There was a variety of emotions discernible in his single word; joy and astonishment, as well as fear.

"Yes," repeated Antoinette, "will you have me for your wife?"

"Good Heavens!" he muttered in a confused tone of voice, and opening his eyes to the fullest extent. "How came you to think of me? Occasionally I dared dream of such happiness, but never ventured to hope that some day my dream might be realized. Forgive me, I am still dazed and bewildered. My poor child, you do not know what a sorry husband you would have in me; I am full of faults and failings."

She smiled sadly: "Do you take me for an angel?" she inquired, in mournful accents.

"I believe you to be a fairy," he replied,

LIC

in a tone of conviction. "Come," he continued, after a minute's silence, with the air of a man who rushes blindly to his fate, "it is all arranged then; you are really to be my wife, and I am your slave, dear, dear Antoinette!"

He wished to imprint a kiss upon the young girl's hand, but she withdrew it quickly, and resumed in a hoarse tone of voice:

"Very well, go now to my father and tell him of our determination; arrange everything so that it may end speedily. It is now the beginning of October, let us be married by the end of the month."

Evonyme obeyed, and, bewildered as he felt, went in search of M. de Lisle. The latter received him with open arms, telling him he was the son-in-law of his fondest, most cherished dreams, and that their marriage would prove the joy of his old age. It was agreed that Antoinette's wishes should be carried out, and all preparations were to be made without delay.

"Well," said Ormancey thoughtfully, to himself, on his way back to the Val-Clavin, "so I am about to be married. I am on the margin of that magic forest whence there is no return once you have crossed its enchanted boundary. I will henceforth no longer be able to indulge in melancholy regrets on beholding a wedding party; the sight of two or three children at play on the doorsteps will never again cause my heart to throb with sadness and envy, for I shall have a wife and children of my own. Why then am I not more elated? Whence this sensation of oppression and fear in my heart?"

Alas! the poor young man had hitherto only looked upon marriage as a dream—a dream which he would fain have prolonged for ever. He felt strangely embarrassed by the necessity of putting an end to his vacillating purposes. To increase his courage he repeated constantly that he had gone too far to recede, as he had manifested his love for Antoinette to such an extent while she was engaged to another, it was impossible, now that she was free, to take refuge in flight; besides, was he not in a great measure responsible for what had occurred, and did he not owe the girl some reparation?

"After all," said he to himself, "am I so much to be pitied for getting a pretty girl to be my wife a pretty girl who loves me, and who will prove an honour to me? Evonyme, my friend, do not be foolish; hold up your head, for you are indeed a lucky fellow!"

On his return to *les Corderies*, M. de Lisle embraced his daughter and congratulated her warmly on her engagement, and the happy exchange which, according to his ideas, she had made in selecting Evonyme, "who," he continued, "is a very different style of man from the forester; that knight of the rueful countenance never pleased me!' And he set about all needful preparations with pleasurable haste.

Poor Antoinette took refuge in cool and impassive indifference to all that was going on. Evonyme began his career of lover in due form, renounced his pipe entirely, was careful about his attire, and every day he brought magnificent bouquets as offerings to his betrothed, bouquets for which he had sent to Dijon, but which Céline invariably found lying withered and forgotten in some neglected corner. The young girl always received Evonyme affectionately, though with a reserve quite foreign to her nature, and never displayed to any one before; she scrupulously avoided every opportunity for a tête-à-tête with her betrothed. On one occasion only, the weather proved so beautiful that she allowed herself to be persuaded to go for a walk with him. They went to the woods above Rochetaillée; on entering the forest she dropped Ormancey's arm, and walking before him in the narrow path with bowed head, she seemed to listen to the rustling noise her steps made among the fallen leaves. The conversation flagged and was broken by long periods of silence, during which the ripe acorns could be heard dropping on the moss underneath. Suddenly Antoinette shivered, and stopped at the entrance into a grove of beech trees; she had recognised the pass of the Val de Germaine, where she and Jacques had spent that memorable afternoon during the hay-making. "Let us return," she said, trembling nervously the while; "it is cold, and I am very weary."

They silently retraced their steps to the village, and at the entrance of the wood Evonyme thought he perceived Antoinette's eyes filled with tears. "It is strange," mused he, now thoroughly disconcerted, "that in spite of all my love, all my efforts to please my betrothed, our wooing has rather the appearance of a burial."

All this notwithstanding, the weeks glided on; the banns had been published, and the trousseau was nearly ready. Evonyme was to spend a week in Paris, in order to attend to some business matters, as well as to buy the wedding presents, and it was arranged that the ceremony should take place immediately on his return. One morning M. de Lisle escorted him to the mail coach, and after wishing him a pleasant journey and a speedy return, he went off to attend to his farm. Just as the young man was about entering the coach he felt some one pulling him by the coat, and turning round he beheld Céline.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Ormancey; then noticing the girl's disturbed look, he added: "Has anything happened to Antoinette?"

"No," replied Céline gloomily, "nothing has happened to her as yet;" then drawing him a little aside she continued, "I must speak to you, since no one else seems to have the courage to tell you the truth. Believe me, it will be far better for you to remain in Paris and never to return here."

"For mercy's sake, my good girl, what is the matter?" gasped the astonished Evonyme.

"The matter is, that Antoinette does not love you, and that if you insist upon marrying her, we may as well prepare her shroud instead of a wedding garment."

"All aboard!" cried the shrill voice of the guard, while the coachman cracked his whip impatiently. Evonyme had barely time to scramble into his seat ere the coach set off at full speed.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVONYME'S absence gave Antoinette a sensation of calm and relief. It seemed to her as though she were awakening from a horrible dream, and that she could once more breathe freely. She was no longer obliged to act a hateful part, to lie to herself as well as to others. She wished the minutes might become hours, and the days extend into centuries, so that her betrothed would never return. She hoped against hope. Was it not possible that Jacques, now that his anger had had time to cool, might return to his duty, and then . . . who knows what might happen? He had surely loved her too well to be able to forget her completely; it seemed impossible that, on his return to Rochetaillée, he could bear to look upon her as the wife of another. But the days sped on, and still the forester's room at the little inn of Pitoiset remained untenanted. In the borough it was rumoured that he was henceforth to reside at Langres; some went so far as to say that he had tendered his resignation. At all events he had not re-appeared. All was over, even the prospect of the sad revenge for the sake of which Antoinette was sacrificing her life; for not even the sound of the wedding bells would reach Jacques' ears to torture and fill him with remorse. It was all over; the last faint ray of hope had vanished.

When, on the morning appointed for Evonyme's return, the young girl opened her window and saw rising before her the wooded heights of la Thuilière the memory of the happy summer days rushed upon her. How distant they now seemed, those golden, fairy days! What a gulf between the future as she had contemplated it then, and the destiny which now awaited her! All was sadly changed, and alas! changed by her own fault. The consciousness of having been herself the cause of her misfortune plunged her into despair. The deed was done, and beyond recall, but the wound was bleeding and incurable. Why had she not died on the day Jacques left Rochetaillée? The idea of death did not appal her—to die seemed far less terrible than to live and belong to a man whom she did not love; the mere thought of such a prospect made her shudder; what would it be when once she was Evonyme's wife—his until death should part them? She felt a choking sensation in her throat, and bitter tears filled her eyes.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible; it cannot be!"

When Céline, however, once ventured to speak to her on the subject, imploring her to break off the hated engagement, Antoinette answered: "It is too late now; I have toyed with my life's happiness and have broken it. I have only myself to blame, and must bear the penalty."

Ormancey meanwhile had been rather upset by Céline's parting words, but upon due reflection concluded that after all she must be mistaken. She was prejudiced in favour of Jacques, and consequently did not look with favourable eyes upon his suit. He would return to Rochetaillée, but would take no decided steps without fairly questioning the young girl herself.

On his arrival at Langres an unforeseen incident considerably increased his troubles and perplexities. As the coach passed through the principal streets of the town, Evonyme caught sight of Jacques Duhoux, dressed in his uniform of *garde-général*, standing at the door of an inn. "Ah! he has returned," he muttered. "Heaven only knows whether it is through the agency of that confounded servant, and whether they are not in league against me! Why did I ever allow myself to fall in love or think of marriage?"

When the young man reached *les Corderies*, however, and entered the familiar *salon*, all his heroic resolutions vanished. His meeting with Antoinette was certainly not very lover-like; he approached her rather bashfully, and taking two jewel cases from his pocket said, while opening them: "Will you come and see whether these are the stones you wished to have?"

The cases contained a set of opals and aqua-marines. Antoinette examined them carefully, and signified her approval by a slight nod.

Céline, who was busily arranging some of the wedding finery, rose to inspect the ornaments. "Opals!" exclaimed the superstitious servant, "surely these are not for my child! These stones are certain to bring misfortune on the wearer!"

"I chose them myself," replied Antoinette calmly. Then turning to Evonyme she added gently: "Aqua-marines and opals—are not these the most suitable ornaments for an Undine?"

"Will you not try them on?" inquired Evonyme, with a look which was at the same time so humble and suppliant that it touched her deeply.

She took the jewels and stepped before the mirror. A ray of sunlight rested on her where she stood; the airy floating folds of her white muslin dress showing the outlines of her slender waist and exquisite shoulders. Round her graceful throat she wore a wide fluted muslin ruffle, like those seen in portraits of women of the sixteenth century. In her ears, on her neck and wrists, the opals and aqua-marines sparkled and glistened like drops of clear water with rainbow tints; while her cheeks, whiter even than her dress, made the feverish glitter of her large eyes more striking.

Gazing upon her dazzling, snowy beauty, Evonyme felt more than ever in love; his doubts vanished like mist in the sunshine, and he advanced slowly towards her with admiration unmistakably depicted on his face.

"Do you think me beautiful?" queried Antoinette with an icy smile.

"You look like a water-nymph," replied the young man enthusiastically, at the same time taking her hand, which she yielded to him with the utmost indifference; but when, emboldened by this concession, he was about to imprint a kiss on the eyes which looked at him with such melancholy resignation, an expression of repugnance and alarm overspread the young girl's features, and with a wild cry of "No, no, never!" she fell senseless on the floor.

Evonyme's terrified exclamation brought Céline to the spot; she found him kneeling by Antoinette's side, trying to support her. Pushing him aside, she took his place, muttering savagely: "Go away! Can you not see that you are killing her?"

Sorrowfully, and deeply confused, he left the house. Turning toward the *promenade entre deux eaux* he mused to himself: "There is no denying it; I would be indeed blind not to perceive it—if I let this dreadful girl have her own way she would walk open eyed into the abyss, dragging me down with her. It is fortunate that I have discovered it in time. I cannot see that even a happy marriage is such a wondrous affair, but a union such as ours would doubtless prove would be purgatory for both. Who can ever solve that mystery, *woman!* She would coldly have sacrificed me for the pleasure of being revenged on Jacques!

"Je vous suis obligé, belle, de la leçon!"

He felt himself radically cured of any lingering desire for matrimony; still, the recollection of this poor girl, who loved Jacques so devotedly, and was now enduring martyrdom on his account, touched him deeply. How was it that he, who prided himself so much on his observation of the human heart, had not sooner divined the presence of this love, which had remained so firmly implanted in her heart? "Let me see," he mentally exclaimed. "Is there nothing I can do to restore the happiness which I unfortunately destroyed? By Jove, I will prove to both of them that there is still something good and true in Evonyme Ormancey. I will make all things right once more, even if it must be done at the sacrifice of my dignity."

He directed his steps towards the inn, where he learned that the *garde-général*, although returned to his duties, had given up his room at Pitoiset, and that a man was coming the following morning to take his luggage, and whatever papers had been left at the inn during his absence, to the under-forester's house, as Jacques intended taking up his abode at Sauvageot's. Evonyme slowly retraced his steps homewards, where he spent the evening in framing the plan which he resolved to carry into execution without delay.

He left the farm at daybreak, and succeeded in reaching *les Corderies* before M. de Lisle had gone out. His object was to induce Antoinette to accompany him to the Val-Clavin, and he used all his diplomatic skill to carry his wishes into effect. It proved far easier of accomplishment than he had anticipated. Céline was out, and M. de Lisle, apprised of the scene which had taken place on the previous evening, had soundly rated his daughter for her folly, while the young girl herself repented having shown so little courage, and dared not refuse to pay the long-promised visit to inspect some changes which had been made in the house. It was accordingly settled that M. de Lisle should join the young people towards noon, and that they should lunch at the farm. They set out; the weather was beautifully clear; there had been a frost over night, and the dry leaves which strewed the ground sparkled in their light covering of frost, while the earth crackled beneath their footsteps. Evonyme struck into a path which led across the woods; he was elated at the success of his enterprise, which he flattered himself he should be able to bring to a satisfactory issue. He whistled softly while helping Antoinette over the rough places, and exerted himself to keep the conversation on indifferent topics. The young girl, surprised and grateful for this consideration, tried her utmost to talk, and thus they both gradually lost their feeling of constraint. She walked on, unconscious whither they were going, until the little path suddenly ended at some brushwood, and Antoinette recognised lying before her the pond of la Thuilière, bathed in a flood of golden sunlight.

"Why have you brought me here?" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation; "this is not the road to the farm."

"No," replied Evonyme, "but I have to make some enquiries of the guard at la Thuilière. I shall not be gone more than fifteen minutes. Sit down there in the sun. You can amuse yourself by reading a few pages out of this book until my return." He handed her a volume of La Fontaine, and then, his heart filled with tender emotion, he took the path which led to the under-forester's dwelling.

Judging from what the innkeeper's wife had told him, he imagined that Jacques would be too much occupied with the removal of his possessions to go into the forest that morning, and the event proved that he was not mistaken. Jacques Duhoux was busily engaged in arranging his little room, which was very pleasantly situated: from the windows he had a view of the woods and the pond below. As Evonyme entered he beheld him bending over the maps and drawings which littered the floor, while a table by his side was covered with heaps of papers. Hearing the door creak, Jacques turned, and Evonyme was startled by the change these few weeks had wrought in his features: he was very thin, and his eyes looked unnaturally hollow. On beholding his unexpected visitor Jacques grew very pale, and rising abruptly exclaimed, "What do you want with me? I had hoped never to set eyes on you again."

"Jacques, my old friend," began Evonyme, in tones trembling with emotion.

Jacques looked at him coldly and haughtily. "Do not invoke our friendship: it is dead. You might have understood that your visit is disagreeable to me, and altogether uncalled for."

"Listen to me calmly for one moment."

"Leave me—I wish to hear nothing."

"By Jove, you shall hear me, notwithstanding," persisted Evonyme. "If you imagine that I have come here for my own pleasure, you are terribly mistaken; my conscience has brought me into your presence, and I shall not go until I have discharged what I am firmly persuaded to be my duty."

"Speak then, and be quick about it,' muttered Jacques without looking at him.

"I have wronged you," slowly commenced Ormancey, "and I ask your forgiveness; but that is not what I came to say. I want to speak to you about Antoinette."

Jacques trembled painfully. "Do you come to ask my consent to your marriage with her?" he asked with bitter irony.

"How often must I repeat that I have not come here in my own interest? If for a moment I was idiot enough to imagine that I should make a respectable sort of a husband, I have recovered from that folly. Antoinette has never loved but you: your forsaking her is killing her; she is dying of it. You don't believe me!" he exclaimed, as Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "Good Heavens! is it possible that you disbelieve me, when, as a proof of my words, I bring you my pride remorselessly trampled under foot; when I humiliate myself before you so deeply as to play a ridiculous part for your benefit? Do not imagine that she has spoken to me of her love and her suffering; she is far too proud to do that. I have guessed it all by the feverish glitter in her eyes, by the pallor of her cheeks, by her insurmountable repugnance to even the touch of my hand. She is suffering martyrdom, my friend, and that is why I have come here."

"And what of me?" exclaimed Jacques, turning his emaciated face full upon Evonyme. "Do you think that I do not suffer? Do you think that a love like mine can be uprooted without leaving in its place a bleeding heart? For a month past I have been able neither to see nor to think. I walk about as if in a nightmare. When I tried to resume my work once more I felt utterly incapable for it; and when, on my arrival here, I heard that you were to marry her, I tell you, man as I am, I thought the agony of the blow must kill me. You say her eyes are hollow, her cheeks pale and sunken. Look at me, and say whether I do not rather resemble a ghost than a living being."

"You," said Evonyme gravely, "are a man, and strong to bear pain; but she, poor child, is little prepared for suffering! The gust of wind which breaks the flower scarcely scatters a few leaves from the sturdy oak. Come," continued he, seeing a spasm of pain contract the features of Jacques Duhoux, "will you not allow yourself to be softened? Have some pity."

Jacques appeared not to hear him; he walked up and down the little room with growing agitation.

"You do not know," he said at last, stopping in front of Ormancey, "she never knew how deeply, how passionately I loved her. I had built all the hopes of my life upon her. Before I knew her I had never loved. I gave to her all the passion of my soul, all the ardour of my youth. What has she done with all this? She took mine for a love to be toyed with. What pity had she after crushing me? What repentance did she show? After the first hour's storm had subsided, I asked only one tender word: one solitary loving word would have recalled me to her feet, but it never occurred to her to utter it."

"And you," replied Evonyme, "did you think of waiting for this word that you speak of? Were you not in too great haste to condemn her? You went off like a madman, without saying whither you were going. Are you so sure that Antoinette did not write to you? That her letter may not have been lost on the way?"

Jacques shook his head incredulously.

"Are you quite certain?" persisted Evonyme. "Did you enquire of your landlady at Rochetaillée?"

Jacques approached the little table, which was covered with papers. "There," said he, "is everything that arrived during my absence; they are all business communications. You can search yourself: you will find only official despatches."

Notwithstanding his words he bent with Evonyme over the heap of papers, and both searched among them with feverish anxiety. Suddenly Evonyme uttered a joyful exclamation. Between two large bundles he had just discovered Antoinette's little note, half buried amid government correspondence. He handed it to Jacques, who tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. "It is postmarked the twenty-first of September," murmured Evonyme.

Jacques Duhoux was eagerly devouring the contents of the new-found treasure. As he read he became more pale; the muscles in his face twitched convulsively; a sob escaped from his breast, and two large tears fell from his dark eyes upon the little missive. Evonyme contemplated him silently, too deeply touched to speak, and Jacques still stood motionless, reading again and again Antoinette's sorrowful and repentant words. Finally Ormancey gently touched his shoulder, and pointing through the open window towards the hollow where the waters of the pond were flashing in the sun, said quietly: "She is at the edge of the wood; I led her thither as if by chance, and she suspects nothing."

Jacques gazed for a moment with contracted brow and lips upon the sun-lit hollow, then suddenly left the room and rushed out of the house.

After her companion's departure Antoinette left the outskirts of the wood, and, totally forgetful of Evonyme's La Fontaine, which lay among the withered leaves, she directed her steps towards the pond. The sun had thawed the hoar-frost, which now appeared like sparkling dewdrops on the grass, and the young girl recognised every detail on that part of the bank where she had lingered on her return from the ball.

All was unchanged—the willows on the little island, the half-broken foot bridge, the water-lilies with their graceful swaying leaves. She had seated herself on the very edge, and leaning her head upon her hands, gazed on the pond, whose surface was gently rippled by the breeze, and whose sparkling waters almost laved her feet. The green and limpid water was so clear that the bed of floating grasses was visible at quite a depth, and over it all the sunlight lingered carelessly. *There* was calm, forgetfulness of misery, annihilation.

Would it not be better far, thought Antoinette, to sleep for ever beneath the shadow of the waving grasses than be buried alive in a loathed wedding garment?

She had always loved the water, but never yet had it seemed to her so loving, so sympathetic, as at the present moment. She stooped and followed with fascinated gaze the glittering rays which seemed to plunge into the current, and then, rising to the surface, float there like golden rings.

The water was murmuring among the rushes, sounding like distant music full of soft and enticing witchery. The young girl felt inexpressibly soothed and fascinated, and the more she hearkened to the calm and tranquillizing sounds the more steadfastly she gazed into its treacherous depths, until she was gradually losing consciousness of all else. She could no longer think; her body glided imperceptibly towards the mysteriously inviting waves; she was becoming dizzy.

Suddenly a strong hand grasped her arm, and brought her violently back; she turned with a cry—

"Jacques!" and her eyes closed.

He seated her close beside him on the stones. Again, as on the night of the ball, did he feel Antoinette's heart beating against his own; he looked upon the fair, pale face, hollow eyes, and the little mouth, sweet as that of a child.

The charm of Undine had once more conquered; he pressed her more closely to his breast and kissed the closed eyelids.

When she opened her eyes and recovered consciousness, she seized Jacques' hands in a passionate grasp: "Ah!" murmured she, "I had given up expecting you any more. A little longer and you would not have found me!"

"You wanted to die?" exclaimed he.

"I cannot tell; but I was so unhappy, and I seemed to forget my sorrow while listening to the music of the waves which so attracted me. Oh!" she continued, shivering, "you will never leave me again?" Sobs choked her utterance, and tears streamed from her eyes.

Jacques tried to soothe her with caresses; he told her what Evonyme had done, and explained how he had read her letter only that morning. He had left Rochetaillée on the twentieth of September, his heart filled with anger. "Everything was hateful to me—you, Evonyme—the whole world. In eager haste to fly to the very ends of the earth, I took the first train, and did not stop until I reached the terminus of the railway in Bretagne. There, between land and sea, I tried to effect a cure; it was in vain—your image followed me everywhere. Then I returned to the woods of Rochetaillée, and, on the evening of my arrival, heard that you were to be married to Evonyme."

"Ah!" sighed she, "I have been very wicked, very sinful; but if you knew how I have wept, how I have waited for you! I thought you had returned to L... to marry the girl with the smooth hair; and with only sorrow and bitterness in the future that lay before me, was it any wonder that I became almost mad? I longed to pain you even by cruelly hurting myself, and in order to accomplish this object I threw myself at the head of poor Evonyme. My punishment has been severe indeed," added she; "but if you can and will forgive me, I shall never be bad any more; I have left all my wickedness in the pond."

He took her hand and covered it with kisses: "I love you, my own darling, and my whole life is yours."

Evonyme, meanwhile, had remained in the little room at the under-forester's, straining his eyes to catch sight of the lovers, who were visible as dark shadows against the green underbush. Suddenly heaving a sigh of relief he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven they have made peace!" Then perceiving tobacco and pipes upon the mantel-piece, he proceeded to fill and light one of the latter. Never had a pipe seemed so delightful to him before; but that was probably because, as he admitted to himself, it was a long time since he had smoked with so easy a conscience. He contemplated the doings of the couple with the same feeling of satisfaction that one experiences in looking in safety from the shore upon a stormy sea.

"Most assuredly I shall never marry," muttered he; "all these tempests were never made for me. I shall be content to watch from my window those who weigh anchor and prepare for the voyage to Cythera. Still, they are happy, those two lovers yonder. For them everything is bathed once more in rosy sunlight, and they have already forgotten the storms and anger which tormented them. Only yesterday they were plunged in despair, ready to die of grief; to-day all is brightness, joy and love—a perfect fairy land of happiness. It is a mystery beyond my comprehension, and I shall give up puzzling over it. Never indeed were written truer words than these:

> "'Amour est un étrange maître;
> Heureux qui ne peut connaître
> Que par récit, lui ni ses coups.'"

The quotation reminded him that he had left a volume of his favourite poet in Antoinette's care.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "my La Fontaine! They may have left it lying under a tree, where it is probably at the present moment getting a bath of dew!" and off he started in search of his precious volume. Not until it was once more safe in his possession did he think of joining the lovers, and then the happy trio took the road to the Val-Clavin.

Is it necessary to relate any further? Evonyme persuaded M. de Lisle to become reconciled to the new aspect of affairs, and Jacques and Antoinette were married in November. They all live happily at *les Corderies*, and Evonyme is the godfather of Undine's first boy. The little one is growing rapidly, and Ormancey teaches him to read out of La Fontaine's fables. The good fellow is perfectly delighted with his rôle, and has been heard to remark on more than one occasion: "I am educating that child according to my own ideas; I taste all the joys of paternity without having to endure the anguish of marriage. I was born to be an uncle!"

THE END.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HOMER, ILIAD, BK. VI., VV. 369–502.

[There is nothing perhaps among the remains of antiquity which brings the hearts of generations immensely distant from each other in time, so closely together as the parting of Hector and Andromache. The character of the passage, in this respect, renders it peculiarly fit for translation, while its beauty renders it very difficult to translate. It is hard to find among English metres one which at all corresponds to the roll of the Homeric verse. The metre selected by Pope certainly does not; blank verse still less. Whether that here selected has any advantage, the taste of the reader must decide. An absolutely literal translation is almost impossible if any of the spirit of the original is to be retained. The thought, the language, the melody, the happy union of which is poetry, can scarcely ever be exactly re-united in another tongue, and the thought is the one of the trio chiefly to be preserved. Perhaps acquaintance will be best made with Homer through the medium of a prose translation like Dr. Carlyle's translation of Dante; but a translation in verse must be poetry, or try to be so.]

THIS having said, with nodding crest tall Hector strode away,
And wended where his own abode so fair and stately lay.
But not within the mansion she whom there he sought was found,
His wife, white-armed Andromache; she for the walls was bound,
There with her babe and with its nurse to stand upon the tower,
Viewing the fatal plain afar, and weep the weary hour.
In vain the Chieftain ranged the halls, then to the handmaids cried,
"Tell me, ye maidens, whither hath your white-armed lady hied:
To some fair kinswoman's abode the pathway has she ta'en,
Or went she with the dames of Troy, that wend in suppliant train
To dread Athene's shrine, her grace with prayers and gifts to gain?"
Answered the foremost of the band: "My lord, thy lady fair,
The truth if thou wouldst know, doth to no kinswoman repair,
Nor goes she with the dames of Troy that offer gifts and prayer.
She went to Ilium's loftiest tower. Word came of Ilium's host
Borne down by the victorious foe, and of a battle lost.
Thy lady parted at the word, with madness in her mien,
Hurrying her babe and nurse, and now hath reached the wall, I ween.
At once from home the Chieftain turns; at once his eager feet
Trace back the road by which he came through many a stately street.
And now, the city measured o'er at speed, he nears again
The Scæan gate, that issue gives unto the battle plain;
But there his own Andromache to meet her Hector ran,
Andromache, the worthy wife of Ilium's foremost man;
(Her sire Eetion was, who once, where Placian mountains fling
Their shadows over Thebe's towers, reigned the Cilicians' king).
And at the side of Hector's wife a babe her handmaid bare,
The one dear pledge of Hector's love, in beauty like a star,
Scamandrius by his father named; but Trojans called the boy
Astyanax, for Hector's might was the sole shield of Troy.

Awhile the father silent gazed, with rapture in his look,
But soon a sob, a touch, a voice, his trance of gladness broke.
"O, cruel Chief, that fearless heart of thine will work thy doom,
Can pity for thy babe, thy wife, find in thy soul no room?
A widow soon thy wife must be; for thou, woe worth the day!
The mark of every foeman's spear, must perish in the fray.
And oh for me, 'twere better far to die, of thee bereft;
No comfort more, when thou are gone, but endless bale is left.
Father or mother have I none; Achilles slew my sire,
And gave the goodly town where once he reigned to sword and fire,
A decent funeral rite—so much vouchsafed the conqueror's ire.
Now in his tomb Eetion rests, and mountain nymphs around
Have bidden circling elms arise to mark the holy ground.
My brothers seven all kept their flocks upon the mountain side,
When by the same fell victor's sword in the same hour they died.
My mother from her royal bower borne with the spoil a thrall,
Then ransomed, met the stroke of fate within her father's hall.
Father and mother now to me, Hector, thou only art,
My brother thou, thou all in all; dear husband of my heart,
Let pity in thy breast be found; take on the wall thy stand;
Leave not thy wife bereft, thy child an orphan in the land.
By yon wild fig-tree range thy power; there, there is danger's post;
There is our rampart's weakest point, there will the day be lost.
There thrice their bravest have essayed, by doughty Diomed,
Idomeneus, the Atridæ twain, and either Ajax led;
Whether their own fell skill in war the vantage did espy,
Or some prophetic seer revealed the road to victory."
"I know it well," her lord replied, "but may not brook the shame,
The scorn of each bold Trojan chief, of each proud Trojan dame.
Shall warring hosts be in the field and Hector skulk aside?
Ill would such craven part agree with Hector's warrior pride.
Ever as brave among the brave, first of the foremost known,
High honour for my sire I've won, and for myself renown.
And bootless were such flight from fate: too well I know the doom
Of this fair Ilium, of her king and of her race, must come.
Yet less I mourn for this fair town, wrapt in devouring fire,
Less for my lady mother dear, less for my royal sire,
Less for those many brothers mine, whose now so gallant band,
Will then lie weltering in the dust, slain by the foeman's hand,
Than for thy lot, wife of my heart, when thou with streaming eyes
To slavery shalt be borne away, some fierce Achæan's prize.
And then, perchance, in Argive halls, beneath a mistress stern,
Thou wilt be doomed to weave the web, perchance to bear the urn

To Hypereia's distant fount, or to Messeis' wave,
With many a moan—but moaning brings no freedom to the slave.
And there belike some haughty foe, that sees thee weeping sore,
Will cry 'Yon slave was wife of him the Trojans' boast of yore,
Hector, the foremost of them all that arms for Ilium bore.'
And at the cutting word thy tears will freshly flow amain,
To think of him that thou hast lost, that would have riven thy chain.
Deep buried may I lie, with earth piled high upon my grave,
Before thy wail I hear, or see the conqueror grasp his slave!"
He stretched his arms to fold his child, but to the nurse's breast
The babe shrank back with timorous cry, scared at the brazen vest
That sheathed his father's glittering form, and at the nodding crest.
Loud laughed the sire and mother too; straightway the chief unbound
The flashing helmet from his head and laid it on the ground.
With kisses and embraces first he feeds a father's love,
Then lifts his voice in prayer to Zeus and all the gods above.
"Zeus, and all Powers of Heaven, give ear unto a father's prayer;
May this my babe be of my might and my renown the heir,
And as he homewards wends from war, still may the people say
'The son is greater, though the sire was great in battle day.'
Before him may the spoils be borne in famous combat won,
And may his mother's heart be glad in my victorious son."
Then in the mother's arms he lays the babe, in haste to part;
She takes it smiling through her tears, and clasps it to her heart.
Her husband marks her mournful mood, and with a fond caress
And soothing words he gently strives to banish her distress.
"Be cheered, sweet lady mine, nor yield too much to boding gloom;
Fixed is my fate; no foeman's hand can e'er forestall my doom.
Nor ever to escape his day is given to mortal wight,
Whether he be a craven base or foremost in the fight.
Then hie thee home, thy handmaids rule, and bid them nimbly twine
The thread, and featly ply the loom; that gentle task is thine.
War is the warrior's care, and most of all Troy's warriors mine."
The Chieftain donned his helm, her steps homeward the lady bent,
The tears fast coursing down her cheeks, oft turning as she went;
And when to Hector's mansion come she found within the hall
The throng of handmaidens, her voice to mourning moved them all.
The death wail for the living rose; for never, as of yore,
Looked they again to greet their lord, the battle's perils o'er;
Their hearts foresaw that to his home Hector would come no more.

G. S.

PAPAL CONCLAVES, AND CEREMONIES OBSERVED AT THE ELECTION OF A POPE.*

Of all sovereigns the Pope of Rome is the most absolute, for he claims to exercise Divine authority—not merely to hold an office which Divinity has invested with certain inherent and inalienable rights. Yet in the history of the Papacy there have been as many broken periods, during which the Divine agency was extinct upon the earth, as there have been individuals who claimed to exercise it. For the Popes are not hereditary monarchs, but each is supposed to be the chosen agent of the Deity; chosen in a manner prescribed with the authority of a Divine command, and on account of the possession of certain qualities which fit him for being the Vicar of God on earth.

During the period of time intervening between the death of a Pope and the election of his successor occurs an interregnum, when the Church is without the guidance of its Head, and therefore the highest ecclesiastical functions exercised by the Pope are in abeyance. For, though provision is made for the transfer to a Council of Cardinals of certain administrative functions which reside in the Pope, it would be inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the Papacy that any body of men should by right exercise, even in an emergency, powers belonging to the Pope himself.

We have seen great changes come over the circumstances of the Papacy while the present Pontiff has occupied St. Peter's chair—a change which has destroyed the status of the Pope as a temporal prince, and changes which have augmented, in the view of the faithful, his authority as the expositor of the Divine will. Both changes may lead to an alteration in the mode of conducting the next Papal election; for while the loss of temporal sway will relieve the temporary authorities of the interregnum of the responsibility of conducting the government of the State, the Pope may have used his supreme power to alter the mode of electing his successor. Some of his predecessors are supposed to have contemplated ordaining such a change when they feared the interest of the Church would be imperilled by delays and formalities incident to an ordinary election; and it has been long rumoured that the present Pontiff has, by a Bull which will be published only on his demise, provided for the election of a successor by a more summary mode of procedure than that usually followed. There is no inherent improbability in the rumour; as, combined with a most rigid adherence to formalities, the Romish system possesses an elasticity in accommodating itself to extraordinary circumstances, by which, in cases of great peril, catastrophes which seemed imminent are avoided. And in the nature of things, the power that enacted can also annul. Although the fundamental laws regulating Papal elections have been approved by Councils, the Pope in consistory has often modified the formalities attending them.

These curious formalities we shall endeavour to sketch, without attempting to predict in what particulars they may be departed from in any forthcoming election.

Till the pontificate of Nicholas II. (1059 A.D.), the election of the Bishop of Rome resided in the clergy, the barons, and the populace of the city; but the disorder attending so wide an extension of the franchise induced Nicholas II., with the concurrence of the 2nd Lateran Council, and at the instigation of the great forming mind of mediæval Christianity, Hildebrand, to vest the election in the higher clergy, for form's sake only allowing the laity and Emperor to concur. But till the pontificate of Innocent III., the Cardinals met in public for the election, and thus extraneous influences could be openly brought to bear upon their decision. At the election of that Pontiff (1159 A.D.), a scene of riot occurred, partaken in by lay partizans who had no voice in the conclave, which suggested the advisability of deliberating henceforth with closed doors: but not till the pontificate of Gregory X. was the strict seclusion of the Cardinals made obligatory, and minute regulations laid down for the conduct of every stage of the election and subsequent investiture.

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* Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes." American Ed. Boston, 1858.

Article on Conclaves: "North British Review," No. xc., Dec., 1866.

Cérémonies et Coûtumes Religieuses de tous les peuples du Monde. Amsterdam, 1789.

A most unseemly contest had followed the death of Gregory's predecessor, Clement IV. He died at Viterbo, and at Viterbo, therefore, eighteen Cardinals assembled to elect a successor. But for two years and nine months dissension reigned within the conclave and riot in the town: for Italy had, only a month before the late Pope's death, seen the last of the Hohenstaufen die on the scaffold at the hands of the usurper Charles of Anjou. Charles, during the conclave, occupied Viterbo to try and compel the acquiescence of the conclave in his candidate; and while the pressure of his influence only tended to intensify the obstinacy of the Cardinals, the presence of his soldiery in the town was the incitement to brawl and bloodshed, till the town folk in utter desperation tore the roof of the palace from over the heads of the refractory conclave. The conclave nevertheless for a year longer continued its quarrel, and it would doubtless have protracted it, till a decision was arrived at by the death of so many on one side or the other as to secure a majority to one of the factions, had not the compromise been proposed of abiding by the choice which might be made by six members chosen from both parties. These six seemed really to be under Divine guidance, for they speedily united in selecting a good man, who, though a native of Italy, was Archdeacon of Liège—neither a Cardinal nor a leader of either party. Theobald Visconti was recalled from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to be consecrated as Pope Gregory X. The ceremonies he ordained for his consecration are those still practised; and at the Council of Lyons, which was called together without delay, he obtained the assent of the Cardinals and Council to an instrument which prescribed the mode of Papal elections for all time to come. So rigidly has the constitution been adhered to, that in all essential particulars Gregory's immediate successor was elected and consecrated with the same formalities as those which were used to elevate Pius IX. to the pontifical chair.

Gregory enacted that the conclave should meet in the Palace when the last Pope died, nine days after his decease, and that the election should be proceeded with by the Cardinals who might then be present,—complete seclusion from the outer world was enjoined. If in three days a decision should not be arrived at, "which God forefend," the Cardinals should be restricted to one dish each at dinner and supper; and if five days more should elapse and a Pope still not be chosen, their eminences should be put on bread, wine and water, and be thus starved into unanimity of opinion. These latter stringent regulations have been relaxed; but the constitution of Gregory, not only in its essential principles but in most of its minute details, is still in force. It would be wearisome to point out the divergencies in modern practice from the ancient rule, and therefore we shall confine ourselves to a brief narrative of the steps by which the loss that the Church sustains in the death of its chief bishop has been repaired on the demise of the last four Popes.

Immediately on the Pope's death, the Secretary of State announces the fact to the Cardinal Chamberlain. This official now assumes the post of Regent, pending the election of the new Pope. His first act is, at the head of the clerics of the Chamber, to assure himself of the decease of the Pope. He raps at the death-chamber door with a gold mallet; and on receiving no reply he enters and taps with a silver mallet the forehead of the Pope; he falls before the couch and proclaims him dead. The tidings are then sent to the Senatus, and the great bell announces to the Roman people the death of their Bishop. Before the Chamberlain leaves the Papal palace he consigns the body to the care of the Penitentiarus of the Vatican basilica; takes an inventory of the articles in the Pope's apartments, and carefully locks the silent rooms. He then proceeds in state to his own palace, accompanied by the Papal guard; but, as he arrives, there meet him three Cardinals, the heads of the orders of Cardinal Bishops, Priests and Deacons, who during the whole interregnum share his power, and, if he be ambitious, check his aspirations. But still further to limit his authority, each day the General Assembly of Cardinals meets, and transacts business so minutely that the Chamberlain is reduced to the mere agent of their will. Nevertheless, as ostensible head of the State, the coin struck during the interregnum bore his arms, and all edicts received his signature. The Cardinals, however, were allowed to replace the Pope in but very few, and those the lowest functions of either his spiritual or temporal authority. So fearful have the Popes ever been of the undue extension of the interregnum, and jealous lest the Church should fail to feel the need of their personal administration, that even the law courts have always been closed, and every branch of the administration stript of power to transact all but the business necessary to prevent complete disorganization of Church and State. Of course, in the next Papal crisis these civil inconveniences will not be felt by the people of the former Papal States; and the Cardinal Chamberlain will therefore be degraded into a still more insignificant personage than he of late even has been. The day was when, during the lifetime of the Pope, he was perhaps the most important officer of the court, and during the interregnum exercised real power; but the tendency has long been towards centralizing official influence in the Secretary of State.

The nine days allowed to elapse before the conclave assemble to elect the Pope are sufficient to enable a fair representation of the Cardinals to reach Rome from abroad, and are employed in doing the last honours to the deceased Pontiff. The rites are intricate and full of curious symbolical allusions. Cardinal Wiseman, in his "*Last Four Popes*,"* (a book of personal reminiscences by one of the most shrewd and worldly-wise of modern Churchmen, yet written with all the enthusiasm of a young and fervent devotee,) describes some of the ceremonies. "The body of the Pontiff is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, of the penitential colour, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels in St. Peter's, so that the faithful may not only see it but kiss its feet. These preliminaries occupy three days, during which rises, as if by magic from the crypts below, an immense catafalque, or colossal architectural structure which fills the nave of the basilica, illustrated by inscriptions and adorned by statuary. Before this huge monument funeral rites are performed, closed by a funeral oration. The body of the last Pope has a uniform resting-place in St. Peter's. A plain sarcophagus of marble and stucco will be there seen, though hardly noticed by the traveller, over a door beside the choir, on which is simply painted the title of the latest Pontiff. On the death of his successor it is broken down at the top, the coffin is removed to the under church, and that of the new claimant for repose is substituted for it. This change takes place late in the evening, and is considered private."

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* Cardinal Wiseman's Last Four Popes, p. 191, Am. Ed.

When the nine days have fully elapsed, that is on the last day of the *novendiali*, the Cardinals assemble to attend the mass of the Holy Ghost and hear a sermon, pointing out to them the responsible nature of their duties, preached by some eminent prelate. The last four Popes have been elected in the Quirinal —the fourth preceding Pius IX., the famous Pius VII., of Napoleonic renown, having died there. But previous to that so many had lived and died in the Vatican that it had come to be regarded as the established scene of Papal elections. Again the Quirinal must be deserted and the Vatican honoured as of old; for the forthcoming election will hardly be held in the very palace of the excommunicated robber-King of Italy.

When the conclave met in the Quirinal the Cardinals attended mass in the Church of St. Sylvester, opposite the Respigliosi Palace; chanting the *Veni Creator* they walked in procession to the conclave, attended by the *conclavisti*, amidst a crowd of curious Romans watching the faces and mien of those they knew, and of many they never saw before, to gather from them some sign or augury which might guide them in betting successfully on the forthcoming election. The Quirinal is better fitted than the Vatican for the purposes of a conclave, as from the central building stretches a long wing whose upper stories are divided into suites of apartments numerous enough to accommodate separately all the Cardinals and their attendants. In the Vatican, on the contrary, the Cardinals are lodged in slight wooden booths or cells, erected in its vast halls, the Cardinal occupying the ground floor of his temporary hut, and his attendants the lower second story. When the Vatican is used, the mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated in the Gregorian Chapel. The Cardinals enter by the *Scala Reggia*, the gates at the head of which are secured by four locks, two outside, the keys of which are in the keeping of the marshal,—a lay dignitary who has been for centuries the head of the Chigi family,—and two inside, the key to one of which is committed to the Cardinal Chamberlain, and of the other to the Master of Ceremonies. Beside the door are two turning-boxes, by which the cooked meals of the members of conclave are admitted, and through which, on urgent cause being shown, conversation may be held between a messenger without and a Cardinal within; though such communication must be made in a loud voice and in the hearing of the *Guardian of the turns and lattices.* Every other ingress is walled up, so much of the windows only being left unclosed as, when covered with oilcloth, will admit sufficient light. To secure from disturbance the quarter of the Borgo in which the Vatican is situated, guards are stationed on the Bridge of San Angelo and at the gates of the Leonine City, and chains are thrown across and pickets posted in the streets leading to the Palace. The vestibule of the Pauline and Sistine Chapels, at the head of the *Scala Reggia*, is the exercise and recreation hall of the imprisoned Cardinals. The spacious apartments of the palace are filled with the booths above described, and, when this vast space is found insufficient, the gallery over the vestibule of St. Peter's is fitted up in like manner.

But be the place of meeting where it may, the forms observed are in all essential particulars the same. Till three hours after sunset on the day the Cardinals enter the place of conclave "the doors are left open, and the nobility, the diplomatic body, and in fact all presentable persons, may roam from cell to cell, paying a brief compliment to its occupant, perhaps speaking the same good wishes to fifty which they know can only be accomplished in one." But their precious hours are used for other purposes than, as the Cardinal presumes, merely to pay empty compliments and express as empty wishes. Considering that the Pope, through the extent and intricate ramifications of his influence, is probably the greatest power in the civilized world, and that this is the last chance which the ambassadors of the great Sovereigns of Europe will have of impressing on the conclave their masters' views; and remembering that every Cardinal has a host of friends and followers who would fain see him exalted to the dignity of Pope, and that no other opportunities will offer of urging his merits, within these few hours, it may well be imagined—when he who will be Pope and they who must elect him are all within the reach of eloquence, interest or tact—must be compressed more intrigue than the lobby of the most corrupt Congress in the world can witness in a twelvemonth. At length the third bell rings, and with difficulty the reluctant crowd, every one anxious to leave a last wish with his friends and a last warning with his enemies, is turned by the officers of the conclave through the wicket and out into the night.

And now there are shut up only the Cardinals, in whom alone the election is vested, their assistants (the *conclavisti*) and the servants.

The College of Cardinals, when full, consists of seventy members—six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons. The only disqualification for the Cardinalate is marriage. Even a layman may be nominated a Cardinal, though at the present moment there are no lay Cardinals, as, at the request of the reigning Pontiff, all the lay Cardinals, and among them Antonelli, have taken holy orders; but, without a special dispensation from the departed Pope, a lay Cardinal cannot assist in the conclave.

A Cardinal arriving late is admitted to the conclave, though the absence of any number cannot invalidate the acts of those who were assembled. The jealously guarded gates open to give egress to a member of conclave only in cases of serious illness. The choice of cells in the Vatican, or apartments in the Quirinal, is determined by lot. The hangings and coverings of the furniture of those apartments occupied by Cardinals created by the last Pope are of purple, in token of mourning. Green decorates the quarters of all others.

By the original decree of Gregory X., each Cardinal should be accompanied by one attendant; but such a hardship as this was evidently found to be intolerable, and therefore each Cardinal may now be attended by a cleric and a lay servant; and Princes, and all old and infirm, may claim to be attended by two. These *conclavisti*—so to be admitted with a Cardinal, must have resided at least a year in his household—are not mere stray servants, but a recognized body of men, many of whom have served before—often several times—in the same capacity; know thoroughly the prescribed rules and the unprescribed manœuvres of the conclave, and enjoy certain perquisites. They have played an important part in many an election, using other than fair argument in compassing their own or their masters' will. Sacking the cell of the newly elected Pope was formerly a privilege of theirs; but of late the fortunate Cardinal's valet has been allowed, without molestation, to appropriate its contents. They are, however, well paid with 15,000 scudi, or dollars.

The servants of the conclave are a secretary and assistant secretary; a sacristan and assistant; a confessor; a medical man; a surgeon; two barbers; an apothecary and two assistants; five masters of ceremony; a carpenter; a mason; and sixteen menial servants.

The mason and carpenter have done their work in building up all but the two avenues of intercourse with the outer world—the wicket and the turning-box; the last of the visitors has been driven out; the officials have made their rounds to ascertain that no loophole has been left unclosed; the Cardinals have met in the chapel to hear read the Bulls regulating the election of Popes, and the members of the conclave retire to their narrow rooms to prepare, in solitude within a solitude, for what even the most worldly-minded among them must feel is a solemn duty.

Henceforward every precaution is taken to ensure perfect isolation. The meals of each Cardinal are brought from his palace and passed in through the turning-box, or *parlatoire*, familiar to all who have friends in a nunnery, but are not handed to His Eminence's servant till they have been examined by the *President of the Wicket*. An old writer, whose words are no doubt as true now as they were last century, says:—"All the food is closely examined by the prelate and his lay assistant (the marshal), who keep the gate, lest there should enter concealed in it letter or missive of any kind. They are at liberty to cut up the meat if they suspect deception. The bottles and glasses must be of pure white glass or crystal, and uncovered, that their contents may be seen. But the examination is not usually made with extreme rigour, for, despite all precautions, the Cardinals devise expedients for carrying on an intrigue, and learning what transpires without. Messages have been known to be sent written on the breast of a capon; and often the *menu* and the composition of the dishes serve as signs and symbols — understood through a preconcerted code." However the information may get abroad during the sitting of a conclave, very correct rumours of what occurs within circulate without; and the Cardinals must be much less astute than the world gives them credit for being, if they are not well informed of what is passing in the world. Be that, however, as it may, every precaution that ingenuity has been able to devise to exclude them from the influence of the disquieting world is adopted and enforced.

When the conclave meets in the Vatican, the Pauline Chapel is used for devotional exercises, the Sistine as the election hall; when in the Quirinal, its only chapel is arranged to serve both purposes. The election then takes place in the Presbytery, before the altar. An empty chalice is placed on the altar to receive the ballot papers, and an empty throne beside the altar stands ready for the future Pope. At the table in front sit the three scrutineers, and the Cardinals occupy a circle of seats, over each of which hangs a canopy.

Twice a day—once in the morning and again in the afternoon—at the sound of a bell the Cardinals assemble to conduct the election. There are three ways in which this may be effected:—1st, *by acclamation;* but there is no historical record of a Pontiff ever being chosen at once and unanimously; 2nd, *by ballot*, which is the method that has proved almost invariably successful; and 3rd, *by compromise*, which is only resorted to when the contest is so hot and protracted that there seems no hope of a selection being made by the whole conclave, and therefore it delegates its power to a few of its members, as was done in the election of Gregory X., at Viterbo.

On the ballot paper the Cardinal first inscribes his name, then that of the candidate for whom he casts his vote, and at the foot a motto, which he adopts and must adhere to throughout. The upper part of the ticket is turned down and sealed, and the lower part turned up so as to conceal both the name and motto of the voter, before it is dropped into the chalice.

At the morning meeting a simple ballot is taken, when each votes for whom he will. The afternoon session is devoted to the ballot by *acceding*, as it is called—that is, the names proposed can be only those drawn in the morning. If a Cardinal alters his morning vote, he writes on the later ticket *accedo domino Cardinali;* if he adheres to it, he inserts the word *nemini.* The mottoes are then examined by the three scrutineers, to secure against the same Cardinal casting two distinct votes for the same candidate; but the names are inspected only under such an exceptional circumstance as an election being by the bare two-third majority, when, as it is not lawful that a Pope's election be gained by his own vote, it is necessary to determine that the successful Cardinal did not vote for himself. Each afternoon on which the ballot does not terminate in an election, the papers are burned. Crowds—when the election took place in the Quirinal—assembled in the square opposite, watching the mouth of the flue by which the smoke issued. But the precaution of carrying off the smoke does not seem to have been always taken in the Sistine Chapel, as the blackening of its gorgeous paintings is attributed in part to the clouds of smoke that day after day for months together, on each successive election, filled this shrine of art.

The decisive vote is generally approached slowly, and it becomes pretty evident sometimes, in advance, how the election will result. It is then that the power of veto possessed by the Catholic Sovereigns of Spain, France and Austria, is sometimes exercised by the Cardinals, who have been entrusted by those powers with authority to represent them. It is an undetermined question when this right originated—some tracing it to the right of election held and exercised by the early German Emperors, others denying to it so remote a source; but none question the claims of the three great Powers to use it, though when some of the minor Powers have arrogated it, the conclave has refused to recognise their veto. It was last exercised during the conclave that elected Gregory XVI. "This conclave," says Cardinal Wiseman, "commenced in the middle of December, with the observance of all usual forms. At one time it seemed likely to close by the election of Cardinal Giustiniani, when the Court of Spain interposed and prevented it. Should two-thirds of the votes centre in any person, he is at once Pope, beyond the reach of any prohibitory declaration. It is, therefore, when the votes seem to be converging towards some one obnoxious, no matter why, to one of the Sovereigns of the three great Catholic Powers, that his ambassador to conclave, himself a Cardinal, admonishes his colleagues of this feeling in the Court which he represents. This suffices to make them turn in another direction. Thus in the conclave preceding the one now before us, Cardinal Severoli was nearly elected when Cardinal Albani, on behalf of Austria, to which Severoli had been formerly nuncio, inhibited his election by a note considered far from courteous.* And in like manner in this conclave, on the 7th of January, Cardinal Giustiniani received twenty-one votes—the number sufficient for election being twenty-nine—when Cardinal Marco, Spanish envoy, delicately intimated, first to Giustiniani's nephews, Odescalchi, then to the Dean Pacca, that Spain objected to the nomination. Every one was amazed. Giustiniani had been nuncio in Spain; and the ground of his exclusion was supposed to be his participation in Leo XII.'s appointment of bishops in South America. If so, the object in view was signally defeated. For the power possessed by the Crown of any country expires by its exercise; the sting remains behind in the wound. Cardinal Cappellari had been instrumental far more than Giustiniani in promoting these episcopal nominations, and he united the requisite number of votes, and became Pope."

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* Albani had been a lay Cardinal, and very reluctantly took holy orders immediately before the conclave in order to participate in it. The note of exclusion directed against Cardinal Severoli ran as follows: "In my capacity of extraordinary Ambassador to the Sacred College met in conclave, I fulfil the displeasing duty of declaring that the Imperial Court of Vienna is unable to accept his Eminence Severoli as Supreme Pontiff, and gives him a formal exclusion."

A well-recognised device to render null the right of veto has been often resorted to. A vote nearly sufficient to secure the election of a known enemy of a court is given for a nominee whom it is no one's intention to elect. The court representative, alarmed at the impending danger, uses his right and is thus disabled from excluding a perhaps still more obnoxious candidate, as in the case above cited. It is easily conceived how a contest may drag on for weeks, when two votes only are cast a day; and when, after many a session has been occupied in working up a candidate to nearly the desired majority, the work is all undone by the interposition of a veto.

At length, however, the required majority is so nearly attained that it is certain the final ballot will secure the election of the Pontiff. As usual, the Cardinals drop their papers into the chalice on the altar, after a short silent prayer and an uttered oath, in which they call God to witness how pure their motives are; the scrutineers check the tickets, and in the event of the successful candidate consenting, announce him elected and the conclave closed; the two chief Cardinal-deacons then lead the Pope behind the altar and clothe him in Pontifical robes, and he chooses the name of one of his predecessors, by which henceforward he is called. The canopies are lowered over the seats occupied by the Cardinals; the Pope takes the vacant throne which has stood empty beside the altar; and he who was till just now a mortal, as fallible as other mortals, receives, as a god, the homage of his former equals; for it is allowed the Cardinals to perform the *first act of adoration.*

Instead of seeing the smoke of the burning ballot papers issue from the chapel, the crowd without hears the mason's hammer, as he breaks open the walled-up window leading to the open balcony, that the Cardinal Dean may present the new Pope to the people, which is done in the following words: "I give you tidings of great joy; we have, as Pope, the most eminent and reverend Lord ——, Cardinal of ——, who has assumed the name of ——."*

At once, when the election takes place in the Vatican, the conclave adjourns to the Sistine Chapel, where the *second act of adoration* is performed; and thence the Pope is carried on the *sedes gestatoria* to St. Peter's, where, seated on the grand altar, the *third act of adoration* is rendered, now not by the Cardinals only, but also by the representatives of the Catholic Powers. When the election takes place in the Quirinal, these ceremonies are postponed till the next day.

But the great public installation of the Pope is usually reserved for the Sunday following. Then he performs his first pontifical mass, and is publicly crowned with the tiara. Rather than give a dull list of these impressive ceremonies, we shall again borrow from Cardinal Wiseman. He was a student at the English College in Rome, and, though he would perhaps have looked on such a scene more prosaically in later life, we may credit the description and comments, as being the recollections of an enthusiastic youth, with the stamp of perfect sincerity.

The Pope whose installation he witnessed in 1823, was Cardinal Genga, who assumed the title of Leo XII.

"His election took place on the 28th of September, after a short conclave of twenty-five days. On the 5th of October the imposing ceremony of Leo's coronation took place. For the first time I witnessed pontifical high mass in St. Peter's. All was new; the ceremony, the circumstances, the person. As has been before observed, the infirmities of Pius VII. had prevented him from officiating solemnly; so that many of us, who had already passed several years in Rome, had not witnessed the grandest of pontifical functions. But strange to say, though some of our body had shortly before received holy orders from his hands (the new Pope's) in his private oratory, as I had not enjoyed that privilege the countenance from which later I received so many benign looks was all but new to me. And the peculiar moment in which he stands painted, clear as an old picture, in my memory, was one which can only be once passed in each pontificate.

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* Although it is a well-known fact that a Pope on his accession takes a new name, by usage one already in the catalogue of his predecessors, it is not so generally known that in the signature to the originals of Bulls, he retains his original Christian name. Thus the Pope signs "John" at the foot of the most important ecclesiastical documents. The form is "Placet Joannes."—Cardinal Wiseman: Note to "Recollections of Leo XII.

"As the procession was slowly advancing towards the high altar of the Vatican basilica, it suddenly paused, and I was but a few feet from the chair of state, on which, for the first time, the Pontiff was borne. No other court could present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle.

"In the very centre of the sublimest building on earth, there stood around a circle of officers, nobles, princes and ambassadors, in their dazzling costumes, and within these the highest dignitaries of religion on earth, bishops and patriarchs of the western and of the eastern churches, with the Sacred College in their embroidered robes, crowned by heads which an artist might have rejoiced to study, and which claimed reverence from every beholder. But, rising on his throne above them, was he whom they had raised there, in spite of tears and remonstrances. Surely, if a life of severe discipline, of constant suffering, and of long seclusion had not sufficed to extinguish ambition in his breast, his present position was calculated naturally to arouse it. If ever in his life there could be an instant of fierce temptation to self-applause, this might be considered the one.

"And wherefore this pause in the triumphant procession towards the altar, over the Apostle's tomb and to the throne beyond it? It is to check the rising of any such feeling, if it present itself, and to secure an antidote to any sweet draught which humanity may offer, that so the altar may be approached in humility, and the throne occupied in meekness. A clerk of the Papal chapel holds upright before him a reed, surmounted by a handful of flax. This is lighted: it flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its thin ashes fall at the Pontiff's feet, as the chaplain, in a bold, sonorous voice, shouts aloud, '*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*;' ('Holy Father, thus passeth away the world's glory!') Three times is this impressive rite performed in that procession, as though to counteract the earthly influences of a triple crown.

"The Pope, pale and languid, seemed to bend his head, not in acquiescence merely, but as though in testimony to that solemn declaration; like one who could already give it the evidence of experience. That look, which had been fixed with a mild earnest gaze upon the smoking flax, swept over the crowd as the procession moved on; and I should doubt if one eye which it met did not droop its lid in reverence, or feel dim before the brighter fire that beamed on it. This was at least the expression which actual experience in that moment suggested.

"But besides these pleasing characteristics, there was another which admirably became his exalted position. This was a peculiar dignity and gracefulness, natural and simple, in his movements, especially in ecclesiastical functions. And then his countenance glowed with a fervent look of deep devotion, as though his entire being were immersed in the solemn rite on which he was intent, and saw, and heard, and felt nought else.

"There were two portions of the sacred function to which I have alluded, that displayed these two gifts, immeasurably indeed, removed as they are from one another in quality, but most admirably harmonizing when combined. The first of these acts was the communion at that, his first pontitical celebration, and the first at all witnessed by many. It is not easy to describe this touching and overawing ceremonial to one who has never witnessed it. The person who has once seen it with attention and intelligence needs no description. He can never forget it

"In St. Peter's, as in all ancient churches, the high altar stands in the centre, so as to form the point from which nave, aisle and chancel radiate or branch. Moreover, the altar has its face to the chancel, and its back to the front door of the church. Consequently the choir is before the altar, though, according to modern arrangements, it would look behind it. The papal throne is erected opposite the altar, that is, it forms the farthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is simple and lofty, ascended by several steps, on which are grouped or seated the Pontiff's attendants. On either side, wide apart, at nearly the breadth of the nave, are benches on which assist the order of cardinals, bishops and priests, on one side, and deacons on the other, with bishops and prelates behind them, and then between them and the altar two lines of the splendid noble guard,, forming a hedge to multitudes as varied in class and clan as were the visitors at Jerusalem at the first Christian Whitsuntide. Then beyond rises, truly grand, the altar, surmounted by its sumptuous canopy, which at any other time would lead the eye upwards to the interior of St. Peter's peerless crown, the dome, hanging as if from heaven over his tomb. But not now. At the moment to which we are alluding, it is the altar which rivets, which concentrates all attention. On its highest step, turned towards the people, has just stood the Pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, whose widening ranks descend to the lowest step, forming a pyramid of rich and varied materials, but moving, living and acting with unstudied ease. Now in a moment it is deserted. The High Priest, with all his attendants, has retired to his throne, and the altar stands in its noble simplicity, apparently abandoned by its dignified servants.

"The cardinal-deacon advances to the front of the altar, thence takes the paten, elevates it, and then deposits it on a rich veil, hung round the neck of the kneeling sub-deacon, who bears it to the throne. Then he himself elevates, turning from side to side, the jewelled chalice, and with it raised on high, descends the steps of the altar, and slowly and solemnly bears it along the space between altar and throne. A crash is heard of swords lowered to the ground, and their scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the guards fall on one knee, and the multitudes bow down in humble adoration of Him whom they believe to be passing by.

"After this the Pontiff was borne to the *loggia*, or balcony, above the door of St. Peter's, and the triple crown was placed upon his head by the Cardinal-Dean, the venerable Pacca. He then stood up to give his first solemn benediction to the multitudes assembled below. As he rose to his full height, raised his eyes and extended his arms, then joining his hands, stretched forth his right hand and blessed, nothing could exceed the beauty and nobleness of every motion and of every act. Earnest and from the heart, paternal and royal at once, seemed that action, which indeed was far more; for every Catholic there—and there were few else—received it as the first exercise in his favour of Vicarial power, from Him whose hands alone essentially contain 'benediction and glory, honour and power.'"

Many quaint ceremonies are introduced during these great functions: and in these, as in all public appearances of the Pope, an observer cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance of the group, of which the Pope, raised aloft on his throne and accompanied by his fan-bearers, form the central figure, to the famous royal procession of the Pharaohs, depicted on the walls of the temple-palace of Midumt-Habon. The ceremonials of the Roman Church may, some of them, have been borrowed directly from the Egyptians, for the worship of Isis and of other members of the Egyptian Pantheon was still popular in Italy during the impressionable age of the early Church, while it was losing the extreme simplicity of its more primitive forms. But through another channel the Egyptian ritual may have reached it; for seeing how largely it has drawn from Judaism, in matters more essential far than forms, it is not unlikely that the pageantry of Oriential and Egyptian worship may have reached the Church through the medium of the Jewish service—itself modelled in many particulars on still older rituals.

After the mass, so vividly described by Cardinal Wiseman, the cardinal arch-priests of St. Peter's present the Pontiff with a purse, containing twenty-five *julis*, an old Italian coin, "for having performed mass well;" but the Pope rewards with them the two cardinal-deacons who chanted the Gospels; and they distribute them to their train-bearers.

At the coronation, the form of words used when the triple crown is placed upon his head expresses the supreme power over all on earth, which the Popes have always more or less emphatically, and the reigning Pontiff most emphatically, arrogated to themselves. "Receive this tiara, composed of three crowns, and know that you are the father of princes and of kings, the ruler of the universe, and the Vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The last of the installation ceremonies is the taking possession of the church of St. John Lateran, the metropolitan church not of Rome only, but of the world. Formerly the Pope and cardinals traversed in procession the whole city, attended by the foreign ambassadors, the Roman nobility, and the civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities. The procession first stopped at the Capitol, where the senators delivered to the Pope the keys *in campo*. In passing through the Colosseum, the Jews, on bended knee, used to meet the Pope and present him with a copy of the Pentateuch, in return for which the Pope read them a homily on their errors, which they had to listen to in silence. But the procession has gradually dwindled to a very paltry show. The present Pope was anxious to revive it in somewhat of its pristine magnificence, but he could not persuade the cardinals to mount on horseback.

As we promised, we shall not attempt to guess how far the forms heretofore used will be departed from on the death of the present occupant of St. Peter's chair. That they cannot be followed in every particular is certain; that the Italian government will object to the public assumption by the Pope of powers which it has stripped him of, there can be no doubt; and that the Pope, to prevent the interference of the civil power at the next election, which some say is contemplated, may have used the power vested in him, under the peculiar exigencies of the case, to alter the place and manner of election, is not at all improbable.

The death of the reigning Pontiff will surely be the signal for a struggle between the supporters of ultramontanism, as expressed in the Syllabus and the decrees of the last Vatican Council, and those within and without the Church who would wish to see it directing modern thought and progress, instead of blindly attempting to arrest them. Both sides will use all the machinery at their command for carrying their point; but how the struggle will terminate no one can say. The issue of the Vatican Council shows how much stronger is ecclesiastical and class feeling than even principle, and should check the hasty assumption that, because the world at large is going in one direction, and many of the most influential and intelligent of the clergy to all appearance going with it, therefore the Church will take the same direction; and that these same clergy, when the interests of their order come to be opposed to their principles, will obey their principles.

J. D.

SUNBEAMS IN THE WOOD.

(From Frances Havergal's "Ministry of Song.")

MARK ye not the sunbeams glancing
  Through the cool green shade,
On the waving fern leaves dancing,
  In the quiet glade?

See you how they change and quiver
  Where the broad oaks rise,
Rippling like a golden river
  From their fountain skies?

On the grey old timber resting
  Like a sleeping dove,
Like a fairy grandchild nestling
  In an old man's love.

On the dusty pathway tracing
  Arabesques with golden style:
Light and shadow interlacing,
  Like a tearful smile.

Many a hidden leaf revealing,
  Many an unseen flower;
Like a maiden lightly stealing
  Past each secret bower.

Oh! how beautiful they make it
  Everywhere they fall;
Sunbeams! why will ye forsake it
  At pale Evening's call?

In the arching thickets linger,
  In the woodland aisle,
Gilding them with trembling finger,
  Yet a little while.

Then, your last calm radiance pouring,
  Bid the earth good night;
Like a sainted spirit soaring
  To a home of light.

THE HEAD WATERS OF CAYUGA LAKE.

WE are in the midst of the season in which the merchant, the lawyer, and all who labour with the brain, except that hapless galley-slave the physician, turn for refreshment from the office to nature. Not much in the way of beautiful scenery is within the easy reach of the Upper Canadian; but he has Niagara, and a short and pleasant journey beyond Niagara brings him to a district little known on this side of the line, but well worth a visit. It is the district round the heads of Seneca and Cayuga Lakes, the two long and narrow lakes which lie close and parallel to each other, with their heads to the south, and their feet not far from the southern shore of Lake Ontario. The old New York Central Line from Rochester carries you past Clifton Springs—a place to which Canadians not unfrequently resort—to Geneva, at the foot of Seneca Lake, and Cayuga, at the foot of the lake of the same name. There are steamboats on the lakes, and a railroad is about to be opened along the western shore of Cayuga.

The hills round the heads of the two lakes are high, though not bold in outline. They form the northern edge of the Devonian plateau of the State of New York. Streams coursing down them, through geologic ages, to the Silurian plain which stretches northward to Ontario, have worn in the shale deep and narrow ravines or cañons, which, with frequent waterfalls, form the beauties and wonders of the district. The beds of the two lakes, and those of other neighbouring lakes of similar form and running in the same direction, are supposed to have been river valleys dammed up in a subsequent geologic period by the action of glaciers. It is thought that in primeval times the shores must have presented to the trilobite in search of the picturesque a varied and romantic scene of gorges and precipices; but the grinding of the glacier has levelled or rounded everything with despotic force; and the shores now present, as you float between them, a series of gentle slopes of remarkable fertility, so highly cultivated as to remind an Englishman of the soft and finished landscape of old England, and dotted with pretty villages, of which Aurora, with the handsome buildings of Mr. Wells' college for ladies rising above it, is the prettiest.

The finest and most wonderful of the cañons are those of Watkins and Havana, at the head of Seneca Lake. But Ithaca, at the head of Cayuga Lake, boasts a very striking gorge, called Fall Creek, with a magnificent waterfall; and besides this, Buttermilk, an oblique fall of great beauty, the Gorge of Enfield, and some minor points of attraction. About nine miles down the Lake, and not far from the village of Trumansburg, is the ravine of Taughannoch, with a perpendicular waterfall, not of great volume, but two hundred feet high, for which, when it is full of water (unfortunately a rather rare occurrence, as the watershed is not far off), it would not be easy to find a peer. A single hotel stands on the edge of the cliff at the best point of view; but otherwise solitude still reigns in the beautiful ravine of Taughannoch, and the silence is broken only by the falling waters and the whispering of the pines. In all these ravines the botanist may find a feast of science, and the unscientific may find a feast of wild-flowers. Gorgeous butterflies also abound.

The valley of Ithaca, receding far into the hills, has a soft beauty of its own; while in the foreground lies the little town, spreading with its white houses from the plain at the head of the lake, at the hillsides, and embosomed in the trees planted along all the streets, which are so pleasant a feature of American towns.

The village, before the foundation of the Cornell University, subsisted by its trade with the rich agricultural district which surrounds it. It has, however, some works, and a manufacture of ingenious clocks, which, by a very simple mechanism, tell the year, the day of the month and the day of the week, keeping themselves right in Leap-year. Hitherto Ithaca has been secluded and difficult of access, but the development of railroads is now connecting it with the coal country of Pennsylvania, and inspiring hopes of a great commercial future.

The tourist has no leisure for social or political observation. But a knowledge of the United States is very superficial and very misleading which does not include these little country towns and the farms by which they are surrounded. Here are the sinews of the national character; here are the pillars of the national institutions; here is the solid and permanent wealth of the nation; here is honest intelligence and genuine patriotism; here are those remedial forces, too seldom exerted, which save the country from Tammany, Washington, the New York Gold Room, and the New York *Herald*.

Ithaca reveres as a second founder Ezra Cornell; but its Romulus was Simeon de Witt. The classical allusion is not out of place, for the great man has left monuments of his predilection for republican antiquity, not only in the name of his own town, but in those of many places in the surrounding district—Cicero, Tully (we hope Tully was not taken to be a different person from Cicero), Ulysses, Pompey, Ovid, Virgil, Marcellus, Camillus, Utica, Syracuse, Rome. Cornell University has reason to rejoice that it is at Ithaca, not at Ulysses, or, what would be still worse, at Pompey. We forbear to make use of this tempting text for a sermon, much needed in Canada as well as in the States, on the naming of places, a minor but not wholly unimportant element in the formation of national taste. We will content ourselves with one passing remark. The English language has an abundance of suffixes for the names of places—*ton*, *by*, *borough*, *burgh*, *minster*, *bury*, *hill*, *dale*, *del*, *dene*, *vale*, *bourne*, *fell*, *field*, *hurst*, *combe*, *water*, *mere*—familiar and musical to the English ear, among which an appropriate choice may always be made. But the suffix *ville* is admissible only in the case of *Snobville.*

At the foot of a bluff to the east of the town, and near the great waterfall, stood till yesterday, in its pristine humility, a cottage which in former days was the abode of Ezra Cornell, then a poor man in the ranks of labour. On the hill immediately above rise the ample buildings of the Cornell University, founded by Ezra Cornell, the millionaire. An Italian novelist has said that there is no pleasure so exquisite as that of being great in the place where you once were little.

The University stands on a hill which rises about 400 feet above the town, as any one who has climbed it, if he is not a member of the Alpine Club, will have cause to remember. The site is magnificent, but the buildings are hardly worthy of the site. They are cast in the fatal mould which seems to have recommended itself as the most austere to the Puritan founders of New England colleges, that of a rectangular block very like a cotton factory. In the case of Cornell there are three of these blocks in a line, less bare and grim it is true than the blocks of some other colleges, and with a tower in the centre, which, however, fails to produce much effect, being far too small in proportion to the whole façade. The central block, which contains the library, is the gift of Mr. McGraw, a wealthy citizen of Ithaca, and the chimes which sound from its tower, telling of Universities beyond the sea, are the gift of his daughter. Around are already seen the munificent works of other benefactors, attracted to the central benefaction of Mr. Cornell. The large stone edifice for the use of the college of mechanic arts, which stands on the north of the *campus*, was built and equipped by Mr. Sibley, of Rochester. A President's house, on a scale bespeaking a splendid trust and sumptuous hospitalities, has been erected and secured to his successors by the first President, Andrew D. White. In course of erection is a ladies' college, the donation of Mr. Sage, a benevolent and generous millionaire, who does not believe in President Eliot's doctrine that sex deeply penetrates intellect, but has persuaded himself that every woman is capable, under proper culture, of becoming what the Woman's Rights' advocate, Miss Becker, calls a female man. The hill is crowned with evidences of the fact that in a country where there are no peerages or baronetcies, rich men, if they wish to enjoy any honour above that of wealth, are compelled to seek a place in the peerage of munificence, and instead of founding families to found institutions.

The site of the buildings was but yesterday a bare hill-side, as little conscious of its destiny as the apple-tree that was to teach Newton. Many things, therefore, are provisional or incomplete. Chemistry dwells in a very unsightly house of wood, which she will, no doubt, soon scientifically burn down and replace with a worthier mansion. The library and collections are in their infancy, but they grow rapidly, and the library is already one of great value.

The history of the Cornell University is this. Congress granted to each of the States an amount of landscrip, proportional to its population, for the advancement of agriculture and practical science. In most of the States the grant was frittered or jobbed away. New York was on the point of dividing hers among a number of those petty local institutions which in the United States are the bloodsuckers of the higher education. Ezra Cornell, who had now become wealthy by telegraphic enterprise, and desired to use his wealth for the good of his kind, stepped in and offered, if the State, instead of scattering the grant, would concentrate it in one worthy institution, to add half a million of dollars to the fund. His adviser and coadjutor was Andrew D. White, now President of the University, and then a member of the State Senate, a wealthy gentleman of Syracuse, highly cultivated and endowed with great literary ability, who deserves to share with Mr. Cornell the honour of the foundation, since he has sacrificed to it not only a portion of his wealth, but, what must have cost him far more dear, the time which he would otherwise have given to literary pursuits, and, in addition, has undergone labour which, with everything to create and organise, could not fail to be often of the most irksome and trying kind. Most of the States sold their scrip, and, as the market was glutted, at a low price ; Mr. Cornell located that of New York, which was consigned to his management, on pine lands, mainly in Wisconsin, which have greatly risen and are still rapidly rising in value, so that the endowment of the University is likely in the end to be very large.

Mr. Cornell, though not destitute of good counsellors, has theories of his own ; and theories respecting matters of which a man has had no experience, particularly when they are matters so special and complicated as University education, are very likely to be crude. Mistakes have probably been committed ; perhaps the choice of so secluded a place as Ithaca then was, and one so destitute of conveniences and attractions for learned and scientific men, was in itself unfortunate, and entailed serious difficulties and dangers on the foundation. But the charges which have lately been made against Mr. Cornell, and which, in the general atmosphere of suspicion generated by recent disclosures the ignorant public is half inclined to credit, of corrupt self-seeking and of fraudulent dealings with the College lands, are destitute of the slightest shadow of foundation, as the result of the searching enquiry which Mr. Cornell has challenged will most surely prove. They emanate partly from the vindictive rancour of local institutions which were disappointed of their prey ; partly from denominational hatred of an undenominational University ; partly from that general spirit of envy and detraction which is the bane of American character, and mingles largely in the worst actions both of individual Americans and of the nation. The indictment is, in fact, absurd upon the face of it, since it charges Mr. Cornell with having gone through a tortuous process of hypocritical swindling to obtain at five dollars an acre, (to which his management has raised the price of the University lands,) that of which he might undoubtedly have bought as much as he pleased in open market at sixty cents. A good deal of glittering metal has of late been proved to be base. No man's metal is without alloy ; but Mr. Cornell's, when the touchstone is applied to it, will be proved to be gold.

The University was compelled to open before it was ready, by a clause in the Charter fixing the day, which could not be amended without again running the gauntlet of the State Legislature, and incurring afresh the danger of being blackmailed, by local institutions. But having opened, it at once made one of those rushes into the future to which the American temperament is prone, and which sometimes leave their traces in tenantless buildings, the melancholy monuments of extinct enthusiasm, and halls from which the soul of rhetoric has fled. Cornell University is too solid, financially and in other respects, to fear such a fate; but its attempt to run full blast before it had got its coal, the greater part of the endowment not having yet come in, inevitably produced a certain amount of disappointment and depression. The programme, according to which the University is made up of a number of "Colleges," teaching in groups all the higher subjects of education, is still in some measure apocalyptic, adequate means for the payment of such a body of teachers not having yet come in. The department of practical science, however, is thoroughly effective and very successful. Perhaps the thorough recognition of this department, not merely as a subordinate appendage in an uncovenanted and half-pariah condition, but as an integral part of the University in an industrial country, coequal with the old departments of classics and mathematics, and entitled to the same honours, is the most important and the most successful of the innovations connected with this youngest and, as is supposed, most revolutionary of Universities. Cornell has been taunted with being a bread-and-butter University; but it may bear the taunt with resignation so long as it can retain a firm hold on the confidence of an industrial people, and at the same time, by domiciling the future chiefs of industry in a place dedicated to general education, bring them, in some degree at least, within the range of a more liberal culture, and of tastes and associations which cannot fail to open their minds, and to render them, when they shall have attained wealth and power, better leaders of society and better rulers of the country.

Another innovation, which may be said to be both important and successful, is the extension of the elective system and the admission of special courses, in accordance with the President's principle, "that mental food which the student craves, and on which he thrives, is better than that which he rejects and on which he languishes." Approbation, however, should never be bestowed on the elective system without the qualifying remark that whatever subjects the student may choose, he ought to be compelled to go through a course of thorough and connected study. Desultory and capricious dipping into a score of different subjects will produce neither any knowledge worthy of the name, nor any of the mental power which is a still more valuable fruit of University training.

An innovation, very important but by no means successful, is the admission of a common school education as a sufficient qualification for entrance to the University. Perhaps this was a necessary consequence of the destination in favour of agriculture and practical science impressed by Congress on the original grant. But it has laid the University open, not without some colour of justice, to the charge of lowering the standard of University education. Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that there is anything liberal or progressive in bringing youths to a University without due preparation, and thus either making the students waste their time in listening to lectures by which they are incapable of profiting, or compelling the professor to descend from his proper duties to those of the master of a high school in order to supply the omission of proper rudimentary instruction. As well might we call it an improvement in industry to make the mechanic leap from the lowest to the highest part of his trade. Good secondary education, as a preparation for the Universities, is precisely the thing of which America stands most in need. The authorities of Cornell, however, keep the entrance examination as high as the charter will permit, and they are strict in exacting what is required, as young gentlemen who dislike the strait gate, and go to Cornell in quest of a broad one, will be disappointed to find.

Of all the special characteristics of Cornell University, however, the one which most attracted public attention, and perhaps the dearest to the heart of the founder, was the projected union of manual labour with University studies. This seemed to open a new door to the toiling millions, and to lay an easy bridge over the chasm which separates those who work with the hand from those who work with the brain. It appealed to ambition in the heart of many a young mechanic, especially in England, where class divisions are gallingly hard; and some moths, we believe, singed their wings in the candle which seemed set upon the hill of Ithaca to guide them from the dulness of industrial servitude to an easier and more brilliant lot. The Labour Corps still exists and includes a few students; but in the main the scheme must be said to have failed. Almost all men, especially in youth, after a certain amount of work, require real recreation; it is not enough merely to pass to a different kind of work. To put the same thing into other words, intellectual and manual labour both draw upon the same fund of nervous energy, which when exhausted by one will not supply force for the other. To take a student from his book for the purpose of setting him to manual labour would plainly be as absurd, in an economical point of view, as to make a watchmaker or a bookbinder spend half the day at the plough. Horace Greeley among other sage notions fancied, or for campaign purposes pretended to fancy, that no one could be a useful or worthy member of society who did not till the ground with his own hands. He was in the habit of speaking of men trained at college for the intellectual callings, as drones incapable of making a livelihood, forgetting that the stricture might be applied with equal justice to the printers in his own office. It is idle to argue against palpable nonsense. A few youths, however, uniting an extraordinary degree of bodily vigour with mental ambition at Cornell University do pay their way, wholly or in part, by manual labour; and it is pleasant to observe that the success of such students is welcomed with loud and evidently sincere acclamations by their fellows. Nor can a special feeling towards labour fail to exist in a University where a notice is posted by the president before the summer vacation, announcing that students who desire it can be supplied with employment in tending masons. The same influence has probably helped to preserve Cornell University from the incursion of idle wealth, the pest of more fashionable Universities, and the despair of their teachers and rulers. In fact Cornell, if it is not in the sense desired by its founder a University of labour, is a University of the poor. In no place of high education, probably—in none, at least, in England or America—can frugality and self-denial be practised with so little annoyance from the social contempt and ridicule which, as the Roman satirist justly remarked, are the real sting of poverty.

It is less easy to trace to its source another moral peculiarity of Cornell University by which a foreigner, at all events, is agreeably impressed. American nationality, in spite, or perhaps we should say in consequence, of its recent origin and of its heterogeneous character, is the narrowest and most intolerant of all. Notwithstanding the torrents of philanthropic and humanitarian sentiment which pour from a thousand platforms, a Spaniard is a cosmopolite compared with a New Englander. We hope we shall not do an injury to Cornell University by betraying the fact that, whether owing to something in the character of its founder and its first president, or to the circumstances of the foundation, it is the seat of a more liberal spirit, and not only professes to be, but really is, in an especial manner, dedicated to the service of humanity.

The University is charged by its assailants with not doing enough for the promotion of agriculture, which we have already mentioned as one of the objects specially contemplated by Congress in the original grant. The model farm feels, like most of the departments, the want of funds; the endowment being still locked up, to a great extent, in land which is at present not only unproductive, but a source of expenditure in the payment of taxes. It will no doubt make a better appearance hereafter. But the functions of a University in connection with agriculture are probably best performed by the cultivation of practical science, which, as has been said, is the strong point of Cornell University. Even in England, the land of scientific farming, agricultural colleges have not been very successful. The young farmer, once transferred to a college, no matter of what kind, seldom, we suspect, goes back to the hard and rough work of the farm. The Veterinary Department at Cornell is, we believe, already in a satisfactory state; and it may at least claim the merit of having brought into the country, as its professor, a veterinary surgeon of eminent skill, the good effects of whose presence are already felt over the surrounding district, and perhaps over a still wider sphere.

By direction of the State, acting under the influence of alarm at the unprepared condition in which the late war found the country, all the students of Cornell are compelled to go through military drill. But the peaceful neighbours of the Republic will be relieved by learning that no uncontrollable passion for soldiering is displayed; on the contrary, the drill is regarded by the mass of the students as an intolerable bore.

Cornell University, being a State institution, is by law undenominational; and as religion, under our present circumstances, must be the religion of some denomination, the University cannot teach religion without breaking the law. This is its sufficient answer to all who assail it on that ground. Irreligious it is not, any more than any other University, or any section of society, in an age in which scepticism can hardly be kept out even by the bars and bolts of a Jesuit College. It is served, and conscientiously served, by men no more indifferent to religious truth than the editor of any religious newspaper in the world; but who think, no doubt, that the interest of religion is best promoted, not by seceding into impotence, but by exhibiting the religious character in the active performance of duty to the community, under such conditions as may be required by the circumstances of the time. The University has, however, accepted from a religious benefactor, as zealous as the critics and somewhat kinder, the gift of a church, in which selected ministers of all the different denominations, if they can be obtained, are to preach in turn during the University year. It is to be hoped the preachers will confine themselves to the practical parts of religion. If they severally preach their peculiar doctrines, the result will be a theological thaumatrope, in which, to the dazed vision of the student, the dogmas of the Arminian will appear superimposed on those of the Calvinist, and those of the High Churchman or those on the Low Churchman, as in the thaumatrope, when it whirls round, the monkey seems to be leaping on the back of the goat.

The members of the University, at first inflated to more than six hundred, have now subsided to less than five hundred, a load probably as heavy as its present financial strength can well bear. Its founder is supposed to have visions of thousands of students of both sexes thronging his lecture halls. But such a consummation, if it were possible, would be most undesirable. The market is limited for the callings of graduates as well as for other callings; and if the number of graduates could be increased without limit, the only result would be a multitude of paupers, or perhaps of sharpers, such as would by no means reflect honour on a founder's name. In fact, benevolence in general needs a caution on this subject. In barbarous times it was necessary to bribe people to intellectual pursuits; and lavish endowments for the higher education were then in season: but in an age somewhat over-intellectual, and in which there is a growing tendency to desert the farm for the city, it would almost be more politic to bribe people to manual labour.

The falling off in the numbers of the University coincided, and was by some thought to be connected, with its plunge into Co-education. Apart from any objections to the particular scheme, a University recently founded, and with its reputation still to win, cannot afford to be opening its gates to every hobby, even when admission is purchased by a golden fee. Its older and stronger competitors will be sure to adopt any improvement which has a settled public opinion in its favour, as they have done in legislating to meet the established claims of physical science; and a University which, in advance of public opinion, offers itself as the *corpus vile* for experiments, will certainly forfeit public confidence. The supreme power in American Universities is vested, not in the Faculty, but in the Trustees; and if the Trustees are active-minded and philanthropic men, the result is rather apt to be the same as it would be if a body of college professors were to undertake to manage a railway.

In its general character, Cornell belongs to the ordinary American type, and offers the usual points of contrast with English and German universities. The teaching is carried on entirely by lectures and class recitations. Those who are accustomed to the English system miss the personal superintendence and assistance to which the student owes so much in a good English college. But much intercourse between the teacher and the pupil is scarcely possible in any university where the professors live with their families in houses of their own, and meet the students only in the lecture hall. The college tutor in England lives in the college building with the students. This advantage, however, is purchased by the retention of the old monastic rule of celibacy, which, besides its hardship and its incongruity with Protestant feelings and modern institutions, precludes the permanent devotion of the tutor to the calling of education, and compels him, when he wants to settle in life, to banish himself from his proper sphere to the uncongenial atmosphere of a country living, where the best of teachers too often becomes the worst of parsons.

Cornell differs, however, from other American universities, and from all other universities so far as we know, in having, besides the resident staff of regular instructors, a body of non-resident professors, each of whom delivers one course of lectures in the year. The advantages of this plan are obvious; besides the additional knowledge which may be imparted, it brings the student into contact with some of the eminent men of the time, and stimulates his interest in the studies of which they are recognized representatives, and as it were living embodiments. Its disadvantages are a tendency, if the students are not well prepared for the highest teaching, to fill their minds with an empty conceit of knowledge, and the risk which it involves of throwing into the shade and disparaging the ordinary instruction. But the advantages seem to preponderate.

As the students of Cornell are mainly youths who have their bread to earn, and come with the purpose of learning how to earn it, the average of industry among them is probably higher than among the students of other American universities, and certainly higher than it is among the students of the aristocratic universities of England. On the other hand, an American university, we suspect, seldom gets out of its best students so much work as is got out of the best students of Oxford and Cambridge by the high-pressure system of competition and the lavish use of prizes. Whether the race has the same power of sustained labour at any period of life in the climate of this continent which it has in its native seat, appears to be doubtful; but the question is too wide to be discussed here.

Classics and mathematics, especially the former, are not carried nearly so high in the American universities as in the English. The American students are somewhat younger, but they also come far less highly prepared.

A few of the students at Cornell live in a boarding-house belonging to the college. But the mass of them board at private houses in the town. This system, besides its freedom, is obviously the best for the poorer student, who can thus practise frugality in his own way. An Oxford or Cambridge man might fancy that it would be fatal to discipline; and the Oxford Convocation used to be incessantly entertained by Dr. Pusey with monkish threnodies on the immorality of private lodging-houses. But no ill result, we believe, has followed at Cornell, nor have the citizens of Ithaca ever had serious reason to find fault with the conduct of the student portion of the population. A certain amount of moral supervision is exercised by the authorities of the university, but in the main they are content to accept as proofs of the student's morality the certificates of his industry, which are strictly exacted under penalty of dismissal. Whatever the fact may be with regard to American homes, it would be a mistake to think that in American universities authority shrinks from making itself felt. On the contrary, it sometimes makes itself felt with a vigour rather surprising to those whose ideas of discipline have been formed in an English college.

It would be almost hopeless, even if our space permitted, to attempt a description of student life in any university. The features of it upon which the writers of popular works, such as "Verdant Green," have naturally fixed, and with which, almost exclusively, the general public has been made familiar, are the worst features. To the uninitiated it appears a coarse elysium of idle sports, noisy supper parties and practical jokes. Its real interest and romance—the toils and efforts of the industrious student, the fresh thirst of knowledge, the eager ambition, the aspirations and visions of youthful intellect, the development of character, the interchange of ideas, the ardent friendships—furnish no matter for the roaring scenes of a sensation novel. We are sorry that we have not at hand a number of the *Cornell Era*, which contained some extracts from the private diary of a deceased student. The picture of conscientious self-training and high moral aims which it presented might qualify some of the notions derived from "Verdant Green."

Boys, however, are boys everywhere. While Christ-church students screw up the doors of tutors, duck unpopular fellow-students in "Mercury," or, in a still higher mood of frolicsome humour, burn statues in the quadrangle, Cornell students pull off gates on Halloween, indulge in "rushes" or tussling matches between class and class, and play practical jokes under the name of "hazing" upon Freshmen. The spirit of mischief has its consecrated abode among the Sophomores, or students of one year's standing, while the freshmen are of course the established butts. "Rushes" are sometimes caused by a defiance on the part of some Freshmen of the Sophomore rules which forbid a Freshman to wear a stovepipe hat or carry a cane. The "hazing" in the older colleges is, or used to be, carried to a serious extent. The author of "Four Years at Yale" thus describes it in his college:—"*Hazing* * * signifies among Yale men the punishment of those who have become personally obnoxious to the Sophomores. It is a more deliberate and cold-blooded thing than smoking out, in which the participants do not, certainly at the outset, entertain any feelings of revenge or malice toward their victim. The one thing naturally leads to the other, however, and a subject for smoking out who shows fight, and perhaps gets the better of his entertainers, may be marked for more elaborate and formal attentions. A Fresh who is notably loud and defiant in his bearing, who takes pains to hurl contempt upon his natural rulers, who returns an "Oh! Soph!" for every "Oh! Fresh!" more than all, who tells tales to the Faculty, is thought a proper subject for bringing down. The self-appointed committee who are to carry out this process manage to entrap their man in a close carriage—and this, by means of disguises and other deceptions, is not usually a very difficult matter—when he is gagged, blindfolded and rendered powerless. They then drive off to the appointed rendezvous, some desolate locality like East or West Rock, where others are perhaps awaiting them. The indignities here inflicted depend upon the ingenuity of the torturers and the extent of their dislike for the victim. The cutting off of his hair is the commonest device. Perhaps they mark upon his cheek the numeral of his class, employing for the purpose some chemical that will remain for several days indelible; or strip him and smear his naked body with paint; or pour cold water upon him; finally leaving him half clothed, with a gag in his mouth perhaps, and his hands bound behind him, to find his way back to the city; or possibly dropping him, in this plight, within the walls of the cemetery, where he would probably have to stay until the opening of the gates in the morning.' It is not surprising that such horse-play as this should have led, as we believe it did, more than once, to fatal consequences. We think, however, we may confidently assure the trembling Freshman that "hazing" is reduced to its minimum, if the determined efforts of the authorities have not altogether extirpated it, at Cornell.

The great game is base-ball. To keep cricket-fields green through the burning summer of this country is almost impossible; and besides, cricket is too long a game for the American, especially when batting is so scientific that the siege of the wickets becomes almost as tedious as the siege of Troy. Since the Oxford and Harvard race a great impulse has been given to boating at Cornell as well as in the other universities, though Cayuga Lake, being subject to sudden squalls, is not very favourable to rowing in paper shells; and the *Cornelian* gives an imposing catalogue of the Cornell "Navy." The Tom Hughes Club is the possessor of a Challenge Cup given by that illustrious athlete, who visited the university and satisfied everybody that he was the real Tom Brown. So great is the excitement that there is some reason to fear lest, in the universities of the United States as in those of England, what was once a rational and manly exercise should degenerate into a silly and pestilent mania, completely drawing away the student from his proper duties, and even perverting his ideal of character and aim in life.

One of the most amusing features in American university life is the early development of political habits among the young citizens and future legislators of the Republic. The officers of each class—its President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Orator, Essayist, Poet, Prophet, Historian, Toastmaster and Marshal—are elected with an apparatus of tickets and ballot-boxes, and with a process of wire-pulling, caucusing, log-rolling and pipe-laying which, when compared with the importance of the offices, remarkably show the strength and precocity of the campaigning instinct. Still more keen and exciting is the contest for the editorship of the college newspaper, which, in the case of the *Cornell Era*, is in the hands of five members of the Junior or third-year class. He who has succeeded in steering his way to the editorship need despair of nothing within the reach of political science.

It is an excellent institution, that college journal, under responsible editors, and a useful medium of communication between the students and the Faculty. The *Cornell Era* is invariably loyal to the university and respectful to its authorities, while it sometimes brings before them in a good-humoured way the wants and grievances of the students. Members of the Faculty often contribute to its literary columns, from which we have more than once taken the liberty of transferring a contribution to our own pages.

In the elections, and in the whole political and social life of the American universities, the "Secret Societies" play a momentous part. A foreigner arriving at an American university is startled at hearing that it is full of secret societies, and fancies that the Faculty must be slumbering on the edge of a volcano, an impression in which he is likely to be confirmed on seeing that one of the societies has for its emblem a death's head and cross-bones. Soon, however, he becomes aware that the societies, though their proceedings are secret, and though they have secret tokens and pass-words, have no secret designs; that they are innocent not only of crime but of meaning—at least of any which, without a surgical operation, can be made to penetrate a foreigner's mind. What is evident is, that they give a good deal of scope, both in their own elections and in their relations to their rivals and to the student world in general, for the delightful game of politics. They are supposed to cultivate virtue as well as goodfellowship, and the authorities of some colleges try, we believe, to use them as the means of encouraging good and checking evil. On the other hand they have their detractors, and the antagonism to them sometimes leads in college elections to the formation of an "independent" ticket.

It would be at once difficult and invidious to compare the character of the American student with that of his English compeer. You may know them both and like them both. Each of course exhibits, partially developed, the qualities, good or evil, of the nation. The American no doubt has in him the germs of Indirect Claims; but he is affable, mercurial, sympathetic, and can be merry at a supper party without wine.

We hope all the previous part of our article will not be taken for an advertisement if, in conclusion, we mention to the tourist that there are good inns both at Ithaca and Watkins. Should he prefer to cross the narrow tongue of land from one lake to the other instead of going round, he is advised, if the weather is fine, to take the upper road, by way of Mecklenburgh, which will give him a draught of almost mountain air and some extensive views.

TO FLORENCE.

(*From Francis T. Palgrave's "Idylls and Songs."*)

Little wild one, whither art thou roaming?
Little wild one, the wave is round thee foaming:
Round thy feet the mazy waters eddying:
Wait their smooth reflux, thy footsteps steadying.

Mary come, watch here your sister playing;
Over the level sands untired straying:
Over the sands, where, like a lapwing chasing
Waywardly she her fancy's path is tracing.

Gleaming sea-gems unveil themselves around her:
Moist agates and cornelian-flames surround her:
Happy child, for whom the sands have treasures:
Barren sands for her have countless pleasures.

Smilingly o'er the sea the sun is glancing:
Smile for smile thou giv'st his waves advancing:
So may joy attend thy years' increasing:
Happy peace, all joy, with smiles unceasing.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE can be no doubt which topic claims precedence, so far as Canadian affairs are concerned, in our review of the events of the last month. Losing patience at the obstruction of the Pacific Railway Inquiry, the Grits have fired their mine by publishing in their journals Sir Hugh Allan's confidential letters to his American confederates. Why, if they had these letters in their possession, they did not produce them in Parliament in justification of Mr. Huntington's motion is to us inscrutable. Nor can we understand why, with such documentary evidence to rely on, they should have run the risk of vitiating their committee by conferring on it the doubtful power of examining witnesses on oath.

With regard to the case of Sir Hugh Allan, there can be neither doubt as to the material facts nor difference of opinion among any in whose breasts honour and patriotism have not ceased to reside; and therefore it is as needless as it would be painful to accumulate censure upon the head of a man of whom but yesterday we were most proud. He who, if Canada owes him much, owes her everything—princely wealth, high social position, royal friendship, a title of imperial honour—stands convicted, by his own explicit confession, of having attempted to add another heap to his vast store by corrupting her constituencies, her public men, her bar, her press, in concert with a ring of foreign speculators, into whose hands he was ready to throw the great Canadian enterprise, and with it, perhaps, the very destinies of his country. "Accursed hunger of gold!" Will no millions gorge that devouring appetite, or bribe the millionaire to keep the path of virtue?

One excuse, one palliation at least, may be pleaded on behalf of Sir Hugh Allan. We have spoken of him as having a country, but in fact he has none. The feeling of patriotism which restrains the excited cupidity and props the tottering virtue of a member of the pettiest or meanest nationality, of the Dane, the Portuguese, the Mexican, has in his heart no place. His character and aims, to use his own expression, are "cosmopolitan." He is a citizen of the money market, a patriot of the world of wealth and pleasure. The land in which he lives is only a sphere for steamboat and railway enterprise, for getting up companies and manipulating stocks. The title of honour which he wears, though he is indebted for it to Canada, comes from another country, to which, also, his royal friendship and great social connections belong. When his fortune has been made in Canada, he and his heirs will spend it in Belgravia, amidst the aristocracy of England, careless of the fate of the dependency, and anxious only to forget, and make the fastidious society around them forget, that their origin was colonial.

There is little need, however, of pleading excuses. It is not to be feared that a man of Sir Hugh Allan's wealth and position will incur the frown of society, or suffer any of the consequences which might attend a similar stroke of pecuniary enterprise on the part of a clerk in the Merchants' Bank. Sir Hugh is at present only a knight; he may live to be a baronet. We worship wealth; honourable wealth if we may, but at all events wealth. It is reported that since the disclosures Sir Hugh Allan has had a member of the Government for his guest; and though indignation has been expressed at the report, for our part we see no moral incongruity.

But is the Government, or is any member

of it, convicted of corruption by Sir Hugh Allan's letters? The answer in both cases must be in the negative; for the simple reason that the letters in themselves, and without further proofs and explanation, are untrustworthy as evidence against anybody but the writer. Sir Hugh's affidavit conflicts apparently with some of their particular statements, and still more palpably with their general tenor. Not only so, but it broadly and distinctly avers that they are unworthy of credence, declaring that they were written "without attention to accuracy of expression," that they are deficient in "care and circumspection," and that "in some respects they are not strictly accurate." It may naturally be urged that while the letters were written in the frankness of unreserved confidence for the information of confederates, the affidavit is obviously composed with the object of counteracting the effect of the letters and exonerating the Government; and that consequently the letters ought to be believed rather than the affidavit. But, on the other hand, we do not know what motives the writer of the letters may have had for putting things in a certain light, or taking credit for efforts and expenditure with his American partners, whose interest, though connected, was, as the result showed, not identical with his own. Besides, it is incredible that he should have descended, under any amount of pressure, to such a depth of baseness as to impeach on oath the veracity of his own letters, if he knew that they contained nothing but the truth.

The statements of the letters are, moreover, impugned in a matter of the most vital importance by the testimony of Mr. Macpherson, on whose conduct, by the way, none but the merest satellite of the Government can henceforth cast any reproach. To forbid a man's protesting against a public wrong because he is also a personal sufferer, would be to shut the gates of justice on the community. It would be to condemn Hampden for opposing ship-money.

The published series of Sir Hugh Allan's letters appears, by his own admission, to be virtually complete as well as authentic, the fact of his ultimate rupture with the Americans being as plain on the face of the whole affair as any additional letters could make it. But the other side of the correspondence is still wanting; its production, or the examination of Mr. McMullen, and the further examination of Sir Hugh Allan himself, might attach a definite meaning to certain expressions which, though of sinister appearance, are at present ambiguous, however vehemently party malice may strive to fix its own sense on them. The phrase "monetary considerations," if read with the context, will appear at once to be susceptible of several interpretations, the least probable of which is that which has been so assiduously pressed on us in large capitals, viz., that a very astute and wary politician put his political life into the hands of a set of railway speculators, by entering into a specific agreement for the sale to them of a great public contract, in consideration of a sum of money to be spent in bribery at the elections. To make us believe this, we should almost require one of those vouchers, the unattainableness of which the simple soul of Sir Hugh Allan so touchingly deplores. On the other hand, the words "we are all right with the *Globe*," on which the Ministerialists have of course pounced as a projectile to be hurled back in return for "monetary considerations," may mean anything, from the acceptance of a bribe to mere words of encouragement, which may themselves have been too favourably construed, or uttered in ignorance of the real state of the case. It is true that a gentleman whom public rumour connects with the journal in question is personally set down by Sir Hugh Allan as purchaseable at a comparatively moderate though respectable price; but no ground is assigned for the presumption, and Sir Hugh Allan's subjective experience, to borrow a phrase from the metaphysicians, may well have led him to form too sanguine an estimate of the venality of mankind.

Among the Ministers, the one whose reputation is most seriously impugned by the letters is Sir George Cartier, who is in his grave. Sir Francis Hincks appears upon the scene in an attitude which, unless there was some optical illusion on the part of Sir Hugh Allan, calls for explanation. "Inferior members of the Government" are also spoken of with unpleasant positiveness as having been drawn by Mr. McMullen into engagements of which Sir Hugh, in the interest of his own side, disapproves as "a waste of powder and shot." The Prime Minister himself is untouched; or rather he appears to his advantage as putting a veto on the agreement into which Sir George Cartier had allowed himself to be inveigled. In violently asserting the contrary, and staking everything on the discovery in the letters of personal proof of corruption against Sir John Macdonald, the Grit leaders are only giving us another instance of the judicial blindness, the offspring of personal animosity, which leads them always to dash their heads, and those of their unhappy followers, against the strongest point in the enemy's defences, instead of coolly exploring the road to victory.

With regard to the admission of Americans, which figures as a leading count in the Grit impeachment, the fact, as disclosed by the letters and the affidavit, appears to be that the Ministers themselves did not object to the American element, but that, finding the feeling of the country strong against it, they insisted in good faith on its exclusion. No one will blame them for deferring to national feeling, and we, for our part, are not in a position to blame them for their original inclination, since we have always held that, private capital once being admitted, foreign capital could not be kept out, and that attempted restrictions on subscription or transfer would only lead to a certain depreciation of the stock, dealing in which would be thus rendered somewhat awkward and precarious, without effecting the patriotic object for which they were imposed.

That which really bears hard on the Prime Minister, and places him distinctly in the position of a defendant at the bar of the nation, is not any particular passage in the letters, but the general disclosure of the character and proceedings of those with whom he has been acting, and in whose hands he has placed the Pacific Railway, with its vast subsidies and all its attendant power. Is it possible that, when he signed the charter, he can have been ignorant of the methods by which Sir Hugh Allan and his associates had been seeking to secure their prize, of the tendencies which they had manifested, and of the course which they were still pursuing? Is it possible that he can have been ignorant of the prevalence of bribery in the elections, or of the source from which, as it is now manifest, a good deal of the money came? A high-souled Minister like Chatham, dwelling apart on a lofty pinnacle of sequestered greatness, may be unconscious of the corruption which the Newcastles and their tribe are carrying on far beneath his feet: but such unconsciousness is not credible in the case of a Minister who finds his native element in electioneering, exhibits himself in company with the lowest party agents, and does with his own hands the coarsest work of the campaign. Again, when Sir John Macdonald called upon his faithful majority to vote down in silence Mr. Huntington's motion, on the ground that inquiry was a gratuitous insult, did his conscience bear him out in his attitude of indignant innocence? Did he really believe that there was nothing which, if known to the people, would give rise to a righteous demand for investigation? And when, having by these tactics wrested the nomination of the chairman of the committee out of the hands of Mr. Huntington and got it into his own, he nominated the member for Cardwell to the post, did he suppose himself to be placing at the head of the tribunal the man who would make it his object, above all things, to do justice to the community?

Sir Hugh Allan's affidavit is manifestly a dead-lift effort, "under the sanction of an oath," to whitewash the Government. It concludes by stating that the arrangement between Sir Hugh and Mr. McMullen, respecting the purchase and custody of the letters, was made "without the concurrence or knowledge of any member of the Government, none of whom were aware that the papers had been deposited in the hands of Mr. Starnes." It seems obvious that if the facts had permitted the sentence would have run, "none of whom were aware that any such letters were in existence." But all that Sir Hugh apparently can venture to say is, that none of the Government were aware "that the papers had been deposited in the hands of Mr. Starnes." If the Government was aware of the existence of the letters when it gave the contract to Sir Hugh Allan, or even when it voted down Mr. Huntington's motion, its case is bad indeed.

Sir John Macdonald, in the opinion of all except the most fanatical of his opponents, has kept his own hands clean. If he has sinned, it has been from love of power, not from love of pelf; and this lends a certain nobility to his figure compared with some others which adorn the political scene. But he has governed the country, to a great extent, through objectionable instruments and by objectionable means. He has been the centre and organizer of a system the evil traces of which will be left deep in the character of our people for many a day. He will say, perhaps, that on no other system could party government have been carried on in this country, especially with reference to Quebec and the half-incorporated Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We are not careful to answer that plea; but the fact remains the same.

And now, in the face of these disclosures, and amidst the selfish strife of infuriated factions rushing at each other's throats over the ruins of the national honour, what is the best thing for the country? We answer without hesitation, a prompt, searching and complete inquiry, conducted, not by delegates of the factions, but by an impartial tribunal, and one whose sentence may be received with respect and confidence abroad as well as at home. To obtain such an inquiry, and before such a tribunal, ought to be the common aim of all loyal Canadians, and of those organs of public opinion, if any there be, which serve Canada and not a faction. The country has been traduced before the world. A fatal slur has been cast upon its character and its credit. Its reputation, political and commercial, has been lowered, not only on this continent, but in England, and among all nations. Its constituencies, its press, its bar, have been exhibited as sinks of venality. Its leading merchants and men of business have been set out like bales of goods, each labelled with his stated price. Suspicion has fallen upon the integrity of its Government. Canada has been put into the dock of public opinion by the side of the swindlers who have ruined the credit of the United States. Capitalists will shun her investments, while rivals will point the finger of scorn at her tarnished honour. It is our own conviction that the result of an impartial inquiry would be still further to detract from the credibility of Sir Hugh Allan's letters, and to relieve the country in proportion of the burden of disgrace and prospective loss which their publication has brought upon it. But at any rate, by insisting on inquiry, the nation will show the world that it is not the accomplice of those who have dishonoured it, and that, though it may have some rotten members, even in high places and where we little suspected their existence, it is still sound at heart.

The existing Committee of Inquiry is, we conceive, virtually defunct, since the Imperial Law Officers have ruled that it cannot be empowered to examine witnesses on oath; in other words, that it cannot be invested with judicial functions. Its members were manifestly right in refusing to allow it, without the authority of the House, to be turned into a Royal Commission, appointed by the party accused. But a Royal Commission appointed by the Governor-General himself, not by the Minister using the Governor-General's name, and consisting of judges or other persons unconnected with party politics, and in whose characters the nation has confidence, is probably the best tribunal available in the absence of any proper provision for such cases in the Constitution. We hardly know whether, under the "constitutional" system, the Governor-General is regarded as having any functions but those which would be as well discharged by a stamp or by his wife. But if he has, a special duty, with a corresponding responsibility, devolves on Lord Dufferin at this juncture. He has to stand between the public interest and faction, and to see that justice is done to the nation. The ordinary relations between him and his constitutional advisers are manifestly suspended while the Ministers are under impeachment, with a case against them quite sufficient to call for inquiry in the eyes of all independent men. He must take the prerogative for the present into his own hands, and we must hear nothing of prorogations in the interest of either side. It has unfortunately gone forth that he personally identifies himself in a marked manner with his present Ministers. His conduct will, we trust, give the lie to any such report. and prove him to be, as honour requires, the impartial representative of the Crown. The fact that the Imperial Government, which he represents, has a distinct interest of its own in this matter by reason of the Pacific Railway Guarantee, renders his course somewhat clearer; but even if there were no guarantee his course would be perfectly clear. Till it is known how many elections Sir Hugh Allan bought, it will not even be certain that the present ministers are at the head of a real majority, and constitutionally entitled to advise the Crown. Indeed, the sooner the Pacific Railway Parliament is sent back to the country, the better for the authority of the Legislature and the soundness of our institutions.

Lord Dufferin did not witness the scenes of the last general election, nor was he at Ottawa the Session before last during the debates on the Secret Service money; otherwise he could not fail to be aware that we have reached a real crisis in our national history. Our mode of dealing with the question now before us will probably determine, as much as any one thing can, whether the political morality of Canada henceforth shall be that of England or that of the United States.

That the presidency of a national enterprise, with the disposal of thirty millions in money and fifty millions of acres of national land, should be allowed to remain in the present hands after such revelations, is of course out of the question. Even French members who have experienced in the elections the friendship of Sir Hugh Allan, would scarcely venture to abet such an outrage on the nation. Nor could the Imperial Government and Parliament tamely acquiesce in the consignment of their guarantee to hands avowedly corrupt and manifestly disloyal to the country. For our part, though in the case of any enterprise promising great results to Canada, and especially one calculated to cement our political unity as a nation, we would rather err on the side of boldness than on that of caution, we shall not be sorry if a breathing-time is given us before we commence the Pacific Railway. The political success of such undertakings itself depends on their commercial soundness, and the question of commercial soundness cannot be settled till the exact direction of the railway, the difficulties which it will have to encounter, and its probable cost, are known. We never dreamed that English capital would be cajoled, to borrow Sir Hugh Allan's confidential phraseology, into "going it blind," though American speculators may be found ready to manipulate any stock. The engagement with British Columbia, however convenient for the Government, was evidently improvident for the nation, including British Columbia as a part of it; and delay, though involuntary, will be even for British Columbia a blessing very slightly disguised. When the ordinary conditions of commercial prudence have been fulfilled, by the preparation of accurate surveys and estimates, we shall have further to consider, in the lurid light of the present revelations, what securities will be most effectual in preventing an enterprise, undertaken for the completion of our political edifice, from becoming the instrument of our political ruin.

Some of our partisan contemporaries, haunted apparently by an uneasy suspicion that faction, though fair as the lily, will be none the worse for a little paint, and that its identity with patriotism is not quite so clear as the sun in heaven, have improved the occasion by calling on us to study in these occurrences the salutary operation of Party, the mother of political virtue. Always open to conviction (a doubtful quality, by the way, in a good citizen), we follow the guiding finger of our monitor, which, we presume, points to the following passage in one of Sir Hugh Allan's letters:—"On a calm view of the situation, I satisfied myself that the decision of the question must ultimately be in the hands of one man, and that man is Sir George E. Cartier, leader and chief of the French party. This party has held the balance of power between the other factions; it has sustained and kept in office and existence the entire Government for the last five years. It consists of forty-five men, who have followed Cartier and voted in a solid phalanx for all his measures. The Government majority in Parliament being less than forty-five, it follows that the defection of one-half or two-thirds would at any time put the Government out of office. It was, therefore, evident that some means must be adopted to bring the influence of this compact body of members to bear in our favour, and as soon as I made up my mind what was the best course to pursue, I did not lose a moment in following it up." Why, what but Party rendered Sir Hugh Allan's operations possible at all? What compels the Government to seek such support as his and that of his French "friends," but the Party system? Suppose the Privy Council, instead of being the committee of a faction, were a national executive, legally elected by Parliament, and for a term certain, what inducement would it have to enlist these bands of political janissaries, or how could it find itself and the national interests represented by it at the mercy of every intriguer, or gang of intriguers, with purses long enough to control the elections? We shall be told, perhaps, that if the Grit party were in power, and the "solid phalanx" were, say, Scotch instead of French, everything would be changed for the better; but common sense and experience reply that the morality of all factions, and their mode of maintaining themselves in office, is and ever has been the same. One of the last Grits who held office in the Dominion Government was the hero of the Silver Islet. And we should like to know why Grit intrigue with the Roman Catholics of Ontario is less immoral or less injurious to the common weal than Ministerialist intrigue with railway men or Frenchmen.

In what aspect, let us ask, is Party presenting itself to us at the present moment? How is it proving its identity with patriotism? Is it loyally mourning over the national disgrace, or exulting in it, exaggerating it, noising it abroad, eagerly collecting all echoes of it from foreign journals hostile to the country? And by what means is Party seeking to rise to power? Are they those familiar to the generous ambition of which it fancies itself to be the sole depositary? Is it seeking to supplant its rival by appealing through sounder principles and a nobler policy to the understanding and the heart of the nation, or by means from the use of which a very generous ambition would recoil. It is true that evidence against public offenders must be sought wherever it can be found, under the broken seal of confidence if necessary, and no one scrutinizes the associations of a detective. But the triumph of a detective is not the triumph of a statesman. It was not by getting hold of the confidential letters of their opponents that Somers or Chatham, Pitt or Fox, Canning or Peel, rose to proud pre-eminence in the Parliament of England.

The foregoing portion of our article was in type, when the scene was changed by the appearance of Mr. McMullen's narrative. We must leave our remarks as they stood, Some of them may now seem little creditable to our perspicacity; but the perusal of them will at least serve to assure our readers that we endeavoured to approach the subject in a spirit of fairness towards both parties, especially towards the accused Ministers; that we were anxious in forming our judgment to keep strictly within the limits of the evidence, and that in arriving at the conclusion to which we are now driven, we yield only to apparently overwhelming facts.

The character of Mr. McMullen, if we may judge from his proceedings in the present case, is not such as to render him an eminently credible witness, or one on whose bare statement, uncorroborated by other evidence, we should be justified in condemning, or even holding liable to grave suspicion men of unsullied character and high position. It appears to be undeniable that he extorted money from Sir Hugh Allan by threatening to publish confidential letters, and that, having sold the letters to to Sir Hugh, he surreptitiously took or reserved copies, which have found their way into the hands of Sir Hugh's enemies. A man who would do this, whether for the sake of money alone, or from that motive mingled with revenge, and who, moreover, by his own confession has been deeply engaged in the most corrupt and nefarious transactions in connection with this very affair, would scarcely shrink from any assertion necessary to the attainment of the object he had in view. But in the first place, his narrative bears internal marks of credibility: it is explicit, circumstantial, coherent, and boldly challenges contradiction in every turn. In the second place, it is fully confirmed, in the part most needing confirmation, by Senator Foster, whose reasons for thus allowing himself to be brought forward do not appear in his testimony, but who, in the absence of any improper motive, must be regarded as an unexceptionable witness. In the third place, it is supported by documents which if genuine (and their genuineness is not denied on the part of the Government,) render an inquiry into the credibility of the narrative almost superfluous, so decisive and damning is their character as evidence of Ministerial guilt.

"MONTREAL, Aug. 24, 1872.

"DEAR MR. ABBOTT,—In the absence of Sir Hugh Allan, I shall be obliged by your supplying the Central Committee with a further sum of twenty thousand dollars, upon the same conditions as the amount written by me at the foot of my letter to Sir Hugh Allan, of the 30th ultimo.

"GEORGE E. CARTIER.

"P.S.—Please also send Sir John A. Macdonald ten thousand dollars more on the same terms."

"Received from Sir Hugh Allan, by the hands of Mr. Abbott, twenty thousand dollars for general election purposes, to be arranged hereafter, according to the terms of the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of the date 30th of July, and in accordance with the request contained in his letter of the 24th instant.

"MONTREAL, 26th August, 1872.
(Signed) "J. L. BEAUDRY.
" "HENRY STARNES.
"L. BETOURNAY, P. S. MURPHY."

"TORONTO, August 26th, 1872.
"To the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, St. Anne's.

"Immediate, private.

"I must have another ten thousand—will be the last time of calling. Do not fail me; answer to-day.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"MONTREAL, 29th August, 1872.
"Sir John A. Macdonald, Toronto.

"Draw on me for ten thousand.

"J. J. C. ABBOTT."

"TORONTO, 26th August, 1872.

"At sight pay to my order, at the Merchants' Bank, the sum of ten thousand dollars for value received.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD.

"Endorse."

"Pay to the order of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

If the genuineness of these documents cannot be disputed it is manifestly the duty of the Governor-General at once to take such measures as will place the Executive Government of the country in untainted hands.

The letter of Sir Francis Hincks is neither complete nor entirely unambiguous as a denial of the personal charges against himself; he admits that pending the competition for the Pacific Railway Contract, he applied to Sir Hugh Allan for a provision for his younger son. As a denial of the charges against the Government sustained by the documents set forth, the letter is of little value. The denial on the part of the whole Government, published in the Government organs, is merely of a general kind; but perhaps it could not be expected to be otherwise.

The suggestion that the money drawn by Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Cartier was to come from any fund other than the purse of Sir Hugh Allan and his partners as railway contractors, or that these great sums were subscribed merely on political grounds, is totally incredible. Sir Hugh Allan has never been a politician; and in a letter above quoted, he speaks of the two parties as "factions," to whose conflicts he is avowedly indifferent, except so far as they may be turned to the account of his commercial enterprise. But even this plea, so untenable that it must be regarded as the offspring of despair, leaves untouched, or rather by implication confesses, the fact that the Minister of Public Justice has been guilty of spending large sums contrary to law, as well as to public morality, in electoral corruption.

Any attempt to separate the case of the late Sir George Cartier from that of his living colleagues, and to cast the blame on his memory also, is rendered hopeless by the first telegram, which clearly shows that Sir George and the Prime Minister were dipping their hands, with a full mutual understanding, in the same fund.

The proceeding was deliberate and premeditated. We now understand too well what was meant by the refusal, on pretexts impudently hollow, to amend the Election Law before the last general election.

An inquiry, we trust, there will still be, and before a perfectly independent tribunal, not one named by, or by the advice of, the persons accused. But pending that inquiry, the Government of the country must be placed in untainted hands. As to threats of dragooning Parliament, and preventing it from discussing any proposed tribunal, or from seeing that justice is done to the nation by the use of the prerogative, they can be regarded only as a part of the froth produced by the present fermentation. Those who indulge in them cannot have realized the constitutional position of a Governor-General, or the strength of the appeal which, in such a case, would be made to the supporters of his Government at home.

A system of government by corruption, carried on more or less in darkness, and with consequent impunity, for many years, has at last exposed itself to the light of day. In this there is nothing preternatural or even startling. But we must confess that we have been at fault, and that we owe an apology to those whom we have criticized, with regard to the character of Sir John A. Macdonald. Not that even in this case we have received any moral shock from the present revelations. On the one hand, there is nothing, even now, to show that Sir John A. Macdonald has ever taken a cent for himself; and on the other hand, we have always believed and avowed our belief that he was unscrupulous in the pursuit and in the retention of power. But we gave him credit for too much sense to be putting his character into the hands of railway speculators, and telegraphing to them for money to be spent in bribing at elections. It is the Nemesis of his system. His long experience has not yet taught him how little honour there is among thieves. He has not measured the danger of becoming, first the accomplice, and then the enemy of unprincipled men. Though he telegraphs in his own name for the means of electoral corruption, he did not reckon on the callousness which led Sir Hugh Allan to talk and write of wholesale bribery to his commercial partners as a common matter of business, and in the language of the ledger. Probably he did not know the exact relations existing between Sir Hugh and the Americans, or the perilous consequences involved in forcing Sir Hugh to fling them overboard. With the exceptions of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, the South Sea Bubble offenders, and Lord Melville, Sir John A. Macdonald is the first, we believe, since 1688, who has brought the stain of corruption on the name of the British Privy Council. In his case, considering what the connections of Sir Hugh Allan were known to be, the dark line of corruption is deepened by a shade of treason.

No loyal Canadian heart will echo the exulting shouts of faction over the discoveries which bring disgrace upon the country. It is greatly to be lamented that a party triumph should be in any way mixed up with the claim of the whole nation to justice. But under the peculiar circumstances, the Ministry falling by the personal delinquencies of its members, not by a Parliamentary victory of the Opposition, the Governor-General will be at liberty to choose freely among our public men; he will not be bound to put the country into the hands of the opposite faction. If Conservatives feel tempted, under the influence of party feeling or long personal attachment, to defend what cannot be defended, let them remember that nothing is left to be conserved here but political morality and honour; and that, these gone, public life in Canada will become a gambling table, from which, in the end, the most profligate adventurer will assuredly sweep the stakes. It is a calamitous affair. Yet it may prove a happy turning point in our political history, if the people, after the political corruption and demoralization which they have undergone, have virtue still left to meet the crisis well, and not only to do themselves justice in this particular case, but to reform a system of government which, in its present state, leads to these offences, whichever faction may be in power, with a fatal necessity which affords a considerable excuse even for the present offenders.

In turning immediately from the political arena to the Turf, we hope we shall not be thought to show a want of respect for the latter. The meeting of the Barrie Association was a vigorous effort to naturalize in

Canada racing after the English fashion. The Americans, familiar with the driving seat, and unfamiliar with the saddle, have harnessed "Eclipse" to a buggy and tried to make him put forth his utmost speed in a pace in which his utmost speed cannot be put forth, with a Yankee on two wheels perched at his tail to hold him down to that uncomfortable feat. The Barrie Association propose that in Canada, as in England, "Eclipse" shall have his head. They also aim at propagating a national taste for the sport. In this, as they know, they will not have an undivided public opinion on their side. In itself, a horse race is open to no objection which would not equally apply to a foot race, a boat race, or a match of any kind. It is in the accompaniments that the danger lies. There can be no doubt that in England betting on horse races has become a moral and social scourge second only to drink. On the approach of a great race the country is turned into a gambling table at which thousands, who might otherwise be respectable and prosperous, lose their earnings and contract habits which are worse than any loss. That knowledge of horses, or any compensating quality, is engendered by betting, it would be absurd to maintain, for multitudes bet in every tavern under the guidance of the charlatans, whose predictions fill every newspaper, without having ever seen a horse race or knowing a horse's hock from his pastern. It is needless to say of what tragedies horse racing has been the source of late years in the higher ranks; how the towering fortunes of noble houses have been laid low, and their proud escutcheons trailed in the dust by the failing speed of some favourite horse. Failure in a horse's speed is, however, a comparatively noble source of ruin. Of the prevalence of blacklegging, even amongst the highest class of modern racing men, there can be no stronger or sadder proof than the fact that the name of the late Lord Derby used to be breathed in connection with questionable conduct on the turf. Horse racing, we repeat, is as innocent as any other sport; and it is healthy, because it is public. But the practical question for the patrons of the turf in Canada will be, whether it is possible to keep gambling and blacklegging at bay. If it is not, it would be better for a man to have a stone tied round his neck, and to be cast into the sea, than to be the means of introducing the taste into a new country.

It is as an amusement, and as an occasion for social gatherings, that horse racing must assert its claims to encouragement, not on any of those utilitarian grounds which people fancy it necessary to invent as apologies for their pleasures. The racing breed, though it may improve the stud of the English fox-hunter and perhaps the charger of the English light cavalry man, will hardly improve the team of the Canadian farmer; while racing under the present English two-year-old system rather tends to foster the fatal practice, so ruinous to this description of property, of working the horse too young. Jockeys have their qualities; and the late Emperor of the French used to say that he owed a great deal of his success to the lessons which he had learned in England from the "gloomy sporting men." But the qualities of jockeys are not high, and the lessons learned by the late Emperor of the French were more manifestly useful to himself than to mankind.

Supposing it desirable to make us a racing nation, we are not sure that it is possible. National amusements are the outgrowth of national character and circumstances; they can hardly be engrafted on a different stock; and we doubt whether in circumstances, or even—notwithstanding his recent English origin—in character, the Canadian is the exact counterpart of the Englishman. Certainly there is not on a Canadian race-course the life that there is on an English one, much less the life that there is at an Irish steeple-chase. Moreover, both the English lord and the Tipperary boy have a good deal of leisure, and each of them is ready to attend races for four or, if you please, for forty days in succession. Canadians are a busy people.

The Barrie Association evidently does its best to keep the sport healthy, honourable, and manly. It is, therefore, only in the most friendly spirit that we venture to suggest that in the announcement of their hurdle races, "stiff timber" would be better omitted. To the expert it may mean nerve on the part of the rider, and clean jumping on the part of the horse; but to the crowd it means a chance of seeing a jockey break a limb. There is one class of exhibitions which no man who values his own manhood, or has any regard for the national character, will ever sanction by his presence; we mean that class the attraction of which consists in danger to human life. In England, unhappily, this taste is in the ascendent; and it marks national degeneracy there as surely as it did in the case of the Romans' passion for the arena and the Spaniards' passion for the bull fight. When Blondin performed at the Crystal Palace on the high rope, at the risk of his life, forty thousand people were there to see him; when he performed on the low rope, doing more wonderful feats, but without risk to his life, there were not four thousand. There can be no doubt where the attraction lay. If people like to ride over stiff timber themselves, by all means let them do it; but by looking on while a wretched jockey is made to ride over it for their amusement, they are certainly not encouraging a manly sport.

In the mother country, a Parliament which in the heyday of its vigorous youth did some great things, whether for good or evil, is creeping on crutches to an almost ignominious grave. The ship of the Gladstone government, crazy, barnacled, and scarcely seaworthy, just floats upon the stagnant waters. Perhaps by the time this reaches our readers it may have been scuttled by Mr. Lowe, who has got into a scrape about the Zanzibar Mail Contract, which would be a trifle if the Government were strong, but may prove serious when it is so weak. If Mr. Gladstone should owe his fall to Mr. Lowe, he will be punished for allowing Mr. Lowe's very doubtful claims as a financier to outweigh his undoubted treachery as a politician; and it is worthy of remark that the same want of straightforwardness which led Mr. Lowe to conspire against his friends in the Reform Bill struggle, betrays itself in the circumstances of his present scrape. Having been obliged to abandon an arrangement which he had made in favour of the Company, by the opposition which it encountered among the Cape Colonists, he tried, it appears, to indemnify the Company indirectly without going to the House of Commons, and has been detected in the attempt.

Favoured by the general apathy and by the heat of the weather, Mr. Richards, a Nonconformist leader, has carried against the Government, by the casting vote of the Speaker, a resolution in favour of a standing international court of arbitration. The principle of arbitration has just received the heaviest blow possible in the refusal of the United States Government itself to appear as a defendant before the tribunal to which it appealed as a plaintiff. Yet the principle is capable of being usefully applied to minor differences, which, in the absence of arbitration, might breed and often have bred, great quarrels. That mighty powers, like Germany and France, filled with mutual fury and rival ambition, will stop to ask the permission of a conclave of jurists before flying to arms, the professors of international law themselves would hardly believe. A standing tribunal, however, even for minor disputes, is scarcely practicable. It would probably be impossible to regulate the representation of the different powers, great and small, on such a tribunal, in a way satisfactory to all, or perhaps to any of them.

A proposal to tax personal property for local purposes, as is done in Ontario, has been introduced in the House of Commons, and, as might have been expected, scouted by the House. The *Saturday Review* remarks: "As the National Debt has no local habitation it would not seem at first sight that a particular parish has any exclusive claim on a fundholder who may happen to live within its boundaries. A landowner in Berkshire, who made his fortune in Wales, and invested a part of it in land, would confer an unmerited and gratuitous boon on the place of his residence, if he paid rates to the house or the parish on the whole of his income. If the recipient of £100 a year, secured by mortgage on land in Yorkshire, happened to occupy a villa in Kent, there seems to be no reason why land in one county should bear the burden of local expenditure at the other end of the kingdom. The mortgagor of the Yorkshire estate would have had to pay a higher rate of interest for the loan if the mortgagee had been rateable on his income, and consequently the Yorkshire land would have been charged both with the local rates and with the rates of the parish in Kent." It is plainly unjust that the same property, of whatever kind it may be, should pay rates to two municipalities, when one only of the two, viz., the one in which the property is situated, can do anything for it in the way of municipal administration. Arbitrary and unjust taxation was an evil, and an evil against which it was the duty and the glory of Englishmen to struggle when it was imposed by the Stuarts; and it is not less an evil, or one against which we ought less to struggle, when imposed by a City Council.

Hamlet's fevered imagination traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a bung-hole. But he never dreamed of seeing the successor of Darius furnishing a daily subject for the laborious grinning of Mark Twain. Gorged with wealth and surfeited with pleasure, England is delighted to find a new sensation in the visit of the Shah. She hopes to do a stroke of diplomacy at the same time. But if the Shah's wavering inclinations are not fixed by the patent fact that England can have no thought of meddling with him, and that Russia may, diplomacy, even in the guise of gastronomy, can do little to fix them. It will be a pity if his reception of the Shah throws John Bull into a paroxysm of Russophobia. Russia needs watching, but paroxysms can lead to nothing but folly, either in private or in public life. Not an English statesman, we believe, could now be found to defend the expediency of the Crimean war. An excited nation was drawn into that war, as its faithful and thoroughly English-hearted historian has clearly proved, by the concerted action of two men—Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston—each of whom had his own ends to serve, the French Emperor wanting a halo of military glory for his upstart throne, Lord Palmerston wanting to supplant Lord Aberdeen, whose policy was peace. The English press, manipulated by Palmerston, worked the people up to uncontrollable fury, and the result was a war which, besides the effusion of blood, squandered the savings of thirty years, and has left no result but enmity with Russia and the consequent increase of American aggressiveness. Bright and Cobden were wrong in continuing their opposition when the flag of England was in the field, and when all feelings ought to have been suppressed but the desire of a patriot for the success of his country. To show that they were wrong in their original opposition would not be so easy. On the eve of the war Cobden was at the house of one of the Ministers, in company with the Editor of the *Times*. He was giving his reasons against going to war. The Editor expressed his hearty concurrence, and asked Cobden why he did not urge those reasons in Parliament. "I shall do so to-morrow evening," replied Cobden, "and the next morning you will attack me for having done it." The speech was made and the attack followed. Cobden was himself the authority for this anecdote.

Independently of his personal ambition, Palmerston was a fanatical Russophobist, and the Crimean war was not the first disastrous proof of it. The invasion of Afghanistan and its calamitous result should never be forgotten by Russophobists. Sir Alexander Burnes was sent by the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, under Palmerston's direction, as envoy to the Court of Cabul, to report on Russian intrigue and make out a case for armed intervention. But Sir Alexander found in effect no case for armed intervention, and allowed his opinion to appear in his despatches. Palmerston nevertheless ordered the invasion of Afghanistan. A British army perished miserably and a severe blow was dealt to our reputation in the East. Explanations were of course demanded, and the Government had to produce the despatches of Sir Alexander Burnes. The Envoy himself had perished. His despatches, as laid before Parliament, appeared to sanction the armed intervention and to exonerate the Government. It was rumoured that they had been garbled; but the Government strenuously asserted their genuineness, till at last, many years afterwards, the authentic documents came to light, and it then appeared that in the copy furnished to Parliament important passages had been omitted without notice. But at this time Palmerston was at the height of his power, his offence was stale, and he successfully hectored through. The Duke of Wellington had opposed the invasion of Afghanistan on military grounds, but the dictates of his wisdom were disregarded. When the expedition sailed for the Crimea, his son remarked to Palmerston that it was a hazardous undertaking. "Yes," replied Palmerston jauntily, "but not so hazardous as the expedition to Cabul." Such was the epitaph of those thousands of British soldiers, the victims of a spirited policy, whose bodies had fed the vultures of Afghanistan. Peace-at-any-price is one extreme, quarrelsomeness is the other. We would not sacrifice to peace the honour or the important interests of a nation; but we would sacrifice to it without hesitation all the bluster and vapouring of all the bullies in the world.

The darkness of Russian councils would be in itself a reasonable cause of mistrust; and it is more than probable that, after the destruction of Sebastopol at all events, Russia would have liked to overthrow the British power in India. But it does not follow that she would make the attempt. Her power in central Asia, like our own in India, has grown, perhaps half involuntarily, in a yielding soil of barbarism, anarchy and decay. There is a wide interval between insensibly absorbing a succession of wild tribes or Khanates, and deliberately attacking England. It is at least possible that Russia may be content to spend the next half-century in organizing and civilizing the chaotic world which she has conquered; and before half a century has elapsed she will probably herself be conquered by the European revolution.

Diplomatic marriages generally fail of their effect. Those who form them, after sacrificing affection to policy, vainly expect that policy will be controlled by affection. But the projected alliance between the royal families of England and Russia looks like the return of a better feeling. Cordiality on the part of Russia was impossible while the ignominious provisions of the Treaty of Paris continued to gall her pride. We, to tell the truth, should in a like case have felt and acted pretty much as she did. Nor was there any course open to a British Minister, the situation in Europe being what it then was, but that which Lord Granville pursued. He successfully resisted the attempt of Russia to trample on the honour of England by setting aside the

Treaty without reference to the other powers; and this was the utmost that, with the means at his command, could be achieved.

Should England be forced single-handed into a war with Russia, she will be compelled to use weapons of a different temper from those which failed her hand on the last occasion. The moral forces which Russia has most reason to dread were not then called into play, nor can they be called into play while the aristocracy rules in England. An unprincipled democrat might welcome a Russian war as the certain harbinger of political revolution.

If it be true that the Shah proposed to purchase for his harem the ladies whom he saw waltzing with low dresses at London balls, and that his attendants cut the flowers out of the carpets with their knives, the Oriental character has not yet, in his case, entirely lost its picturesque peculiarities by contact with European civilization. But his visit is the last and the most striking of a series of events which seem to announce the opening of the secluded East, and its reunion with the progressive West. Not that the excursion of a Sultan or Shah, allured by the pleasures of European capitals, or, perhaps, bent on some diplomatic scheme, in itself signifies a general liberalization of Islam; but forces of a deeper and more general kind are operating in the same direction. The decay of those great Eastern monarchies, whose giant forms were the earliest developments of civilization, left a sort of vacuum on the vast and fruitful portion of the earth's surface formerly occupied by them; while tribes, originally perhaps driven by their power to the North, and there trained by a severe climate to vigour and military prowess, have founded in less sunny and fruitful regions the teeming communities and the energetic civilization of Europe. Hitherto the vacuum has been sealed against European enterprise and migration; but now the seal is removed. Travel, commerce, speculation, the railway and the telegraph, are pushing their way in the countries eastward of the Mediterranean. Perhaps in the end migration will follow, and Tadmor may be peopled once more. Of the probable effect on Eastern populations, experience forbids us to form a sanguine estimate. An imported civilization has generally proved a fatal boon. The new wine bursts the old bottles. Even Japan, with her almost European industrialism and intelligence, seems, from the last report, too likely to break her neck in taking the perilous leap, the *saltus mortalis*, between barbarism, or semi-barbarism, and high civilization. Turkey has been galvanized but not vitalized by her close contact with Europe. The decay of Islam will be hastened, and the sons of the crusaders, in the guise of railway contractors and speculators, will usurp its room. But if such are the counsels of destiny, they are happily veiled from the eyes of the Shah while he moves about in his diamond vest, sharing the homage of a pleasure-hunting public with the winner of the Derby and the University boat-race.

In France, the government of God and the Army, as it calls itself, is acting in full accordance with its motto, and meriting the significant blessing so promptly bestowed upon it by the Pope. It has sealed its alliance with the priesthood in the surest way by commencing a petty persecution of their opponents in the shape of interference with civil burial, parading at the same time religious sentiments which, in the mouths of Voltairean Orleanists and worshippers of the Napoleonic star, may be safely set down to reverence not for the Supreme Being but for the electoral influence of his self-appointed ministers. It has vigorously commenced the work of gagging and corrupting the press; true to the established French policy of destroying the indicator and closing the safety-valve. It has also ordered the prosecution of M. Ranc, whose alleged crime is his acceptance of a seat in the Council of the Commune, which he took, it appears, simply for the purpose of preventing mischief, and resigned at once on perceiving that there was no good to be done; his real offence obviously being that he has recently been elected a Deputy of the Opposition. The machinery of electoral corruption and arbitrary government, through prefects and sub-prefects, is again in full play. On the part of the Bonapartists this is at least consistent; but even that poor excuse cannot be offered for Orleanists such as the Duke de Broglie and M. Beulé, who as opponents of the Empire have been always declaring against this system and in favour of constitutional modes of government. Orleanism is digging for itself an ignominious grave: inexperienced and irresolute in the use of the Bonapartist engine, it will certainly find itself supplanted by the patentee. But it is still possible that neither Orleanism nor Bonapartism, nor their common patron and familiar the Pope, may be destined again to reign in France. Thiers and Gambetta represent between them a power which it will not be easy to crush. Much of course depends on the willingness of the army to serve "the cause of God," and to become the gaoler of the country which it has failed to defend. "What can the French soldier do if you take from him his faith?" was the unctuous exclamation of one of the new military officials. The soldier might answer, "Valmy, Arcola, Austerlitz, but not Sedan."

In Spain, Ultramontanism, which is there identical with Carlism, and we may add with barbarism and brigandage, desperately struggles to prevent the final emancipation of half-liberated Spain. It must be unspeakably bitter to the Ultramontane heart to see the work of the Inquisition on the point of being cancelled, and freedom, civil and religious, about to take possession of the monarchy of Philip II. What a Mexican priest felt when the Cross was planted in the inmost shrine of the idols to which such holocausts of human sacrifice had been offered in vain, a Spanish priest must feel when he sees the Bible and the book of knowledge opened on the scenes of the autos-da-fé. The Carlists have gained a considerable success, which the Republican Ministers have had the good sense, rare alike in Spaniards and in revolutionary leaders, frankly to acknowledge in the Cortes. Their forces are apparently numerous, they have received supplies of arms, and Don Carlos has joined them. But their operations are rather those of banditti than of a regular army; their bands seem to appear and disappear, gather and disperse, much as the Spanish bands did in the Peninsular war, when their inconstancy and intractableness were the despair of Wellington, and as those of their Iberian forefathers did in days long past. "In Spain," says a historian of the Punic war, "where the spirit of Hamilcar and Hannibal was powerful the struggle was more severe. Its progress was marked by the singular vicissitudes incidental to the peculiar nature of the country and the habits of the people. The farmers and shepherds who inhabited the beautiful valley of the Ebro, and the luxuriantly fertile Andalusia, as well as the rough upland region traversed by numerous wooded mountain ranges that lay between them, could easily be congregated as an armed *levée en masse;* but it was difficult to lead them against the enemy, or even to keep them together at all. The inhabitants of the towns could just as little be combined for steady and united action, obstinately as they bade defiance to the oppressor behind their walls. . . As neither the Romans nor the Africans had brought with them sufficient forces of their own, the war necessarily became on both sides a struggle to gain partizans, which was rarely decided by a well-founded attachment, more usually by fear, money, or accident, and which, when it seemed about to end, resolved itself into a series of fortress sieges and guerilla conflicts, whence it soon revived with fresh fury. The armies are as shifting as the sand downs on the sea shore: on the spot where a hill stood yesterday, not a trace of it remains to-day." These words might serve us as an account of the military portion of all the struggles that have taken place in Spain, or in her colonies, down to the present day. The disgrace of the Curé of Santa Cruz, who at first was the clerical head of the movement, appears to indicate the outbreak of the jealousies and dissensions to which Spaniards are singularly prone, and which showed themselves in the camps of Cortes and Pizarro, even in the face of extreme peril, as well as among the leaders and armies of the Junta.

Disaffection among the officers, many of whom are no doubt Reactionists, and want of discipline among the troops, have almost broken up the regular army; but, on the other hand, the people are apparently taking arms against the bandit champions of despotism and superstition, whose course is marked by the same atrocities which disgraced them in the days of the sanguinary Cabrera.

That the Republican Cortes represent only an active minority of the nation, while the mass is inactive and probably indifferent, is perfectly true; but the same may be said of almost any great national struggle for emancipation, political or religious, including the English Reformation. It is Milton's lion "pawing to set free his hinder parts." The hinder parts in the case of Spain are the peasantry of the more backward districts, and generally the classes over which the influence of the priesthood extends. The head is the Assembly which is now grappling in a deadly wrestle with the power of Papal and Absolutist reaction. If the Assembly succeed, and the result of its success is accepted and ratified by the nation and by humanity, history will never be extreme to mark the want of an exact correspondence between the theoretic claims of the Spanish Cortes to represent the people and the actual number of their constituents. They are committing errors and extravagances no doubt, as all young assemblies and nations do, at least when they first emerge from such darkness and such confinement as that of the old despotic and Papal Spain. But they are also giving proofs of intelligence, energy and courage. They have framed a constitution well suited, as we believe, to the peculiar exigencies of the country, and suggested by the national history and character, not by abstract theories of political science. They have refused to assume, like the March Revolutionists, an attitude of Propagandism; sent officious sympathizers about their business, and shown themselves desirous only of a peaceful admission into the community of nations. They have rejected the idea of repudiation, and seem to have done their best, under most desperate circumstances, to avert a national bankruptcy. Assailed by Anarchy in rear as well as by Reaction in front, they appear to act with resolution and with as much vigour as the smallness of the forces at their command will permit against the party of violence or *Intransigentes* (a name more accurately rendered by *uncompromising* than by *Irreconcilable*), and against the yet more furious and sanguinary Internationals. Difficulties and perils of all kinds still surround them, and much depends, as usual in such emergencies, on the appearance or failure to appear of those able men whose special influence over the course of events no philosophy of history has yet been able to eliminate. But the light of their hope, though flickering, has not expired. The breaking up of the regular army, must seriously add to the difficulties of the present, but it removes the chief political danger of the future. If, in place of such an army as the Spanish army was, a national militia can be formed, the loss will be pure gain.

Constitutional Monarchists can hardly look with favour on a Republic in any case where their own ideal of government is practicable. But in Spain it is not practicable, as fatal experience, four times repeated, has shown. The choice lies between Ultramontane despotism, Anarchy, and a Conservative Republic. No friend of humanity who is not an Ultramontane can well withhold his sympathy from those who are struggling to establish the last.

Extending our view over Europe, we distinctly see the parties of Progress and Reaction, drawing their lines and marshalling their forces for what seems likely to be decisive battle. As in the time of the Reformation, the deepest part of the antagonism is religious and intellectual, the political element moving in sympathy with the other. The Pope, though despoiled of his dominions as a temporal prince, is the head of the Reaction, political as well as religious. Its principles and objects are set forth in his Syllabus and Encyclicals, which proclaim a general crusade against liberty, civil and religious. The Roman priesthood, now thoroughly stripped everywhere, except perhaps in Lower Canada, of the last vestige of nationality, thoroughly imbued with Ultramontane doctrine, and completely devoted to the absolute head of their order, form the united and powerful militia of Reaction, the Jesuits being, as in the sixteenth century, the household brigade and the soul of the Papal army. On the Papal and Reactionary side are all the less civilized and intelligent populations—the peasantry of the more backward parts of France, of Southern Italy, of Spain, of Belgium, of the Tyrol and other unenlightened provinces of Austria, of Bavaria, of Ireland. On the same side are also, to a great extent, the wealthy and privileged classes, less on religious grounds—for many of them in France and elsewhere are sceptics—than because, from the close connection between civil and religious despotism, it is the side of social and political reaction. The diplomatic traditions of France also place her, as a European power, on the side of Rome. "As a man," said a French politician, "I am a free thinker; as a Frenchman, I am a faithful son of the Holy Roman Church." Rome appeals also with success to the more emotional sex, as everyone who has entered a church in France is aware; the feminine tendency being the same in all countries as it is in England, where the party of Reaction, headed by Mr. Disraeli, find it for their interest to support Female Suffrage. On the side of Progress, in various degrees, and with various reserves and limitations, are the more educated and intelligent populations, with Germany at their head, the Teutonic races generally, science, critical learning, and the great intellectual forces of the age. The spirit of independent nationality, as in the case of Italy, fights under the same banner; and here again the analogy is preserved between the present era and the Reformation, which was, in great measure, a revolt of the nationalities against the anti-national despotism of Rome. History presents no struggle comparable in importance to the present, nor one in which such forces, moral and physical, have been brought into the field. The first act of the great drama was the French Revolution, which, owing to the political weakness of the French nation, ended most disastrously for Progress. But a different issue has attended the renewal of the struggle. Italy has been emancipated and united. Austria has been expelled from Germany, and herself forced by the uprising of the subject nationalities and the progress of liberal opinions among her people, to desert the cause of Reaction and enter on the path of progressive reform. The war between France and Germany, got up to a great extent by Jesuitism, through the Empress, to crush the great Protestant power, by its result gave Jesuitism and Rome the heaviest blow which they have received since the defeat of the Armada. Under that blow they are reeling still, and their attempts to propagate treason in Southern Germany, and to foster disaffection in the newly annexed provinces, are combatted by Bismarck, as the organ of German unity, with no weak or irresolute hand. In Spain the balance is wavering, but with an inclination, if the whole course of events during the last half century be taken into account, towards the side of Progress. In Belgium and England alone, the Reaction at present is gaining ground. Ireland remains as she was, partly because there, from the peculiar accidents of her history, the cause of nationality and political liberty is identified with that of the Roman Catholic religion. In spite of the disasters and discouragement caused by abortive movements such as that of 1848, or by outbreaks of anarchical violence such as the insurrection of the Commune, there can be no doubt as to the general results of the grand total of political revolutions and movements which have agitated Europe since 1815. The greatest political victory gained by the Reactionists was the establishment of the French Empire; and in its fall they received a ruinous overthrow.

In all parts of the field the fundamental character of the conflict is clearly marked. In France, the reactionary government of Bonapartists and Orleanists at once receives the benediction of the Pope, and, infidel as it is, proceeds to persecute the opponents of the clergy. In Spain the Carlists are headed by priests, against whom the Republic hurls fierce threats of vengeance. In Belgium the contending parties are essentially religious. In Italy the Liberal party, having abolished the Pope's temporal power, attacks the stronghold of the Papacy in the religious corporations. The Teutonic people of Switzerland, who some thirty years ago expelled the Jesuits, after having been plunged by their intrigues into a civil war, are seeking to limit the independent power of the priesthood over their flocks. In Germany, while the priests hatch treason, Bismarck struggles not only to bring their authority under the control of the law, but to strike at the very heart of their influence by compelling them to submit to the Prussian system of education.

We in Canada, with our great Roman Catholic population, and the Jesuits active among us, shall not escape the general agitation of the time. An attempt will be made here as well as elsewhere to sap and ultimately subvert free institutions in the Ultramontane interest. The storm which sank Sir George Cartier's political barque in Lower Canada is still raging fiercely over his grave. It is practically important for us, therefore, to settle the principle on which, in case of an emergency such as that which occurred in Switzerland in 1846, it would be incumbent on the nation to act. We believe that the principle may be defined as the perfect toleration of religion, combined with the unhesitating suppression, in case of need, of political conspiracy. Let people believe, preach, and teach what they please—however repugnant these doctrines may be to ours—the infallibility of the Pope, the immaculate conception, transubstantiation, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the miraculous flight of the house of Loretto through the air, the apparition of La Salette. There is no limit to the right of religious liberty, even though Rome herself openly professes intolerance, and to give point to her professions canonizes one of the most sanguinary monsters of the Spanish Inquisition. But no nation is bound to shelter under its laws a conspiracy against its own life. No nation is bound to allow superstition to be used as an engine of disunion, a stimulant of disaffection, or an auxiliary of foreign invasion. No nation is bound to treat as loyal citizens the emissaries of a foreign power encamped upon its soil for a hostile purpose. No nation is bound tamely to lie still and be strangled as Belgium is being strangled by a body of ecclesiastical Thugs.

The English wing of the Reaction is partly cut off from the rest, as it was in the days of the Stuarts, by the schism between the Roman and the Anglican Church. But now, as in the days of the Stuarts, the fundamental identity is marked by the frequent conversions of members of the aristocracy to Roman Catholicism, by the ritualist movement among the clergy, and by the desire openly avowed among them, and formally embodied in Dr. Pusey's *Irenicon*, of a reunion with the priesthood of the Church of Rome. The strength and intensity of the liberal movement increase this clerical tendency, both by repulsion, and by rendering the more active-minded of the young men at the universities averse from taking orders, and thus lowering the mental calibre of the clergy, and forcing them to trust to professional claims alone. Nearly five hundred English clergymen the other day signed an address in favour of Sacramental Confession, the very keystone, we need hardly say, of the sacerdotal system. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks, and we have no doubt is right in thinking, that those who would fain have signed the address are to be counted rather by thousands than by hundreds. The same journal says: "The address marks a distinct stage in the Romeward progress of our clergy. We say of our clergy, because, though the opponents still form on the whole the most numerous array, and certainly the most learned and the most useful, they are divided and discouraged. Evangelicalism among the clergy hardly holds its own; Broad Church always gives way when brought to any definite issue; old-fashioned orthodoxy is strong only through the *vis inertiæ*. Fashion and abundant wealth are on the side of the 'Catholic' innovators, who lack only one element, but that is an important one—a laity. In any broad and comprehensive sense, lay following they have none."

The Reaction has on its side perfect unity and complete organization, while its opponents are disunited and disorganized. It has immense wealth, social influence and great military power. It is easy to understand how a Jesuit, looking especially at what has taken place in Belgium and England, may feel confident of victory. And yet who doubts what the end will really be? Who imagines that the age of Philip II. and Torquemada will return?

SELECTIONS.

THE HYGIENE OF THE SEASONS.

[*From* "CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE," *by Alphonse Donné, M.D.**]

WINTER.

December—January—February.

HIPPOCRATES has said: "The maladies engendered by winter cease in the summer; those engendered by summer cease in winter.

"The cure of disorders engendered by spring may be expected in the autumn; that of maladies engendered by the autumn must necessarily take place in the spring."

Winter, from the hygienic point of view, comprises in our climate the months of December, January and February.

Winter is injurious to the weak, favourable to the strong, fatal to old people, propitious to the young.

There is less disease and greater mortality than at other seasons of the year.

Morbid temperaments and winter complaints belong to the inflammatory kind.

It is the season of colds and chest affections, of catarrhs and rheumatism, especially if the winter be damp. The skin, contracted by the cold, performs its functions badly; the mucous membranes, of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and bladders, are easily affected; hence the hygienic precautions incumbent on convalescents and delicate persons, weakened by age or disease. Only strong and healthy persons may with advantage brave the rigours of this season. For these an excess of caution is injurious, since it only helps to develope a susceptibility which is opposed to functional equilibrium and organic existence.

"Winter is favourable to the treatment of the morbid conditions which autumn and summer may have left behind them, such as nervous and spasmodic affections, accompanied by atony; mucous disorders, scrofulas, and obstinate intermittent fevers. It is unfavourable to inflammatory diseases, especially to such as are fluxionary and which affect the lungs." (Ribes.)

Weak and delicate persons ought to adopt various precautions, according to their worldly circumstances and social position; unfortunately not every one can bestow on his health the attention it demands. What would be the good of saying to a poor door-keeper of Paris: "My friend, you are subject to rheumatism, damp cold is hurtful to you, the ground-floor does not suit you; you ought to live on an upper floor, dry and exposed to the sun?" or to a poor sempstress earning eighteenpence a day by embroidery or stitching gloves, and living in a garret on the sixth floor: "My poor woman, you have palpitation of the heart, a short breath, you must not go up so high; live on the first floor and take gentle walks in the sun in the Luxembourg or the Tuileries?"

Here, among so many others, are some of the rocks on which medical science is wrecked, much more than from its own inefficiency, or that of its remedies, with which physicians are daily taunted.

In truth, there are compensating circumstances. If the poor suffer but too often from the want of care and comfort, the rich perhaps suffer more by the excess of the precautions that enervate and weaken them.

But though our advice seems to suit the rich only, we hope to render it useful to the most moderate fortunes, and adapt it to every possible condition.

To those whom nothing confines and chains to a fatal existence—who need not take into account either their means or the duties of a profession or office, or the obstacles of a numerous family, who are able to place themselves in circumstances the most favourable to their constitution and health—we say in the first instance: "Are your lungs delicate, is your throat sensitive, your bladder affected? Are you racked by rheumatic pains? exhausted or convalescent? Have you, in fact, from some cause or other, just strength enough to maintain life during the genial seasons in which the body has not to combat inclement weather? In your case avoid the north, large towns and fogs during the bad season, and seek in milder climes easier and healthier conditions of existence."

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* London: Henry S. King & Co., Publishers.

But where are you to go? to what climate, to what country shall you give the preference?

If you do not wish to go far away, Montpellier—in spite of the drawbacks of its climate, with the resources of its illustrious faculty, and the delights of an elegant and literary city, provided with good hotels—offers what is best in France. Perpignan, Hyères, and Cannes, enjoy sweet and agreeable sites, favourable to consumptive persons and valetudinarians.

The islands of the Mediterranean, Corsica, and especially Ajaccio, sheltered within its beautiful bay from the northern and Italian winds, and better still, Algiers, with its picturesque and animated life, its delicious *Sapel*, would be preferable; and finally Egypt, with which our intercourse becomes closer from day to day, and a voyage to which no longer terrifies our imagination. There is no doubt that (thanks to railways and steamboats) new medicinal localities, suitable for all constitutions, and in harmony with every temperament, will some day be rendered easily accessible to all invalids. And in starting with this principle, that for chronic diseases the best and most powerful curative agent is a medium appropriate to the kind of infirmity from which one suffers, we shall soon behold an exchange of patients among the different climates of the civilised world. The south will send to the north its bilious constitutions, worn out by the burning of the sun; its enlarged livers, its lazy stomachs and bowels, its nervous systems impregnated with feverish principles, undermined by repeated shocks of intermittent fits; to receive itself delicate chests, sensitive mucous membranes, lymphatic constitutions. And to this exchange will be due the most precious concurrence with, the most efficacious aid to, the methods and remedies of ordinary medical science. There would, so to speak, be no more chronic diseases, if every one could be placed and live in the medium most suitable to his constitution. Are not the English, exhausted by a long residence in India, in the midst of the stifling and damp heat of Bombay and Calcutta, half cured as soon as they put their foot on European ground? Do they not find their inert digestive functions resume their activity, their hyper-atrophic livers return to their normal proportions, under the tonic influence of a colder and drier climate, assisted by the action of certain mineral waters, such as those of Carlsbad or Vichy?

Laënnec says, that of all the remedies tried hitherto for the cure of phthisis, there is none that has more frequently arrested, or even totally eradicated it, than change of scene. But it is especially in youth and childhood that change of climate can produce the most marvellous effects. Unfortunately people resort to it too late, and wait until serious illness, endangering life, compels them to quit an atmosphere wherein poor debilitated beings, condemned from their birth to phthisis, can no longer exist. But then it is too late; the destructive principle has invaded the organs, and produced ravages too deep to be repaired. A milder climate can only prolong life, but cannot cure and restore health.

We must fly the inhospitable regions before the breaking out of the evil, before the budding of the germ, to settle, not for a season, but for years, in a favourable clime, until age and the developed, modified, and invigorated constitution get the upper hand. These expatriations, it is true, are painful and difficult; but few privileged members of the human family have the choice and means; yet even amidst these fortunate ones, free from every care, entirely preoccupied with the preservation of their children, how very few resolutely adopt this remedy—the only one that can save the threatened beings so dear to them! In this respect people act as they do with regard to consultations in acute and dangerous illnesses; they are rather adopted as consolations *in extremis*, that one may be free from reproach, than as really efficacious remedies.

But, on the other hand, how very few physicians have the courage to tell families, whose confidence they enjoy, long beforehand, long before any symptom of the dreaded malady shows itself, even when there is every appearance of the most robust health: "Your child is the offspring of a phthisical father or mother;" or, "The child has lost a brother or sister by that disease; you are anxious, and can do everything to bring it up and preserve its life; well, while it is in good health, remove it from Paris, or even from France; send it to a milder climate, a warmer sky, bring it up in the light of the sun, on the sea-coast; let it grow up, and grow strong there for ten years, and only allow it to see its native place again when its constitution shall have been invigorated, modified, and the disease-germ expelled."

And yet this is what ought to be done to obtain the benefit of a change of climate, instead of waiting until death already circulates in the veins.

Such language ought to be addressed not only to rich families, decimated or threatened by consumption, but to the parents of lymphatic, scrofulous and rickety children. How many fathers and mothers, favoured by fortune, enjoying leisure, having a name to transmit, would accept these conditions, and even joyfully incur sacrifices, were it suggested to them with firmness and confidence! How many would be happy to purchase at this price the life and health of cherished beings devoted to an almost certain death, or a languishing life, destined to be extinguished in a degenerate posterity.

To people of moderate means and to the poor—in fine, to the large number whom the necessities or duties of their condition chain to their place of abode, like the goat browsing round the stake to which it is tethered—I would say: "Protect yourselves as well as you can against cold and damp, but without overdoing your precautions. Do not consider yourselves as ill if you are only delicate. Do not shut yourselves up too carefully; do not deprive yourselves of air and exercise. Wear flannel, but do not sleep in rooms too hot, and deprived of respirable air by being inhabited throughout day and night. Sleep in a room that is cool and without fire, if you have several rooms." It is impossible to tell how many restless and sleepless nights are due to bad air and want of ventilation.

To old men I would recommend prudence. How many have not suffered from having taken no heed of their age, and acted like young men; from having exposed themselves to draught and cold under a carriage-way to escape a shower, and save a few pence, instead of taking a carriage and going home.

Let them not forget the saying of the wit, "One dies only through foolishness!"

Strengthen your children by exercise in the open air, in spite of the coldness of the season. If you have no particular reason to be anxious about their chests, do not easily be frightened at a slight cold, which is of less consequence than the weakening and sensitiveness resulting from indulgence and "coddling." Let the youngest children, infants at the breast, go every day to breathe the fresh air at the most favourable time; air is the best soother for infants, unless they are ill; there are not six days in the year in which, on account of bad weather, they ought to be deprived of their airing and kept indoors.

To young and languid women I would say: "Fear protracted repose, which robs you of the little strength you have, and renders you sensitive like the plant of that name. Lounges are latterly much abused. Do not lie down on them unless you are really fatigued. Three months of such a regimen are worse than actual illness; you arise from it more exhausted than from a violent inflammation of the lungs. Do not treat a slight indisposition as an illness. It is better occasionally to brave the evil than always to yield to it."

"If you have a slight soreness of throat, a hoarseness, a somewhat lingering cold, drink a glass of Eau-Bonne in the morning, mixed with a little milk and sweetened with a spoonful of gum or violet-sirup; take something soothing, such as sirup of Clerambourg, but do not make your lives miserable for such a trifle."

"Combat weakness of stomach and digestion, re-animate circulation, restore energy to your blood by the use of iron water or a few pinches of sub-carbonate of iron, especially after your menses, which weaken you."

To husbands I would say: "Do not forbid your wives the distractions and pleasures of the world under the pretext of taking care of their health. Dancing is for many women what hunting and riding are for men ; it is their real exercise.

"Give them especially, as far as in you lies, satisfaction of mind and heart. How many disorders have no other origin than mental trouble and unrequited feeling? Domestic happiness and peace are the best promoters of health, as they also enable us to bear the trials of life."

Baron Louis used to say to the ministers, his colleagues: "Let me have good politics, and you shall have good finances." Of how many patients, and especially female ones, might it not be said, "Satisfy their hearts and minds, and you give them health."

To all I would say: Beware of habits contrary to the special laws of your organisation and constitution ; study yourselves with understanding, and do not persevere in a mode of life contrary to your nature. Certain disturbances of the nervous system, even certain chronic affections, are only due to an erroneous alimentary regimen ; to the use of substances antagonistic to your organisation, in spite of the apparent relish, calculated to maintain the heated state of the blood and the irritation of the nervous system. I have seen coffee, adopted from a preference which appeared instinctive, produce gout, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, or other morbid states, which disappeared as soon its use was given up. Wine has the same effect on certain constitutions, in which water, taken plentifully, re-establishes the equilibrium and functional integrity. Water is especially beneficial in the morning ; plethoric persons would do well to drink nothing else for breakfast.

I do not mean to say that wine and coffee are not excellent beverages for most men ; but there are, medically speaking, idiosyncracies, that is to say, peculiar constitutions, that must be taken into consideration. I have known a very healthy person to whom any kind of cheese was positive poison.

I repeat it, for this truth is not sufficiently well known, certain diseased conditions are only kept up by an alimentary regimen, or a mode of life not generally appropriate to the individual constitution. Of all the vagaries of regimen the most dangerous are excesses at table, especially the abuse of wines and liqueurs. Satiety or impotency quickly put a limit to other excesses ; the pleasures of the table are those most frequently renewed, and which last longest. As legitimate, nay favourable to the well-being and expansion of the organs, as is this pleasure when enjoyed in moderation, as fatal is it when indulged in beyond the limits of strength and reason. Many persons have never recovered from a single excess at table, carried beyond all bounds.

If you have a tendency to grow fat, rise early and take exercise ; tire yourself, even fasting. Thin persons will adopt a contrary course. Many persons would do well to give up coffee, not because it hurts them, but simply not to increase their embonpoint. Not that coffee in itself is a very nutritive food ; but since it in a high degree promotes digestion and absorption, it facilitates the complete assimilation of other alimentary substances. Some persons grow fat at will, or maintain themselves in their average condition, by using or abstaining from coffee.

In others it produces a contrary effect, by keeping up excess of excitement.

The theory of inflammation and the system of Broussais have had an immense influence on the general mode of living, and the alimentary regimen in particular. We may say that they have signally modified the culinary art and the habits of the table.

Whatever good there may be in that system, in promoting a certain moderation in the use of stimulants, it has been carried to excess, and has introduced precautions—actual superstitions—which are not without their drawbacks as regards health and the vigour of men's constitutions.

Irritants are dreaded to such a degree that the least exciting condiments in food are proscribed as hurtful. Pepper has disappeared from a great many tables, and on some salt is scarcely admitted.

The world has so false an idea of the structure of the organs and of their functions, that it trembles at the thought of introducing into the stomach a sharp and burning substance like pepper ; a single grain of that substance on the coats of that organ is looked upon as poison. The world does not know that, at the least contact of an irritating poison, all our interior (mucous) membranes possess the marvellous property of secreting a viscous fluid which envelopes that substance, and renders it, so to speak, inert, or at least innoxious to the coats of the organ.

We have, therefore, not to fear solid substances, containing an exciting, but not corrosive principle; their purely local effects are ephemeral and neutralised; or rather they are stimulants useful to languid organs. The true poisons are those fiery liquors which are quickly absorbed, which mingle immediately with the blood, and with and in it reach all the organs, the brain, heart, etc. It is this which renders spirits, absinthe and other alcoholic drinks, so dangerous.

But let it be well understood, insipid food is bad for the stomach. The digestive organs need stimulants, and from the want of it sink into a state of atony; hence so many disordered stomachs. It is more advisable to finish a repast with a piece of cheese than with insipid sweets and frothy cream. But what is much more to be avoided than stimulants, is putting one digestion upon another, and not allowing the stomach to perform this grand operation in peace. People think they may with impunity eat something light, some delicacy, between meals, before digestion is well over; this is an error. It is not the quantity of food that in such a case does harm, but the extra work thrown on the stomach; the labour of a second digestion, even of light dishes, before the first is over. It is unnecessarily disturbed, be it only for a trifle, and this disturbance is as injurious as if it were on account of some substantial food. This rule is important, especially as regards children, and also with regard to man after partaking of a hearty meal.

SPRING.

March—April—May.

Spring is more treacherous than winter. In all countries it is the season of sudden changes of temperature. Cold is quickly succeeded by heat, dry weather by damp, a calm and tepid atmosphere by a sharp cutting wind.

The whole organism feels the labour of nature. The living body is sensitive, liable to reaction and surprises in the midst of these rapid changes, which in the course of the same day carry us through all climates, from the temperate to the excesses of heat and cold. Extra precautions are needed to resist these influences.

"Spring renders chronic diseases, with fluxionary irritation, acute; for this reason it opposes the treatment of pulmonary phthisis.' (Ribes.)

It appears that slumbering disease-germs are ready to awake like the germs of plants; spring, like all seasons of renewals, is a bad time for persons suffering from consumption, rheumatism, nervous disorders, and diseased brain. No constitution is safe, and the least shock may affect it. Choose your times for breathing fresh air and taking exercise. Take advantage of the middle of the day and sunshine, and return home before the evening, if your throat or bronchial tubes are at all delicate.

Colds are frequent and tenacious, pneumonia is abundant, coryza and sore throat, so to speak endemic.

Do not throw off your winter clothing, husband your strength, do not indulge in violent exercise, leave to your body time to recover its tone. Make a moderate use of baths, seeing that the skin is not in a condition to counteract the exterior cold and to restore circulation.

Maintain warmth at the extremities; wear woollen socks.

Modify your alimentary regimen; take with your meat the fresh vegetables of the season.

Do not think of any removal; remain within the medium in which you have passed the winter; for in all countries, even in southern climes, spring is liable to returns of winter.

I only except those who impatiently await the first fine days to put an end to some com plaint which can only be averted by a change of scene; a violent cough, for instance, or fits of intermitting fever, which have resisted every preparation of quinine. These, and even continuous fevers, existing without any appreciable organic cause, in spite of every kind of treatment and regimen, often give way, never to return again, as soon as the patient removes but a few leagues from the spot where they first appeared.

SUMMER.

June—July—August.

This is the good season for old men, weak persons exhausted by disease, convalescents and delicate chests. The warm and gentle air re-animates, and the now settled sky no longer exposes the sensitive organs to the danger of sudden changes of temperature.

The predominating morbid states of summer are biliousness and gastric complaints, with or without fever.

"Children, and persons that are weak in the winter, whose constitution is phlegmatic, gain colour and embonpoint in summer. But those that are irritable and nervous suffer and are cast down." (Ribes.)

The interior equilibrium and harmony very often depend on the manner in which the skin, that vast evaporating surface, performs its functions Many diseases and chronic affections are due to no other cause than the drying up and inertness of the skin. When it is contracted by cold, when its pores no longer open and exhale the principles of sweat and insensible perspiration, the interior membranes become the seat of catarrhal secretions, the glands swell, the humours become acrid. It appears that the exterior and the interior surfaces of the body, the skin and the internal mucous coat, are the two poles whose activity is necessary for the play of the organs contained between those two surfaces; if one of them be inert, the acids no longer go to the skin; the mucous surfaces with alkaline secretions languish, and the current no longer maintains its functional regularity. This happens especially after long chronic affections of the digestive organs: the dried-up skin no longer perspires, or, if we may so express it, breathes no longer. The treatment consists in restoring its suppleness and permeability, and summer is eminently favourable for this, in consequence of the dryness of the air and the exercise it is possible to take. Therefore, this is the season of walks, of country-life, of fresh and sea-water baths.

The country, for convalescents and old men is what good food is for delicate and sickly children. How many disorders are there not that draw their weary length along in towns, and are put an end to by a change of scene, by living in the open air, amidst the balmy exhalations of vegetation! How many old men and women regain fresh life in the country and recover strength to enter on a new career, to support the fatigues of this life, of whatever kind they may be!

Fresh water and sea-baths offer important hygienic resources. They refresh the body, give tone to the skin, suppleness to the limbs; and sea-bathing especially is one of the most powerful means for restoring lost strength.

Children and aged persons may use sea-baths, but with discretion. The rule for them, as for all persons in whom reaction is weak, is to take them only short and on very hot days. Those that no longer enjoy youth and health, who lack the former warmth of blood, ought to avoid a too intense and too protracted cooling. A few minutes' bathing in the sea, especially at the beginning of the season, is sufficient, and care is to be taken speedily to restore circulation and warmth by good clothing and exercise in the sun. This is what renders the warm shores of the Mediterranean and the waters of that sea, exposed during four months to the heat of a cloudless sun,* so beneficial for weakened constitutions that sink without warmth. The body hardly gets cold within the bosom of these waters so thoroughly warmed, and the reaction is immediate, on passing from the bath into an atmosphere always tepid under the rays of a burning sun. The burning sand on which one walks is also very beneficial in restoring warmth to the extremities. You may wrap yourself up in it, plunge the suffering limbs or even the whole body into it, which quickly perspires under this covering of sand as in a dry oven.

What an excellent remedy for all kinds of pain, especially rheumatic, and at the same time what enjoyment and well-being, the northern shores are, for those that can stand cold and intemperate air, and have in themselves powers wherewith to warm themselves under a pale sun; these thus redouble their strength; but the Mediterranean is the sea for the weak and shivering body, whose blood is poor and lymphatic, for children and old men who have neither strength nor warmth to spare.

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* The sea begins to be good at the end of May, and I and my children bathe in it till the end of October.

But where shall we take these beneficial baths of warm sea-water, inflamed air, burning sands, and a southern sun? To what point are we to steer, and where shall we find a kind reception and a comfortable home?

Unfortunately there is nowhere any establishment comparable to those of Boulogne and Dieppe, on the coast stretching for more than a hundred leagues from Marseilles to Port-Vendre; on those hot sands, so pleasant to the foot, no town resembling the charming cities of the north invites the stranger. But to recover health and strength, to restore life to perishing children, we may well give up pleasure and comfort, and settle down in some of the huts, which are grandly called establishments, on the coasts of Cette and Montpellier. And if the stream of sick travellers should set towards that quarter, no doubt the south will soon rival the north.

Our scope being concerning the means of preserving health, with reference to each particular season, and not concerning specific diseases, since we treat of hygiene and not of medical science strictly so called, we need not discuss the mineral baths suitable for particular disorders—such as the baths of Vichy, Eaux-Bonnes, Barége and others; and I shall only add that change of scene, bracing mountain air, distraction of travelling, activity excited by beholding new countries, and curiosity inspired by picturesque sites, independent of the action of the baths themselves, are excellent helps to the restoration of health and strength. The head becomes clear, gloomy thoughts are dispelled, the nerves relaxed, the appetite returns, the functions are invigorated, and the constitutional equilibrium is re-established. Seek to enjoy all these benefits of the journey you undertake, at such an expense of time and money, by arming yourself with the philosophy necessary gaily to bear with all the little annoyances of the road, indifferent lodgings, the weariness of conveyances; and do not render a trip devoted to pleasure and health a source of nervous irritation, or you had better stay at home. Do not take the baths inconsiderately, especially such are endowed with active properties—sulphureous baths, for instance—which are so exciting to nervous constitutions. Among the baths which are particularly gentle, calming without energetic action, but simply beneficial, and which on that account may be called hygienic, we assign to Néris and Plombières the first rank. The waters of Plombières, for certain nervous constitutions, are true milk-baths.

Summer is the season of intestinal disorders, especially in hot countries, in which one is not acclimatised. When there is no complication, but simply slight diarrhœa, one of the most convenient and efficacious remedies is powdered nitrate of bismuth. A few pinches, forming a dose of fifty centigrammes, in half a glass of wine, taken before meals, arrest the disorder, without interfering with your diet or pursuits.

During the heat of summer let your drink be cool, but not iced. If you are not quite sure of your stomach or bowels, abstain from ices, especially between meals. Wait at least until digestion is finished before you indulge in this luxury. Taken with meals, ices seldom are injurious. Sherbet, flavoured with rum or coffee, at dinner is beneficial, refreshing, and gives tone to the stomach; whilst it not unfrequently happens that ices made with fruit and taken in the evening, shortly after dinner, disturb digestion and even produce a kind of poisoning.

AUTUMN.

September—October—November.

Autumn is the season of long quartan fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and sciatica; fits of gout are renewed (Ribes); but it is at the same time the most favourable season for good and average constitutions. It is the holiday season, the period for country life, exercise in the open air, hunting and mental repose. Turn it to account and prepare for winter. The evenings begin to grow damp, and nights cool; take precautions accordingly, if you are delicate. Do not expose yourself to the morning fog without having fortified the stomach, and given an impulse to the circulation of the blood. Take very nourishing food, but also much exercise; you may eat twice as much in the country as in town, and indulge in food you would not easily digest under ordinary circumstances, provided you expend this surplus of nourishment in the open air and by continual exercise on foot or horseback, or with the gun across your shoulder.

Is not this the true life of man, the true condition of his health and strength; and was he not made to dwell in the woods and fields, rather than to scratch on paper, seated on a chair? But since we cannot get rid of these necessities of social life—the consequence of original sin—let us endeavour to lessen these evils by the rustic existence of autumn.

Men of the age of fifty especially, who begin to pick up flesh, whose organs become loaded with fat, whose hearts have a tendency to grow voluminous, whose circulation becomes sluggish and breathing difficult, whose heads grow heavy by substantial food and want of exertion, stand greatly in need of the violent exercise only to be found in the country in the hunting season. It is the period of life when we must not allow sloth and idleness to benumb, nor the indulgence of wealth and pleasure to enervate, nor an exaggerated fear of compromising our health to intimidate us. Do not accustom yourself to look upon your person as so very precious; dare sometimes to expose it to danger in distant and toilsome excursions; fatigue your body, steep it in sweat, and these supposed excesses will do you good. Such is the true hygiene of people that are sound and wish to remain so.

For children the country is a second nurse; there, so to speak, they bring themselves up alone and almost without care. Most of the alimentary precautions necessary in towns, and so frequently inefficacious, become needless in the country; their stomachs digest what in town they could not bear; the bowels are invigorated, and children once despaired of rearing in town shoot up in the country like mushrooms.

For the same reason, organisations exhausted by business or pleasure, chronic affections or tedious recoveries, ought to aim at a stay in the country during the autumn. For these its calm existence, moderate exercise, even its repose and pure air, are everything.

"I doubt," says Rousseau, "whether any violent agitation, any disease arising from vitiated humours, can resist a prolonged residence on the mountains, and am surprised that the baths of this salutary and beneficent air are not one of the grand remedies of medical and moral science."

"The country," Ribes justly says, "is change of air for the citizen and man of fashion. In the country you will successfully treat obstinate diseases, for the very reason that they were contracted in town; sick headaches, asthma, violent coughs, cramp in the stomach, &c."

Travelling fatigues persons of spare habits and lymphatic complexion, and they do not grow fat; living in the country, where they take carriage and even walking exercise, increases in them nutritive action, and promotes the generation of fat.

The life led in the country generally restores the *embonpoint* when those who need it are withdrawn from a mode of life antagonistic to health, and whereof leanness is the consequence.

Health may be completely restored by living in the country; in some cases native air has an equally beneficial influence.

Partake sparingly of fruit, and prevent your children from overloading their stomachs with it between meals. Let their habits be regular, and do not allow them to eat or drink, except at meals. Let them learn in summer to bear hunger and thirst especially, even at play; it prevents many accidents, and invigorates their moral nature as well as their stomachs.

Regularity is as fully a condition of health as of wisdom.

HARRIET LADY ASHBURTON.

WHEN the successful Orator, Actor, Journalist, and Pamphleteer, must be content, in the main, with the fame and the work of their own short day, from the inability of any record or biography to reproduce their impression on mankind, how are the social celebrities of any time to live even here beyond the shifting scene in which they have played their part? And yet the world (more grateful perhaps for having been pleased than for having been instructed) is not unwilling to invest them with a personal interest and sympathy that the important figures of the part rarely obtain, and to give even to insignificant facts and pointless gossip connected with their place in life the airs and attitudes of "History." The fairest claimants to this distinction are, no doubt, women like Mrs. Elizabeth Montague or Miss Berry, whose lives have lapped over generations of mankind, and who accumulate by the mere lapse of time a multitude of small associations with intellectual and political celebrities around their names. But I am here desirous to continue the recollection of a lady whose sphere of action was limited both in extent and in duration; and whose peculiar characteristics rather impeded than promoted her position in an order of society where any strong individuality is both rare and unwelcome.

It is hard to conjecture what would have been the destiny of so complex a character in the ordinary struggle for existence: whether its nobler qualities would have made their way above the wilfulness and self-assertion that isolated and encumbered it? whether the wonderful humour that relieved by its insight, and elevated by its imagination, the natural rudeness of her temperament and despotism of her disposition, might not have degenerated into cynicism and hatred? Enough that here for once the accidents of birth and wealth resulted in giving liberty of thought and action to an ingenuous spirit, and at the same time placed it under the control, not of manners alone, but of the sense of high state and large responsibility. She was an instance in which aristocracy gave of its best and showed at its best: although she may have owed little to the qualities she inherited from an irascible race, and to an unaffectionate education. She often alluded to the hard repression of her childhood, and its effects. "I was constantly punished for my impertinence, and you see the result. I think I have made up for it since."

For many years before the husband of Lady Harriet Baring succeeded to his father's title and estates, Bath House and The Grange had been centres of a most agreeable and diversified society. The first Lord Ashburton combined great knowledge, experience, and discrimination, with a rare benignity of character and simplicity of manner. During his long career in the House of Commons the general moderation and breadth of his opinions had had the usual result of failing to command an Assembly that prefers any resolute error to judicious ambiguity; but, at the same time, these qualities had secured to him the personal esteem of the leading men of both parties. Thus his house was long a neutral ground for political intercourse, the prevalent tone being Tory, but of that aspect of Toryism which was fast lapsing into the Conservative Liberalism of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. The vast monetary negotiations in which Lord Ashburton had been engaged in various parts of the world—from the time when, almost as a boy, he transacted the sale of Louisiana to the United States, to the conclusion of the long Continental War, brought to his table every remarkable foreign personage who visited this country, and with the most distinguished of whom—King Leopold for instance—he had close personal relations. The House of Baring, by marriage and community of interests, was as much American as British, and offered its hospitality to every eminent citizen of the United States. The cordial reception of artists was the natural concomitant of the taste and wealth that illuminated the walls with the rarest and most delightful examples of ancient and modern Art, now, with few exceptions, lost to his family and the world for ever by one of those lamentable accidents which no individual care, and no mechanical appliance, seem adequate to prevent or to remedy. Nor was the literary element wanting, though it generally found access through some channel of political or personal intimacy. In such company—in which a young woman even of high social or intellectual claims might well have passed unobserved—Lady Harriet at once took a high and independent position, while towards her husband's family and connections she assumed a demeanour of superiority that at the time gave just offence, and which later efforts and regrets never wholly obliterated. I am inclined to attribute this defect of conduct rather to a wilful repugnance towards any associations that seemed fixed upon her by circumstances or obligation, and not of her own free choice—a feeling which manifested itself just as decidedly towards her own relatives—rather than to any pride of birth, or even haughtiness of disposition. I remember her saying, "The worst of being very ill is that one is left to the care of one's relations, and one has no remedy at law, whatever they may be." On the other hand, we may well recollect the scathing irony with which she treated excessive genealogical pretensions, especially among her own connections; while she never concealed her sense of the peculiar national importance and commercial dignity of the "Barings." "They are everywhere," she said, "they get everything. The only check upon them is, that they are all members of the Church of England; otherwise there is no saying what they would do."

It was the natural effect of this independence of any domestic circle, or even of any society of which she was not herself the centre and the chief, which induced Lady Harriet Baring to collect around her a small body of friends, of which her own singular talent was the inspiring spirit. Thus when, in the course of events, she became the head of the family, she was at once able, not only to sustain the social repute of the former generation, but to stamp it with a special distinction. I do not know how I can better describe this faculty than as the fullest and freest exercise of an intellectual gaiety, that presented the most agreeable and amusing pictures in few and varied words; making high comedy out of daily life, and relieving sound sense and serious observation with imaginative contrasts and delicate surprises. It is unnecessary to say that this power, combined with such a temperament as I have described, was eminently dangerous, and could not but occasionally descend into burlesque and caricature; and, in the personal talk with which English society abounds, it could not keep altogether clear of satirical injustice. But to those who had the opportunity of watching its play, and tracing its motives, there was an entire absence of that ill-nature which makes ridicule easy; and even when apparently cruel, it was rather the outburst of a judicial severity than of a wanton unkindness. In the conversational combats thus provoked, the woman no doubt frequently took the woman's advantage, and attacked where no defence was decorously possible; but the impulse was always to measure herself with the strong—not to triumph over the weak.

But while persons cognisant of the art, and appreciative of her rapidity of movement and dexterity of fence, were fully sympathetic with Princess Lieven's judgment, "*Qu' il vaudrait biens'abonner pour entendre causer cette femme*," there were many estimable people to whom the electric transition from grave to gay was thoroughly distasteful; and there were others who, distanced in the race of thought and expression, went away with a sense of humiliation or little inclination to return. Many who would not have cared for a quiet defeat, shrank from the merriment of her victory. I remember one of them saying: "I do not mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards." It was in truth a joyous sincerity that no conventionalities, high or low, could restrain—a festive nature flowering through the artificial soil of elevated life.

There could be no better guarantee of these qualities than the constant friendship that existed between Lady Ashburton and Mr. Carlyle—on her part one of filial respect and duteous admiration. The frequent presence of the great moralist of itself gave to the life of Bath House and The Grange a reality that made the most ordinary worldly component parts of it more human and worthy than elsewhere. The very contact of a conversation which was always bright, and never frivolous, brought out the best elements of individual character, reconciled formal politicians with free men of letters and men of pleasure with those that bear the burden of the day. "Ask me to meet your printers," was the often-quoted speech of a lady of fashion. Of course there are barriers in our social life which no individual will or power can throw down. You cannot bring into close sympathetic communion the operative poor and the inoperative rich any more in intellectual than in physical relations, but all that was possible was here done. Patronage was neither given nor taken: if the person suited the society, and showed by his contribution or his enjoyment that he did so, he might be quite sure of its continuance; otherwise he left it, without much notice taken on one side or the other. That this was not always so, an amusing passage between Mr. Thackeray and Lady Ashburton illustrates. Having been most kindly received, he took umbrage at some hard rallying, perhaps rather of others than of himself, and not only declined her invitations, but spoke of her with discourtesy and personal dislike. After some months, when the angry feeling on his part had had time to die out, he received from her a card of invitation to dinner. He returned it, with an admirable drawing on the back, representing himself kneeling at her feet with his hair all aflame from the hot coals she was energetically pouring on his head out of an ornamental brazier. This act of contrition was followed by a complete reconciliation, and much friendship on her part towards him and his family.

But although such men were admitted to her intimacy, and all men-of-letters or promising aspirants were welcomed to her larger assemblies, the chief intimates of the house were men of public life, either in Parliament or the Press, with no exclusion of party, but with an inclination towards the politics which her husband supported. As Mr. Bingham Baring he had formed part of the administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, and had all the mind and thought of a statesman, but was deficient in those aptitudes which enable a man to make the most of his talents, and present them with effect to others. He had that shyness which often belongs to Englishmen of great capacity and knowledge, and to which those faculties themselves, in a certain degree, contribute. By the very power of appreciation of the breadth and gravity of affairs, by the very insight into the merits of men and things, by their very sense of the moral and intellectual defects of those to whom the world accords favour and honour, such men give an impression of mental weakness, and even of moral inferiority; whereas they have within them all the real elements of governing force, and on a right occasion will frequently exhibit them. When such qualities are combined, as they were in Lord Ashburton, with the noblest and purest purpose, with an entirely unselfish and truthful disposition, and with a determination to fulfil every duty of his station, from the lowest to the highest, they may excite in those that know and love them best a sense of the deep injustice done to them by public opinion, and an ardent desire to remedy it. Thus Lady Ashburton lost no opportunity to stimulate her husband's ambition, and was anxious above all things to make her own great social position subservient to his public fortunes; and yet, by one of the mischances which attend the combinations of human character, her very eminence damaged his consideration, and his affection and admiration for her were the instruments of his comparative insignificance. There was something offensive to the sense of English independence in the constant enjoyment he took in the display of her genius and effervescence of her gaiety. It was in truth a concurrence of lover-like delight and intellectual wonder, and those who saw in it a slavish submission were unconscious of the quiet authority he assumed in all the serious concerns of life, and the gradual moulding of the violent and angular parts of her nature, under the correction of his moral elevation and the experience of his gentle wisdom. Nor indeed was there any want of his influence even in the field of ordinary society. He had an unquenchable thirst for information, and brought about him every special capacity and all sound learning. I never knew anyone with a keener sense of imposture or a shrewder detection of superficial knowledge. In this his intellect was but the reflection of his moral self, which had so entire an abhorrence of falsehood that I have often thought it was saved from a pedantry of veracity by the humoristic atmosphere with which it was surrounded. But though thus in a certain degree reconciled to the common transactions of political and social life, yet it always maintained a certain isolation which prevented him from becoming the ready comrade of ordinary practical men, or the handy colleague of any Government.

I have no intention of painting a group of The Grange, but there was one member of this goodly company so constant and so conspicuous, so united to it by ties of intellectual sympathy, that I may well profit by the introduction of his name to satisfy my own feelings of gratitude and affection. Mr. Bingham Baring had made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Buller in Madeira, where he had accompanied a dying brother. The opportunities which so often bring Englishmen together in close relations in a foreign country, resulted in an earnest friendship between the young men, which was afterwards cemented by an introduction to Mr. Buller's family, and its remarkable society, that included Mr. (now Sir) Henry Taylor, Mr. John Sterling, and Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Lady Harriet fully shared her husband's esteem for Mr. Buller and enjoyment of his social qualities. Now that death has swept off with such a strange rapidity the public men who began their career about the time of the first Reform Bill, and who for the most part became the pupils and followers of Sir Robert Peel, it must not be forgotten that there sat on the opposite bench one for whom the House of Commons predicted as brilliant a success as for any member of the other party. Mr. Buller had been fortunate in identifying himself with a question now trite enough, but then pregnant with interest to masses of men and the destinies of the world. To replace the quarrelsome relations between the British Colonies and the Home Government (then personified in Sir James Stephen, who bore the *sobriquet* of "Mother Country,") by a system which would at once develope the faculties of the Anglo-Saxon race, and relieve England from its weight of pauperism by systematic emigration, was a project of high practical purpose and beneficial hope. With him, as comrades in the cause, were the present Lord Grey and the late Sir William Molesworth, who, taken away in the prime of life, but not without having attained high political office, holds his place among the statesmen of his country. Mr. Buller had the important advantage of having been employed in the pacification of Canada, as Secretary to Lord Durham, and had had the credit of drawing up the Report, which was generally approved, without sharing the discomfiture that fell on some of the official conductors of the negotiation. The Colonial policy thus initiated has since run its full course, and though not attended with all the magnificent effects then anticipated, and at the present moment rather veering in its direction, has nevertheless left its mark on the history of the world, and offers in its integrity the only possible solution of the problem of the future migrations of the British race.

My own relations with Charles Buller dated from Cambridge; and when I entered the House of Commons, he had won the ear of the House not only on his special question, but on all the great agitations of the day. During many years I found in him an affectionate friend and judicious counsellor, not less when we belonged to different parties than when the conversion of Sir Robert Peel to the policy of Free Trade in corn broke up the Government, and sent his followers to make new combinations, as best suited the opinions they had acquired or maintained.

As an episode in our intimacy, I am glad to remember a *jeu d'esprit* which we concocted on the occasion of the Queen's first Fancy Ball, where the chief characters of the court and times of King Edward the Third were represented. This was a supposed debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on the preceding day, reported "by express" in the *Morning Chronicle:* originating in an interpellation of Mr. Berryer, to the effect — "Whether the French Ambassador in England had been invited to the *bal masqué* which is to be given by the haughty descendant of the Plantagenets for the purpose of awakening the long-buried griefs of France in the disasters of Cressy and Poictiers and the loss of Calais." The speech, by Buller, is an excellent imitation of the great orator's manner, though I remember protesting against the grotesqueness of the demand "Whether M. de St. Aulaire was going with his *attachés*, with bare feet and halters round their necks, representing the unfortunate Burgesses?" It concluded with the declamation—"It is on the banks of the Rhine that the cannon of France ought to accompany the dancers of St. James's. It is by taking the Balearic Isles that we should efface the recollections of Agincourt." I followed in the name of M. de Lamartine, reproving the speaker with talking of the "vilification of France," and saying France could well afford to leave to each people its own historical traditions. "Ah! let them have their splendid *guinguette* — that people at once so grave and frivolous. Let them dance as they please, as long as the great mind of France calmly and nobly traverses the world." Lamartine was answered by M. de Tocqueville (also mine), finding fault with the ball chiefly as a repudiation of the democratic idea, and a mournful reaction against the spirit of the times; saying, with a sad and grave impartiality,—"We too have erred—we too have danced and costumed—the heirs of the throne of July have sanctioned this frivolity, but there was no quadrille of the Heroes of Fontenoy!" M. Guizot (Buller) closed the discussion by stating that Lord Aberdeen had given the most satisfactory explanations — that the Queen of England desired to educate her people by a series of archæological entertainments; but that in deference to the susceptibilities of France, M. de St. Aulaire would represent the Virgin of Domremy—he would go as "Joan of Arc." It seems incredible that what we meant for a political squib should have turned out a successful hoax. It was discussed with gravity in the clubs; and, at the ball itself, Sir Robert Peel told me, with great satisfaction, that Sir James Graham had rushed into his private room in Whitehall Gardens with the paper in his hand, exclaiming, "There is the devil to pay in France about this foolish ball." But the Press was the most deluded victim: the *Irish Pilot* remarked that "the fact of so slight an occasion having given rise to so grave a discussion is the strongest evidence of the state of feeling in France towards this country." The *Dumfries Courier* commented at much length on this "as one of the most erratic and ridiculous scenes that ever lowered the dignity of a deliberative assembly." The *Sémaphore de Marseilles* translated the article into French as a faithful report, and the *Commerce* indignantly protested against the taste for a masquerade going so far as "to allow the panoply of a woman so cruelly sacrificed to British pride to be worn on such an occasion." Others formally denied that the genuine armour had ever been sent from Paris. It is only fair to remark that at the time France had been violently excited by Lord Palmerston's Syrian policy, and that England was believed capable of anything that might degrade or injure her.

The manner of life at The Grange did not differ from that of our best country-houses. The comforts and appliances incidental to the condition were there without notice or apparent care, and there was that highest luxury which the wealthiest so rarely enjoy — the ease of riches. Lady Ashburton met her guests at breakfast, but was recommended by her medical advisers to dine early in her own room. This arrangement enabled her to initiate and direct the conversation at dinner with no other distraction, and to combine the fullest exercise of her own faculty with the skilful observation and exhibition of the powers of all around the table. There was no avoidance of special or professional topics; and the false delicacy which so often induces modern talk to shun the very channels into which it can run the most naturally and the fullest, would have no place where every man felt that he would be respected and admired for what he really was, and for what he knew the best, and where all pretensions fell before the liberty and equality of Humour. At the same time there was a decided restraint, by no means agreeable to those accustomed to the looser treatment of delicate subjects permitted in many refined circles, and who were annoyed at the cool reception given even to brilliant talk on equivocal matter.

It was with no disregard of her sex that Lady Ashburton preferred the society of men. Having lost her only child by a sad mischance, she shrank from the sympathies of family life, and avoided topics that might suggest useless regrets. Nearly the whole of her female companions were in the same domestic position as herself, and yet to children generally, and especially to those of her intimates, she was kind and even affectionate. In young women of personal attractions she took a deep interest, and I know no better summary of the place and circumstances than that of one who still adorns the world, who, I remember, in answer to some question as to her stay there, replied, "I never count days at The Grange: I only know that it is morning when I come, and night when I go away."

I will now place within this slight framework some reminiscences of Lady Ashburton's thoughts and expressions—faint but faithful echoes of living speech. They must not be regarded as considered apothegms, or even fixed opinions, but as the rapid and almost interjectional utterances of dialogue, replying, interrupting, anticipating, with a magnetic prescience, the coming words, checking and often crushing any rising contradiction. They will seem, I doubt not, in many points hardly reconcilable with the outline of character that I have drawn—almost ironical negatives of the very qualities I have ascribed to her—but yet they are thoroughly true in relation to her deeper self, and though paradoxes in part, they do not only shut the door on commonplace, but let in some clearer and wider light.

(Of Herself):

How fortunate that I am not married to King Leopold! He said to his French wife, "*Pas* *de propos légers.*" I suppose he meant "No jokes." Now I like nothing else—I should wish to be accountable for nothing I said, and to contradict myself every minute.

It is dreadful for me to have no domestic duties. I always envy the German women. I am a "cuisinière incomprise."

(In London)—You say it is a fine day, and wish me to go out. How can I go out? Ordering one's carriage, and waiting for it, and getting into it: that is not "going out." If I were a shopkeeper's wife I would go out when and where and how I pleased.

If I am to go into London society, and sit for hours by Lord ——, all I say is, I shall be carried out.

I always feel a kind of average between myself and any other person I am talking with—between us two, I mean: so that when I am talking to Spedding—I am unutterably foolish—beyond permission.*

Can I do everything at once? Am I Briareus?

I like you to say the civil things, and then I can do the contrary.

What with the cold water in which I am plunged in the morning, and the cold water thrown upon me in the day, life in England is intolerable. In one's youth one doubts whether one has a body, and when one gets old whether one has a soul; but the body asserts itself so much the stronger of the two.

I have not only never written a book, but I know nobody whose book I should like to have written.

I remember when a child telling everybody I was present at mamma's marriage. I was whipped for it, but I believed it all the same.

(Would it not be the death of you to live a year with ——?) No; I should not die. I should kill.

When I passed by Bennett's church in the morning, all dressed in my diamonds and flowers, to be drawn by Swinton, the beadle in full costume bowed low to me, taking me for an altar-piece or something to be reverenced.

When I am with High-Church people, my opposition to them makes me feel no church at all—hardly bare walls with doors and windows.

I forget everything, except injuries.

(Of Morals and Men):

I should like exactly to know the difference between money and morality.

I have no objection to the canvas of a man's mind being good if it is entirely hidden under the worsted and floss, and so on.

Public men in England are so fenced in by the cactus-hedge of petty conventionality which they call practical life, that everything good and humane is invisible to them. Add to this the absence of humour, and you see all their wretchedness. I have never known but two men above this—Buller and Peel.

Coming back to the society of Carlyle after the dons at Oxford is like returning from some conventional world to the human race.

A bore cannot be a good man: for the better a man is, the greater bore he will be, and the more hateful he will make goodness.

I am sure you find nine persons out of ten, what at first you assume them to be.

(To the remark that liars generally speak good-naturedly of others). Why, if you don't speak a word of truth, it is not so difficult to speak well of your neighbour.

—— has only two ideas, and they are his legs, and they are spindle-shanked.

('Don't speak so hard of ——; he lives on your good graces.') That accounts for his being so thin.

(Of an Indian official): What can you expect of a man who has been always waited on by Zemindars and lived with Zemindees?

When —— speaks in public you have a different feeling from that of hearing most persons; you wish he was doing it better.

(To Mr. Carlyle): How are you to-day? 'Battling with Chaos!' 'In this house you might have said Cosmos.' (Again to Mr. Carlyle's denunciation), 'Send him to Chaos.' 'You can't.'—'Why? 'It's full.'

—— has nothing truly human about him; he cannot even yawn like a man.

(Of Marriage and Friendship):

When one sees what marriage generally is, I quite wonder that women do not give up the profession.

You seem to think that married people always want events to talk about: I wonder what news Adam used to bring to Eve of an afternoon.

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* Lady Ashburton called her intimate friends by their surnames, when speaking of or to them, after the useful fashion of an older time.

Your notion of a wife is evidently a Strasbourg goose whom you will always find by the fireside when you come home from amusing yourself.

Of course there will be slavery in the world as long as there is a black and a white—a man and a woman.

I am strongly in favour of Polygamy. I should like to go out, and the other wife to stay at home and take care of things, and hear all I had to tell her when I came back.

—— looks all a woman wants—strength and cruelty.

The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them.

However bad —— may be, I will not give him up. "J'ai mes *devoirs*."

I like men to be men ; you cannot get round them without.

Friendship has no doubt great advantages ; you know a man so much better and can laugh at him so much more.

If I were to begin life again, I would go on the turf, merely to get friends : they seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why : it may be that each man knows something that might hang the other ; but the effect is delightful and most peculiar.

I never want friends if I have sun—or at most one who does not speak.

Now that you have picked my dearest friend to the bone, let me say of him . . .

(Of Society and Conversation) :

To have a really agreeable house, you must be divorced ; you would then have the pleasantest men, and no women but those who are really affectionate and interested about you, and who are kept in continual good-humour by the consciousness of a benevolent patronage. I often think of divorcing myself from B. B. and marrying him again.

My "printers," as they call them, have become a sort of Order of the Garter. I dare not talk to these knights as I could do to fine ladies and gentlemen.

She never speaks to any one, which is of course a great advantage to any one.

He mentioned that "his son was deaf," and we could do no more than say that we preferred the deaf people to all others, except the dumb.

There is no rebound about her : it is like talking into a soft surface.

Is —— the man who has padded the walls of his bedroom to be ready when he goes mad ?

Talking to —— is like playing long whist.

What is the most melancholy song you can sing ?

How high-bred that rhymed conversation of the French classic comedy sounds ! I could fancy —— always talking in that way.

There is as much fun in —— as can live in all that gold and lace and powder.

English society is destroyed by domestic life out of place. You meet eight people at dinner —four couples, each of whom sees as much as they wish of one another elsewhere, and each member of which is embarrassed and afraid in the other's presence.

The imperfect health against which Lady Ashburton had long struggled with so much magnanimity resulted in a serious illness at Nice in 1857, and she died with resignation and composure at Paris, on her way to England. She was buried in the quiet churchyard, near to the home her presence had gladdened and elevated. The funeral service was read by the present Archbishop of Dublin, for many years incumbent of the family living of Itchinstoke, and worthy friend of the house. Around the vault stood an assembly of men foremost in the political and literary history of their time, who felt that there ended for all of them much of the charm of English society, and for many the enjoyment of a noble friendship. In his bitter sorrow, Lord Ashburton did not forget, to use his own words, "the singular felicity that had been accorded to him in more than thirty years of unclouded happiness in the companionship of this gifted woman."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

M. Houzeau, author of a ponderous work on the Mental Faculties of Animals as compared with those of Man, is deeply exercised over the apparently impending extinction of the anthropoid apes. In a letter addressed to a well-known Scotch naturalist, he expresses his regret that none of the anthropoid apes inhabit Jamaica, where he himself lives, and that he is thereby deprived of the opportunity of studying them. "They should," says he, "be tamed, domesticated, and studied in their own climate—at home. The gorilla, for instance, should be perpetuated in Guinea, in domesticity. As I stated in my book, it does not appear impossible that he might learn to talk. Should the attempt succeed, even partially, what would be the bearing and importance of it physiologically and historically?" We wonder what M. Houzeau understands by the word "talk." If he alludes merely to the utterance of articulate sounds, it is quite possible that the gorilla might be taught to "talk" at least as well as a parrot or a raven. Those, however, who see in language something over and above the mere emission of articulate sounds, and who recognise it as being fundamentally nothing more than an expression of reasoning mind, will have some difficulty in realising to themselves a "talking" gorilla. Why not a "writing" gorilla, since writing, after all, is only another form of talking? What would Mr. Murray give for an "Autobiography of a Gorilla," edited by M. Houzeau?

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the celebrated "Bessemer ship," the object of which is to prevent sea-sickness, has found an unexpected rival in the floating cabin devised by M. Alexandrovski, the inventor of the "under-water vessel." The construction of this new invention is very much the same as in the vessel proposed by Mr. Bessemer, but "the cabin, instead of being attached to a pivot, literally floats in a kind of tank placed amidships between the engines. The invention was tested a few days since by the Grand Duke Constantine, in his capacity as head of the Naval Department, with a perfectly satisfactory result, all efforts to shake the cabin proving utterly unsuccessful, and the pitching, as well as the rolling motion of the vessel, being completely counteracted." The inventor will patent his ship both in England and France.

Very successful results are reported as having been obtained by the use of chloral in Asiatic cholera. It relieves the cramps, arrests the vomiting, and procures the sleep which is so urgently demanded by those suffering from this terrible malady. Dr. Patterson, the Superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital in Constantinople, reports equally favourably of the results obtained in bad cases of cholera by the hypodermic employment of acetate of morphia.

According to Dr. Carpenter, if we descend to a sufficientdepth in the open sea we shall always find the temperature as low as 32° ; but in enclosed seas, such as the Mediterranean, the deeper and colder water, circulating from the Poles, cannot enter ; so that the lowest bottom temperature is in these cases determined by the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Scarcity of life in the Mediterranean he considers to be owing to a scarcity of oxygen in the water, due to its combining with a large quantity of organic matter brought down and emptied into it by the rivers. Thus, while in the Atlantic we usually find twenty per cent. of oxygen, and forty per cent. of carbonic acid, in the bottom waters of the Mediterranean there is often only five per cent. of oxygen and over sixty per cent. of carbonic acid. He considers the Red Sea and its neighbourhood the hottest region on the earth, the temperature of the surface-water rising to 85° or 90°, and the bottom temperature being 71°, corresponding to the greatest winter cold. Outside of this sea, however, in the Arabian Gulf, the bottom temperature is 33°.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce is chiefly of importance as removing the leading prelate of the High Church or "Ritualist" party in the Church of England; but it is an event not without interest for the literary world. The Bishop's "History of the American Church" is not a work of much literary merit, and of his voluminous but ill-digested biography of his father it can only be said that its writer buried the memory of the great philanthropist as effectually as the grave-digger had buried his body. But as a pulpit orator Dr. Wilberforce stood very high. His earlier sermons, however, were his best. The multiplicity of his practical engagements latterly was so great that he had no time for reading or reflecting on theological subjects; and though he was amazingly adroit in picking the brains of other people, his store of matter began to run low; the original stock of brandy, as it were, had to be perpetually diluted by fresh infusions of water; and he was driven to make up for the lack of better means of producing an impression by tricks of voice and manner, which, excellent as his voice and his original manner were, became at last histrionic.

The Bishop was an eminent talker as well as preacher. He was, in fact, one of the leaders of London society, as well as of the ecclesiastical world. Of the brilliant circle which gathered round the table of Lady Ashburton, he was one of the most brilliant members. By no means devoid of social ambition, he was supposed, in accepting his somewhat strange promotion from Oxford to Winchester, to have in view not only the accession of income and of ecclesiastical rank, but the office of Prelate to the Order of the Garter, which is attached to the latter See. Nor could he resist an invitation to a Royal ball. It is said that he once pulled up a parson, one of the old school, for foxhunting. "Mr. ——, I have not the slightest reason for finding fault with your orthodoxy or with your general performance of your duties; I have no doubt you are an excellent pastor; but the world is censorious, and it is reported to me that you hunt." "As your Lordship says, the world is censorious: it does not even spare your Lordship; it accuses you of going to the Queen's balls." "Ah, Mr. ——, but though I think it my duty to accept my Sovereign's invitation, I am never in the room where the dancing is going on." "Then my case is just the same as your Lordship's. I have only one horse; he is very old, and I am hardly ever in the field where the hounds are."

The Bishop's practical activity was enormous. It amounted almost to a disease. People used to say that he would like to be a director of all the railways, and a member of the committee of every club in London. Not only did he seem unable to bear a moment of repose; he could hardly be content to do one thing at a time; he would write a note while he was carrying on a business conversation on a different subject. It was often said of Wilberforce as well as of Philpot, that a first-rate lawyer had been lost in the Bishop.

As a speaker he was amazingly fluent, and often very effective; but more effective on the platform than in the House of Lords. In the House of Lords he was too preachy—a fault which elderly men of the world, who are also very fastidious, will never forgive. Lord Derby did not love him, and once, when the Bishop smiled contemptuously at something which he had said in debate, told him in the words of Shakspeare, that "A man might smile and smile, and be a villain."

It does not fall within our province here to trace the sinuous windings of this able man's remarkable career, to discuss the integrity of his conduct in the Hampden case, or the ground of his sudden conversion to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The adverse view of his public character was expressed in the well-known soubriquet of Soapy Sam. That soubriquet, however, which was well known to the Bishop, furnished occasion more than once for the display of his ready wit. A lady, who did not know him, once asked him why the Bishop of Oxford was always called Soapy Sam. "Because, madam, his hands are always so clean." At a school feast at Cuddesden, the place of his residence, his initials, S.O., were coupled in letters of flowers with those of his chaplain, the Rev. A. Pott. The four letters combined made the unlucky word *Soap*, a fact of which an audible titter showed that the company were conscious. "Ah," said the Bishop, looking up, "An enemy hath done this."

The death of Lord Westbury robs England of her most philosophic lawyer, and perhaps the only mind she had capable of directing the framing of a code. It was fondly hoped, after his political fall, that he would endeavour to retrieve his position by taking the lead as a jurist, but this hope was disappointed.

No stronger proof of his intellectual power can be needed than the fact of his having risen by his own exertions, and without aid from his connections (for he was the son of a country physician), to the highest place in his profession, notwithstanding his being equipped, if we may use the term, by nature with a perfect apparatus of unpopularity. His egotism, his insolence, his sarcastic bitterness, his mincing pronunciation, his affected manner, and his well-earned reputation for doing everything that was most unpleasant to everybody that came in his way, were more than an ordinary temper could endure. He once provoked a brother barrister to the point of striking him in the precincts of the Court; and it used to be rumoured that the Benchers had censured the gentleman in question for having knocked Mr. Bethell down and allowed him to get up again. Solicitors were the special marks of his sarcasm. One day, at a conference, the hour growing late, the solicitor proposed to adjourn to the next day, observing that it would give them the opportunity of turning the matter over in their minds. "Yes," said Mr. Bethell, "it will give you the opportunity of turning the matter over *in what you are pleased to call your mind.*" But solicitors were not the only sufferers. On being told that the Government was going to promote some one to the Attorney-Generalship over the Solicitor-General's (Sir William Atherton) head, Mr. Bethell replied, "Over Sir William Atherton's what?" The other day he remarked that in the Tichbourne case the Solicitor-General, Sir John Coleridge, had exposed the greatest impostor of the age. "You mean the Claimant?" "*No.*" A coadjutor being appointed to a certain judge, Lord Westbury said it was because the judge was afraid of being alone in the dark.

Lord Westbury's powers of labour were very great, and bore perhaps the severest of all tests—the work of a Law Officer of the British Crown who is also a member of Parliament. He was a very early riser, and avoided working at night. He used to say with placid satisfaction, "I began life with many dear friends who rose late and worked at night; I have buried them all." So little did work seem to tell on him, so fresh-looking and unruffled did he remain under it, that his death, even at the age of 73, is rather a surprise.

He once told his constituents, in an election campaign, that he considered his success in life to be due to his constant study of the Bible. The declaration excited some amusement. It was never supposed that his practice as a lawyer was an exact embodiment of the Sermon on the Mount. But having risen to the summit of his profession, he suddenly broke out as the man of pleasure; and as he was not a man of the world, having lived in his chamber and the courts, he did not fail in this capacity to give offence and get into scrapes. It was in fact the social offence which he had given, as much as the not very flagrant official misconduct of which he had been guilty, that led to his being censured and driven from his office by a vote of the House of Commons. Lord Lyndhurst, when Chancellor, was as much a man of pleasure as Lord Westbury, but he was also a man of the world.

It was a more venial weakness to affect the sporting man. As the Lord Chancellor was climbing the side of a yacht in nautical jacket and trousers, a sailor exclaimed, "Well, that's the shortest Chancery suit ever I see."

The weakness of the man, however, ought not to make us forget his intellectual eminence, or the high culture by which his gifts had been developed. He has not left his equal in his own line.

We have received the following from the Rev. Dr. Scadding:—"In the interesting paper, entitled 'An Old Canadian Town', in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the supposition in regard to the name borne by the La Salle Institute, Toronto, is quite natural, but erroneous. I was for some time under the same impression as *Fidelis*, namely, that the allusion was to La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi; and I took it to be a mark of modern liberal enlightenment that a Canadian educational institution, appertaining exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, should be distinguished by the name of an enterprising explorer of the continent. I certainly was somewhat surprised that the name of a layman should have been singled out for such a purpose; one likewise who was well known not to have been friendly to Jesuit influence at all events, as Parkman has shown in his 'Discovery of the Great West.' But, in truth, the La Salle commemorated in the name of the school at Toronto is quite a different person, as may possibly ere this have been pointed out to you by some intelligent student of the MONTHLY, within the walls of the institution itself. The La Salle intended to be honoured in this instance was an ecclesiastic of the Gallican Church, born in 1651, and who died in 1719, after permanently enrolling himself among the benefactors of his denomination as founder of the educational association styled 'Les Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes.' This La Salle's full name was Jean Baptiste de la Salle; and it is noticeable even in regard to him and his confraternity of teachers, that he expressly excluded clerics from it. ('Il ne voulut pas qu'aucun prêtre en fit jamais partie.') The other La

Salle was Réné Robert Cavelier de la Salle. Cavelier was the true family name. La Salle was the family estate, near Rouen. As to memorials of Réné Robert Cavelier de la Salle, six miles above the Falls of Niagara, at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, on the United States' side, there is a village and railway station named La Salle, situated near the spot where his famous vessel the *Griffin* was built, the first white man's craft ever seen in the upper lakes. Again, in Illinois there is a county named La Salle, with a town of the same name on Peoria Lake; and in Calhoun county, Texas, there is a post village called La Salle. Intimately associated as this La Salle was with Fort Frontenac, Kingston might well have a street named after him; as also might Toronto, in some new western quarter hereafter to be laid out; for it is certain that La Salle, with his party, halted for a brief space somewhere near the site of the old French Fort, Toronto, when on his expedition, via Lake Huron, to the Mississippi in 1680."

[In inserting the above, we take the opportunity of adding on our own part that the authorities for the historical portion of the article of "Fidelis" were not given; but that had they been given, a special acknowledgment would have been due to Dr. Canniff, as the author of "The Settlement of Upper Canada." We are the more anxious to render Dr. Canniff his due, because the mass of valuable and interesting matter, the fruit of laborious research, contained in his work has, owing to the form into which it is cast, met with less recognition from the general public than it deserves.—Ed. C. M.]

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following pungent paragraph on the habits of English society, *apropos* of the Shah's visit:

"As the chief object of the Shah in visiting this country is, it is supposed, to learn a wholesome lesson in the habits of a highly civilized and decidedly Christian country, it would be interesting to know his first impressions of our social customs, and the rate at which the process of improvement is going on in his own mind as he contrasts our enlightened proceedings with the more barbarous fashions of his own people. He must, in the first place, be struck with the extreme simplicity of our habits, and that frugality of living which accounts in great measure for the solid wealth enjoyed by the stars of modern London society. We rise, as he must observe, at an early hour in the morning, and when the business of the day is concluded sit down to an early and wholesome dinner, at which no superfluous dishes appear; all is plain, solid, and good, and the art of the cook is never displayed to conceal the faults of the purveyor; the dinner is not too prolonged, nor the well-ventilated room too crowded; there is an utter absence of scandal in the conversation; the wit sparkles like the wine, but never degenerates to buffoonery or takes an ill-natured turn, and the guests, carefully selected as entertaining feelings of mutual respect and affection, and as being of like sympathies, separate refreshed and exhilarated, and without any feeling of languor and ennui, to retire to rest at a reasonable hour, arranging their social gatherings in such a manner that their dinners do not interfere with their evening 'reunions,' both taking place simultaneously, or the hour for the former being fixed with reference to the latter, which always commence at eight and close at twelve precisely. Then, again, the Shah must be immensely struck with the good taste of our costume. The diplomatic uniforms are admirably designed to suit the figures they adorn, and the same may be said of an ordinary evening dress. There is one costume for the corpulent and another for the emaciated, and each is suited to the age of the wearer. The Shah will never see in this country elderly ladies of superfluous or imperfect dimensions dressed after the fashion of their youthful protégées, who, as the Shah will observe, are carefully protected from the effects of our capricious climate by dresses satisfying alike the requirements of health and propriety. Indeed, the extreme modesty of English women as compared with their Persian sisters cannot fail to lead to great reforms at Teheran. The Shah has only to glance at the ballet to see a specimen of that modesty which 'seems to hang, a veil of purest light,' over our public entertainments, and at the brilliant crowd in Hyde Park, to satisfy himself that vice in England, even if it exists—which is very doubtful—always cowers beneath its own rags, and never clothes itself in purple and fine linen or stalks by the side of innocence. Is there no one having the welfare of Persia really at his heart—Baron Reuter for instance—who will venture to point out these things to the Shah?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1873.

This handsome volume has been published by the author as a memorial of his residence in Canada. Dr. Punshon has some reason to be proud of the influence he exerted upon the religious life of Ontario. Within the limits of his own denomination his fervid eloquence, toned as it was by literary culture, gave a stimulus to the church, to be felt for many years to come. Without the circle of Methodism his labours, though unrecognized, have been almost equally potent. The Metropolitan Church, of which "a miniature outline" is given on the cover of the volume, is an enduring monument of the author's power. There is reason to believe that it is not the only one. In other sections of the Church universal it is not difficult to trace, in increased alacrity, in a more practical devotion, and a more generous Christian liberality, the influence of our author. We have no intention of entering upon a criticism of the volume before us. Most of our readers must, at some time or other, have heard Dr. Punshon either from the pulpit or the lecture-platform; it would, therefore, be a supererogatory work, at this time of day, to treat a book like this as an ordinary subject for review. There is one aspect, however, in which its publication is of permanent interest to Canadians; it contains the testimony of a man of influence in England to the noble opportunities the Dominion affords to the deserving emigrant. The ignorance which once clouded the English mind in reference to the climate and our soil are being rapidly dispelled. If they still lurk anywhere amongst the poorer classes, urban or rural, we may certainly number Dr. Punshon amongst our most enlightened advocates. Let us quote from his preface:—

> "I take pleasure in the thought that, although not native to the Dominion, I have learned to identify myself as loyally with its interests as if I were 'to the manner born;' and in the separation to which duty calls me, I shall cherish an unceasing attachment to its people and its fortunes still.
>
> "When I consider that here is a land which reaps all the benefits of monarchy, without the caste and cost of monarchy—a land where there is no degradation in honest toil, and ample chances for the honest toiler; a land whose educational appliances rival any other, and whose moral principle has not yet been undermined; a land which starts its national existence with a kindling love of freedom, a quickened onset of enquiry, and a reverent love of truth, and of its highest embodiment, religion,—I feel that never country began under fairer auspices, and that if Canada's children be but true to themselves, whatever their political destiny may be, they will establish a stable commonwealth, rich in all the virtues which make nations great—mighty in those irresistible moral forces which make any people strong. *Esto perpetua.* May no Marius ever sit among the ruins of a promise so fair."

The warmth of feeling which dictated these words will not fail to bring forth fruit in the over-populated mother-land, and amongst the many unsalaried emigration agencies of the Dominion, we may assuredly number Dr. W. Morley Punshon.

LA GRANDE GUERRE ECCLESIASTIQUE. LA COMEDIE INFERNALE ET LES NOCES D'OR. LA SUPREMATIE ECCLESIASTIQUE SUR L'ORDRE TEMPOREL. Par L'Hon. L. A. Dessaulles. Montreal: Alphonse Doutre.

The battle between the Ultramontanes and the Liberals at Montreal continues to rage with unabated fury. The last shot fired on the Liberal side is a pamphlet by Hon. L. A. Dessaulles, a writer who is as thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical history and law as any ecclesiastic, and who is also master of a most vigorous and pungent style. He is in fact the literary Achilles of the Liberal side in this religious Iliad.

The pamphlet consists of two letters addressed to Monseigneur Bourget, the Ultramontane Bishop of Montreal, on the encroachments of the ecclesiastical power. The writer thinks himself in a position to demonstrate that, since the publication of the *Syllabus* and other recent developments of ecclesiastical law, the following principles are in effect maintained by the Church:

1. That the Bishops have the right of imposing fines on those who publish, sell, or advertise books placed in the *Index* at Rome—as for example, the "*Voyage en Orient,*" *Michelet*, *Descartes*, *Grotius*, the ecclesiastical history of the Abbé Racine, or again the history of the Church of France, by the Abbé Guettée, approved by forty French bishops.

2. That the Bishops have the right of fining notaries in certain cases, and depriving them of their offices.

3. That the Bishops have the right of breaking wills by their own authority.

4. That bearers of the tonsure, even when married, are exempt from all lay jurisdiction.

5. That the Church has an unlimited right of possessing property, of acquiring it, and of receiving it by will, even though the family of the testator may be left destitute; and that a Government violates the laws of God if it attempts in any matter to regulate or limit this right.

6. That the abolition of ecclesiastical courts has been a criminal offence against the Church, and that the Pope has a right to ordain that they shall be re-established in Catholic States, and even in Protestant States, since the Pope has jurisdiction over them.

7. That Governments have no right to legislate even respecting the civil portion of marriage, which the Church does not recognize, nor to define the civil consequences of marriage in certain cases.

8. That Governments have not a right to leave the lending of money free, even on articles of commerce, but are canonically bound either to prohibit interest from being demanded, or to establish very restricted rates of interest without any regard for the demand, or for the abundance of capital, or the circumstances of trade.

9. That according to the Papal bulls of excommunication and the authorized commentaries on the Canon Law, a Catholic is not bound to pay a debt to a heretic, or that the Pope has the power to give him a dispensation, or forbid him to pay the debt.

10. That the Pope has the right of granting dispensations from the observance of any oath whatever, political, civil or private; and therefore of freeing citizens from their obedience to the constitution or the law.

11. That the Pope has the right of establishing tribunals of the Inquisition in all Catholic States, whether the Governments are opposed to it or not.

12. That it is lawful to deprive the children of heretics of their property, and in certain cases to take them away from their parents.

13. That Governments are bound, and may be constrained by ecclesiastical censures to refuse heretics the public exercise of their religion.

14. That the fear of an *unjust* excommunication is a sufficient reason to justify a man in the non-performance of a duty.

15. That ecclesiastics are essentially subjects of the Pope, and are fundamentally bound to submit to him alike in things ecclesiastical and civil; and that they ought to regard their obligation to render him passive obedience as superior to their rights and duties as citizens of their native country, or of the country in which they live under the protection of the law.

16. That the Pope being unable to reconcile himself to *modern civilization* and *progress*, it is necessary, as often as a Pope or a theologian dignified with the epithet of *illustrious*, declares one of the achievements of civilization hostile to the supremacy of the clergy over the temporal power, to fling this achievement aside, and change such laws as displease the Pope or the theologian, whether illustrious or not.

We omit Mr. Dessaulles' running commentary on these propositions. Of the propositions themselves the only one which we should be inclined to think overstated is the ninth. At least we should expect the evidence in support of it to be drawn mainly from the doctrines and practice of the Church of Rome in a by-gone age. It is true that by the assumption of Infallibility Rome takes upon herself an abiding responsibility for all that she has ever done.

The struggle in Lower Canada is evidently internecine. The Liberals are overwhelmingly outnumbered, and equally overmatched in political and social influence, and in the power of wealth. But they have the power of intellect on their side, as well as the forces of science and of modern civilization. We do not think they will be extinguished. They are not near extinction when they produce such a champion as Mr. Dessaulles.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.M.D., F.C.S. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1873.

Originally Military Physician in the Prussian service, then Professor of Physiology in the University of Konigsberg, then occupant of the same chair in the University of Heidelberg, and now Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin, Helmholtz merits the character which he has received of being "the first head in Europe since the death of Jacobi." Still in the prime of life, he is in the rare position, as regards modern men of science, of having attained to high eminence in no less than three distinct departments of learning, being equally distinguished as a physiologist, a physicist, and a mathematician, and having earned the reputation of being one of the most accomplished experimenters of the day. The present work purports to be a series of "Popular Lectures" on scientific subjects, and it really is what its title expresses, since it treats of various subjects of scientific interest in an entirely untechnical manner. Indeed, it is very rare, and especially rare in Germany, to meet with such a combination of profound erudition with the utmost clearness of thought and expression—a clearness in which Helmholtz is at least the equal of Tyndall. It may be added that the author has been happy in his translator, or rather his translators (for the articles are by different hands), and we need to be reminded that what we are reading is really a translation from that usually most difficult language, the language of a German man of science.

The first lecture is on the relation of Natural Science to General Science, and is especially interesting to those who are endeavouring to solve for themselves or for others the problem as to the position which science ought to hold in education. The second lecture treats of the scientific researches, and though of special interest to the Germans is far from being uninteresting to us, a man of Goethe's universal genius being, after all, common property. Many of our readers who are acquainted with Goethe as a poet, do not know perhaps that his services to modern science were of the highest order. He established the leading principle of the Science of Comparative Anatomy as it stands at the present day, and he brought forward an equally important generalisation in Botany. He himself believed that his researches into the laws of colour were of more value than the whole of his poetry; but, curiously enough, it is just this part of his scientific researches which has turned out to be erroneous. The next three lectures treat respectively of the physiological causes of Harmony in Music, the phenomena of Ice and Glaciers, and the Interaction of the Natural Forces. Following these we have three very celebrated lectures on the Theory of Vision, one treating of the eye as an optical instrument, the second dealing with the sensation of sight, and the third with what will not, on the face of it, be thoroughly intelligible to non-physiological readers, namely, "the perception of sight." Some of the views expressed in these lectures will certainly not be accepted by any one who does not believe in the hypothesis of evolution; but they nevertheless constitute a very remarkable series of discourses upon one of the most difficult subjects in the entire range of Physiology. The next lecture deals with the "Conservation of Force," without exaggeration the most important generalisation of modern science. Lastly, the book is concluded with an address on the "Aims and Progress of Physical Science, delivered as President of what corresponds in Germany to the "British Association for the Advancement of Science."

Dr. Helmholtz's book will be read with profit by all those who, though themselves not necessarily scientific, desire to know something of the marvellous domains which science has conquered and made her own within the last century. The giant is yet in its childhood; and those who read and attentively follow this work will, probably, feel no disposition to predict what its maturity may bring forth.

YEAR-BOOK OF NATURE AND POPULAR SCIENCE FOR 1872. Edited by John C. Draper, M.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Annual records of the investigations in nature and science have obtained a wide popularity; and, when well executed, they fully deserve their success. They present to the public in a condensed form the more important scientific results which have been arrived at during the year, and the more important theoretical opinions which may have been advanced during the same period. They thus save the general reader from the wading through a vast mass of technical literature, which would either be beyond his reach, or, if attainable, would be beyond his knowledge or his powers of endurance. It is true that a popular monthly journal of science to some extent takes the place of the year-book; but the latter has the advantage that its numerous facts are classified and arranged for easy reference in a manner which cannot be attained by the former.

Of the many Year-books of Science which now regularly make their appearance, the one edited by Dr. Draper is perhaps the best. It is not so technical as some of its competitors in the same field, and it is more especially addressed to that wide and increasing class of readers who take a general interest in science without pretending to any special knowledge. The classification of the materials treated of in the volume is remarkably good, the editor having wisely based his arrangement upon that followed successfully for many years by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It is also a noteworthy and laudable feature in the work that an extra allowance of space has been given to the sections which treat of the subjects of Education and Special Biology, these subjects having of late occupied a large share of public interest. If any fault can be found, it is that perhaps undue prominence is given to the views of the "advanced" school of scientific observers. Lastly, there is an admirable table of contents, so arranged as to give an abstract of all the subjects in each section, with references to a complete list of all the articles contained in that section. In this way the search for articles bearing on the various branches of science is very much facilitated.

COLLINS' ELEMENTARY SCIENCE TEXT BOOKS.

In a new country like ours, where almost every branch of art and industry necessitates, in those engaged in manufactures, an acquaintance with the practical application of science to their various industries, it is of the highest importance that our schools should possess Class Books in their technical studies of the most efficient and approved character. The requirements of the age are in a high degree practical and utilitarian ; and the rapid strides of modern civilization, with its attendant train of invention, achievement, &c., render an intimate and practical knowledge of the various departments of scientific thought most essential to the youth of the time.

Research and discovery have opened a world within a world ; and the thought of the scholar and the ingenuity of the artizan are ever increasing the occupations of industry, and are almost daily creating new arts for labour. The inauguration of Industrial Exhibitions, and the establishment of Technical Schools and other practical educational agencies in England, have given an additional impetus in the same direction.

As a result of all this we now have a quickening among the Publishers of Educational Works, who are most zealously out-rivalling each other in the production of Text Books in Practical Science.

Notable among the publishers in this field are the firms of Macmillan and Co., Cassell Petter and Galpin, and Messrs. Collins, Sons and Co. From the latter house we are in receipt by last mail, of a budget of their new series of Science Class Books, which well merit the examination of Educationists, and those interested in the studies whereof they treat.

The striking advantages of the series are their typographical excellence and cheapness ; and their literary features are no less worthy of hearty commendation. We have not space at our disposal to notice the books at length, but it will suffice to say that each volume is prepared by prominent men in their respective subjects, and the whole are adapted to the requirements of the South Kensington Syllabus for students in Science and Art Classes, and for Higher and Middle Class School instruction. We enumerate the volumes of the issue to hand, viz.,—"Steam and the Steam Engine Locomotive, and Land and Marine," by Henry Evers, LL.D., Plymouth ; "Theory and Practice of Navigation," by the same ; "Applied Mechanics," and "Theoretical Mechanics," by Wm. Rossiter, F.R.A.S. ; "Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry," by Professor H. Angel, Islington Science School : "Astronomy," by J. I. Plummer, Astronomical Observer to the University of Durham ; "Acoustics, Light and Heat," by Wm. Lees, M.A., Lecturer on Physics, Watt Institution and School of Arts, Edinburgh ; "Physical Geography," by John Marturk, F.R.G.S. ; "First Book of Botany," by John H. Balfour, M.D, University of Edinburgh ; "Mineralogy," by J. H. Collins, F.G.S. ; and "Outlines of Political Economy," by A. H. Dick, D. S., &c., &c.

"I Go A-Fishing." By W. C. Prime. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1873.

Of the many books, of the making of which, according to the wise preacher, there is no end, Mr. Prime's quaintly titled "I Go A-fishing" is undoubtedly one. It is clearly one of those books which the world could do without. The mathematician who wound up his perusal of the "Paradise Lost" with the question, "What does it prove?" would find it equally hard to determine the exact end which Mr. Prime had in view in writing and printing between three and four hundred pages on this text from the Gospel of St. John. Nevertheless, Mr. Prime is a worthy disciple of old Isaak Walton, and starting with the question addressed to his readers, "Will you go?" he warns them thus in time : "The best of anglers does not always find fish ; and the most skilful casting of a fly does not always bring up trout. If, however, you have the true angler's spirit, and will go a-fishing, prepared to have a good day of it, even though the weather turns out vile and the spor wretched, then turn over the leaf and let us be starting."

The volume abounds with pleasant talk of fishing rambles on the Adirondack, the St. Regis, the Follansbee, on Lakes Rangley, Moosetogmaguntic, Echo Lake, and many other American lakes and river, intermingled with reminiscences of the Nile, a day's fishing on the Lake of Gennesaret, and angling incidents on the Jordan and Lake Merom. For the zealous sportsman the volume has special charms ; but the general reader will find in its pages much to attract him.

The Fishing Tourist : Anglers' Guide and Reference Book. By Charles Hallock. New York : Harper Brothers.

Mr. Hallock has made a most readable and entertaining book. It contains information relative to every salmon and trout region in America. It is the fruit of the author's own wanderings, and is replete with his adventures and experiences Written in a clear, unaffected, hearty style, it glows with the enthusiasm of a genuine sportsman, and will appeal strongly to the sympathy of every member of the craft.

LITERARY NOTES.

A difficulty has arisen over the mass that Verdi has undertaken to compose in memory of the late Manzoni. The clerical authorities at Milan decline to permit women to sing in it, and the maestro is not disposed to cut down his ideas to the standard of intelligence and ability possessed by boy choristers.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is, it is stated, still engaged with his "History of the Confederate States," though his impaired eyesight forbids much continuous reading or writing.

At the next winter exhibition of the Royal Academy, the collection will chiefly consist of the works of deceased British artists, in oil, water-colours, and sculpture.

A memorial of the late Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, executed by Mr. E. Physick, has just been placed in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Foley's statue of Sir James Outram, which is to be sent out to India, has been temporarily placed on the open space near the Duke of York's statue, nearly opposite the United Service Club.

Sir Joseph Whitworth has offered prizes of the value of £100, to be obtained through the Society of Arts, for the best essays on the "Advantages that would be likely to arise if railway companies and limited companies generally were each to establish a savings bank for the working classes in their employ."

Dean Stanley read an interesting paper the other evening, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, "On the Tomb of Richard II.," recently opened in Westminster Abbey. The skeletons of the King and Queen were discovered in it, and objects of later date, the tomb having been opened at an earlier period, and an inscription being placed within recording the circumstances.

The trustees of the British Museum have, it is announced, purchased the correspondence which formed the bases of Mr. J. L. Cherry's recently published "Life of John Clare," the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet. There are more than eleven hundred letters, and among the writers were Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood, Allan Cunningham, Admiral Lord Radstock, Sir Charles Elton, Cary, the translator of Dante, Hilton, the painter, Behnes, the sculptor, and many others.

Messrs. Rivingtons have just added "The Christian Year" to their elegant "Red Line Series" of Devotional Works. They omit the hymns for the three dropped state services, but give that for the Accession. They also issue a very neatly-printed sixpenny edition in paper.

Among English books newly published or soon to appear, we find: Messrs. Longmans announce 'The Chronology of the Bible and Historical Synchronisms,' by that able writer if not always safe theorist, M. Ernest de Bunsen; Macmillan & Co. will publish an octavo volume of 'Sermons preached in Country Churches,' by the late F. D. Maurice; Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Sermons preached in St. James' Chapel' have reached a fifth edition; Bishop Colenso has published (Longmans) 'Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone,' with appendices on the following named subjects: The Elohistic Narrative, the Original Story of the Exodus, and the Universality and meaning of the Pre-Christian Cross; Mr. Mowbray, of Oxford, publishes a new edition of a clever and successful little anti-Evangelical squib called 'The Deformation and the Reformation,' which, besides some fun for the worldly, has in it not a few grains of profitable instruction and reproof for various sorts of Churchmen; what 'Common Sense Theology' may be we do not know, except that it describes itself in its second title as 'Natural Truths in Rough-Shod Rhyme'; we mention it because of its going to England from Lewiston, Maine.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co. have just issued the second edition of "Punshon's Memorial Volume," being Lectures and Sermons of the Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, D.D. This is the only authorized edition of Mr. Punshon's works in Canada, and the only one from the publication of which the author derives any benefit.

Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," published also by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co., has met with a very hearty reception throughout the country. It is a work teeming with interest to old residents of Ontario and their descendants. In an appendix is given a list of the early settlers of York from 1794 downwards.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co. have in press a Canadian reprint of Miss Phelps' little book, entitled "What to Wear?" This book has produced no small commotion in the United States, and will, no doubt, be widely read in Canada. The Boston *Journal* says: "Miss Phelps' opinion as to what woman should wear differs very materially from the conception of most *modistes* and milliners. With all its extravagance of statement—and half the charm of Miss Phelps' style is due to its extravagance—we are inclined to think that there is considerable sound sense in it. There are hints in it which we wish all women might act upon; and we are quite sure there would be fewer feminine invalids—broken down in what would be the prime of their womanhood—if hygiene should be heeded in the place of fashion."

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THE RAVAGES OF PEACE.

BY W. W.

THIRTY years ago. The Old Fort, old even then, was filled with troops; the port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green "common" land forming the Government Reserve; every tower had its sentry, and soldiers were coming and going in every direction; the interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorised by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chambly was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which, so one universally credited but as I now believe apocryphal story related, three rebels were placed and summarily shot during the great Rebellion; nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten headboard or two marked the spot where years and years before some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among the men he formerly commanded; but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. "That old board! Oh! it was just the same when I was a boy; blackened and bare as you see it now." The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty, and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery; we knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess. At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior; the approach was over a drawbridge, which crossed a small dry moat, and when drawn up fitted into and closed the doorway. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof vaulted passage leading into a square court-yard, all round which were barrack-rooms, gun sheds, stables, and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier who took us in charge at the gate, but no one was suffered to explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular narrow openings through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need, and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

Passing through a dark vaulted passage rather than room, intended, as the soldier told us to put women and children into when the place was besieged, we ascended a narrow stairway to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

A year or two afterwards neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings of all kinds were closed, some with shutters and others with strong planking nailed over them. Admittance was as sternly refused as ever, for the magazines still contained a good deal of ammunition, and there was then no intention of allowing the old place to go to decay. But as time went on, and the vigilance of the one non-commissioned officer left in charge became less zealous, more than one active boy scaled the old walls and startled the bats, who were now the only occupants of the fast mouldering building. Finally, when the Ordnance property passed into the hands of the Provincial Government, even the semblance of caretaking passed away, and gradually but surely ruin marked the place for its own.

A few days since I stood once more in the old court-yard. Of the wooden part of the building hardly a vestige remained. Landward the walls still held their own, for the old French masonry was well put together. Out towards the river the ruin was complete. Bastion, curtain, magazine and vault, all lay in one confused heap of stone, and, exposed by the fall of the flag-staff bastion, were the vaulted prison cells so jealously guarded in bygone days. But there was one thing in the neighbourhood still unchanged. An old oaken headstone in the old military burying-ground still stood guarding the soldier's grave as I had seen it thirty years before.

ESSAY ON OLD MAIDS.

SKETCHES OF SPINSTER LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY KATHARINE VAN DRAECKEN.

AN Old Maid ! To how many does this name call up a spectral vision, sometimes associated with dislike and unpleasant remembrances, but more frequently with memories of kindness, benevolence and affection. Recollections of childhood may bring before us the maiden aunt, suggesting to an indulgent parent stronger measures of coercion; setting before the wild hoyden the decorous impeccability of her own far-off girlhood; or volunteering to her godson unwelcome sermons, enforced by a gift of good little books instead of the expected "tip." Peradventure we can even recall a day of grief and fear when, torn from home and parents, we were committed to the care of some perpendicular being who ruled over a "Young Ladies' Seminary," or "Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen;" exercising unlimited despotism over mind and body. But have none a thought of the village spinster whose cupboard was a widow's cruse of cake, jam, and ginger-wine; whose modest dwelling, and garden unrivalled in the neighbourhood for flowers and fruits, were the scene of many a welcome holiday and joyous tea-party enlivening the dreary school half-year?

By maidens yet buoyant with youth and hope, the spinster is regarded as an awful warning; an upright finger-post pointing out the way they should *not* go. Her solitude, with its consequent oddities of dress and manner, her defiance of fashion and scorn of hoop or bustle, drive girls of the period to more determined pursuit of a better future—a future bright with dreams of gaiety and pin-money. She excites in them too a more personal hostility, by didactics and ejaculations on dress, dissipation and flirting. The waltz she holds in abomination; the all-fascinating polka or german she regards as but accelerated whirls down the same awful maëlstrom.

But must the Old Maid be looked on solely as a creature incapable of sympathy with youthful feelings; as an excrescence on the face of society? Is she indeed one who has no vocation to fulfil, no consolations in her loneliness, and none to mourn her decease save the ancient tabby who is ever associated with her name and shares the odium attached to it? Let me attempt to delineate the natural history, habits, and uses of the genus by sketching specimens of some species; and I venture to say that few there are who have known intimately the early history and present life of their spinster acquaintance, but can call to mind parallels to these examples. On analysing the spinster heart, I trust to show that it may have beaten as rapidly, may enshrine memories as cherished as that of the sentimental damsel who scoffs at a tranquil apathy which is often but the slumber, not the death of feeling; the calm decay of plants crushed down to earth before they could be crowned with blossom or fruit.

Enter then this small house, whose narrow front has a single window by the side of the door. It is undistinguished from its fellows in the melancholy Paradise Row of a dull suburb save by the clean white curtains, bordered with knitted lace or netted fringe; by a cat curled in fat luxurious ease against the sunny window-pane, and a canary suspended in conscious security high over her head. Look through the area rails, you will see a neat little kitchen, long since cleared from all traces of the early dinner, and with its fire economically pinched up in the movable grate. A tidy, pretty maid, sitting at the window, is surreptitiously pinning forbidden flowers to the bonnet she intends to slip on next Sunday, when "Missus" cannot see her, and avail herself of evening church time to walk with the yet more strictly prohibited "follower." After this irreligious exercise she will take care to learn from a neighbour the text, which will be called for as a proof that her hours have been more piously employed. She is the daughter of some poor cottager, and has received that best of charity, the being fed, clothed, and educated from childhood, as a respectable servant, at the cost of infinite worry and trouble to her particular and orderly mistress.

Let us peep carefully through the opening made by puss at the parlour blind. Behold a small room whose wall-paper is covered with bunches of gay flowers, and its furniture of the most humble and antiquated style. The carpet is brushed threadbare, where not covered by the spotless brown linen crumb-cloth. Chairs and sofa are of that shining black horsehair on which it is impossible to sit in comfort, and reclining seems a degree of luxury never contemplated by the inventor—never dreamed of by the present possessor. The little mirror, a round convex one, has its gilt frame protected from the flies by yellow muslin. Nor is defence alone relied on; a diversion from it is made by a mysterious-looking invention, of pink and blue cut paper, suspended from the ceiling, called a fly-cage. Its object is to centralize the movements of those nomadic hosts, who come no one knows whence and go no one knows whither—into apparent "niliation," as it was expressed by the maid below when this difficult question was under discussion. Little muslin bags also protect sundry ornaments, and the handles of worsted-work bell-pulls. Opposite the fire-place is a cabinet, the guardian of indescribable small curiosities—coins, shells, nicknacks of fancy-work, keepsakes, all hallowed by some memory of past years; and underneath this, an old china jar of pot-pourri communicates to the whole room a characteristic fragrance. On the table a small black teapot, one cup and saucer, a plate of toast, and a plain home-made cake, indicate that the lonely inmate is about to take that early tea which her sisterhood invariably "enjoy more than my dinner." A small bright copper kettle sings on a cottage grate, placed with its handful of fire inside the polished steel bars of the parlour fire-place; standing ready on the mantelpiece is its attendant, the kettle-holder, worked in cross-stitch by a juvenile niece, and bearing on a field gules the silhouette of a kettle sable, with the legend, "Mind it boils." One arm-chair stands conspicuous among its black brethren for promise of comfort, and contains the mistress of this abode, the monarch of all she surveys.

She is angular in form, dried up and apathetic in appearance; seemingly absorbed in her personal comfort, and in attention to the neatness of her surroundings; with no present thought beyond the knitting needles plied by her busy fingers for the benefit of a bazaar, or a missionary basket whose contents will be devoted to the conversion of the Jews. When the solitary tea is finished, when puss has lazily descended to receive her evening saucer of milk, and coiled herself up in a lined and cushioned basket, a neighbour of the same habits, belonging also to the sisterhood, drops in and enlivens her solitude by unwearying details concerning every trifling gossip the town affords. Busily the knitting progresses, reinforced by the production from her friend's reticule of another small square similar to her own. Their united labours, with those of other spinsters and widows, are destined to aggregate into quilt, whose cost in cotton alone would more than suffice for the purchase of one equally serviceable. Meantime they discuss the merits and demerits of Mrs. A.'s new bonnet, and Mrs. B.'s last tea-party; launch forth into a philippic on the way Mrs. C. brings up her children; and in the midst of an ecstatic analysis of the Reverend Mr. D.'s last discourse, rush to observe the cook next door going out for the evening with a boa and flounces. The rest of the visit is occupied by horrific narratives, denunciations, and prophesies of her past, present and future conduct. When 10 o'clock strikes, and the mistress has read prayers, with her maid as fellow-worshipper, she rakes out the fires, rolls up the rug, and walks round to examine every door and window before withdrawing to her chamber. Here she looks under the bed, locks the door, reads a chapter in the Bible, and, before retiring to rest, stands gazing on a small ill-painted miniature of a gentleman, the faded colours and old-fashioned costume of which show how long ago are the days it recalls, and of which it is a precious relic. With a softer expression stealing over her thin features, she gazes on it and presses her withered lips to the cold, hard glass. Could you search some secret receptacle of the room you might discover a box of treasure more precious to her than gold or jewels. Tied up with blue ribbon is a packet of old letters, folded as in the days when envelopes were not, and worn through at the creases; their faded ink being blotted by tears. Withered flowers are there, brown and scentless, meet emblems of herself, and of those happy days when they were plucked. And among the letters, though not in the same handwriting, is one that she never dares to read. It is the one which blighted all her prospects, and told her that he who should have claimed her hand was dead—that her young, bright life, with its joy and hope, was to be suddenly changed for despair and suffering from which there would be no relief but in that seared apathy of feeling which has nothing more to hope or fear—which has exhausted the bitter spring of grief. Yes! Once the withered lips which form so ludicrous a contrast to the young joyous face of the picture on which they are pressed, were rosy and smiling; the rayless eyes "looked love to eyes which looked again," shining with the light of happiness; and those pale, faded cheeks, blushed and dimpled with every emotion of her beating heart. But all was blighted; she passed through the valley of the shadow of death into a cold grey twilight, without sunshine or shade, and was thankful when, after the tempest which crushed every youthful charm and feeling, a sufficient degree of apathy crept over her mind to allow of its energies being directed to trivial objects of interest. Her home, her heart, are not on earth, but she is chained to it for many joyless years. She must do what good she can in her progress through life, and find pleasure in such pale scentless flowers as bloom where the sun shines not. She wears the dress of long past years, for it is that of her happier time, that in which *he* admired her. Of love she will not read or speak; there was a time when she dared not, and it still brings the painful thought that such was not for her. She seeks the most faithful of all affection—that of the lower animals—for she is *alone*.

Here is another mansion, showing no marks of poverty; not having even the solitary look and excessive neatness of an old maid's dwelling. Behold young girls, and the appurtenances of education; you might fancy it a family school-room. But their voices are somewhat hushed, their laughter moderated in the presence of her who reclines near the fire. She wears, indeed, the dress of other mortals, with careful attention both to neatness and elegance, but her face and figure present to a common observer every orthodox characteristic of spinsterhood, in their length, tenuity, and pinched rigid expression. But look on her closely and with a retrospective eye, you behold evident traces of former beauty in the delicate, well-formed features, the clear blue eye and slender form. Her complexion, indeed, is faded, her features are drawn and prominent, and the light of her glances has departed; but you see that wasting sickness has been there, and the finger of long-continued suffering has drawn those harsh lines which give apparent sourness to her expression.

Margaret was the motherless daughter of a prosperous man in "a large way" of business, and in her youth children were compelled more frequently than at present to sacrifice their happiness at the will of grasping or ambitious parents. She beheld her only sister obliged to break off an engagement of affection, and driven into marriage with an unprincipled man, titled, and apparently wealthy. Margaret is a woman of education and strong mind; a similar fate was pressed upon her, but as she not only disliked the proposed match, but was deeply attached to one whose circumstances would never permit them to marry with her father's consent, every importunity and threat, every kind of domestic persecution, was unavailing against her resistance. After she had nursed her father through some years of sickness, and endured his fretful temper during his slow progress to the grave, he left her co-heiress to his fortune. Margaret thus found herself, while yet untouched by age, rich, unfettered, and still beautiful, though faded and already in feeble health. Her money, independently of other attractions, was in itself an all-powerful magnet to the lords of creation, and many soon sighed at her feet. But she found none who could efface the memory of her former attachment, though its object had long since consoled himself with another bride, and settled in some distant county. Meanwhile her sister's husband soon squandered his wife's fortune as well as his own, in gambling and profligacy; and being at last obliged to fly the country, left his unhappy wife to die in her sister's arms, worn out with sorrow, and her children to be fondly and carefully educated by their maiden aunt.

Who comes here—fat, smiling, and looking the picture of comfort and good humour?

"O, Miss Tabitha, how glad I am to see you! You're just in time to drop in and take a quiet cup-o'-tea in my snuggery!"

Surely no tempest has scathed that round, squat form, no blighting sorrow has impressed its sign on that ever-cheerful, homely face! She is long past the prime of life, but the tranquil years have traced few furrows. Sheltered in peaceful insignificance from the storms of life, this lowly evergreen has flourished on unmarked, while many a fair flower and noble tree drooped or perished around it. Her sandy hair, without a line of silver, rises in tiers of small stiff curls; and, scorning the matronly cap, is crowned with a comb on its summit, after the fashion of other days. Her years have glided on without epochs to mark their flight; no children growing up around reminded her that she was of a passing generation. She perceives no decay in her bodily powers; she is still the Miss Marigold of former years, thinking herself young because she feels just the same as in the days of girlhood. In those days her life was much what it now is. Always plain and unattractive, admiration, flirting, love, were words that struck no chord thrilling with sweet memories. Perhaps in early youth a few buds of romance and hope had ventured forth, but they were soon nipped by the cold neglect of mankind, and the kindly soil, instead of remaining barren or bringing forth weeds, was thenceforth devoted to homely and useful purposes. She saw others gay and happy in their glittering present and joyous anticipations, but their happiness was a golden apple for which she sighed not, having never tasted its sweets; she acquiesced in the evident fact that it hung beyond her reach, and cherished no idl dreams or vain aspirations. And in the course of time those gay butterflies had fluttered through their short day of brilliancy. She saw one, grasped by a rude hand, falling crushed and disfigured to earth; another wandering from flower to flower, leaving on each some of its bright colours, till with languid flight and faded wing it passed into obscurity. Winter came to all; and when the beauty's cheek was wrinkled, the voice of the singer grown harsh, and the favourite of ball-rooms pined unnoticed as a wall-flower, our quiet, neglected old maid, knew no change. Her pleasures were undiminished, her piety and benevolence increased. Still the years glided peacefully with their round of duties; she had no bright past to weep over—no gloomy future to dread.

From early youth circumstances had obliged her to act and think for others more than for herself; and when she had educated her younger sisters, and chaperoned them till they stood at the altar; when for many a year she had been the one ever appealed to by her family to nurse the sick, comfort the sorrowing, and be a companion to the aged; when, after long years of harrassing attendance, she had closed the eyes of infirm, querulous parents, she devoted her untiring energies to the poor, the sick, and the young of her neighbourhood. Her village school is a model of order, supplying the country round with well-trained servants; and it is one of the simple festivals of her life to preside at school teas, where, radiant with smiles, she curtseys and chatters to the guests, proudly exhibiting the writing and hemming of her first class, and distributes tea, buns, and little penny books in gay paper covers to her young flock. In the coldest days of winter may our heroine be seen bustling about, with fussy walk and very red snub nose, clattering on pattens if it be muddy, the little basket ever on her arm from whose exhaustless store she supplies food, clothing, wine, or medicine to the poor, while her untiring tongue advises, exhorts, reproves, rebukes. Thus will she go on till health shall fail, and the grave receive one whose peaceful life was spent in constant, self-denying benevolence which became a habit and a pleasure. She leaves no mourning husband or motherless children to weep over her tomb; among her acquaintance the Old Maid's name is dismissed with a light word of commonplace regret, and no gap is seen where she passed away. But by the poor she is long remembered and painfully missed; many a blessing attends her ascending spirit, bearing witness before the Judge that "when he was hungry she gave him meat—naked, she clothed him—sick, she visited him."

There is a certain type of old maidenhood as firmly fixed in the popular imagination as the conviction that Satan is a black figure, with horns, hoofs, and tail, bearing within himself a furnace of fire and brimstone. The caricaturists and second-rate writers of fiction—even some who, like Dickens, should have been above this conventionality—make themselves, from time immemorial, exponents of this idea of the typical spinster, and help to engrave it on the public mind. From the pages of *Punch* down to those of the *Phunny Phellow*, or any other painfully "humorous" publication; from the minor novelists, the magazines, and weekly literary papers, we may collect innumerable portraits bearing so close a resemblance to each other that there is as little difficulty in forming an abstract general idea of the type, as there was originality in the concrete representations. As in the various species of the feline genus, though there are some variations, the general character, physical and mental, with its external manifestations, is nearly the same in all. The face of this spinster for the million is of preternatural ugliness enhanced by the sourest expression, unless she be represented in ghastly attempts to attract masculine attentions, when the features are contorted into a repulsive smirk. Her hair, if not false, is pretty much like that of the typical Yankee-woman in middle life, immortalized by Fanny Fern—six hairs tied in a knot on the top of the head—or it hangs in ringlets of whose tenuity the corkscrew is almost a literal representation. Skeleton shoulders rise almost to her ears, inside a plain dress if the prim variety be depicted, or out of an elaborately trimmed one if we have before us the ancient maiden still absorbed in vanities, and simulating youth. The figure is quite flat; the rigid waist, resisting an evident attempt at compression, remains nearly as broad as the bust. Skirts scanty and unadorned, or flounced in exaggerated fashion, overhang large flat feet.

Such is the conventional old maid physically; in moral manifestations both classes are nearly alike. Both regard with spiteful envy the young and fair; both indulge in detraction of these especially, though not sparing their neighbours generally. But while the Prudences or Tabithas reprobate their innocent amusements, and look with snarling disgust on all that savours of love or matrimony, the would-be evergreen tries to hold the ground from which she has been crowded out by another generation: talks of "us girls," and spreads her nets for men in exaggerated fashion, attacking them with a boldness born of despair. Should she have money, success often crowns her efforts to attain what is popularly supposed to be the highest aim of womanhood, the capture of some man—no matter what he may be. And no fortune-hunting rascality, no degree of false, sickening love-making before marriage, or brutality and rapacity afterwards on the part of the man, is thought unnatural, or greatly condemned. It is all fair that the young spendthrift should deceive her with false pretences. He wanted money for his selfish gratifications; she wanted—that affection and companionship which the young girl is encouraged to angle for, and to regard as the chief end of her existence. And to the pursuit of this object is not the old maid stimulated by the finger of scorn pointed at her; the mocking jeers which accompany her progress through that stage of life in which the more cultivated intellect, the sobered feelings and accumulated experience, should naturally command respect.

Now, I have known many spinsters: I have studied them for years where they most abound, and are to be found in the highest stage of development, a quiet English cathedral town. There, in the class representing Society, or the Upper Ten, single blessedness was rather the rule in families of girls, and matrimony the exception. I have been at a dancing party where there was danger that seven girls might indeed take hold of one young man, to secure him as a partner. But I have never seen an original for these numberless pictures of pen and pencil, nor anything that came at all near to them. Some points of resemblance might be found in individuals. I have known a few who were soured, a few —many perhaps—who were prim, and naturally some who were plain and angular. But I think a nearer resemblance to the above portraiture in many respects might be discovered among matrons, and especially if we search those ranks where family and household cares press more heavily than in the wealthier classes. Here you will frequently find the dried-up, bony form, and too often the bitterly spiteful tongue. Their burdens are heavy in too many cases; and an existence of constant striving and bustle, with the tumult of family life, knowing no quiet or privacy, withers all youthful freshness and brightness out of mind and body far sooner than is the case generally with the unmarried. The once lively tongue of the girl has scolded and fretted at husband, children and servants, till it is become painfully sharp, and the very tones have grown harsh or querulous. The trivial details of domestic life have absorbed her attention, to the exclusion of more intellectual pursuits, till she has lost interest in all but domestic and social questions. Among such then it is that we find most strongly marked the addiction to gossip, to envenomed commentary on their neighbours' affairs, and to the undermining of characters. Tell the average Mrs. A. of some excellence or beauty in Mrs. B.'s children; of some point in which Mrs. C.'s establishment eclipses her own, and you will be not unlikely to evoke an amount of acerbity, envious spite, and detraction quite beyond what this same Mrs. A. might have been capable of if left to the pursuits of her girlhood, and unsoured by family cares and family tempers.

Let us, however, take an example who comes nearest to the conventional Old Maid, and add one more portrait to our collection.

Marah was plain and commonplace. Her face had no redeeming feature, not even oddity or piquancy; it was hopelessly common and homely. Nor was this compensated by sparkle, originality, or special intelligence, as I remember to have seen in the case of a little swarthy girl whose tongue attracted those whom her snub-nosed, irregular face would have repelled. Marah had two handsome and accomplished sisters, a circumstance which cast her yet more into the background. Consequently she grew up under the shadow of her natural deficiencies, and from childhood these were imputed to her almost as a crime. To be occasionally told that "handsome is who handsome does," or sermonized on the superiority of mental and spiritual gifts to beauty, goes but a little way towards neutralizing the practical teaching of daily life in such cases. Although her parents were good people, and not especially worldly, their natural preference for the more attractive daughters could not be disguised, and by the external world this preference was shown quite undisguisedly. Marah thus grew up with an exaggerated idea of the value of beauty, and of her own shortcomings. Observations more or less plain-spoken were made on the latter, especially in those seasons of objurgation when the little politeness kept up among relations is apt to be merged in personalities.

When she entered society her position became yet more trying. She went to her first ball with all a girl's bright anticipations; for at that age the thought of a ball is a vision of felicity almost as perfect as earth can afford. Extremely fond of dancing, and excelling in it, she had the pleasant hope of winning approbation by showing that she could do at least one thing well. The first ball-dress, the delicate satin shoes, and carefully dressed hair adorned with flowers, gave a sense of being set off to the best advantage, and of looking different from the homely figure of her every-day life. When the music struck up for the first dance it thrilled her as the trumpet excites a war-horse: her eager feet tapped the floor in time to the measure, as she watched the couples gathering to their places, and waited her turn. Alas for human anticipations! that turn came not at all. The quadrille began and closed, and still Marah sat on that bench, with her mother on one side, while from the other an elderly chaperone talked small gossip across her. Then came a yet greater trial; the inspiring strains of a waltz sounded, which exercise a peculiar fascination over the lover of dancing. Again the smiling couples passed to their places; again she waited and watched her masculine acquaintance seeking other partners. Though overlooked in the first dance, she had indulged hopes of a chance to join in the next. At her first ball, it seems to a girl a matter of course that she will dance: no experience has yet come to her of the loneliness there may be in a joyous crowd, or of the ignominious expectancy in which a wall-flower has to sit until some masculine individual deigns to offer his arm. There is perhaps no position so lowering to womanhood as this, when not only the evening's enjoyment, but the standing in social estimation of some good and perhaps intelligent girl, depends on the degree to which she can attract the notice of men. Any conceited youth fresh from college, whose personality and opinions are of no particular value to any one at other times, has his estimate of himself immensely enhanced by the power he possesses in a ball-room. Here he may confer his favours on any disengaged girl he fancies: if the bright particular stars be beyond his reach, he can give to or withhold from many others the privilege of exchanging solitude among the dowagers for that joy of dancing incomprehensible to some people, but with others almost a passion. Marah knew not that for a waltz the favourite partners are usually selected; men prefer for their duty-dances the quadrille, which itself has something in its nature of a duty and a bore, having as a dance little life or opportunity for good execution, and being, as an opportunity for flirtation, almost valueless. So she again sat solitary; and the whirling dresses flew almost over her as the dancers swept swiftly by to those strains which stir the heart of a dancer, and make it so difficult to keep still.

At last some gentleman connected with the family asked her hand for the next quadrille. The shyness frequent in youth, and inseparable from a sense of natural deficiencies, was aggravated by her novel position, as she crossed the floor to her place, with (as she thought) the eyes of seven other couples fixed on her. With flushed cheek, downcast eyes, and trembling hand, scarcely could she follow the simple figures, usually so familiar. As for conversation, hers was never very brilliant, and she was at the bread-and-butter age when girls alternate between "Yes" and "No" in society, and a flood of small chatter among themselves. Her partner consequently found it up-hill work; the more so as, with the painful self-consciousness of shyness, she was too frightened to think of anything but her supposed position as the observed of all observers, and of her fears lest she should blunder in the figures. When the very doubtful pleasure of the dance was over, one circuit of the room on her partner's arm sufficed for him, and gladly did he place her again under the maternal wing. Now, to her ordinary sense of being deficient in charms, was superadded an annoying consciousness of stupidity, and of having made a failure in her first appearance. Even the dancing had been a failure, for the quadrille gives a dancer no chance to do anything but dawdle through a series of figures; and even this, she knew, had not been done well or gracefully—on which point, moreover, her own convictions were corroborated by some distinctly expressed opinions from her mother. After this, dance followed dance; lively polkas, inspiriting galops rang out from the orchestra, and still she sat wearily, with ever-sinking hopes and growing despondency as to herself and her future: not much cheered by the occasional enquiry of some matron, "Why are you not dancing, my dear?" Once more indeed was she led out, and this time for a waltz, by a youth whom the girls were in the habit of snubbing and avoiding for his personal and mental defects. His dancing was quite independent of the measure, as a musical ear was one of the advantages denied him by Nature; it had also that peculiar sprawling movement of bad waltzers with which no girl can keep her steps in accord. So again was her dancing quite neutralized, and the conversation was a laboured interchange of the very smallest talk, pumped out in detached sentences. Under these bright auspices was she led to supper, and soon after the signal for departure was given by the elders, and her happier sisters torn reluctantly from the joyous after-supper dances. So ended the first ball, which had given birth to such dreams of bliss, and for which so much anxious preparation had been made.

It was only a foretaste of Marah's social career. Asked to a dinner party only as a stop-gap, she was in the evening left to associate with the slowest among men, or with her peers in social gifts among her own sex; while others, attracting by their beauty or sprightly *badinage*, carried on flirtations, or were eagerly sought by ready talkers. Time, and experience in society, gave her somewhat more self-possession and conversational power, but she remained always dull, always in the background, and painfully conscious of it. And as to flirtations and love-affairs, which are the dominant ideas among girls in their intercourse with society, her life was like that first ball—simply a blank, a failure, a disappointment. Girls usually enter on their career with a notion that these flirtations and offers are the common lot of woman—a matter of course in her life; and their solicitude is mostly as to their choice, and how such affairs shall be conducted. Marah naturally had her dreams like others: like her compeers, she discussed the wedding dress, the bridesmaids and their dresses, and set forth her ideal of a hero for her life's romance. But the dreams had ever an hour of lonely waking,—if her life had any romance it was a sad one. Hidden while it lived from the sneers of the world, at its death it was buried out of sight, without mourners save that lonely one who must suffer no tear to flow; who, on pain of incurring the laughter and scorn of society, must face it without a sign that she has shared the affections common to womanhood. In romances only the attractive have a right to love: the loves of the homely are generally introduced as subjects of ridicule, or motives for plotting evil against their fairer and happier sisters.

While such is the life of the unattractive —while they see others petted during childhood, reigning over hearts in youth; by whom they themselves are ever cast into the shade, and by whom perhaps are won the affections of those dearer than aught else on earth, is it any wonder if the departure of youth sometimes leaves them as it left Marah, soured and jealous? In that class precluded from active employment there is no aim in life but social successes, unless they have exceptionally intellectual tastes, or are happy enough to have found duties and consolations in the higher life of religion. The homely servant has her routine of work, her opportunities of usefulness. The girl of society must fritter away her days in fancy-work, in music or drawing, too mild to give pleasure except to one or two very partial relatives; in visits where the same people are met, the same topics discussed, the same old jokes and stories listened to. As years drag on, all that gave life and stimulus to society has long died out for such as cannot shine in it. Conversation, unless highly spiced with gossip and scandal, is a bore: when old enough for admission among the heavy fathers and turbaned matrons, the weary whist-table may be their portion. They have no hopes, no aspirations: all they can do is to draw farther and farther back out of the sunshine, and see others, once children whom they may have patronized, taking their places, and doing their best to deepen the gloom amid which the homely old maid must travel through many years of loneliness. The men who were her contemporaries are yet young when she is *passée*: they feel themselves no longer called upon to be bored by attentions to her whose place is scarcely with the young, though she has no claim to one among matrons. At the dance, the Christmas party, or the pic-nic, younger and fairer faces win them; and those objects of scarcely concealed ridicule, who are left to look on in neglect due only to a lack of attractions, for which they are not responsible, may be pardoned if they do not always bridle a certain acerbity of tongue. For young girls have seldom learnt charity and appreciation of the feelings of others: they are very unscrupulous in scoffing at those whom nature or time have relegated to obscurity, and in casting them out from their ranks. Can the Old Maid then be so severely blamed if she reciprocate this by something like hostility to that youth and beauty which has appropriated all the brightness of life, leaving to herself only its darker and duller corners? What fault had she in the matter, but that attractions so longed for were beyond her reach? This is the reflection which embitters her spirit.

There is yet another group of spinsters who should be briefly described, as they are by no means uncommon; are a natural outgrowth of the single life under certain conditions, affecting certain individualities; and have the privilege of being much more popular and respected than their sisters. These are the strong-minded—but not in the usual sense of that abused word (which has undeservedly become a term of reproach)—and single women whose surrounding circumstances have resembled rather the ordinary course of masculine than of feminine existence. I remember two very characteristic specimens; the one verged on masculinity in externals chiefly—the other united strength of mind and character above the average feminine standard, to a woman's kindly heart.

Minerva Lascelles, the first mentioned, was in most respects quite unlike the conventional old maid. In youth her beauty must have been considerable: when I knew her she was yet handsome, though of rather pronounced style: her finely-cut, high-bred features, aquiline nose, and full figure, suggested rather the aristocratic matron of picture and story. Why she never became such I know not: at all events it was not, I imagine, from lack of admiring suitors. Born in the higher ranks of life, she had contracted something like a disgust for the conventionalities and restraints which had fettered her from infancy. This feeling, and action consequent on it, is not uncommon among her class when the trammels of girlhood have fallen from them, and they are not bound afresh with the worldliness, the state, and the social duties of fashionable matronhood. Such feelings were expressed by a spinster of the same set as Minerva, but very different in style—delicate and feminine as well as gifted—in some mournful verses beginning—

> "I'm weary of this hollow world,
> This cold, dull masquerade."

Minerva, though possessing considerable talent, had not great mental force, and her emancipation of herself took the form rather of eccentricity. Masculine attire had not then been so far adopted by ladies as now; and Minerva, with her broad felt hat and feather, her cloth jacket (approximating to a coat), and rather formidable walking-stick, was in advance of her generation. Her hair also was worn as many American girls now wear it, but no ordinary Englishwoman then did; cut short, and brushed into careless curls. No wonder, then, that "whene'er she took her walks abroad," if in a strange place, she excited much observation, and occasional speculation as to her sex, among the country people. "'*Tis* a 'ooman, aint it?" I have heard muttered behind her. In other respects she had shaken off much of orthodox feminine manners; and could do all this when a woman of lower status would have been afraid of compromising her gentility; her antecedents and place in society being so unexceptionable that "poor dear Minerva's" peculiarities by no means excluded her from it. She came as a relief from the prevailing conventionality, the uniformity of external life among the "upper ten;" and was, besides, lively and accomplished above the average. Thus her loud voice, somewhat aggressive and domineering tone, as well as her strong-minded costume, were not only tolerated but rather welcomed in country-house life: she was as a bit of flowery rockwork on a smooth lawn.

Miss Treherne, of Treherne—no one would have thought of mentioning her by her Christian name any more than they would have called her father Jack Treherne in the days when he was the Squire, as she was now—Miss Treherne in social position stood much on a par with Minerva. She was less favoured as to the feminine qualities of beauty and accomplishments, but her post of duty being among the lords of creation—in so far as the limitations they have imposed on her sex as yet permit,—so she was gifted with a mind rather of masculine character, further developed by the training of circumstances. It could not have been true of her either that she was single from want of chances, for such opportunities are never lacking to a lady of considerable property: and though not handsome, nor of the style attractive to men, she was not disagreeably plain. Tall, and by no means slender, though not portly, her frame and features were somewhat masculine; as also was a voice far removed from the soft drawl and feminine tones cultivated by ladies of her class. In dress she copied nothing from the other sex, while equally removed from the frivolities of her own. A simple black costume of handsome material gave her that exemption from the taking thought how she should be clothed enjoyed by her fellow-squires, while it attained that perfection of style which consists in attracting no attention.

Perhaps her opportunities for choosing a partner for life may not have been as good as she wished; for women of Miss Treherne's mental power and somewhat caustic wit are not altogether popular as wives. Men are afraid that the clinging vine they would plant in their homes may assume the substantial proportions of Jack's beanstalk, dwarfing and overshadowing themselves. It is of little use for a lord of creation to assert his supremacy when his lady can overrule him in argument, overpower him by force of character, and scathe him with wit against which he is unshielded and unarmed: especially if she look quite competent to claim liberty and equality by right of physical force. A woman of Miss Treherne's character was little likely to marry for the sake of getting married. She loved independence too well; was impervious to sneers; and as unlikely to drag on an obscure, petty, gossipping existence, as any of those whose peer she was everywhere but on the magistrates' bench and similar official positions. Nor was she a woman to sacrifice lightly her responsibilities, as a landlord and a guardian of the poor, in favour of one who might not care so well for her dependents. So she not only led a spinster's useful life, unhindered by domestic cares, but was an honoured member of the county society, and well liked by her own sex. Her house was a pleasant resort; her society had the vigorous, enlivening tone found among intelligent men, while it could be enjoyed by women without restraint or misconstruction. And for the sick or suffering she had all a woman's gentle kindness, without being fussy or tedious: her lively wit, and freedom from pettiness or frivolity, came like a breath of invigorating air into the weariness and gloom of their lives.

It seems a common axiom in the world that a spinster is so, in all cases, because she has had no opportunity of becoming a matron. That this is often true no one will attempt to deny; but it is by no means an universal rule. The lords of creation in their pride like to think that no woman voluntarily chooses single blessedness; yet instances of this are not uncommon, and would be much more frequent but for the prejudice cherished in society against old-maidism, rendering the very name a bugbear to all girls—a word of reproach in all classes. It is more convenient to a family that its daughters should be "settled," and the education of girls from very childhood is intended to guide them blindfold into matrimony. Those of domestic tastes are influenced by prospects of an establishment, and fears of a solitary age. To the gay and ambitious glittering pictures are held up of fashionable life, and of a higher position in society. The sentimental damsel is fed with literature in which many a standard metaphor expresses the desolation of loneliness and of a loveless existence, such as commonplaces concerning the clinging ivy and the oak, or the unsupported vine trailing the earth. How frequently will a fair coquette, whose vanity has been pampered with admiration till it has become a necessary of life, when startled by the first grey hair, or warned by a diminution of her wonted power to attract, seize the first hand stretched forth to save her from that Slough of Despond—a single life. And though positive coercion on the part of parents is now happily become obsolete, at least in countries of Anglo-Saxon origin, there are many ways of pressing an unwelcome marriage. A portionless daughter in a large family, well knowing that the main solicitude of her parents concerning her destiny is how to free themselves from a burdensome charge as soon as possible, dares not refuse any offer, however unwelcome or unsuitable in age, mind, or habits, provided only there be a sufficiency of means. Her marriage will leave one mouth less at the family table, one less of those allowances for dress, the united amount of which presses heavily on a small income. The sisters can be brought out more, and their chances will be improved: the brother-in-law's house giving them an additional market for their attractions as well as a pleasant place of resort. Thus parents, sisters and relatives, unite in urging her to that step from which there is no going back, and on which depends all the happiness of her future life. And few girls brought up with the views of duty generally inculcated in such cases have courage and firmness to withstand the system of persecution incurred by a refusal. Relations will speak of her as one who has trampled on her own interests and the duty she owes to her family: one on whom parental care and the expenses of education have been lavished in vain. Society will point at her folly with wondering disapprobation. She will feel that even the necessaries of life are grudgingly yielded. At length, by open vituperation, indirect invective, and petty annoyances, the poor girl is driven from the parental roof, being made to feel that any home of her own will be a haven of rest from the rude waves of such life in a large family.

Now, there can be no doubt that the holy state of matrimony, when entered on with a right view of its duties, and with strong affection to brighten its many dark days, is what God intended it should be—a source of happiness higher than any the old maid can know. It is the more perfect state of existence, and in general it "is not good for man to be alone," or woman either. I have seen very happy marriages, the result of real and long-tried affection, though it must be confessed that these are rare instances. In unions such as these, joys are doubled and sorrows lightened by sympathy, and every thought is in the community of unrestrained confidence. Such married life invests with a charm the common round of little daily duties and cares which are undertaken with or for the one beloved. The everyday words, so flat, so monotonous in common life, become music in the tones of love; and if there be imperfections on either side, the eye of affection glances lightly over them, even after the blindness of love has passed. A hasty word of anger or bitterness is quickly blotted out or forgotten, when the happiness of each depends on that of the other. Many other marriages there are, of a less perfect kind, which, nevertheless, may greatly have the advantage over a lonely existence, especially to those who have been unaccustomed to solitude, and dislike it; though in such unions there is not so much sunshine to gild the common ills of life, and mellow its acerbities into sweetness.

But if girls, before rushing blindly into matrimony, will call up to their minds the many cases which come within the range of every one's observation, in which care and sorrow, anxiety and unrest, have transformed a bright-looking girl into a weary, haggard woman, broken in health and spirits: if they will recollect the husbands of such wives—evil-tempered, selfish, prodigal, or vicious—for whom the peaceful home-life has been given up, sacrificed lightly, without even perhaps the excuse of affection, for the sake of an establishment, and to escape the reproach of old-maidism; with these pictures in their minds, I think they will concede that a spinster's quiet parlour may be a haven of rest and safety. How many of those who have made such marriages, possibly on slight acquaintance, would so regard it, when "the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when they say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

If I can persuade one woman to hesitate before throwing away the good she has for the evil she knows not of, lest "she might not have a better offer," I may have saved one life from bitter experiences. Nor shall I have written in vain if now and then some one can be brought to look kindly on the spinster who sits lonely and neglected: if a woman more happily situated will cheer her with occasional sociability, or add some little comfort to her often straitened life; or a man will seek out her corner, and brighten her eye with kindly attentions. May I have induced some to look through the withered rind to the heart within; not to turn carelessly away, but to ponder what frosts may have shrivelled the once fair fruit, and dried up its sweetness.

THE ANGEL OF ENDURANCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A fair, dumb angel roamed from Heaven earthwards
A while ago;
His mission not to bind the broken-hearted,
But let them know
How after-peace will consummate the bearing
Of grief below.

He hushed no moan, I saw him dry no tear,
He let them flow;
He knew that, surely as the sparks fly upward,
It must be so;
Only he weighed Eternity and glory
With Time and Woe.

He had no voice nor language to make answer,
When men asked why
To their lips, of all others, came the cup
Of agony?
No voice, no word, no language, but a sign
For all reply.

With upward-pointing hand in storm he stood
Passion and pain—
Both in the storm and after, when the sun
Shone on again;
And they who looked in any after-anguish
Did not complain.

For the quiet heavens seemed to say, consoling,
"Only endure!
They shall see God who, bearing and believing,
Keep their hearts pure;
Some stony steps, and yet a little climbing—
The Rest is sure."

O Angel of Endurance, great in calm
Of pain suppressed!
More than all words thy silent consolation
For man distressed;
Uplooking he can bear to starve on earth
To be Heaven's guest!

OTTAWA.

WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

From the French of M. Lucien Biart.

[The following tale is, we must own, of a somewhat sensational character. But it must be taken for what the writer intends it to be—a picture of Mexican life.—Ed. C. M.]

CHAPTER I.

ANOTHER flash of lightning, more vivid, more intense than any of the preceding ones, for a moment dissipated the surrounding obscurity. I bent my head and involuntarily closed my eyes, while the eight mules attached to the stage-coach reared and pranced simultaneously; one, seemingly more excitable than her companions, uttered the harsh and peculiar cry which approaching danger occasionally wrings from the horse family, while the groom's dog howled dismally. At this doleful signal the mules struggled furiously, shook the pole to which they were attached, and ended by getting entangled in the traces. Two imperious voices endeavoured to calm the restive animals, but their sound was soon overpowered by the rolling thunder; another streak of forked lightning darted from the clouds, and the rain, as if anxious to accomplish its share in the storm, redoubled in fury and impetuosity.

"Good Heavens, Doctor!" exclaimed the terrified postmaster, "this is assuredly the end of the world."

"Never fear," I replied, turning towards the speaker, who was hidden from my sight by the darkness; "however fragile and slight may be the surface of the globe which we inhabit, nothing that is going on now can damage it. A storm is a struggle between the constituent parts of the atmosphere, and it will require far greater force than this to move our vast though temporary prison. Electricity, Maître Terribio, according to the as yet but little understood laws of nature, sets together by the ears all the principles of science and the elements, *i. e.*, water, air, fire, and——"

The uproar caused by the terrific peals of thunder here became so great that the fractious mules required all Terribio's attention, and prevented him from hearing me. The flashes of lightning came in rapid succession, tracing on the sky fitful gleams of red and purple, and illuminating the vast plain in the midst of which we were waiting. My hat bore no longer any recognizable shape; the cloak in which I was enveloped was soaked like a sponge, and weighed at least twenty pounds on my shoulders; and the road, on the edge of which I stood, resembled a torrent.

The hurricane ran its regular course, commencing at the Atlantic Ocean and proceeding towards the Pacific. By degrees the wild play of the elements became less fierce; the rain no longer poured down with such violence, and the squalls became less frequent, when a flash of lightning revealed to us the *diligence* in the distance. Five minutes later the team, all dripping and steaming, drew up in front of us. On the top of the lumbering vehicle were perched two travellers, wrapped in cloaks and shivering with cold; on the box sat the coachman, clothed in bathing drawers and thick gloves; and beside him, with a palm-leaf hat for all his costume, the dark-skinned *zagal*, who leaped nimbly to the ground.

"Four hours behind time, Juan," I called to the driver; "what has happened to you?"

"I am carrying double weight, all the streams are overflowed, and the mules have refused at least twenty times to continue their journey—that is what has happened to me—and I wish that the devil, who is at the bottom of all the mischief, would upset the *diligence* on the back of all inquisitive parties!"

That Juan, the lively and merry-hearted, should now address me in such independent tones, proved to my satisfaction the accuracy of the conclusion at which I had mentally arrived concerning the effects of a drenching on the temper of animals in general.

"Pshaw!" I replied, "three hours hence we shall be in Orizava, and a good glass of anisette will dry you from head to foot."

"Merciful patience, Doctor, is it you?" exclaimed the driver, bending towards me, and vainly endeavouring to raise his dripping hat.

"It is indeed I, my good friend."

"Then, pray excuse my answer, as I did not recognize you in this heretical weather."

"I hope you will pardon me likewise, Doctor," said Terribo, "but in this heretical weather, as Juan has so aptly named it, good Christians may surely be excused for feeling impatient. I totally forgot that it was for my sake, or rather for my wife's, that you have been exposed to the rain for four mortal hours."

"Do not mention it, my dear Terribio; but what, I pray you, have heretics to do with thunder and lightning?"

"Take your seat, Doctor," interposed Juan, "I am catching cold."

The mules snorted, I entered the *diligence*, and the door was scarcely closed ere the team started at full speed.

I know of no more convincing proof of the solidity of the human frame than a journey by stage-coach on a Mexican highway; the vehicle, tossing at random among the quagmires, ascends, descends, inclines to the right, falls to the left, stops abruptly, sets out again suddenly; and the patient, I mean the traveller, unable to foresee any of these fluctuations, has, like the earth, to sustain a twofold motion, which places every portion of his being alternately in contact with the projections of the conveyance in which he is imprisoned. One arrives, however, unquestionably bruised and aching, but still alive.

Rats, who are justly renowned for the intense vitality of their nervous system, could scarcely survive such a proceeding, and I think I can with safety call to witness all those who have ever seen a rat-trap shaken. When I had succeeded in seating myself, by seizing a strap and wedging myself into a corner, I began to breathe. I believed myself alone, but a movement in the corner opposite mine, and the light of a cigar to my left, informed me that I had two companions; we three, having at our disposal the entire space usually allotted to twelve people, I stretched myself at ease. Looking through the door I beheld only shadows on the road, which the mules followed by instinct; the *diligence* bounded in a manner which in the eyes of a spectator in the plain must have made it resemble a sloop tossed by the billows.

"Do you know, señor, how far we are from Orizava?" inquired a voice whose foreign accent struck me forcibly.

"About twelve leagues," I replied.

"Is the road safe?"

"It has been so hitherto; at least in the valley which we are just about reaching."

"For the love of Heaven, señor," said the smoker, "have compassion on a woman, and, whatever may happen, do not resort to arms."

By degrees I had become accustomed to the darkness, and on searching for the woman spoken of, I perceived that she and the smoker were one and the same person.

"Notwithstanding my willingness to prove agreeable to you, señora," replied the stranger drily, "I shall certainly not allow myself to be passively plundered by your fellow-countrymen."

I reassured the smoker, whose accent and cigar came directly from the neighbourhood of Tampico. Since my residence in Mexico the *diligence* had never been robbed on this side of the Cumbrès; besides which the storm, and the delay it had occasioned, completely screened us from any accident of this nature.

Técamaluca was our last stopping-place, and the road here being better, we had eight horses harnessed to the conveyance, which soon proceeded at full speed. The rain had ceased, but the sky was very cloudy and the darkness intense. Shaken by the jolts of the *diligence*, and deafened by the noise of the wheels, I gave free vent to my imagination. Three weeks previously I had forwarded my "Essay on the Causes of Earthquakes" to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and I longed to set to work again. Should I, as my next subject of study, select the coffee-tree caterpillar, or should I busy myself with the anatomy of lake leeches? These two subjects, however alluring they may be, attracted me less than the greatly calumniated *mygale*. The time seemed to have arrived in which to reveal the thousand and one peculiarities of this interesting little insect, and to do justice to the absurd stories which represent it as a frightful bloodsucker. My thoughts were interrupted by loud shouting on the road. I heard Juan replying angrily and cracking his whip; the *diligence* redoubled its speed; a shot resounded; we only proceeded by starts; the horses neighed, and the *zagal* shouted to quiet them. I thought one of the traces must have broken, and leant out of the door.

"Are you tired of life?" inquired a voice of Juan; "did you not hear me order you to stop?"

"I did not know you were my master," muttered Juana ngrily; "what do you want?"

"I want the gold ounces which you are carrying, comrade. How many travellers have you got?"

"Five."

"Are they armed?"

"Those on the outside are not; the others are."

Juan's questioner was on horseback. I could vaguely see him approaching the edge of the thicket we were traversing, and keeping his nag in motion to avoid a ball. "Hallo, there," he exclaimed; "alight and lie down at the roadside."

I knew this manœuvre, and, quite stupefied by being attacked at the very gates of Orizava, alighted mechanically.

"Lie down!" shouted another voice.

I seated myself, and it was well I did so, for a ball whizzed past my eyes. My travelling companion had fired a shot; several discharges answered. Three times the bullets passed close to my ears, and I found it advisable to follow the advice given me in the first place, and lie full length on the ground. Soon the bandits were the only ones who fired, and seeing there were no answering shots, one of them ordered the *zagal*, who was holding the horses, to approach the *diligence*.

"The Christian is dead," said the Indian.

"His blood be on his own head," exclaimed one of the brigands; "I call God to witness that I did not wish to take life."

"Must I search the travellers?" inquired the *zagal*, stepping closer to me.

"Not for your life," replied the brigand; "we are not beggars."

I had again assumed a sitting posture; the darkness prevented my seeing what was going on, as the lanterns attached to the coach only lit up the team; one of our horses was killed, and his companions were sniffing anxiously with ears erect. Four sacks were passed from the seat of the *diligence* to the pack-saddle of a mule. I heard galloping to the right and left of the road, succeeded by a silence which informed us that we were alone.

"Are you safe and sound, Doctor?" queried Juan.

"All right!" I replied; "and you?"

"There is nothing wrong with me; but what do you think of this end to the storm?"

"Let us think first of your travellers," said I to the coachman; "I fear that some accident has happened to them."

The *zagal* lit one of the rosin torches with which Mexican coaches are always provided, and I approached the carriage. A man of robust appearance, his face covered with a thick black beard, was lying across the seats; he had been struck by a ball in the forehead, and was still clutching his now useless weapon. All I could do was to certify to his death. The two outside passengers, wet and benumbed with cold as well as fear, could with difficulty descend from their airy seat; they were Neapolitans, servants of the deceased, Count Allegrini, a retired Piedmontese officer; the smoker, a mulatto, had fortunately only fainted, and soon recovered. The two Neapolitans, stunned and stupefied, looked at us with terror depicted in their countenances, and seemed almost to take us for their master's murderers.

"Did you recognize any one, Doctor?" asked Juan, while I assisted him in getting his horses ready to start once more.

"The man who spoke to me wore a mask," I replied, "and from their manner of proceeding I took them for novices."

"You are not mistaken there, Doctor; by daylight on this road I would have set their horses at defiance."

"Did the money which they took belong to the officer?"

"No; they were ounces of gold which I was bringing from Puebla to the banker Lopez. This Italian was a clever marksman, and thought he could defend himself; but you see, Doctor, a soldier's profession is, after all, a dangerous one, for sooner or later he is sure to remain on the field." Juan was a philosopher; besides, during the ten years he had plied on this road, he had been stopped perhaps about a thousand times, and consequently looked upon the affair with the eyes of a connoisseur.

The dead horse was dragged to the side of the road, the harness re-fastened and put in order. Juan mounted the box, and I once more took my place beside the smoker, who was now reciting her prayers quite audibly. The sky was clear at last, and now illumined the summit of the mountains with the feeble light of its stars. A solemn calm had succeeded to the fury of the storm. The poor Piedmontese, whose lifeless body rocked about between the two servants, had actually been shipwrecked in port, for, as I had truly said, the *diligence* had never within twenty years been robbed on this side of Técamaluca. While entering the city I pondered sadly that a mother, a sister, a wife and child, would henceforth await in vain the coming of this dearly loved one, doomed never again to revisit his native country. He must be laid to rest in foreign soil.

CHAPTER II.

THE following day I did not pay a single visit without being compelled to relate all the details of the robbery and the sad catastrophe which had resulted from it. More than one of my fair patients sent for me on pretext of *migraine*, but, judging by the multiplicity of their questions, it was very evident that nothing was amiss with their tongues, and their maladies turned out to be, as I expected, a fever—of curiosity.

Count Allegrini's death caused great consternation throughout the city; the poor officer, an indefatigable tourist, was on the eve of setting out for his own country after having accomplished a journey round the world. The stolen money seemed to occupy a very secondary place in the public mind; it was but as a drop of water to old Lopez, who nevertheless seemed seriously affected by the loss. He also claimed my services, and also, as it appeared, with an ulterior motive. After cross-questioning me about these bandits, who must perforce be inhabitants of Orizava, he continued:

"I am well aware, Doctor, that you are not the kind of man to divulge secrets which your profession naturally often makes you the depositary of; help me but to recover two-thirds of the sum which I have lost, and I give you my word of honour as a gentleman not to seek the guilty parties."

It was with difficulty I could convince my eager questioner that I knew nothing of the robbers. When finally, wearying of the interview, I proposed to feel my patient's pulse and look at his tongue, he assured me that my presence had sufficed to dispel his indisposition, and I accordingly took my leave.

I was retracing my steps to the *faubourg de Pichocalco* when a Mexican half-breed, recognizable by her embroidered skirt and the manner in which she draped herself in her national scarf, accosted me.

"I have been looking for you since this morning, señor," said the beautiful girl; "Ambrosio requires the services of your excellency."

"Which Ambrosio?" I inquired.

"Ambrosio Téjéda; he says you know him well."

"So I do. Is he ill?"

"No, he is wounded."

"Well! well!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

The half-breed walked quickly before me without heeding my exclamation.

Ambrosio Téjéda was what in Mexico is styled a trainer; a term which in that country comprehends horse-jockey, guerilla chieftain, guide or highwayman. He never by any chance carried on operations in his native district, where he was both loved and esteemed. Ambrosio was a faithful, true and generous friend, and although hardly able to read, and wanting in European refinement and culture, his word was as good as an oath. Whatever peccadilloes he might be accused of had always been committed at a distance from Orizava, and on this he prided himself. Still two thousand ounces of gold might quiet even his scruples of conscience.

Ambrosio was stretched on a camp-bed; on examination I found that a ball had lodged in his thigh, and after extracting it I dressed the wound with the assistance of the pretty half-breed. She had laid aside her scarf, and was now caressing the young man with gentle hand.

"There, now you will do," said I, when the last bandage was adjusted; "all you want is rest and careful diet, and in less than a week you will be about again."

"He will not walk lame, Doctor?" anxiously inquired the young woman.

"Certainly not, my child; but how did this accident occur?"

"By my foolishly dropping my rifle," replied the wounded man, looking towards the weapon; "did Léoncia not tell you about it?"

"Was it on the road to Técamaluca?" I inquired with a smile.

"On my honour it was not," replied Ambrosio; "if what we hear is true, they made a good haul yonder,—two thousand ounces of gold! In all my life I never had such a windfall as that."

"The criminal judge is inquisitive," I continued; "he will probably require your opinion on this affair, and the wound which obliges you to keep your bed will puzzle him considerably."

"Pray do not make any mystery of it, Doctor; I have witnesses of my accident. I don't pretend to be any better than I am; and had I known that the *diligence* carried two thousand ounces of gold I might have gone to meet it, and the fellows at Técamaluca would have found the birds flown—not to mention, Doctor, that I would have a wound the less."

"Or one the more," I replied; "for one of the passengers took the defensive."

"I have often told you before, Doctor, and now repeat, that it is always folly to try to defend oneself. A stage-coach in the middle of the highway is a target which experienced hands cannot fail to reach. In these brawls I have seen as many as twenty travellers killed or wounded, while I have never lost more than a single apprentice, who, being a little too hasty, allowed his brains to be blown out by one of your countrymen."

"Come, come, it is high time that I left you. Remember to be quiet. *Au revoir* until to-morrow."

"God guard your honour! By the way, Doctor, although in this affair of Técamaluca I recognize neither the *Huero* nor the *Zopilote* manner of procedure, still, should you have occasion to go out of town, put a red thistle in your button-hole; you can find them on every road-side."

"A red thistle," repeated the pretty Léoncia, as she accompanied me to the gate, and showed me a similar flower placed among her own raven tresses.

Ambrosio was not the man to dissemble with me, and yet his last injunction gave rise to strange doubts within my mind. On my return home I found a summons from the criminal judge. Repairing to the court of justice, I there met Juan, his *zagal* and the two Italians, who had been summoned in order to give their evidence. Their testimony differed from mine in one respect only, as to the number of the bandits. Juan declared he had seen five, the *zagal* three, I two; the Italians, being a people of lively imagination, insisted that they had counted eight from their seat on the outside of the coach. The judge reasoned that two men would scarcely have risked their lives in such an enterprise, and I agreed with him; still, as it was my duty to say how many I had seen, not to reason on probabilities, I maintained my declaration.

When my companions in adventure had been dismissed, the judge entered into conversation with me and continued his questions; presently mentioning Ambrosio's wound, he asked to see the bullet I had extracted from the unfortunate man's thigh, and appeared annoyed on my telling him that I had left it in Ambrosio's possession. It was quite dark when I reached home, and now I was told that Don Manuel Mendez had sent for me. For one day I had had enough of inquisitive patients, and thinking that the haughty Doña Sélénia's case was probably one of that nature, I resolved to defer my visit to the following morning, and by way of repose betook myself to my favourite studies.

At a late hour I was once more interrupted by my housekeeper, who informed me that a night watchman had come to request my immediate attendance at the house of Don Manuel Mendez. Hastily seizing my hat and cane I issued forth, preceded, lantern in hand, by the watchman. While traversing the streets I had ample time for reflection, which, it must be confessed, savoured considerably of self-reproach. I could not have been sent for at such an hour from mere curiosity, and I did not like to think myself guilty of neglected duty and leaving a fellow-being in need of my services.

Don Manuel Mendez belonged to one of the oldest families in the province of Vera Cruz, and was noted for his singular success in business matters; three years before he had married the beautiful Sélénia Argumedo —a real love-match. In society Doña Sélénia was by no means a favourite, partly on account of her great and surpassing beauty, partly owing to her pride, which she inherited from a long line of ancestors belonging to the house of old Castille. Men were awed by the lady's haughty disdain, while the women were provoked and rendered jealous not only by her regular features and regal carriage, but also by her magnificent dress, her jewels and her horses—for she was a graceful and fearless rider. Don Manuel found it impossible to deny anything to his patrician bride, and the evil tongues in the town—that is to say, ugly women and those on the shady side of forty—did not hesitate to affirm that the extravagant fancies of Doña Sélénia would end in the ruin of her husband. Generally speaking, the couple enjoyed excellent health, so that my acquaintance with them was of a purely unprofessional nature.

They were evidently watching for my arrival, for scarcely had I reached the door when the chains which fastened it fell noisily. I was shown into a drawing-room adorned with a degree of luxury and taste such as is rarely seen in Mexico. The rich furniture and hangings, antique vases and statuary, costly lamps and rare old china, betrayed an expenditure of money then unknown outside the capital. I was scarcely seated ere Doña Sélénia appeared.

On seeing me she stopped, her large black eyes closed for a moment, and throwing back her head, the young woman pressed her hand upon her bosom as if trying to subdue emotion.

"Is it you who are suffering?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor; would to Heaven it were I!"

Letting herself sink into an arm-chair, she covered her face with her hands, and the long blue-black braids of her hair twisted and twined like serpents upon her white robe.

"Calm yourself, señora; what is the matter? The sufferings of the mind are too closely allied to those of the body for me to be indifferent to them. Tell me what has happened to you. Why have you sent for me? Where is Don Manuel?"

Doña Sélénia looked up and fixed her tearful eyes upon me, while her bosom heaved convulsively. "He is mad—he is raving—you must not mind what he says."

"Your husband is ill then; what is wrong with him? Will you not allow me to see him?"

Doña Sélénia approached a stand, swallowed a few mouthfuls of water, and appeared to breathe more freely. "Pardon me, señor," said she, in her ordinary tones; "you must excuse this emotion, which proves that a woman is after all but a great baby; it is over now," she continued, passing before me with head erect. "Have the goodness to follow me, Doctor; my husband requires your assistance; he is wounded."

I could not restrain an involuntary exclamation—"Wounded!"

Doña Sélénia turned, and, bending her dark brows, looked at me scrutinizingly. "Yes, wounded," she repeated; "yesterday, on his return from the *hacienda*, his revolver fell, and one of the barrels was discharged."

"And the ball lodged in his thigh?"

"No, in his arm; but how did you know?"

"It is an accident of such common occurrence," I hastened to explain, "that it did not surprise me." I thought of Ambrosio, and cannot tell what foolish ideas rushed through my brain as I followed the young woman through a large *salon* lit by a single lamp; beneath this lamp was the image of the patron saint of the house, which Doña Sélénia saluted in passing.

"You have come at last," said Don Manuel, in a voice of evident suffering, as I entered his room; "I have been expecting you since morning."

The wounded man lay, pale and feverish, upon a folding bed.

"My arm is broken; I cannot move my fingers; if it requires to be amputated, Doctor, you know that I would rather die."

"That is something that neither your wife nor I would agree to," I replied, "for what is a limb more or less in comparison with life, above all a happy life? But there is no such hurry; let me first see the extent of the harm done."

Immediately after the accident, Don Manuel had, according to the custom of his countrymen, tightly bandaged his forearm so as to stop the circulation, and by this means had avoided all danger of hemorrhage. He bore the painful dressing of the wound very bravely.

"All this is for me, for my sake!" said Doña Sélénia, winding her magnificent arms round the patient, on whom she gazed with passionate tenderness.

"Do not be unhappy; he will be quite restored after a few weeks' careful nursing."

With a quick movement Doña Sélénia seized my hand and kissed it; then, straining her husband to her breast, she laid him gently back upon the pillows.

I was presently startled by hearing a dull, moaning sound proceeding from Doña Sélénia's chamber, and turning towards the door of communication I looked inquiringly at the young wife; she did not lower her eyes, but I fancied she turned pale. "My maid must be dreaming," she said with an evident effort. She disappeared, and another groan, distinct as the preceding one, reached my ears. "Upon my life," I exclaimed, approaching the wounded man, "that does not sound like the cry of a sleeping woman."

Don Manuel endeavoured to sit up.

"You are an honourable man," he began.

"Do not listen to him," exclaimed Doña Sélénia, entering abruptly; "I conjure you by the memory of your mother, señor, do not listen to him! Do you wish me to die?" she continued, addressing her husband; "if so, speak; but I swear to you that I will lie dead ere you have finished."

The beautiful creature stood erect, with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes; she had removed the folds of her wrapper and placed on her bosom the sharp point of a small dagger. "Stop! Stop her, Doctor!" cried Don Manuel, endeavouring to rise; "she will do what she threatens."

His sudden movement disarranged the bandage I had adjusted, and saturated it with blood; at the sight the young wife cast aside her weapon and threw herself at her husband's feet. "Forgive me," she exclaimed passionately, "this is for me; it is on my account," she repeated, pointing to the blood-stained bandages. So soon as the evil was repaired I gravely ordered the most absolute quiet, and Doña Sélénia accompanied me back to the great *salon.*

"Is the master going to die?" inquired two or three Indians who were assembled under the gateway.

"No, he will not even be maimed."

"And the other?"

"The other?" I replied inquiringly.

"Good night, Doctor, we will see you to-morrow," said the voice of Doña Sélénia, who just then reappeared. I bowed, and the heavy door was closed behind me.

Once more at home I tried in vain to return to work; my thoughts wandered in spite of all I could do, and I constantly saw passing before me in procession the pale faces I had lately seen—Count Allegrini, Ambrosio, Don Manuel, Doña Sélénia, and then I heard the stifled groan of that mysterious "other one." Upwards of an hour I sought a solution of the strange occurrences which had taken place during the last two days. Concerning the poor Italian and the banker Lopez I knew at least something—but as for Don Manuel . . . . After vainly racking my brains and tormenting myself to no purpose, I did what, under the circumstances, proved the wisest course—fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE following day both my patients, Ambrosio and Don Manuel, were better, but during my evening visit to the latter, Doña Sélénia's anxiety was even more visible than on the preceding day. Twice she entered her room, and, hesitating and thoughtful, stopped upon the threshold; while accompanying me to the door she seized my arm and gave it a convulsive grasp. I had tranquillized her concerning her husband's condition, but she still gazed at me with those large liquid black eyes—eyes that an artist would have dreamed about.

"You are in trouble—you have some secret grief," I said; "will you not confide it to me? The children in town are grievously mistaken in thinking me wholly taken up with my 'beasts' as they call them; nothing which concerns my fellow-creatures is a matter of indifference to me. Speak, then, Doña, that, if it be possible, I may help you." But the young wife was evidently not prepared to make any confidences—she merely bowed, and added "Good night, Doctor, I shall see you to-morrow."

Five days after the affair of Técamaluca I was surprised to find Ambrosio's door guarded by an *alguazil*, and I was only allowed access to my patient after stating my name. Léoncia was, as usual, in attendance. "You see I am placed under *surveillance*, Doctor," said the wounded man with a smile; "I have had visits from judge, clerk, and constable. They maintain that I was concerned in the attack upon the *diligence*, and their examination lasted upwards of an hour."

"You were very rash to return to town! Did you not know that I would come at your first call, no matter where you had taken refuge?"

"But, Doctor, I have nothing either to conceal or to fear."

"People are apt to think that," I replied; "particularly you, who possess so many qualities in common with the *mygale*—fearlessness, coolness, and confidence in your strength."

"And innocence. No matter, Doctor, when the time comes, I defy them to condemn me."

"Are you then willing to go to prison?"

"Quite willing, but I must have forty-eight hours' delay. Do you think you can procure me so long a reprieve?"

"In order to escape?"

"No, you may safely pledge your word as to that. Ambrosio Téjéda will never cause you to break yours by betraying his own. I have business matters to arrange."

"I will go to the judge then, and I have no doubt of your obtaining the time you require."

"Thanks, Doctor, I told Léoncia that we might rely upon your good offices."

I took leave of my patient and hastened to the judge's residence, where, as it appeared, my visit was by no means unexpected. As Ambrosio's dwelling was carefully guarded, I easily obtained the short extension of time in his favour. When the necessary order had been signed the judge invited me into his study and begged me to be seated. Count Allegrini's death had made a great stir in the country, and the members of the diplomatic corps, headed by the Piedmontese Ambassador, had demanded a vigorous prosecution of the bandits from the President of the Republic. The police of the State of Puebla was on the alert, but there was every reason to believe that the culprits were concealed in the district of Orizava. A victim was required to satisfy the foreign ministers, as several of their countrymen had been robbed and murdered, and all guilty parties were to be sent to Mexico, where capital punishment awaited them. The judge questioned me anew, and I could but repeat what I had previously told him. I was preparing to retire when he begged me, rather mysteriously, to grant him a few minutes' further conversation.

"Don Manuel Mendez is wounded," said he abruptly; "how does he account for his wound?"

"In the most natural manner possible. It was the result of an accident."

"Similar to that of Ambrosio?"

"Exactly so."

"Does not this strike you as being rather strange? Do you know, Doctor, that two communications have been sent to me (anonymously it is true), indicating Don Manuel as the perpetrator of the outrage which resulted so fatally to Count Allegrini?"

"Don Manuel is an honourable man, señor," I replied; "besides, he is the richest proprietor in the town."

"Tell me frankly, Doctor, for you owe me a statement of the truth, have you noticed nothing peculiar during your visits at his house?"

"Nothing that could justify your suspicions."

"I beg you to remember that they are not my suspicions. These accusations appear fully as despicable to me as to you; on the other hand, neither the Government nor the city would pardon a false step which would be an insult to one of the first men of the Province. Where is it, pray, that Don Manuel claims to have received this wound?"

"On the road to his *hacienda;* accordingly in an entirely different direction to Técamaluca."

"Was he alone?"

"I really do not know."

"You have visited Silverio Dominguez; where is he hiding?"

"I do not understand to what you are alluding."

"Since the day on which the *diligence* was robbed, Silverio Dominguez, whom a *ranchero* believes to have seen in the company of Don Manuel, has not reappeared at his dwelling."

"All this is news to me," I exclaimed. "But is Silverio also accused of this crime? Let us talk common sense, señor. Silverio is a wild fellow, always in search of adventures; and I have frequently prophesied that he will come to grief in some fandango; but when it comes to his being accused, in company with Don Manuel, of robbing the mail-coach—why no one is safe, and I do not see how you and I escape suspicion,—more especially I."

"That is what makes the matter so distressing to me," exclaimed the judge. "Ah, Doctor, in your country a magistrate is fortunately not obliged to hunt up criminals; they are brought before him, and his duty is merely to judge. Here it is quite a different matter. Still, how can I search the house of your patient, who last year was our mayor; or, still worse, subject Doña Sélénia to a painful and humiliating examination? On the other hand, there is my duty, the President's orders, and the diplomatic corps, who unanimously demand either the guilty party or their passports.

"Let them have their passports by all means," I laughingly replied.

"Easy enough to say, Doctor, but pray where would the treaties be in such a case? However, we will not talk politics. I can see but one way out of my difficulty, and in that I require your assistance. I know of no one else who can inform Don Manuel with all necessary precaution of the accusations brought against him, which it must be an easy matter for him to refute. His wound is causing much talk. If I do not at once act in the matter, the people will accuse me of partiality; if I take a false step, this same people will be just as ready to mob me, for daring to lay hands on one of its idols, for Don Manuel belongs to the opposition. Will you put yourself in my place, Doctor?"

"What are you driving at?"

"I wish you to acquaint Don Manuel, or, in case his state of health does not admit it, Doña Sélénia, of the accusations brought against him—prepare them for a visit from me and my clerk—a friendly one, of course. This mode of procedure will at all events show them that I am not wanting in respect."

I reflected for a moment. Silverio's disappearance recalled to me Doña Sélénia's reticence, her violent threat of stabbing herself, and the moans of that "other one." Something strange was evidently taking place at my patient's house, and he must be grateful if I gave him notice of a visit which he was far from expecting. I was to see Don Manuel at five o'clock, and it was arranged that the judge should make his appearance at six.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old clock on the parish church was striking half-past five when I entered Don Manuel's house. I found him reclining in an easy chair, Doña Sélénia by his side. The countenance of the latter bore traces of fatigue; her eyes seemed to close involuntarily, and the rich crimson of her lips had paled. I found that she had insisted upon sitting up at night, and lectured her, as in duty bound to do. Quite regardless of my lecture, she rose to offer me her chair, and, with the peculiar grace of her countrywomen, seated herself on the matting between her husband and myself. It was then that the task imposed upon me by the judge assumed its most perplexing aspect. No mortal who has not attempted it can imagine how difficult a thing it is to tell an honourable man that he is suspected of being a scoundrel. After the usual professional questions, the result of which was not altogether satisfactory, I launched forth, from sheer embarrassment, into dissertations on the weather; thence I digressed to my researches in natural history. When I went so far as to draw a comparison between the neck of my favourite spider and that of Doña Sélénia, the young beauty could not restrain her merriment, and I immediately profited by her momentary gaiety to broach the subject with which I was specially charged.

I had scarcely uttered the first word when Don Manuel drew himself up, and Doña Sélénia's eyes grew larger than usual. In order to prove to my listeners how utterly ridiculous the accusations appeared to me, I spoke as lightly as possible of the demands of the diplomatic corps and Silverio's disappearance, concerning which Don Manuel was to be examined in a friendly manner, since, according to the information laid before the magistrate, he had been seen talking to this scatterbrain. I was still speaking when the judge was announced. His suspicions were probably more serious than he had allowed me to perceive, for he entered the room followed by his clerk, and in the corridor I could hear the sword of the *alguazil* resounding on the marble pavement.

I stood up — Doña Sélénia hastily approached a table, on which she leaned for support, while Don Manuel endeavoured to rise, but was restrained by me.

"What is your pleasure?" he enquired of the judge, without returning his salutation.

"First of all, to ask your pardon for the painful step to which I am forced, señor," courteously responded the magistrate. And seeing that Don Manuel accorded him merely an angry stare, he continued—"And to examine you, as a matter of form merely, concerning your wound, your absence from the city during the attack upon the *diligence*, and the disappearance of Silverio Dominguez."

"And should I refuse to reply?"

"Then, señor, to my great regret, I shall be obliged to proceed in the name of the law, and shall hold an investigation, with the single aim of satisfying public opinion, as I am convinced of your innocence."

Don Manuel became livid. He looked about furiously, until he encountered his wife's gaze fixed upon him; then the expression of his countenance changed, and turning towards the judge he said: "You are mistaken, señor, in thinking me innocent; I attacked the *diligence*, and killed Count Allegrini."

At this declaration, Doña Sélénia fairly bounded towards the magistrate; her magnificent hair had become loosened, and framed her countenance in its blue-black waves.

"It is false!" she said in short, dry tones, and, raising her hand as if about to take an oath, "you must see that he is speaking a lie." The judge's small eyes blinked; he was stupefied like myself, and did not reply.

"Be silent!" exclaimed the young wife, approaching her husband. "Be silent! for I shall speak, though I be choked with shame. He has spoken a falsehood, señores; listen."

Doña Sélénia's eyes had assumed a wild, almost savage expression; she looked like a lioness who sees danger threaten her young, and prepares to spring. "He would perjure himself," she repeated with raised voice; "he is ready to die and give himself to the executioner. They will kill you!" she exclaimed in despairing accents, throwing herself before the wounded man, and straining him passionately to her breast. "Did you not hear what the doctor said? They will kill you! It must not be; you shall live, live for me."

The judge's eyes never wandered from the beautiful creature; she walked restlessly up and down the room, when the door opened and revealed the *alguazil* surrounded by five or six other officers; then she confronted the magistrate.

"He loves me," continued she—"he is suffering, and is willing to die. Yesterday . . . no, the day before yesterday . . . Thursday. Can you not help me?" she said, angrily turning to me—"you know well enough when it was—that cursed day."

Touched with compassion, I took her burning hand: "Calm yourself," I said; "wait a little." . . .

"Until they have taken him away and killed him," exclaimed she violently, pushing me away.

"No, I shall not wait. Listen; you must be a witness. Be silent," added she to her husband, beside whom she knelt down once more—then hastily rising, she walked towards the judge, stammered a few incoherent words, and raising her hand to her breast with an expression of agony, she said in hollow, heart-rending tones: "I cannot! my God, I cannot!"

I had felt the presence of mystery in the house, but nothing so terrible, so painfully touching as the scene I was now called upon to witness. Doña Sélénia had wound her arms round her husband, and the unfortunate man, whose wound she was unconsciously bruising, fainted away. The syncope was not attended with any danger, and the young wife, distressed and half mad as she was, did not even perceive what had happened. Suddenly she turned towards the door of her room, which she threw open.

"There!" she said, through her clenched teeth; "there lies my lover. Don Manuel returned home unexpectedly and surprised us—me and that man who is about to die. . . . They fought. Can you understand now why he accuses himself of robbery and murder—why he offers his head to the executioner?"

In her rage, with sparkling eyes, dilated nostril, and trembling from head to foot, Doña Sélénia was magnificent. Step by step, backwards, without even downcast eyes, she returned to her husband's arm-chair, then sinking down at the feet of the still senseless body, covered her face and remained silent.

In her room, whither I now hastened, there was frightful disorder—a broken mirror, furniture upset, and on the bed, with a bullet through his breast, lay Silverio dying.

"What a tragedy!" said the judge, who had followed me. Our old proverb always holds good, Doctor: "you seek the man and find the woman." Who would have believed that this proud daughter of Hidalgos . . But how is all this to be kept secret?"

That was no business of mine. I was already attending to the dying man, having summoned a servant to bring linen and warm water. The judge commenced questioning the woman.

"Mercy, señor!" exclaimed she, "we have scarcely been able to live here these four days past. The señor was going to kill himself, so was the señora. God be praised, you are going to put matters right!"——

When we returned to the room where we had left Don Manuel, we found Doña Sélénia anxiously watching her husband, with one hand resting upon his shoulder. He had regained consciousness, and breathing gently with half-closed eyes, he appeared to be sleeping.

The judge bowed gravely and crossed the room. I followed his example, and Doña Sélénia accompanied us.

"Are you satisfied?" enquired the young wife bitterly of the magistrate—"do you require to know anything further?"

"I wish I could be silent," replied he; "but the death of Don Silverio, which the doctor says is imminent, will force me, even in Don Manuel's interest, to state the cause of his death."

"I have sacrificed my honour," said the Doña, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I have now but one wish left—to compel my husband to live."

The judge took his departure. When Doña Sélénia heard the heavy door close, she approached the little image of her patron saint, and prostrated herself in silent prayer before it.

Yielding to her wishes, I returned to spend the night with the dying man, who breathed his last towards four o'clock in the morning. When I cautiously communicated the fact to Doña Sélénia, she became ghastly pale, but with great self-command came and knelt down for a moment by the victim's bedside; then she returned to Don Manuel, whose state of stupor began to be alarming. Towards ten in the morning, magistrate and clerk came to make their official report. In the evening Silverio's body was removed. As Doña Sélénia accompanied me to the door I found Léoncia awaiting me outside. Ambrosio had just been taken off to prison. The grief of the beautiful girl as she clung to me seemed deeply to distress Don Manuel's wife, who insisted on making her enter to be comforted.

Great misfortunes bear with them this that is good and salutary: they humble our pride, and remind us that we are dependent one upon another.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE more the curiosity of the female portion of the inhabitants of Orizava was fully aroused, but this time it was directed into a new channel. My fair patients were again attacked with a multiplicity of little maladies, and sent for me under pretext of prescribing for their ailments, but in reality to extract from me particulars of the grand scene of which I had been an unwilling witness. To the honour of the town of Orizava be it spoken, that Doña Sélénia's case was the first of the kind which had occurred for the space of fifty years, in the class of society to which she belonged; for in spite of their beauty and coquetry, the daughters of "the Valley of Waters" are excellent mothers and faithful wives; consequently the robbery of the *diligence* and Count Allegrini's death were considered very secondary crimes in comparison with that of Doña Sélénia.

Don Manuel, after passing through a terrible crisis, was once more convalescent. During the three weeks he was in danger his wife never left his bedside a single instant; in vain I urged her to take care of herself. She lavished no end of tenderness on the patient; no spoilt and wilful child was ever treated with so much self-denial by an over-indulgent mother. Every one was surprised to hear me speak in terms of admiration of Doña Sélénia: it seems indeed as if a woman who fails in her conjugal duties must be utterly incapable of fulfilling any others. The fair sex are not by any means lenient in their judgment of one another. Occasionally I met Léoncia at Don Manuel's; the beautiful girl seemed to have become attached to Doña Sélénia, whose beauty was of a type somewhat similar to her own. The judge still continued his interrogations and official reports; he wished to know, see and comment upon everything, and could speak only of the robbery. I was often struck by his ardour and the sagacity of his deductions, and could not help thinking what a pity it was a mind like his had not been devoted to science, and for a time had serious thoughts of inducing him to become my auxiliary and share my researches; but I soon saw how futile such a plan must be, as he was too much wrapped up in the affair of the *diligence* even to become interested for more than a moment in the wonderful *mygale*.

Ambrosio, now almost entirely recovered, complained but little of his confinement; he was well treated, and as Mexican prison fare was very scant, he received a visit twice every day from Léoncia, who brought him supplies of food. One morning I met the judge in radiant spirits.

"I hold the guilty party at last," he exclaimed, gleefully rubbing his hands, "and I assure you, Doctor, it has cost me not a little trouble. I thought at one time I should lose my senses in endeavouring to unravel this mysterious business."

"Had it not been for your research, the honour of Doña Sélénia and her husband would be still intact," I sadly replied; "take care that you do not make another mistake."

"A mistake, Doctor! that is surely a most undeserved reproach. You forget that sooner or later Don Manuel would have been forced to explain Silverio's death; besides, you know that I acted entirely without malice in that affair. If Don Manuel did not kill Count Allegrini, he killed another man, and deserved to be punished. Do you consider one month's confinement too much for such a misdeed?"

"Do you count his lost honour as nothing?"

"Whose fault is that? Would you believe it, Doctor, that until yesterday I actually thought that Don Manuel might, after all, have been implicated in that attack on the stage-coach; his business matters are embarrassed, and there was certainly more than one discrepancy in the statement of his servants. It might have been on his return from that nocturnal expedition, instead of from his *hacienda*, that the Don interrupted the *tête-à-tête* which ended so fatally for the gallant. Now, however, I know the truth; and, pardon my saying so, had I listened to you, the murderer might be far enough by this time."

"Of whom can you be speaking?"

"Of Ambrosio Téjéda."

"Ambrosio guilty! Have a care, señor; a man's life is at stake."

"He admits his guilt himself."

"Ambrosio confesses to having attacked the *diligence!* Am I still at liberty to visit the prison?"

"Certainly, but I must tell you he is to start for Mexico to-night. I would not have the responsibility of guarding such a fellow. I will follow him speedily," continued the judge, "for I expect this will secure me promotion."

Leaving the magistrate I directed my steps towards the prison.

"I expected you, Doctor," said Ambrosio; "have you come to buy my body for dissection?"

"I am in no jesting humour," said I; "neither can I look upon you as a murderer. Count Allegrini was killed while defending himself. Do you know that you are to be taken away to-night?"

"Yes, and all my preparations are made."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing; unless, indeed, to put a red thistle in your button-hole until further orders."

"How could you have been foolish enough to remain here after the news which came from Mexico?"

"The fox is cunning, Doctor; yet he is caught some time."

I shook hands warmly with the poor fellow; the emotion which I could ill disguise seemed to touch him deeply, and both his hands returned the pressure of mine. Towards evening I saw Ambrosio pass my house, bound on a mule, and escorted by a guard of twenty persons; he greeted me, and I felt obliged to plunge into my studies to distract my thoughts. So deeply did I become interested in the subject under contemplation, that it was striking three o'clock when I was roused by the trampling of horses. Putting my head out of the window, I inquired of the night-watchman "Who are those men galloping along at this hour?

"They are the fugitives from the escort of Ambrosio Téjéda, señor."

"The fugitives?"

"Yes; the escort was attacked in the pass of the Cumbrès, and Ambrosio was set free."

I burst out laughing, not because the judge had lost his expected promotion; still less on account of the discomfiture of the diplomatic corps; but I was pleased that Ambrosio had escaped the horrible torture of being garrotted.

CHAPTER VI.

TIME, the great restorer of things animate and inanimate—Time, the helpmeet of nature in all her gigantic works, possesses the sovereign power of assuaging grief, lulling hatred, calming the passions, and bringing oblivion of all sorrows. One year after the events recorded in the preceding pages, even the diplomatic corps remembered no longer the murder of Count Allegrini, and the relations of Mexico with foreign powers had never been better. No one knew what had become of Ambrosio, and probably no one thought of him except myself, when fastening in my button-hole the red thistle which had been so becoming to the dark beauty of Léoncia. Don Manuel's own dwelling had been assigned to him as a prison for the space of one month; and Silverio, having no relatives, was already forgotten—for Mexican justice is naturally indulgent. Doña Sélénia had been put under the ban of the town; all doors were closed against her, and even the Municipal Council considered it their duty to exclude her from their official fêtes. The young wife struggled in no manner against this social ostracism, but was seen more than ever on the promenade, at bull-fights and at church, crushing her rivals by the elegance of her toilette, her beauty and haughty carriage. 'Tis true that wherever she went a vacant space was left around her, and only the young men—to whom Silverio's death should have been a warning, proving that Don Manuel was not to be trifled with—were attentive to the beautiful delinquent. In vain did I attempt occasionally to say a word in favour of Doña Sélénia; the women only smiled sarcastically, and bade me return to my studies instead of defending her. When, driven to my last resources, I mentioned her rare beauty as exposing her to admiration and temptations unknown to other women, my fair patients shook their heads, and, appealing to my memory, reminded me that they also had been beautiful (in the case of one or two this statement was doubtless correct), and yet morality had not been the loser by their charms. Nevertheless, without attempting to justify the past, with which I was only too familiar, or defending the present, of which I knew but little, I could not do otherwise than relate the praiseworthy devotion and touching care which Doña Sélénia had shown at the sick bed of her husband. The latter had forgiven her, but public opinion, a greater royalist even than the king, accused him of weakness on account of his forgiveness.

One day husband and wife had invited me to dine with them, and literally overpowered me with kind attentions. After dinner, while we were enjoying a cup of coffee, my host asked me to inform him of the result of my studies concerning the *mygale.* At first I begged to be excused, as the subject appeared to me rather a serious one to discuss before a lady. However, when Doña Sélénia herself asked me to accede to her husband's request, I could no longer refuse. In order to give my auditors a better idea of the subject, I accorded a passing notice to those natural historians who had made spiders their especial study, and Cuvièr, Tréveranus, Savigny, Dufour, Meckel, de Serres, Walkenaer, de Géer, had each the honour of being discussed; finally I mentioned Lamarck, who was the first to separate arachnoids from insects, and this brought me at last to my own particular studies about the *mygale.*

Dona Sélénia, who at first appeared rather inattentive, now became visibly interested; she allowed herself to glide from the sofa until she was seated on the matting which covered the floor; then, leaning her head against her husband's knee, she listened eagerly. When I came to the little episode of having surprised two *mygales* in their nest, one of whom, lamed and mutilated from a recent combat, had essayed to flee while her companion advanced threateningly towards me in order to protect the wounded one, Dona Sélénia raised her head slightly and fixed her beautiful dark eyes upon me. Intent on my recital, I related how, after having taken the two arachnoids prisoners, I perceived that the female had sacrificed herself in order to defend the male—a touching example of conjugal love. As I uttered this last sentence Dona Sélénia covered her face and sobbed aloud; Don Manuel turned pale, and gazed at me with a bewildered air. I hastened to take leave, when Dona Sélénia stood up, and, although she did not try to detain me, held out her little hands and gave mine a friendly pressure as if to grant a tacit pardon, which I could not implore without putting the finishing touch to the awkwardness I had already been guilty of.

Doña Sélénia had always been a fearless rider, and now she devoted herself more than ever to her favourite pursuit of horsemanship. I often saw her pass my windows, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by her husband or a servant. One afternoon she halted in front of my residence, and came into my study. I rose eagerly to greet her and offer her a seat.

"Never mind," she said; "I want to see your spider—the one whose history you related to us."

She stepped back on seeing the size of the arachnoid, and gave a little cry; by degrees, however, she approached again, and accepted the magnifying glass I offered her.

"Can these animals think?" she inquired, after a long silence.

"They have at least the organ which fulfils this function—that is to say, a two-lobed brain."

"And have they feeling?"

"They defend their young with their life."

"And their husbands!"

I hastily changed the conversation by making my visitor observe some of the peculiarities which render the *mygale* worthy of the attention of the learned—but she took leave hurriedly.

Several times, and at long intervals, she revisited me, and although ever haughty and ironical at the commencement of our conversation, she soon became gentle, affable and kind. One evening, as I was returning from the *hacienda de la Perle*, I stopped my horse on the summit of the vast amphitheatre formed at this point by the valley of Orizava. My back was towards the volcano; the sun was slowly disappearing behind the ancient pine trees which crown the mountain crests, and the Escamela rose like a pyramid in the centre of the green valley; at its foot lay the city, fair and white, with its fourteen Moorish turrets dividing it into regular squares, while the sky, tinged with a soft crimson glow, and spotted as it were with the eagles and kites that hover continually over the summits of the Cordilleras, lent to the river flowing beneath a beautiful, rosy tint. A slight noise caused me to turn, and I beheld Dona Sélénia advancing.

It was a long time since I had seen the young wife, and I was struck with the change in her appearance; she looked pale and worn, and her dress was very simple.

"You also are admiring the valley," said I.

"No," was her calm rejoinder, "I admire nothing."

"You would be less than woman if the wondrous spectacle lying before our eyes did not waken some responsive chord in your soul, heart or mind. See, the sun is folding all around us in a purple mantle, and these beautiful tints will linger a minute or two after he has set. It is already dark behind Mount Escamela, and the eagles are lowering their flight. How still it is! It seems almost as if all nature kept silence to listen to the tones of a mighty voice."

"You are a poet, Doctor."

"Occasionally, like every one else," I replied. "Now we have twilight and shadow, the nightingale's soft note is still heard, the air becomes fresher, and the perfume of the plain is borne to us on the breeze. Hark! once more the same mighty voice," I continued, as from the distance the sound of the Angelus bells came floating to our ears.

"I do not admire," replied my companion in trembling tones. "That city despises me," she added, stretching forth her arm; "well, we are even, for I return its scorn."

I looked at the young wife; large tears were rolling down her cheeks. What could I say? How could I comfort her? She relieved my embarrassment by asking me to assist her to mount; then silently we walked our horses down into the valley, and by degrees lost sight of the city amid the trees. As we reached the ford of the river, Dona Sélénia halted; the sky was still ablaze, but night was coming on apace, and the warbling of the birds was dying away.

"You are right, Doctor," she said; "the works of God are beautiful; but tell me, do you also despise me?"

"No," I replied, for I understood her secret wound; "have I not seen you for a whole month devoted, attentive, at Don Manuel's bedside?"

"What does that avail in comparison to one hour's forgetfulness? One single hour, and, no matter what has gone before—what one may do henceforth—life is blighted for ever! Is this justice?"

My heart was too full for utterance. Dona Sélénia held out her hand, and at first I did not perceive her gesture. "It is loyal," she pursued; "for that reason I offered it to you;" then, without giving me time to reply, she put spurs to her horse and was soon out of sight.

Very soon I was called upon to attend her; she was seized with slow fever, and failed visibly. The cause of her illness was a purely mental one; in spite of her pride and haughty bearing, the young wife could not bear without grief the reproach resting on her. I dared not speak plainly on this subject, lest I should awaken painful reminiscences in Don Manuel, but I urged him to take his wife away from Orizava without delay. My entreaties, however, added to those of her husband, were of no avail with Dona Sélénia; she would not consent to leave the city in which she had been born, where her father and mother slept their last sleep—the city which had proved so pitiless for her fault, and whose harshness was killing her. Don Manuel was constantly by her side, and, in despair at not being able to distract her thoughts from distressing subjects, his strength seemed to be failing likewise. My presence, care, and conversation seemed to comfort her, and, perceiving this, I devoted to her the hours which I had formerly given to study. In my long career, which has obliged me to see human suffering and misery under every aspect, there is one thing I have never yet learned to look upon unmoved—when Death lays his iron hand on the young and fair, who seem formed only for happiness. The young wife had not left her easy-chair for a long time; she spoke but little, and never complained. Often she would rest her head upon her husband's shoulder and look upon us with a tender smile; then, closing her eyes, sleep peacefully as a little child. One evening she fell asleep—but this time it proved the "sleep that knows no waking."

I thought Don Manuel would have committed suicide, and placed him in charge of one of the monks of St. Francis. Dona Sélénia's death did not absolve her in the eyes of her compatriots, and I alone walked behind her coffin, which the custom of the country forbade her husband from following. When the remains of her who had been the beautiful and proud Dona Sélénia had been consigned to their last resting place, I returned to Don Manuel. I found him gloomy and haggard, like a person deprived of reason; the following morning he had disappeared, and I, as well as the whole town, thought he had sought death in one of the many precipices surrounding Orizava.

This afternoon, July 16th, 1849, a lay brother from the monastery of St. Joseph came to my house and placed in my hands a voluminous package, which I opened with deep emotion as I recognized the handwriting of Don Manuel.

Am I dreaming? Don Manuel is in a monastery, whose threshold he will never cross again, and has made me his executor. I am to divide the whole of his fortune between the banker Lopez and the heirs of Count Allegrini. Dona Sélénia was innocent; she sacrificed her good name to save the life and honour of her husband, who, in company with Silvério, had robbed the mail-coach to repair his shattered fortunes. Dona Sélénia, aided by Léoncia, more completely to baffle suspicion had prevailed upon Ambrosio to confess himself guilty. What a revelation! And to think that I had divined nothing of all this! The truth overpowers me, and I must proclaim it.

At the peaceful hour of sunset, when the heavens are clothed in rosy tints and soft purple clouds sail along the sky—when the eagles, kites and vultures hover over the valley, I was at the grave of the heroic and sublime young wife. And when the careless multitudes now thronging this great city shall know the truth, they too will come with one accord to prostrate themselves before her tomb, and pronounce with admiration the name of her whom they disowned, now deaf alike to censure or to praise.

I am wandering! Dona Sélénia is not in the shadow beneath that marble slab—she sits above, in Everlasting Light.

THE IROQUOIS.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

WHERE the fiery tribes through the wilderness fled,
The Iroquois fell like a thunderbolt dread ;
What the rush of the torrent, the sweep of the waves,
Compared to that terrible army of Braves !

Like the track of the pestilence slaying at noon,
Like the wake of the tempest that darkens the moon,
Like the wail of the forest when crackling with flame,
Was the fate of the tribes when the Iroquois came.

Like the lean, haggard wolf, when with hunger pressed sore,
Their rage must be sated with slaughter and gore ;
Like the spring of the tiger, the grip of the bear,
Or the swoop of the eagle careering in air.

Dread scourge of the forest ! Swift Angel of Death !
The winds at thy coming paused, trembling for breath ;
And the stately Algonquin, long feared in the fight,
Hurled his tribesmen in vain 'gainst the Iroquois' might.

Let us pause for a moment and muse on the past,
Amid scenes where Tradition its sunlight has cast :
On yon beautiful isle, on these waters so clear,
The arrowy tempest rolled fitful and drear.

When the sun, like the shield of some warrior god,
Flung his magic pulsations of glory abroad,
Like the yell of a fiend, like a demon of scorn,
The whoop of the Iroquois startled the morn.

And down on the warlike Algonquins they sweep
Like hail on the flowers ; with laughter and leap ;
With shout of defiance, with blow meeting blow,
The intrepid Algonquins advance on the foe.

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* From the new (MS.) Edition of "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay."

Like the conflict of icebergs on wide polar seas,
One impelled by the current, one urged by the breeze,
So rolled up the welkin, like Fate meeting Fate,
The crash of the onset, the hate of their hate.

And through the wild uplands, through island and glade,
The gleam of the tomahawk reddened the shade;
Swift arrowy showers, Brave pressing on Brave—
Such courage as theirs was not born with the slave.

Now break the Algonquins, now rally again,
Round some resolute chieftain who burns with disdain;
Like the herd round the stag when he standeth at bay,
So reliant and stately they fronted the fray.

Down sudden as lightning the Iroquois came,
And enveloped the foe with the heat of a flame;
Back rolled the Algonquins, as rolleth the tide,
To return at the flow in its fulness of pride.

Thick fly the swift arrows; for vengeance they call;
Like ripe leaves in autumn the stricken ones fall;
But each warrior chief, with the scorn of his race,
Dreads the carnage no more than the toils of the chase.

Every sweep of the tomahawk, reeking and red,
Like the stroke of a fate swells the ranks of the dead;
And the resolute tribes, with their wild battle-cry,
Press full on the slaughter, disdaining to fly.

Some gloomy Algonquin stands firmly alone;
His companions have died without murmur or groan;
As the sea, lashed to fury, rolls loud in its might,
He leaps on the foe with a frantic delight.

O pride of the forest! all vainly they strive;
The Iroquois, swarming like bees from the hive,
Pour down their swift arrows as thick as the rays
That stream from the sun on the bright summer days.

Dispersed through the woodlands, dispersed o'er the stream,
The scattered Algonquins revengefully dream;
While far in their wake, in defiance and scorn,
The whoop of the Iroquois startles the morn.

OTTAWA.

COWPER.

IT may be doubted whether Cowper has ever been placed historically quite in his right place, or duly appreciated as a moulder of social sentiment. M. Taine's account of him is certainly defective in this point of view. His influence is like that of the shower which has sunk into the ground, and is seen in flowers and verdure, but is itself little remembered. Only those who study the history of literature as a portion of general history are aware how important a part was played by Cowper.

Literary analogies are apt to be fanciful. There is not much sense in calling Racine the French Shakspeare, or Klopstock the German Milton, or Carlyle the English Jean Paul. But we should point to a real analogy, and one important to the literary historian, in calling Cowper the English Rousseau. The influence of Cowper was only national, while that of Rousseau was European. But in other respects the resemblance was strong. Not only had both the same sensitive and febrile nature, the same silver voice, the expression of a feminine tenderness of mind, but they came into collision with the same phase of society and attacked it with very similar weapons. Both, besides being eminent as literary artists, were moral and social innovators — Rousseau on a greater, Cowper on a smaller scale. Not that Cowper was a revolutionist. His politics, if he could be said to have any, were those of the orthodox Whig family from which he sprang. He was opposed to the Test Act; he was opposed to the Rotten Boroughs; but he welcomed with loyal verses the restoration of George III. to health and misgovernment; he regarded the French Revolution coldly and with mistrust, though he rejoiced as a philanthropist at the fall of the Bastille; and his political sentiments are summed up in the well-known line:

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

He differed from Rousseau also in being an earnest Christian, though the sentiments which Rousseau has put into the mouth of his Savoyard pastor are not far removed from the milder and less dogmatic forms of Christianity. But, like Rousseau, Cowper was to a hard age the apostle of feeling; to an artificial age the apostle of nature. Both opened beneath the arid surface of a polished but soulless society fountains of sentiment which had long ceased to flow. Those which burst forth beneath the wand of Cowper became the source of a rill which fertilized the thirsty fields; those which burst forth beneath the wand of Rousseau were the fountains of the great deep, and swelled into a flood which drowned the old French world.

We must call up the picture of the age into which Cowper was born. It was the age which in France ushered in the Revolution—which in England would have ushered in a revolution but for our comparative freedom in Church and State, and did usher in the great changes, political, social, and religious, which are still running their course. It was the age in England of religious scepticism widely pervading the wealthy and educated classes, perhaps even the clergy themselves on one hand, of dry Establishmentarianism on the other, of pastors who were too often Parson Trullibers in the country parishes and heathen moralists in the city pulpits; the age in which we are told, the forms of State religion being still decorously preserved, the strong-minded Queen Caroline, while she was dressing, had prayers duly said by the Court chaplain in an adjoining room; the age in which Sterne was near being made a bishop for having written *Tristram Shandy*, and in which prelates with florid faces and cauliflower wigs went to Court to cringe for richer preferment, and came away again to denounce reformers like John Wesley as disturbers of the sleep of the Church. It was the age painted by Hogarth, full of gilded debauchery among the upper classes, of debauchery ungilded, but scarcely less coarse, among the lower, with its "Marriage à la Mode," "Rake's Progress," and "March to Finchley." It was the age of Chesterfield, with his manners of a dancing-master and morals of a prostitute, teaching his own son to cultivate a fashionable reputation for adultery; of Wilkes and Sandwich, Medmenham Abbey and the Hell-fire Club. It was the age of slavery and the slave trade, in which an action was brought in a British court of justice to recover from an Insurance Company the value of some 200 slaves, alleged by the plaintiff to be merchandise lost by the perils of the sea, they having been thrown overboard for fear the vessel should run short of water, though she reached her port before her water was exhausted. It was the age of the old criminal law and the hanging judges, in which Lazarus was put to death for stealing under the pressure of famine the property of Dives to the value of half-a-crown, and seven bishops voted in the House of Lords against the repeal of that Christian law, while at the same time Dives gave himself a plenary dispensation for duelling, gambling, seduction, the commission of outrages in the streets at night, and all the other peccadilloes of a gentleman. It was the age of the old prison system, of the old lunatic system, and of the old educational system with its *propria quæ maribus*, its fagging and bullying, and its compendious substitution of the rod for all the more laborious processes of instruction. It was the age of Walpole and Newcastle, of rotten boroughs, of political corruption, of party without principle, and rancorous in proportion to the want of it; when in one of the fierce faction fights which preceded the fall of Walpole, an Opposition member, to prevent a Government member from voting, crossed the House and told him that his son had been lost at sea. It was the age the foremost man of which, Chatham, formally avowed himself a lover of honourable war.

The salt of that world had lost its savour.

"The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head,
And sweet the clerk below."

No wonder then that the general body of society was corrupt.

"Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That Law has licensed, as makes Temperance reel."

And sights that bespoke cruelty and hardness of heart, bull-rings, cock-pits, stocks and whipping-posts, were quite as common as the fumes that bespoke intemperance.

Very typical of that age is the account given us by its congenial chronicler, Horace Walpole, of the execution of Lord Ferrers for the murder of his servant. Lord Ferrers sets out from the Tower to Tyburn in the Sheriff's carriage and four, the horses adorned with ribbons, the other Sheriff's carriage following behind. Compliments pass between the Sheriff and my lord; the Sheriff is politely distressed at having to attend my lord on so melancholy an occasion; my lord is sure that the Sheriff's kind and courteous presence will secure the utmost attention to his feelings, and the utmost care in the use of the dreadful apparatus. Opposite to my lord is the Chaplain, who vainly endeavours to get my lord to preserve the religious decencies by joining in prayer. Prayer is not fashionable in my lord's circle; but he consents at last that the Chaplain should say the Lord's Prayer, which is not much tainted with superstition, or very objectionable to a person of quality. A soldier, one of the escort, gets his horse's leg in the carriage wheel and is thrown; my lord inquires after him with graceful condescension. My lord wishes, at a certain point of his route, to have a parting interview, not with my lady, but with another lady who has taken my lady's place; but it is suggested by the Sheriff that the interview might unnerve him, and so he contents himself with sending the lady a keepsake. He wants to stop at a tavern and take a glass of wine, but the Sheriff has to inform him that, to his great regret, he cannot comply with his lordship's wish, an Act of Parliament having recently been passed to forbid Tyburn processions stopping at taverns, in consequence of criminals having frequently arrived at the gallows drunk. The drop gallows, in place of the old-fashioned cart, had been invented specially for the benefit of Lord Ferrers, and was now to be tried for the first time; the first trial was not successful, and a hideous scene of butchery ensued; after which the Sheriffs and their party mount upon the scaffold, open a hamper, and enjoy a cold collation. As one reads Horace Walpole or Chesterfield, and as one turns over the prints of Hogarth, one feels that nothing can purify this atmosphere but a tremendous storm. In France the storm came; in England, happily, milder ministers of heaven did the work.

The literature of the eighteenth century, like the literature of all periods, reflected the heart of society, or rather in this case its want of heart. At its head were Gibbon and Hume, and Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and crowning all, the hard artificial brilliancy of Pope—Pope, who, as Bishop Warburton, the great critical authority of the age, thought, had by his unapproachable excellence shut the door against all poets for the future—rendering a Cowper, a Burns, a Byron, a Wordsworth, a Shelley, a Tennyson, impossible, or dooming them to be mere satellites of the Popian sun.

Beneath all this, however, still lay the heart and intellect of England. Wesley came to revive religion, and to organize, with a statesmanship equal to his Christian enthusiasm, the spiritual life of the poor; Johnson, to improve the tone of society; Wilberforce and Clarkson, to abolish the slave trade; Howard, to reform prisons; Burke, and Pitt in his better hour, to restore the higher principles of statesmanship, and redeem the character of public men; Cowper, to regenerate poetry, to Christianize it, to elevate it, to fill it again with feeling and with truth. He made, if not the ballads of the nation, the favourite poetry of an important section of it; and the poetry was a not less powerful reformer than the laws. In Scotland, Burns did make the ballads of the nation, and he wrought with Cowper as a regenerator of literature; and though they could hardly be expected to recognize each other, Cowper, across the vast gulf of circumstance and association which separated them, just dimly discerned the genius of Burns.

Burns was a peasant. Cowper was a scion of the younger branch of a noble family which owed its honours to success at the bar. His direct ancestor was that Spenser Cowper whose name appears amidst the fierce faction fights of the reign of William III., and who, by the fury of the opposite party, was actually indicted for the murder of a young lady who had undoubtedly drowned herself from unrequited love of him.

At the birth of the poet presided a benignant power, which bestowed on him a large measure of the gifts of genius, and another power not so benignant, which bestowed on him a still larger measure of its sensibility. Blow softly, breezes of heaven, on this tender plant, so frail and delicate, but so precious to humanity! Be kind and gentle, all influences and surroundings of his childhood! The breezes did blow softly, the influences and surroundings of childhood were kind and gentle, till the boy lost his mother, whose child, more than his father's, he, when analysing his own character in later years, rightly judged himself to be. But his mother died when he was six years old. Fifty-three years afterwards her portrait was given him by her niece. "The world," he says, "could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable as the picture which you have kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it and hung it where it is the last object which I see at night, and the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." Young as he was when he lost her, old as he is now, he remembers her well, and can attest of his own knowledge the truth of the resemblance. His verses on the picture were written, he says, and we can well believe him, not without tears.

"My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er the sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."

He remembered, no doubt, only too well. For now the winds ceased to blow softly, the influences were no longer kind. We have no reason to believe that Cowper's father was otherwise than a good father; but he did not understand the child; perhaps not many fathers do. He saw that it was a clever child; probably was ambitious for it; thought it might be, like its ancestors, a successful barrister and a judge; proceeded to do his duty to it by giving it a good education. The little mass of nervous sensibility was taken from the house of a female oculist, with whom he had been placed on account of a weakness in his eyes, and sent, of all places in the world, to Westminster School. The report of the Public Schools Commission, the other day, revealed the existence in Westminster of a system of organized cruelty of the most revolting kind, with a regular nomenclature to correspond. It was pleaded by the authorities of the school that the actual barbarities had ceased to be practised, though the forms and names remained. We hope and partly believe that it was so; but in Cowper's time the system must have been in force; and we can imagine how he must have suffered under it. The recollection of his own experiences, no doubt, gave birth to *Tirocinium*, and we can appreciate his allusion to

"The indented stick that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away;
A witness long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home."

He says that he regarded one of the senior boys with such awe that he never dared to lift his eyes above his knees, and knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress. No doubt, too, he bitterly felt that inseparable evil of the boarding-school system—that second weaning, as he calls it—too often an irretrievable weaning from home affections and everything in the character that depends on them. He seems, however, in the end to have grown stronger, and to have enjoyed school sports with a relish which would be rendered keener by the sense of emancipation from previous weakness.

The education at Westminster was wholly classical. Cowper became an adept in writing Latin verses, and in after life was fond, as many a classical scholar of sterner mould—Lord Wellesley for instance—has been, of practising this schoolboy art. His master was Vincent Bourne, who, as his pupil says, was the best of the Latinists, and seemed to wish to be the last, so little attention did he pay to the exercises of his boys. He was a sloven in person, and altogether a perfect specimen of the public school usher of those days—a personage who, when the history of the school teacher is written, will fill an amusing page. Latin versification is going out of fashion as an instrument of general instruction, and will soon fall into its proper place as a mere exercise of finished scholars. But it led to a close study of the ancient poets, and enforced attention to form, of which Cowper was a perfect master, so that in him consummate art seems to his reader nature. One of the chiefs of the London press has been heard to say that the only journalists within his experience who had written in good form from the first, were those who had been famous at college for their Greek or Latin.

At eighteen Cowper left Westminster and the classics for an attorney's office, having been devoted to the profession of the law by his judicious parent, who might just as well have devoted the most delicate of his female relatives to the calling of a porter. Three years he spent in the attorney's office; then he took chambers in the Temple to commence his studies for the bar. He need not have told us, as he has repeatedly done, that he did not read law either in the attorney's office or in Temple Chambers. He wrote clandestine verses and contributed contraband essays to the *Connoisseur*. To the cursory readers of his life it would appear as though he were unique in the history of letters—a poet whose genius had bloomed at fifty. But the fact is, that he had learned his art before he was thirty, and retained it, so as to be able to call it at once into play when a life of sad experience had given him material enough. There is a similar interval between the early writings of Milton and *Paradise Lost;* and we owe to that interval the solid greatness of the man which in *Paradise Lost* underlies the greatness of the poet.

Critics of the sterner cast censure Cowper for his want of energy in his professional studies, for what they call his listless, selfish life. He ought to have devoted himself vigorously, like a conscientious law student and a man of sense, to Coke upon Lyttelton, and to Ferne on Contingent Remainders—that flowery field on which a learned serjeant once said that he could not trust himself to enter lest he should be tempted to expatiate on it too long. But what would have become of *The Task?* Some men Nature intends for lawyers, some she intends for poets. This man she intended for a poet. Paternal ambition and want of insight had set him to the wrong work; he could not do it; nature ought not to let him do it; the veriest packhorse in the attorney's office could have done it better than he. Through great suffering he escaped from it, and got back to the work which he was born to do. His idleness affords no excuse to other law students, unless, like him, they can write *The Task.*

So with regard to the love affair with Theodora, which belongs to this period of Cowper's life. Why, ask critics of the same school, did he not surmount all the difficulties, thrust aside all the opposition, make Theodora his wife, and enter with her on a course of prosperous industry and domestic happiness? Because he had not strength for it, and must have felt that he had not strength for it, that he could not breast for his partner the swift current, or support her up the steep hill. Because, in short, he was a poet. In poets, probably, sensibility is always stronger than passion. But there is no reason for doubting that Cowper's feelings towards Theodora were sincere. She, at all events, did not doubt it. She remained attached to him to the end of her life. That he does not mention her in his poems is no proof whatever that he did not remain equally attached to her.

Weakness is never good, always evil. But this man's weakness, like that of Shelley or Keats, was almost inseparable from poetic power of a peculiar kind; and it was aggravated by the misdirection of his course in life, which was the fault of others, not his own.

Now the dark shadow falls on Cowper's life. Some have ascribed his madness to his unhappy love affair, which may perhaps have helped to bring on the crisis. There are traditions also of youthful dissipation: and Cowper had companions in these years—Lloyd, Colman, Bonnell Thornton, Thurlow—who were not likely to lead him into the path of austere virtue. A common belief is that Religion was the demon which filled Cowper's soul with darkness. The study of his life and letters leaves us persuaded that though his madness took a religious, or we should rather say, a theological, form—religion was not the cause. Certain dark and irrational doctrines may perhaps have had a bad effect; we are inclined to think they had. Otherwise it wlll appear that Religion was far indeed from being a demon to this afflicted mind. But why search for mysterious causes? Look at that face, marked in every feature and every line with quivering sensibility, which only happy surroundings and congenial work could have saved from self-torture and despondency. Then think of the lonely life in Temple Chambers, the uncongenial calling, the dingy room, the yellow parchments, the rows of law books bound in law calf—this year after year, with no prospect beyond. What but depression, and at last derangement, could result? The crisis came, when sympathizing friends who had great interest got for the shy and melancholy dreamer what they deemed a hermit's place with a good salary, in the form of an almost sinecure office—the Clerkship of the Journals in the House of Lords. Unluckily, an accident compelled the attendance of the clerk at the bar of the House. At the thought of such publicity, Cowper's mind finally gave way. His friends, gathering in his chamber, saw the sad truth, and he was removed to the house of a physician,—Dr. Cotton.

Hideous records remain in Cowper's works, as well as in the history of his life, of his dreadful malady, and of the propensity to self-destruction by which it was attended. Of these we can only say that madness is mad, and that afflicted human nature is pitiable.

The kind society of the good physician in whose care the patient was placed did, perhaps, at least as much as his art to effect a temporary cure.

Discharged from Dr. Cotton's house, Cowper went to take up his abode at the secluded town of Huntingdon, to be near his brother, who was a fellow of a College at Cambridge. But solitude at Huntingdon would have been only some degrees less injurious than solitude in the Temple. What this patient wanted was, above all things, a happy home, and next to that a congenial occupation. Luckily he had a talisman which opened a happy home to him. It was said of Burke that you could not have stood under a doorway with him to take shelter from the rain without finding out that he was great. It seems that you could not meet Cowper in the church walk without finding out that he was charming. Young Mr. Unwin, the son of a clergyman resident in the place, was at once attracted to the stranger, and introduced him to his father and mother, with whom Cowper thenceforth found a home. It was a very religious home. In one sense it was much too religious. Breakfast between eight and nine—reading the Bible or sermons till eleven—then church—dinner at three—then religious conversation and hymns—in summer an evening walk—then religious exercises again—such a round of existence is ecstacy and asceticism, not spiritual life. But let those who have carefully followed the traces of Cowper's religion in his poems and letters say whether it was not, on the whole, a happy influence, and one that brought him sunshine and peace of soul. It was so when he was in health; when he was diseased his disease tinged his religion. But it was not the religion that produced the disease. Cowper's religion was what we call Evangelical, making the love of Christ all in all. It had an affinity to the mysticism of Madame Guion, some of whose writings Cowper translated. But there was nothing in it, when the man was sane, of terror or gloom, though there was always in it a certain pensiveness, as of one who had barely escaped from the wreck of the soul.

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

Distinctly Evangelical the religion of Cowper was. The Olney Hymns would not suit a High Churchman or a philosopher; but it would be strange if any one could read them and think that religion was the source of the writer's hypochondria.

Thus Cowper writes of himself:

"The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable; I know well that I passed upon my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian when I had no faith in Christ; when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation! the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being passed, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient Atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did He break me and bind me up; thus did He wound me, and His hands made me whole. • My dear cousin, I make no apology for entertaining you with the history of my conversion, because I know you to be a Christian in the sterling import of the appellation."

This language is peculiar, of course; some would say irrational; though it seems difficult to show why there may not be a beginning of spiritual as there is of animal and moral life. But who can see, in this quiet and peaceful serenity of soul which succeeds the storm, the source of melancholy madness?

Cowper's religion was not one of good works, but it was one which produced good works; perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that his love of Christ produced works of Christian love. Now and through life he was active among the poor, both in religious ministrations and in works of charity.

Of course, religion in so sensitive a breast was itself sensitive; it was apt to lead to excessive self-inspection and self-reproach. Cowper gives young Unwin a letter of introduction to his relative, Mr. Cowper, of the Park House, Hertford—a very natural proceeding. But afterwards he discovers, or fancies he discovers, that pride and vainglory lay at the bottom of the act, and that his secret object had been to show Unwin that "the fellow Cowper," as some Philistines at Huntingdon, in ignorance of his history, presumed to call him, had relatives among people of quality. This he confesses to his cousin in a letter which is a moral curiosity, and both by its weakness and its gracefulness strongly reminds us of Rousseau. But, as has been already noted, a comparison of the lives of Cowper and Rousseau will show what Christianity did for Cowper. Rousseau's religion was a religion of good works; it was that or nothing. And what were the good works of Rousseau? Sending his own children to the Foundling Hospital.

Cowper had not been very long settled with the Unwins when Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse. And now arises the great historical question, whether Cowper intended to marry the widow. Evidence apparently strong has lately been produced to show that there was an engagement, which was broken off by the recurrence of Cowper's malady. To one of his letters he appends the postscript—"N.B. I am not married;" as though he meant altogether to deny the report. Mrs. Unwin was ten years older than himself. But we need not trouble ourselves with the discussion of an unfulfilled contingency. The recurrence of the malady barred all such thoughts, if they had been ever entertained. What resulted in effect was a tie singular as the circumstances which gave birth to it. Mrs. Unwin henceforth was everything to the gifted and afflicted being whom the course of events had consigned to her care: and he was, if possible, more than everything to her. Scandal must have been famishing if it could have found food in such a connection. Mrs. Unwin's self-devotion, like all self-devotion, was no doubt its own reward: but we all owe her a deep debt of gratitude.

> "The Poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
> Should be the Poet's heart;
> Affection lights a brighter flame
> Than ever blazed by art."

So wrote—so, no doubt, intensely felt Cowper. Probably it is true generally that genius is most inspired when surrounded, not by intellect, but by affection. But assuredly this was the case with the genius of Cowper. Lloyd, Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Thurlow, were men of powerful intellect, and in their society Cowper became a maniac and a castaway. Mrs. Unwin was a woman of ordinary intellect; but in her society, with hardly any other companion, Cowper became a poet, and one whose name is blessed for ever.

The pair removed from Huntingdon to Olney, where Cowper enjoyed what he deemed a great privilege in the religious friendship of Mr. Newton; though for him Mr. Newton was not the most desirable of religious friends, being somewhat austere, somewhat dogmatic and technical, somewhat over-occupied with questions about legality and conversion. It is not, however, I am persuaded, to intercourse with Mr. Newton, or any other religious influence, that we are to ascribe the recurrence of Cowper's disease. It is rightly described as a disease, whatever may have been its origin, whether physical or mental. For five years Mrs. Unwin, his sole companion, nurse and comforter, went through a trial far severer than that of attendance on any ordinary sick bed. At last her self-sacrifice was rewarded: light dawned again upon Cowper's darkness, and, in spite of some passing clouds, never ceased to shine till she who was its earthly source was herself shrouded in night.

Hitherto Cowper had been without an occupation, in the absence of which it was impossible that he should not brood over his own state and his own sorrows; that religion itself should not contract in him something of the morbidness of a mind naturally active but unemployed. In a propitious hour it was suggested to him that he should take up his pen again; though past fifty, he found, when he touched the strings, that they still responded to his touch; he was a poet and a happy man. With the sense of power in writing came the desire of publishing—of fame; and with the desire of fame came religious qualms as to the lawfulness of seeking it. These qualms are laid bare in a letter to Lady Hesketh; he generally chooses lady confessors. He ends, however, with—"Set me down, therefore, my dear, for an industrious rhymer, so long as I shall have the ability; for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God or to serve man, or even to serve myself."

To publish was to be criticized; and much adverse criticism Cowper could hardly have borne. A little seems to have thrown him into a fit of despondency, from which he was revived by a report, seasonably sent him, of the approbation of Benjamin Franklin. But he was living in such seclusion that the voice of praise or censure must have come to him almost from an alien shore. He had no fear of seeing a hostile review reflected in the faces of those around him. Mrs. Unwin was no critic; and the rustics of Olney and Weston just knew enough about his authorship to do him the honour of asking him to write the verses at the foot of the parish bill of mortality, which he did with perfect readiness for several successive years. Fancy the same request preferred to Tennyson!

Cowper's first considerable work was the *Table Talk*, which had not much success at the time, and which it is difficult to read now. Its chief charm lies perhaps in its being written not merely for the sake of writing, but with a moral purpose—with a real desire to make society better and more Christian:

"Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse;
Content if, thus sequestered, I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's, praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.
"Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay
With many a wild, indeed, but flowery spray,
In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
The attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
But if unhappily deceived I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake
That zeal, not vanity, has chanced to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake."

In the censorious parts of the poem there is too much tartness, as Cowper was told, and as he acknowledged at the time; but there is no malignity. Those who care to renew their acquaintance with *Table Talk* may be recommended to note the passage on the Fox-hunter, that on the Retired Statesman, and the paraphrase of the Gospel narrative of the two disciples going to Emmaus. The last is an instance of vivid realization without anything repugnant to good taste.

After *Table Talk* came *Tirocinium*, or a *Review of Schools*. Much of *Tirocinium* is applicable, happily, only to the coarse, hard, cruel and vicious public schools of those days. But the passages on the general ill effects of boarding schools in estranging the boy's heart from home and home affections, on the dangers of the prize system, and on the narrowness of mere grammar learning, and the expediency of blending with it some knowledge of the universe, may be still read with practical interest. In general it may be said that the teachings of the poem were new and needful in that day, while they have become the accepted creed and the commonplace of ours.

Tirocinium was followed by *The Task*, Cowper's great work, and the one on which his fame mainly rests. *The Task* was written under a more powerful inspiration than that of Mrs. Unwin. A visitor from a different sphere came to Olney, in the person of the bright and charming Lady Austen, who was as much delighted with Cowper as he was with her, and whose presence and conversation wrought like a talisman upon his fancy. *The Task* was not only undertaken at her gentle bidding, but produced under her influence. She urged him to try his hand at blank verse, and on his pleading want of a subject told him to write on her *Sofa*. *Fit surculus arbor*, the motto of the original edition, denotes the growth of a great poem in his quickened and stimulated fancy out of that trifling germ. *The Task* has heavy passages; dissertations that interest us little; and as a whole it would be very misleading if taken as a philosophy of life. But it was the thing needed at the time. It broke through the hard crust of convention, touched the heart once more, awakened feelings of tenderness which had slumbered through an Augustan age, attracted to purer pleasures, to the enjoyment of the country and the fireside; it reconciled literature with religion. Its influence sank deep, though gently as dew, into the national character; and our English love of home and fireside enjoyments has probably received a real and lasting impulse from *The Task*. What is it that lends such a charm to the well-known passages in the "Winter Evening" and the "Winter Morning's Walk"—the justness of the sentiment, the beauty of the language; the music of the verse? Is it not rather the genuine and intense enjoyment which the poet himself feels in all that he describes, and which pervades every description? The snug parlour, with its close-drawn curtains shutting out the stormy winter night, the blazing fire, the steaming tea-urn, the happy home circle, the book read aloud, the newspaper through which we glance from blest retirement into the unquiet world and hear undisturbed the roar of the great Babel, are all realized by the writer with an intensity of heartfelt delight which infects the reader. It is the same with all the sights, sounds, sensations of home and of the country. Rousseau took the artificial society of French salons by storm with his preaching of Nature; Cowper in a milder way invaded Almack's and Ranelagh with his preaching of home, retirement, and rural life.

Read the first part of the *Winter Evening*, and consider it not with regard to its poetical merit, but with regard to its place in the history of sentiment; compare it, not with anything that has come after, but with Pope, Dryden, Prior, anything that had gone before; you will see at once how new was the chord it touched, and how great the effect has been.

We are now accustomed to the minute and loving truthfulness in painting Nature which marks Turner and the pre-Raphaelites in painting, Tennyson and his school in poetry, Ruskin in poetic prose. But when Cowper wrote, Nature had been forgotten and fashionable poets had substituted something which they found, or fancied they found, in the classics, and which was really as false and worthless as, according to Ruskin, is the landscape of Claude. Thomson was better; but even he had Virgil's Georgics at least as much as English country life and the sights of an English landscape in his mind.

"And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain

Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years—
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

Here is the hand of a true and loving painter. We stand with him and Mr. Unwin on yon eminence in the ruffling wind, scarcely conscious that it blows, and with them feed admiration at the eye on the details so vividly presented of the English rich champaign which spreads below. From the sight of the country the poet passes to the sounds:

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake."

In this affection for the humbler and less comely, as well as for the grander and more beautiful parts of nature—for the cawing rook and for the boding owl, as well as for the mighty winds that sweep the skirt of the far-spreading wood—do we not recognize the spirit of Wordsworth? How unlike anything in the poetry of what we call the Augustan age!

Here, in contrast with Cowper's landscape, is one by Pope. It is a description of a scene not without special beauties—Windsor Forest:

"Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day,
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress;
There interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
The trees arise that share each other's shades;
There in full light the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend:
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

Evidently Pope wrote this, not on an eminence in the ruffling wind, his eye feeding itself upon the landscape, but in his study, with his back to the window, and the Georgics or some translation of them before him. With his face to the window he could not have seen the low Berkshire hills wrapt in clouds on a sunny day, or a sable desert in the neighbourhood of Windsor, or fruitful fields arising in it, and crowned with tufted trees and springing corn. All this was evoked out of the inner consciousness of the Augustan Pope.

We have said that *The Task* would be misleading if it were taken as a philosophy of life. It speaks of the pleasures of retirement, not of the duties of action. It tends to epicureanism, pure and beautiful, but still epicureanism. We close our shutters and draw our curtains, and shut out a world to which, nevertheless, a recluse owes everything that makes retirement enjoyable or even civilized. That newspaper through which we peep so self-complacently into the great Babel, with all its turmoil and all its wickedness, is written and printed in the great Babel, and brought—at least it was brought in Cowper's time—by the postman with "spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks," to us who are sitting snugly by our fireside. That fragrant lymph which is poured for us by the fair in the cups which cheer but do not inebriate, is borne over the sea by the trader, who must encounter all the moral risks of a trader's life as well as the perils of the stormy wave. It is delivered at our door by—

> "The waggoner, who bears
> The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
> With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks and teeth
> Presented bare against the storm,"

and whose callousness and coarseness are the inevitable consequences of a hard calling which ministers to our ease and refinement. If God made the country and man made the town, the country without the town would be munching acorns; and whence but from the town came all the mental culture, the knowledge of humanity, the stores of thought, that made Cowper's retirement interesting and fruitful? However, Cowper, we must remember, was a worker; and writing good poetry we may be sure is not easy work. His sympathies ranged beyond his hermitage, and, as we have said, he was always active among the poor. No mere intellectual voluptuary can take advantage of his example.

As the author of *The Task*, Cowper deserves a place among the restorers of Christianity by the side of Wilberforce, Wesley—whose labours among the Cornish miners he blesses in the *Table Talk*—and John Thornton, who was his friend and supplied him with the means of almsgiving, and we should in justice add Mrs. Hannah More. His poetry also ministered to all the Christian movements and reforms of the time,—the reform of education, the abolition of the slave trade, the repression of debauchery, gambling and brutal sports, the condemnation of war, though on this last subject his conventional patriotism rather interferes with his teachings as a philanthropist and a Christian. He protests too against the misgovernment of India, while he yields to the claim of old friendship in saying a good word for Warren Hastings.

The happiness, intensified by the sensibility of Cowper's nature and by his former sufferings, with which friendship and poetry had filled his heart, played like a fountain of light over all the incidents and surroundings of his life. Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch, Mrs. Montague's feather hangings, an ink-glass, a flock of sheep frightened by the noise of the hounds, a halibut served up at dinner, the finding of the heel of an old shoe, the killing of a snake in the garden, a cat accidentally shut up in a drawer, a flatting mill, the arrival of a friend wet after a journey, are sufficient to elicit a little jet of delight which takes the form of one of those charming minor poems of which we find many in every good collection of our lyric poetry, especially in the best of all collections, Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and which perhaps will live longer than the more elaborate works. The most joyous of all the minor poems and a real addition to the world's hilarity, is John Gilpin, which marks the culmination, the flood-tide of Cowper's happiness, when he was being inspired by Lady Austen. She told him one evening the story of John Gilpin. Next morning he came down and said that laughter had prevented his sleeping, and that he had turned the story into a ballad.

The source of melancholy, however, was still there, and sometimes with the sparkling tide of joy mingles something from "the darker urn." The piece called *The Shrub-*

bery, for instance, is one of the proofs of Shelley's saying, in the divinest of his own poems, that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." It bears the heading, "Written in a Time of Affliction:"

"Oh, happy shades—to me unblest;
Friendly to peace but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This grassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders, quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fix'd, unalterable Care,
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While peace possessed these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley musing, slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish woe!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste,
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come."

In a poem quoted before we seemed to hear the voice of Wordsworth; in this we seem to hear the better of the two voices of Byron.

The elixir which produced *The Task* and *John Gilpin* was withdrawn. Something passed or some state of feeling arose—so it seems—between Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin, which made Cowper feel it necessary to write Lady Austen a letter of farewell. The letter has not been preserved, and therefore the mystery which hangs over the affair is undispelled. Undispelled, so far as we are concerned, it may remain. Take the most uncharitable hypothesis. Suppose, to put it plainly, that Mrs. Unwin was jealous of Lady Austen. Consider the nature of the tie between Mrs. Unwin and Cowper; what she had done for him—what, as a natural consequence, he had become to her, and the sentence upon her will hardly be severe.

Exhausted, no doubt, by original composition, Cowper sought relief in the comparatively easy work of a translator, and spent some years in his translation of Homer. The work is now seldom taken from the shelf by any one but a professional critic. It has its merits: it is correct, dignified, in good taste, shows command of language; bears, in fact, about the same relation to Homer which Carey's translation bears to Dante. But it is not Homer. No translation is Homer. No skill in versification or mastery of language will ever reproduce in any other tongue and metre those billows of Homeric song, rolling free and sunlit, like the waves of the Ægean in a fresh gale under a bright sky. Lord Derby's translation is highly creditable to the scholarship of a statesman, as well as a pleasant proof of the interest which public men in England retain in classical studies; but, if the truth must be told, it resembles Homer much as his lordship's family chariot might resemble the chariot of Achilles. Cowper, however, sees the true law of translation. He sees that it must be free; that it will not do to copy the original, as a picture is copied in embroidery; that the poet's thoughts must be received into the mind of the translator, and reproduced by him in a poetic form. This Coleridge has done in that most excellent work of its kind, his translation of Wallenstein. In no other way is it possible to produce a real equivalent of a great poem.

All this time Cowper was writing his letters to various correspondents. They are the most charming letters, the very best specimens of epistolary composition in the English language. Perhaps they have few rivals in any. They range over all subjects, grave and trivial, sad and gay, reflecting the whole life; expressing at once, with transparent clearness and with perfect grace, all the emotions of the writer. All the little incidents of his secluded life are recorded there, and, slight as they are, they are made interesting by the manner in which they are told. The letters are, in fact, another set of minor poems, without the restraints of verse: but all is nature and simplicity, far unlike the studied compositions of Horace Walpole and the stilted epistles of Pope. One cannot produce specimens, like the brilliant and no doubt carefully studied letter of Madame de Sevigné on the Orleans marriage, because the excellence of Cowper does not lie in the brilliancy of single letters, but is diffused in artless and unforced beauty over them all.

From Olney, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin had removed to Weston, where they had for a time the society of the Throckmortons, who lived in the great house near their cottage. But otherwise their life remained one of complete seclusion, their joint existence being bounded by their tea-table and their walks, Cowper's by his books and his correspondence. In the great world without the eventful years roll on; the French Revolution advances with thunder tread; throughout Europe the old régime is arming against the new era; but none of this touches Cowper's life. His letters are dated 1788, 1789, 1791, 1793, the year of the Terror; but there is hardly a reference to the social earthquake which was laying thrones and churches in the dust, and filling English society with panic. There is just a passing expression of joy at the fall of the Bastille. In a letter written in the critical year 1790, however, Cowper has a few lines which, compared with the frenzy of Tom Payne on one side and of Burke on the other, show that a poet need not be always wanting in balance and sense:

"The French, who, like all lively folks, are extreme in everything, are such in their zeal for freedom, and if it were possible to make so noble a cause ridiculous, their manner of promoting it could not fail to do so. Princes and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship, and gentles reduced to a level with their own lacqueys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Differences of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and consequently essential to the well-being of society; but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is precisely that which animates their politics, and unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that at their first escape from tyrannic shackles they should act extravagantly and treat their kings as they had sometimes treated their idols. To these, however, they are reconciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely. I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it."

There is a strong aristocratic tinge in one sentence; but otherwise it would not be easy, in the light of subsequent experience, to find fault with any part of this estimate of a situation which some of the strongest heads of that day fatally failed to understand.

But the sand of the hour-glass had now run. Returning one day from a walk, Cowper was met by a friend whose face bespoke ill news. Mrs. Unwin had been struck down by paralysis. She recovered partially, Cowper hanging over her in her illness as she had hung over him; and they went together to pay a visit to the poet Hayley, at Eartham, in Sussex. The journey took them three days; and Cowper had with the greatest difficulty nerved himself for this unwonted and tremendous enterprise. He was very happy with Hayley; but he soon felt a desire to shrink back again into his hermitage. The extensive view at Eartham gave him great pleasure at first; but soon he began to find it oppressive; and probably people disposed to melancholy will do well to choose a home view and shun a distant one. So Weston received him again. But now the light of his life grew pale, and flickered on the verge of extinction. Mrs. Unwin was sinking into imbecility. And as she sank, the fiend whom her affection had held at bay began to wave his dark wing closer over her unhappy friend. There are few things in literature like the *Lines to Mary Unwin*, and the poem called the *Castaway*. Art is an intellectual process which can hardly go on in the same mind and at the same time with strong emotion. So that what we have in poetry is generally not the expression of emotion actually felt at the time, but of emotion remembered or imagined, and then wrought upon by the poetic intellect. The very dates will show that this is the case with the emotion depicted in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." But in Cowper's *Lines to Mary* we have the direct outpouring of anguish; in his *Castaway* we have the direct outpouring of despair. The art in each case is nothing; the emotion is all, though emotion has taken the form of perfect art. It is surprising that Mr. Palgrave should not have admitted the *Castaway* into the *Golden Treasury*; the *Lines to Mary* are there.

Even the gentle pedantry and pomposity of Hayley cannot spoil the pathos of the closing scene. The suffering pair had been removed from Weston to a residence in Norfolk, where they were more under the care of friends. On the morning of Mrs. Unwin's death, Cowper, now himself sunk in mental depression so as hardly to take notice of anything that was going on about him, said to the servant who opened the window of his chamber, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" He saw Mrs. Unwin in the afternoon, half an hour before her death. In the evening he went out, with the friend in whose care he was, to see the corpse, looked at it for a few moments, started suddenly away, says Hayley, with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, and never spoke of her more.

He lived more than three years after Mrs. Unwin's death in a night of dejection, which, however, was broken by a few twilight intervals of comparative health and even of literary activity. The *Castaway* was the last poem which he wrote, and there is a strangeness which may be almost called awful in the artistic beauty of this terrible *De Profundis*. In one of the Olney Hymns there is an apologue of a drowning sailor—but there it is an apologue of mercy: in the *Castaway* it is an apologue of despair.

> "I therefore purpose not nor dream,
> Descanting on his fate,
> To give the melancholy theme
> A more enduring date:
> But misery still delights to trace
> Its semblance in another's case.
>
> "No voice divine the storm allayed,
> No light propitious shone;
> When, snatched from all effectual aid,
> We perished, each alone:
> But I beneath a rougher sea,
> And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

These are the last words of one of the gentlest, purest, most pious souls of that time.

It is needless to say that Cowper's despair was mere physical depression; that at all events it could have nothing to do with his moral state, or with his position in the eye of God. If many poets have possessed higher gifts, few have made a better use of the gifts which they possessed. English poetry has no purer name. Equal in purity is the name of Wordsworth. The virtue of both was somewhat fugitive and cloistered, to use Milton's expression, and owed its spotlessness to a seclusion from humanity which in both cases narrowed the range of poetry. But both names are written in light.

OLD LETTERS.

(*From* "*London Lyrics*," *by* FREDERICK LOCKER.)

OLD letters! Wipe away the tear
For vows and hopes so vainly worded;
A pilgrim finds his journal here
Since first his youthful loins were girded.

Yes, here are wails from Clapham Grove;
How could Philosophy expect us
To live with Dr. Wise, and love
Rice pudding and the Greek Delectus?

How strange to commune with the Dead!
Dead joys, dead loves;—and wishes thwarted;
Here's cruel proof of friendships fled,
And, sad enough, of friends departed.

Yes, here's the offer that I wrote
In '33 to Lucy Diver;
And here John Wylie's begging note,—
He never paid me back a stiver.

Here's news from Paternoster Row;
How mad I was when first I learnt it!
They would not take my Book—and now
I only wish that I had burnt it.

A ghastly bill! "*I disapprove.*"
And yet She helped me to defray it:
What tokens of a mother's love!
O, bitter thought! I can't repay it.

And here's a score of notes at last,
With "love" and "dove," and "sever" "never,"—
Though hope, though passion may be past,
Their perfume seems as sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,
Despite the taunt of single scorners;
And all the hearths I ever knew
Had got a pair of chimney corners.

See here a double violet—
Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal;
I'll burn what only brings regret—
Go, Kitty, fetch a lighted candle.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By Louisa Murray, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

KATHARINE KIRWAN.

CAPTAIN MANSELL was a retired naval officer, who had been obliged to leave the service from chronic ill-health, the result of fever contracted on the African coast. Having heard much of the mildness and salubrity of Wicklow, he had lately purchased Fairy Lodge, and come to reside there that he might try the effect of united sea and mountain air. There was a Mrs. Mansell, who had been a beauty, and was still a pretty woman, gentle and amiable, and very much attached to her husband, but she, too, was an invalid. They had no children, with busy little feet and merry little voices, to waken joyful echoes in the house; and their lives were singularly devoid of any healthful interest in the world about them, and of all rational amusements or occupations. From the time Captain Mansell got up in the morning till he went to bed at night (and he rose late and retired early), his chief end and aim seemed to be to shorten the day. He had no taste for art, science, or literature; cared little about politics, and less about agriculture or gardening; and his state of health would have precluded him from fishing, shooting, or other country sports, if he had had any liking for them, which he had not. Breakfast, the daily paper, a short saunter about the lawn to give him an appetite for luncheon; after lunch a drive with Mrs. Mansell, and a nap till dinner; tea immediately after dinner, and another nap till bed-time, filled up his days. Mrs. Mansell's life was just as inane and purposeless. She had a housekeeper who took all domestic concerns off her hands; her delicate health did not permit her to go into society, except so far as to pay and receive an occasional morning visit; and her greatest enjoyment seemed to be to lie on the sofa in her dressing-room, and look at her maid making up dresses which she seldom wore, or altering them to suit the changing fashions of the seasons.

Suddenly into this dull and stagnant atmosphere came Katharine Kirwan, like summer sunshine and fresh breezes into a room from which light and air had been long excluded. Her father and mother had been suddenly summoned to the sick bed of their youngest son, at school in Germany, and as his recovery was likely to be slow, and the physicians had decided that he could not be moved for some time, it had been arranged that while they remained with him Katharine should stay with her Uncle and Aunt Mansell. Neither Captain nor Mrs. Mansell had seen her since she was a child, and self-absorbed as they were, they rather dreaded her coming, lest she should, as they said, put them out of their ways. But her bright beauty, her gay sweet nature, won their hearts at once, and wrought upon their dull spirits like some magic elixir. Ere long she contrived to make her uncle take some interest in his flowers and fruit trees, and in the splendid Black Spanish fowls which had been the pride of the late owner, but had been utterly neglected since they came into Captain Mansell's possession. She coaxed her aunt into the broad terraced walk, by the red brick garden wall, where the tall flowering hollyhocks grew, and the stately peacocks sat in the sun till they caught sight of Katharine, when they came fearlessly forward to eat bread crumbs out of her hand. She even induced Mrs. Mansell to make some attempt at arranging the flowers she gathered in the handsome vases hitherto left empty, though she was generally called on to complete the work—for Katharine, Mrs. Mansell said, could always make her bouquets look like a picture; and then, lying back with a sigh of satisfaction, as if she had well earned the privilege of rest, she contentedly watched her niece's deft fingers, by a few light touches, bringing out such grace and harmony of colour and form as would have delighted the most fastidious of flower-painters. Captain Mansell soon found immense pleasure in the mild excitement of limping after Kavanagh, his gardener, and occasionally giving directions, and suggesting alterations which his ignorance of such matters usually made quite impracticable; but Kavanagh, a good-tempered, knowing Irishman, very soon, in his own phrase, "took the length of the Captain's foot," and while he pretended to obey his master's commands, or made some wily excuse for not doing so, always managed to have his own way. And a little talk with Kavanagh about vegetables, the best kinds to have, and the best manner of raising them, to say nothing of a little harmless gossip about people and things in general, which Kavanagh judiciously administered, made the good Captain's days much less wearisome, for Nature *ought to be*, and Man, as we know *is*, "perennially interesting to man." Mrs. Mansell, who but for her indolence would have been really charitable, was inspired by Katharine's spontaneous sympathy with all who were in need, to do many kind acts to her poor neighbours, which she had never thought of doing before; sending something nice to tempt the appetite of the old and sick, or giving a frock or jacket to some ragged little one. And after a while, with Captain Mansell's willing consent, she exerted herself so far as to give little garden parties and carpet dances to the young people who had called upon Katharine—entertainments without any pretension, and requiring little trouble or expense, but apparently giving great enjoyment to all who shared in them, and much satisfaction to Captain Mansell and herself. And thus, through the scarcely conscious influence of one bright spirit, the narrow and closed-up sphere of their thoughts and feelings opened and expanded, and something of that zest and flavour of existence which indolence and selfishness can never know, and which had long vanished from their lives, returned once more.

Many of her young acquaintances chose to pity Katharine for being obliged to share the dull life of her uncle and aunt, even for a short time. But Katharine was never dull—did not know what dulness was. She found interest and amusement in all Nature, and the longest summer day was not long enough to weary out her active mind and fertile fancy. She had friendship and fellow-feeling for all animals, wild birds, and even tiny insects. Wild flowers and weeds, as well as the wealth of the garden, had exhaustless charms for her. She did not stop to meditate and philosophise on their uses or moral teachings, like the melancholy Jacques; life was yet in the spring and playtime of the year with her. She had been happy all her life, having scarcely known a cloud on the sunshine of her days, except that which her young brother's illness had cast, and which the assurance that his recovery was only a matter of time had quickly dispelled: her simple wisdom and spontaneous goodness sprang from no stern teachings, but wholly from the true and loving instincts of her heart. To all her fellow-creatures she showed a sunny, genial, sweet nature, but above all to the poor and humble; for them she had always warm sympathy and active kindness, and by them she was always adored. She could not pass the beggar at the gate, the dirty little child at the cabin door, without a friendly word and pleasant smile. And, with all her brightness and joyousness, Katharine could be grave and thoughtful. She was a passionate lover of music, poetry and song, and often, in the soft evening twilight, when alone or with some privileged listener, sang mournful ballads; or played some passionate "song without words," with a deep pathetic power that might have moved the sternest to tears, and that told how deeply and truly her heart could feel the sorrow that is in life, not for herself only, but for others.

But just now sorrow seemed very far away from her; a pale, shadowy phantom, whose cold icy breath could not enter that region of radiant warmth, and light, and bliss, into which her life had of late been raised.

The only intimate friends the Mansells had in the neighbourhood were the Wingfields, whose fine old place, Dunran, was about a mile from Fairy Lodge. They belonged to a very old county family, much respected for high and honourable conduct, liberal spirit, and enlarged philanthropy; and all the good qualities of the race seemed to have culminated in Dr. Wingfield, the present head of the house, and his son and heir, Frank. He was an LL.D. of Oxford, a learned linguist and archæologist, a man of simple tastes and rare benevolence. His wife had died soon after the birth of her first child, and he had never married again, his sister, Miss Dicy, having kept house for him, and given a mother's care to little Frank. She was now sixty years old, simple and unaffected as a child, a true Sister of Charity among the poor, idolizing Frank, whom she regarded as absolutely perfect, and fully persuaded that her brother was the most learned man in the world. Of the most serene, happy, contented disposition, she yet considered that her baptismal appellation had been a misnomer, and always ignored it if she possibly could. Certainly all who knew her would have said that some simple household name, homely and familiar, yet not without sweet and sacred associations, such as Mary or Elizabeth, ought to have been hers; and the godmother who had been allowed to choose the baby's name was certainly not gifted with prevision when she gave her the classical one of Eurydice. Miss Dicy had no sympathy with Greeks or Romans, or any other heathens, as she herself would have said, and nothing less classical than her round little face and figure could well have been imagined. From her earliest childhood she disclaimed her incongruous appellation, and ignoring it even more completely than the victim of ambitious nomenclature in the *Spectator*—who never ventured to sign more than the initial P. of Ptolemy--did his, she would acknowledge no name but the humble pet one into which *Eurydike*, with all its grand and pathetic associations had been degraded. As time passed, very few people remembered that she had ever had any other prenomen than Dicy (the c, of course, being soft, as in those days the classical pronunciation of Eurydi*k*e would have been thought barbarous), and by this odd name she was known and beloved by all who came near her.

The only other member of the family at Dunran was Frank, to whom the reader has already been introduced, and who, if not altogether perfect, as his aunt believed, was sufficiently handsome, clever and good, to excuse her very pardonable partiality. He was nearly seven-and-twenty, and as he was the only hope of the house, his father had long wished him to marry, but he had never seen any one whom he had for an instant thought of making his wife, till he met with Katharine Kirwan. With her he at once fell deeply in love, and, as we have seen, not in vain. The same evening that his *tête-à-tête* with Katharine had been interrupted by Maurice Byrne and the Fenian organizer McCann, and again by some of her young friends, he contrived to find another opportunity of speaking to her alone before he left Fairy Lodge, and then won from her a confession that she returned his love. And forthwith both entered into veritable Fairyland! Not a cloud was in the distance to darken their bright horizon. Though Frank thought himself as little worthy such a pearl beyond price as Katharine, as Katharine believed herself unworthy Frank's transcendent merits, there was little doubt that her father and mother would give a willing consent to their marriage; for besides his wide influence and large property in the county, his high character and able management of his father's affairs had long been publicly acknowledged. Captain and Mrs. Mansell thought him the wonder of his time; Captain Mansell "wished he could see him first Lord of the Admiralty, as he had a far better judgment as to what the service required than the present blundering head of naval affairs, who understood them no better than a marine;" and Mrs. Mansell thought "if the Government knew what it was about, it would make him Lord-Lieutenant at once, as then Ireland would at last have a ruler who would know how to keep down the lawless spirit of the people, and do justice to all men without fear or favour." As for Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy, they were almost as much in love with Katharine as Frank himself. The Doctor told his sister that she was the most charming girl he had met with for years, and would make a perfect wife for Frank.

"Dear brother, if I had said that you would have called me a matchmaker," said Miss Dicy, with a well pleased smile, "but I am glad you think so, for it is exactly my own opinion."

"But don't go and tell him so," said the Doctor, "men don't like to be dictated to in such matters."

"I don't mean even to hint at such a thing," said Miss Dicy, "though I don't think Frank would mind *me*."

No, Frank would not have minded her, nor anybody else. No stratagems or manœuvres, well meant or otherwise, could have made him think more, or less, of Katharine. He was not a man to be moved by other people's opinions, and his love for Katharine was not of that languid kind which required the breath of opposition to blow it into a flame. He could not have loved her better if their course of true love had had as many obstacles to encounter as that of Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT MALACHY BRIDE FOUND IN BLACK TOM'S CELLARS.

In a pretty room lighted by two windows, through which tall crimson roses peeped—one window fronting the first rays of the morning sun, the other catching the last gleams of sunset—in a little French bed, Katharine lay wrapped in a light morning slumber, and dreaming, as it seemed, sweet dreams. There were bright bits of colour in the room, a pink-bordered paper on the walls, a toilet service of pink and white china, books bound in blue and gold on the table, and a flower-stand filled with scarlet geraniums; but all the draperies of the bed were of snowy whiteness, and threw out more vividly the raven tresses of hair twisted round Katharine's head, the long black lashes resting on her soft clear cheeks, faintly flushed with sleep, and the rosy lips round which a happy smile flickered. The sun, not long risen, peeped in through the open window, partly shaded by white muslin curtains and the climbing red roses; and as a ray of light touched Katharine's pillow, and then wandered to her cheek and brow, she smiled more brightly and slightly stirred. At the same moment a strain of music was heard beneath, at first soft and low, but presently rising into louder and clearer notes, growing gradually wild and thrilling. It was peculiar music, somewhat like a flute or flageolet, but different, and as Katharine, roused by the half sad, half inspiriting strains of Cathal's *Farewell to the Rye*, sat up and listened, she recognized the serenader and his instrument at once. Putting on her dressing-gown, she went to the window, and, drawing back the curtain, looked out.

Seated half-way up a huge ash tree, which grew not far from Katharine's window, with his legs crossed comfortably under him, was a small, slight boy, who might have been any age from ten to fifteen, playing with his lips on an ivy leaf. He was as brown as a gipsy, with black hair and eyes, and a wild, restless, somewhat elfish cast of face, but there was shrewdness, too, and plenty of fun in it. This boy, who was known by the name of Malachy Bride, had first appeared in the neighbourhood three or four years before. No one knew who he was, or whence he had come, and his account of himself was mysterious enough. He had never had father or mother that he knew of, he said; an old woman whose Christian name was Bride, and who was never called by any other, had brought him up. She lived in a little hollow in the glen of Imale, on the side of Ceadeen mountain, and made out a miserable living by selling crystals, pieces of mineral ore, magnets, and sometimes a garnet or beryl stone, which she found among the rocks, to tourists. She was good enough to him, he said, but he believed she was very old, and at last she grew too feeble to climb the rocks and search for their treasures. Then she took Malachy by the hand and crawled to the nearest farm house.

"Get out your horse and cart, good man," she said to the farmer, "and for the love of the dear God send us to the poor-house—bad scran to it! I'm going to die, but if it wasn't for the child I'd never darken the dirty doors of it, but lie down among the stones and heather and die in peace!"

Poor old Bride's death soon followed her admittance into the poor-house, and then Malachy, who had pined like a caged wild bird, ran away. Avoiding the houses of gentlemen and rich farmers, lest he should be sent back to the dreaded poor-house, he fearlessly entered the cabins, where he was always welcome to a share of their potatoes and milk. At night he slept under a rock or a haystack, or in any snug spot he could find, and in this way wandered from one mountain and glen to another, till he reached the fertile valleys stretching down to the sea. It was then the middle of harvest, and, as he was singularly quick and handy, he soon learned to rake and bind, and found plenty of work among the farmers. But though far from being an idiot, his brain was wandering and unsettled, and his temper whimsical and capricious; he was soon tired of steady work, and never stayed long in one place, taking long fits of idleness after brief spells of work. Often he did not enter a house for weeks, sleeping in some heathy hollow, living on the trout he caught in the streams with a rod, line and hook of his own manufacture, a wood quest* which he sometimes knocked down with a stick from her seat in some thickly branched tree in the very heart of the wood, and wild berries; or, if these failed him, he could put up with a snared blackbird or thrush, a raw turnip, or, as he said himself, *anything*, till he tired at last of cold and starvation, and went back to work again. Wild and unmanageable as he was, every one was good to him. The women pitied him for his forlorn and friendless condition, and were charmed with his memory for old tunes, and marvellous gift of drawing music from an ivy leaf; the men liked him for his merry humour, his quickness and handiness; while his wayward, restless, wandering disposition made him looked upon as half-witted, and gained for him that compassion and indulgence which the Irish peasants always show to such hapless unfortunates. He might have had constant employment and kind treatment at Dunran, but Miss Dicy having insisted on his letting her teach him to read, he fled from the house, and could not be induced to return. Similar capricious ways sorely tried his best friends, and made some of the old believers in fairy superstitions shake their heads, and declare that he looked and acted more like a changeling than one of God's innocents.

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* Wood pigeon.

He was occasionally employed by Captain Mansell's gardener to help in the garden, a sort of work he used to say he liked as well as "divarsion," and since Katharine came he had been hired to take care of the pony her uncle had given her, and attend her in the solitary rides through the lonely glens which she so much enjoyed. And now at last Malachy was perfectly happy. He found intense delight in grooming and feeding the pony, and in accompanying Katharine in her daily excursions. Swift-footed as a deer, it was easy for him to keep up with "Pheoka," as the pony was called, and he was always ready to hold the reins while Katharine climbed the rocks to gather some wild flowers, or find some new point of view. From the first moment he had been employed in her service he had attached himself to her with something of the devotion of a dog, and like a dog, he seemed to desire nothing so much as some opportunity of pleasing her.

The moment Katharine appeared, Malachy jumped down from the tree and came under the window.

"Miss Katharine, come down, if you please," he said entreatingly; "I've got something to show you. It's not pebbles or moss, or flowers, or anything of that sort. I have it hid in the old ivy tree, and I don't want any one to see it but you."

"Very well, Malachy," said Katharine, "wait for me, and I'll come down as soon as I can."

While he waited, Malachy amused himself by holding on to a bough of the tree in which he had been sitting, and turning under and over it with the agility of a squirrel again and again. He was stopped in his amusement by a hand rather roughly catching hold of his jacket, and giving him a jerk which brought him to the ground. But he alighted on his feet, and twisting himself round like an eel, slipped out of his jacket, which Kavanagh still held, and darted up the tree again, springing from branch to branch till he got safely out of reach, when he paused and looked triumphantly down at the gardener, who shook his fist at him, half laughing, and half angry.

"Come down out of that, you little limb," cried Kavanagh. "What are you doing here, swinging in the trees like a monkey, instead of being at your work? Come down this very minute, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"I'm waiting for Miss Katharine," said Malachy. "I am, indeed; she wants me, and here she is!" he exclaimed, turning a summersault over the branch on which he had been standing with reckless rapidity.

"Malachy! come down this instant!" exclaimed Katharine, "you'll fall and break your neck."

"Send *him* away, and then I'll come down," said the boy. "I'm afraid of my life to come down while he is there. He'll kill me if I do," and he began to whimper.

"Nonsense, you naughty boy! You know very well he wouldn't hurt you."

"Oh, yes, he would, or may be I'd hurt him; for if he went to beat me I'd bite him; I'd bite like a tiger! and then I'd be put in jail. Send him away, Miss Katharine; and I'll do just what you bid me!"

"I'd better go away, Miss Katharine," said Kavanagh, good-humouredly, "if any one can get him out of his crazy fits, it's you."

Kavanagh walked off accordingly, and Malachy, after watching him disappear through the door in the red brick wall which opened on the garden, swung himself down from a drooping branch, and was beside Katharine in a minute.

"I was not a bit afraid of him, Miss Katharine," said the boy with an elfish grimace; "I only just wanted to get rid of him, for I wouldn't have him see what I've got for an ocean of gold. Come now, Miss Katharine; come before he's back again."

Katharine followed him to an old ivy covered tree, well screened from both the house and the road by shrubs. The trunk was a mere shell, and kneeling down and putting his hand into the hollow, Malachy drew out the identical parcel of Fenian literature which had been given to Matty the Mouse at the fair of Kilcool.

"You see, Miss Katharine," he said, "last night was a fine starlight night, and I had a restless fit on me, so instead of going to the hayloft—for I never sleep in a bed, nor wouldn't for any money, it would smother me—I went wandering about the country till I came to Black Tom's cellars. Do you know what Black Tom's cellars are, Miss Katharine?"

"Yes," said Katharine; "they're the ruins of an old castle."

"There's elegant places for sleeping there;" said Malachy; "and ferns that make a bed soft enough for you yourself to sleep on, Miss Katharine. And sure enough, I slept sound on them till the moon got up, when the night wasn't half over, and came shining down so bright on my face that she woke me. The whole place was as light as day; and I began looking about among the stones, and wondering if Black Tom ever hid any gold there, and just as I was wishing I could get sight of a Leprechaun,—for I'll be bound if I did I'd never take my eye off him till he showed me where the gold was,—I found this," and he carefully opened the parcel and displayed its contents.

"There's books in it and pictures, Miss Katharine; beautiful pictures! Look at this one," and he held up to her the picture of Erin, striking her harp on the wild seashore —"isn't that a beauty!" Reading Dr. Drennan's well-known lines underneath, and glancing over some of the other papers in the parcel, Katharine soon comprehended their character, and became immediately anxious that Frank should see them.

"Miss Katharine," said Malachy, as he watched her face, and saw that it had grown serious, "do you think they've been there since Black Tom's time? Maybe he put them under some enchantment, that kept them hid till now. I hope it's not unlucky to find them. They say he was a black tyrant, and cruel bad to the poor people."

"You needn't be afraid, Malachy," said Katharine, "he was a bad man, but he was no enchanter, and he had nothing to do with these papers. They were put where you found them quite lately; see, they are not a bit damp or discoloured. I am very glad you brought them to me, Malachy, instead of any one else. Now go and saddle Pheoka, while I get my hat and habit, and then you shall come with me to Dunran, and we'll show them to Dr. Wingfield, and you must tell him exactly where and how you found them."

"I can't tell him any more than I told you, Miss Katharine, and I'd rather stay outside and mind the pony. If I go in, maybe Miss Dicy will ask me to say a lesson, and I'd rather be hanged."

"Why, how stupid that is, Malachy; Didn't you wish when you found these papers that you could read them, and know what they were about?"

"I don't know, Miss Katharine. I think reading kills all the fun there is in the world. I hear people say sometimes that I ought to learn to read, for that would tame me; but I don't want to be tamed; I like to be wild. Wild things are twice as free, and spirited and frolicsome, as tame ones. Wouldn't you rather be a wild bird in the woods than a tame one in a cage?"

"I believe I would," said Katharine smiling.

"And then," resumed Malachy, setting his face fiercely, "one reason why I hate reading, is because they wanted to teach it to me at the poor-house, and when I wouldn't learn they beat me, and shut me up in a dark room with nothing to eat. Oh, how I hated them! If I hadn't made up my mind to run away when poor old Bride was dead, I'd have put a knife in the master, or may be a rope round my own neck, and hanged myself, the way old Darby Brennan did while I was there."

"Malachy!" said Katharine, "it makes me very unhappy to hear you say such wicked things."

But as she spoke she sighed at the thought of all the suffering, all the sorrow and sin caused in such places, especially among the young, by ignorance and mistaken ideas of duty in those who are set in authority over them—to say nothing of the insolence of office, obtuseness of feeling, and brutal and tyrannical tempers. How thankful she was to know that Frank felt as she did, and was determined to do all one man could do to redress such a frightful wrong.

"Are you angry with me, Miss Katharine?" asked Malachy, looking up into her sweet grave face.

"No, Malachy, I am not angry; I am very sorry for all you have suffered, but you have kind friends now; you say you are happy; and a happy boy ought to be a good boy. Some time or other perhaps you will learn to read to please me."

"Maybe I will," said Malachy, "but not to-day, Miss Katharine—not to-day."

"Very well," said Katharine, "not to-day. Now run and bring Pheoka round to the gate."

When Katharine returned to the house she found that the servants were not stirring yet. Opening a window that looked out on the garden where Kavanagh was at work, she told him to let her uncle know that she had gone to Dunran and taken Malachy with her. Then she dressed herself in her pretty Royal Blue jacket and riding skirt, and her soft grey riding hat with its blue plume, and as she stepped out on the lawn, gathering her long train about her, and showing her "buskined" little feet, she looked like a young Diana. Lightly she sprang into the saddle, and, with a word and a touch of the rein, her spirited little pony was soon cantering on the road to Dunran, Malachy following at as brisk a pace. He looked a somewhat wild attendant for a "ladye of high degree;" his trowsers tucked up, his legs and feet bare, for he could not run in shoes and stockings, his straw hat, stuck comically on one side of his head, rather the worse for the wear, and his black curls tangled and unkempt; altogether such an uncivilized specimen of a young lady's groom as could scarcely be met with any where except in Ireland, that country of glaring incongruities and strange anomalies. But no such thoughts troubled Katharine; she was perfectly satisfied with her wild page, and rode on in the highest spirits. She always delighted in these early morning rides, but to-day there was the additional zest of surprising Frank by her unexpected appearance, besides the excitement of the packet she had to show him, the mystery of which she was sure he would be anxious to unravel. It had been arranged that Frank was to come to Fairy Lodge at noon, (when her uncle and aunt's breakfast, at which she always liked to be present, would be over) to take her for a long ride—and now as she cantered along, she pictured to herself that brightening of his grave face when anything especially pleased him, which she knew so well, and which her happy heart told her would beam out when he first caught sight of her. As for Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy, she was quite sure that, come when she would, they would give her the warmest of welcomes. The fresh mountain breeze fanned the delicate roses on her cheeks into a bright damask hue, her joyous excitement and perfect happiness made her dark eyes radiant, as if with excess of light, and she looked as beautiful and blooming as the lovely morning shining around her.

She soon entered the long avenue of beeches leading through Dunran Park to the house. The park was laid out partly in rich pasture land, in which herds of high-bred cattle were feeding, partly in a pleasure ground of shrubs and flowers. The house was a picturesque old mansion, built of grey granite with red stone copings, and clustered chimneys; a stable-yard and outbuildings at the back, and at one side a walled-in garden, hot-houses and conservatories. At the other side a mountain of granite and quartz rose so abruptly that, from the windows in one of the wings you might step out on the rocks, and in a few seconds bury yourself amidst glens of the wildest beauty and solitude, where, in autumn, masses of glittering white quartz and lichen-stained granite rose from thickets of green and bronzed ferns, yellow, brown, and purple heath, with here and there the red berries of the mountain ash,—a perfect glory of exquisite colour.

As Katharine rode up to the hall-door Frank came round from the stables, and on seeing her his steel-blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, his firm mouth relaxed into a glad smile, and he looked as much delighted as even Katharine could have wished, as he sprang forward to help her off her pony.

"But you don't seem as much surprised as I thought you would be?" said Katharine.

"Surprised? No!" said Frank; "it seems so right and natural that you should be here! You know how delighted my father and Aunt Dicy are when they can coax you over to breakfast—I won't say anything about myself."

But his looks, as he smiled up at Katharine's glowing face, said enough.

"I dare say; I came chiefly because I liked to come and take you by surprise," said Katharine, ingenuously, "for, after all, perhaps, I need not have been in such a hurry. But there was really another reason—something that may be serious, and which I thought you and Dr. Wingfield ought to know at once. Give the parcel to Mr. Wingfield, Malachy."

Malachy handed the parcel to Frank, and Katharine continued:

"Malachy found it last night in the ruins at Coolruss. It's a parcel of Fenian songs, pictures, and addresses to the people. Tell Mr. Wingfield how you found it in Black Tom's cellars, Malachy."

Malachy told his story as he had told it to Katharine, and adhered to it steadily through Frank's cross-examination.

"You did a very wise thing in giving it to Miss Katharine," said Frank at last. "Mind you don't say a word about it to any one else. Take the pony and put him in the stable, and then go into the kitchen—the doctor may like to see you,—and I'll give orders that you are to have breakfast."

"And will Miss Dicy not ask me to say a lesson?" asked Malachy. "Miss Katharine promised me that she wouldn't."

"Oh, if Miss Katharine promised, you may be sure she won't," said Frank, laughing; "we must all do as Miss Katharine says."

Putting Katharine's arm in his, he led her up the steps, and then into the breakfast-room, where they found Miss Dicy. She was a sweet-looking little old woman, with silver hair, and a pretty pink and white complexion like a girl's. She was dressed in a bright lavender-coloured dress, and a cap with ribbons of the same colour, for though she had as little personal vanity as a woman who liked to please could have, she liked bright colours, as she liked all pretty things, and saw no virtue in dulness or dinginess of hue. She received Katharine rapturously, kissing her and petting her with true Irish warmth and demonstrativeness; and Dr. Wingfield, coming in immediately after, greeted her almost as warmly.

Meantime Frank had been turning over

the contents of the Fenian parcel, and he now showed them to his father, and told him where it had been found. Dr. Wingfield looked rather serious over it, and so did Frank. As for Miss Dicy, she regarded it with horror and dismay.

"God help the poor people!" she exclaimed, "I hope they are not going to be deluded into another rebellion like that of Ninety-eight."

"No, no," said the doctor, "there's no danger; their leaders are all too careful of their necks. They're quite a different class of men from those of Ninety-eight; *they* were noble-hearted enthusiasts, but these men have neither sincerity nor honesty; and make a mere trade of patriotism. They know very well that any outbreak would only lead to such a fiasco as Smith O'Brien's escapade in the cabbage garden. But who could have hidden these things in Black Tom's cellars, Frank?"

"I am certain that it was that man Johnson I told you about, father, or some of his emissaries. Katharine, if you have no objection, we will ride to Roebawn after breakfast, and you can go in and see Mrs. Byrne, who will be sure to entertain you with all sorts of legends about the O'Byrnes, while I try to find out from Maurice what he really knows about the fellow. I know you like legendary lore, and besides Roebawn is a pretty old place and worth seeing."

"I should like to go very much," said Katharine.

"Maurice himself may be a Fenian," said Dr. Wingfield, "the Byrnes were always rebels."

"I cannot believe it," said Frank, "but if he is, there is the more reason for me to see him, and do what I can to save him from ruining himself. If *he* is a rebel, he is at least an honest one, and I can perfectly understand how he may believe it his duty to join them."

"It is impossible not to sympathise with those who risk every thing for a cause or a principle, even if it be a false one," said Katharine. "They are at least greater than those whose souls never rise beyond or outside of themselves."

"That may apply to the ideal revolutionist," said the Doctor, "the real one, as we know, is too often quite as selfish and narrow as the most ignorant old Tory, But you are a bit of a rebel, Donna Catarina! Any one would know that who heard you sing 'Let Erin Remember the Days of Old,' or 'The Minstrel Boy;' and, to say the truth, I am a rebel myself while I listen to you."

"You see how irresistible you are, Katharine," said Frank. "You can even make a rebel of an Oxford LL.D."

"It is not I," said Katharine, "it is 'music married to immortal verse.'"

"Well," said the Doctor, laughing, "I believe the great Arch Rebel inspires the best poetry as well as the best tunes! See what stuff laureate odes are—though we must make some exception in favour of Tennyson, while patriotic songs and hymns have generally the true afflatus, from Tyrtæus down to Theodore Kerner and Thomas Davis. Certainly, in Ireland the loyal Orange muse shows but a poor inspiration compared with the fervid and passionate outbursts of the rebel Green—always with a dash of genuine poetry in them. Poor Ireland! If she had less genius and more common sense it would be happier for her."

"I can tell you my father is as proud of all the good rebel songs as if he were a Fenian," said Frank, laughing, "and so am I."

"Yes, especially when Katharine sings them," said Dr. Wingfield. "But there is Aunt Dicy waiting for us to go to breakfast."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

WE again approach, with a full sense of the responsibility weighing on all public writers at the present juncture, the consideration of the Pacific Railway affair, which is fast deepening and expanding into a struggle for the political life of a young nation against Corruption. That in so doing we can pretend to no immunity from error, is proved by our persistent rejection of the charges against the Prime Minister as utterly incredible till overwhelming disclosures enforced our reluctant belief. But we can sincerely assert that we are free from party bias. That we owe no allegiance to the party the organ of which is the leading Grit journal, is shown by the conductors of that journal in a manner as marked as it is ridiculous. We desired a change of system, believing, as we have often said, that party government was unsuited to this country, and must lead to calamities such as have now actually occurred. But a change of Government without a change of system we did not desire. We did not see that much practical good could result to the country from the accession to office of new administrators without new principles of administration, and slaves to the same exigencies of faction. Least of all did we wish to see the nation placed under the narrow and ungenerous sway of the managers of the Grit party in Ontario. There were special reasons connected with the recent origin of our Dominion and its imperfect state of consolidation, which seemed, under existing circumstances, to render the stability of our Government an object of unusual importance, and to warrant us in sacrificing something of efficiency and even of purity on that account. We were glad, at the last election, to see the Opposition strengthened, because, while party government exists, a strong Opposition will always be indispensable; but we did not care to see the Ministry overturned. With regard to the Prime Minister himself, what we have said has been marked by a strong sense of the evils of party government, as exemplified in the means by which he maintained himself in power, as well as of the unseemliness of his own demeanour upon certain occasions; but it has been free, we believe, from any trace of hostility or aversion. It has seemed so, at least, to his own friends. We have felt, moreover, in reference to the present charges, that Sir John Macdonald, whatever his merits or demerits as a ruler, had in fact been the elective head of the nation for many years: that the national honour had become, to a certain extent, identified with his; and that patriotism conspired with justice in bidding us decline to accept any but decisive evidence of his guilt. We can truly say that the recent disclosures filled us, as Canadians, with sorrow and humiliation, though they seemed to us to leave no shadow of doubt as to the duty of public writers or of public men.

We are therefore in a position to speak, though not with the authority which attends the utterances of more powerful journals, at least without the suspicion which taints the advice of partisans, to those who have hitherto been supporters of the Government, and who may now be wavering between their allegiance to their party and their allegiance to their country. It is, of course, hard to disengage oneself even for a moment from old ties; to turn, as it seems, against old friends; and it is hardest of all to do this with the loud exultations of old enemies ringing in your ears. But every party man, who has not ceased to be a man of honour and a good citizen, must know that the occasion for such a sacrifice may come, and that when it does come the sacrifice must be made. Lord Melville fell by the votes of English Tories who, before they were Tories, were Englishmen and men of honour. If the country succumbs to Corruption now, it succumbs for many a day. Our political morality, already shaken by the practices which have prevailed at Ottawa, and by the rapid spread of electoral corruption, will finally collapse, and, in sympathy with it, our social and commercial morality will be loosened, down to the very bottom of the social and commercial scale. The civil servant in his office, the clerk in the bank, will think himself licensed to do that which is done by his superiors in high places, and he will ape them in deriding the puritanism which preaches that objects of cupidity or ambition are to be sought only by the narrow path of virtue. Nor, though political demoralization might serve the purposes of the Conservatives at the present moment, is it doubtful to whose benefit it must, in the end, enure. When the principles of Tammany prevail, the foot of Tammany is on the steps of power. There is nothing, we repeat, to be conserved here but morality and honour. Such waifs as have come over to us of the old Conservative institutions of Europe — our nominative Senate, with its ostensible property qualification and its feeble powers—the slight remaining restrictions on the franchise—the existence among us of half a dozen persons bearing monarchical titles of honour, hereditary or otherwise—the retention of the principle of clerical influence over education in a few separate schools—will not avail to control the great democratic forces of the new world. If demagogism and the other evils of unbridled democracy are to be repressed, it must be by maintaining in the popular mind the ascendency of principle over passion. The Conservative party, hitherto, if it has not had credit for special enlightenment, has had credit for special fidelity to honour; it has professed to be the party of gentlemen and the great antagonist of all that is characteristically low and profligate in the politics of the United States. If it ratifies, by its present course, acts the turpitude of which, so far as we are aware, has hardly been equalled in the United States, (for when was an American President detected in drawing from a competitor for a public contract money to be spent in elections?) a severe, and probably an irreparable blow will be dealt to public morality in this country.

Canada has resolutely and nobly foregone the advantages which she would gain by a commercial union with the rest of the continent—a union which she has reason to believe would at once send a tide of prosperity coursing through all her veins—for the sake of the higher benefits and the more enduring prosperity promised by sounder institutions and a healthier state of public morality. She is threatened with a loss at once of wealth and that for which she has renounced it. It is unnecessary to appeal to high principle or chivalrous sentiment. The bad effects of such scandals as the present are material as well as moral. The Pacific guarantee is poor payment for the damage done by these disclosures to our position among nations, our commercial character, our credit. The fortunes of every Canadian youth who is setting forth in the world are prejudiced by the injury done to a reputation which has hitherto been, even in the United States, a passport to confidential employment, by such acts as those of Sir Hugh Allan and Sir John Macdonald.

We cannot express too strongly our regret that the cause of the nation should be mixed up with that of party, and that the accents of party vindictiveness should mar the dignity of the national cry for justice. This cannot be helped, the political world being organized as it is. But if honest men will combine on patriotic grounds, the national resistance to wrong will be divested of a factious character. Had the sounder part of the Ministerial party declared at once that it could not act against the country, the necessary amount of change might possibly have been effected without a struggle, and a reconstruction of the Government on a broader and better basis, rather than a mere transfer of power to the hands of the opposite faction, might have been the result.

The case both against Sir Hugh Allan and against the Ministers remains unchanged, except that the widening circle of the scandal has drawn in two or three more reputations, among them that of the member for Cardwell, the Ministerial chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, who is charged with having received for the purposes of electoral corruption a portion of the fund into the origin and employment of which he undertook, on behalf of the nation, to inquire. Mr. McMullen has brought an action for libel against the Ministerial journal; but nobody has brought an action against Mr. McMullen.

The only defence as yet attempted on behalf of the Government, beyond the general denial, which our previous experience of other denials of the same kind unfortunately deprives of weight, is one which must be described as little better than a controversial stratagem. To understand its nature it is necessary to refer to the series of documents published by Mr. McMullen, which is so short, and of so much importance to the formation of a right judgment at every stage of the controversy, that we reprint it entire.

"MONTREAL, Aug. 24, 1872.

"DEAR MR. ABBOTT,—In the absence of Sir Hugh Allan, I shall be obliged by your supplying the Central Committee with a further sum of twenty thousand dollars, upon the same conditions as the amount written by me at the foot of my letter to Sir Hugh Allan, of the 30th ultimo.

"GEORGE E. CARTIER.

"P. S.—Please also send Sir John A. Macdonald ten thousand dollars more on the same terms."

"Received from Sir Hugh Allan, by the hands of Mr. Abbott, twenty thousand dollars for general election purposes, to be arranged hereafter according to the terms of the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of date the 30th of July, and in accordance with the request contained in his letter of the 24th instant.

"MONTREAL, 26th Aug., 1872.

(Signed) "J. L. BEAUDRY,
" "HENRY STARNES,
"L. BETOURNAY. P. S. MURPHY."

"TORONTO, AUG. 26, 1872.

"To the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, St. Anne's.

"Immediate, private.

"I must have another ten thousand—will be the last time of calling. Do not fail me; answer to-day.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"MONTREAL, 29th Aug., 1872.

"Sir John A. Macdonald, Toronto.

"Draw on me for ten thousand.

"J. J. C. ABBOTT."

"TORONTO, 26th Aug. 1872.

"At sight pay to my order, at the Merchants' Bank, the sum of ten thousand dollars for value received.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Endorsed

"Pay to the order of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

The advocates of the Minister wish to represent the whole question as turning on the contents of the letter of Sir George Cartier to Sir Hugh Allan, to which reference is made in the first note and its postscript. They would have the public suppose that the incriminating character ascribed to the series of documents rests entirely on the assumption that this letter relates to the Pacific Railway, and that if that basis were withdrawn there would be no other foundation for the belief that the transaction was corrupt. Accordingly they have, with considerable pomp and circumstance, published the following:

"*(To the Editor of the Gazette.)*

"SIR,—Seeing your editorial of yesterday, in which reference is made to a letter from Sir George E. Cartier to Sir Hugh Allan, dated 30th July last—which letter is referred to in the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of date 24th August, published by Mr. McMullen—we feel bound to state that we have seen the first mentioned letter, and that your editorial statement that it has no reference whatever to the Pacific Railway Company, or to the Pacific Railway contract, is perfectly correct.

"J. L. BEAUDRY,
"HY. STARNES,
"P. S. MURPHY.

"July 22, 1873."

We remark at once, first, that the three attesting witnesses are the same persons who signed the receipt for $20,000, which stands second in the series of documents; and secondly that the letter is not produced, as we can hardly doubt that it would have been if its contents had been innocent. But upon these points it is unnecessary to dwell. The testimony, however credible, would be unavailing. If the letter had been found to contain a reference to the Pacific Railway contract or company, this would of course have added to the strength of the case. But the case is strong enough without any such addition. The genuineness of the documents being undisputed, the corrupt and criminal character of the transaction is plainly inferred from the relations between the parties and the circumstances under which the documents were written. Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier, as Ministers, were entrusted with the public duty of awarding the Pacific Railway contract. Sir Hugh Allan was a competitor for that contract. At the height of a general election the two Ministers drew from Sir Hugh Allan, through his agent, large sums of money to be spent, as is explicitly stated, on the elections. This would be enough. Even if Sir Hugh Allan's motives for disbursing the money had been political, the Ministers would manifestly have been guilty of the gravest breach of duty in accepting money from him at all while the question of the contract was pending, or even when the contract had been recently awarded. But we know positively that Sir Hugh Allan's motive for disbursing the money was not political. We learn from his letters that he looked upon both the "factions," so far as their political principles were concerned, with the same indifference, and that he took "a calm view of the situation," for the purpose of ascertaining whom, among the political leaders, it would best serve his commercial object to corrupt. One conceivable consideration for his disbursements alone remains; and that consideration is the Pacific Railway contract. The exact manner in which the consideration operated will probably never come to light, nor is it any way material that it should. That there was a written compact of corruption is of course unlikely, notwithstanding the extraordinary moral callousness of all concerned. But a reference to those portions of Sir Hugh Allan's letters which concern his previous dealings with Sir George Cartier suffices to prove, if proof were needed, that the parties to this transaction must have understood each other perfectly well.

The testimony of Senator Foster remains unimpugned: so far as we have seen, it has not been touched by any writer on the Ministerial side.

The money advanced by Sir Hugh Allan, as it was to be repaid in some form at the public expense, might just as well have been taken out of the public treasury. Indeed the loss to the public was probably, as is usual in cases of indirect depredation, far greater than would have been incurred by a simple theft. We can see no moral difference between such a transaction and cases of malversation which would fall under the cognizance of public justice, except that in the present case there was a breach of a far higher trust.

That the money was to be spent in electoral corruption is not denied. But electoral corruption, we are told, is a venial offence, or rather a thing of which, if skilfully done, a politician may be proud. To break down a poor man's self-respect, by bribing him to vote against his conscience, is a venial offence in no case; it is a vile act, and the man who commits it, not thoughlessly, as many do, but deliberately, would commit other vile acts under similar temptation. But when a Minister, and the Minister of Public Justice, resists a reform of the election law, and keeps the law in an ineffective state, in order that with money obtained from a competitor for a public contract he may debauch great masses of the people, we are constrained to ask whether he can be decently entrusted with the infliction of penalties for any violation of the law?

There is another most painful feature about this affair. It has been said that the strong respect for veracity is a peculiarly English feeling. There may be something national, but there is also something noble in the intensity of horror with which every English gentleman shrinks from the imputation of having wilfully departed from the truth. The Prime Minister of Canada stood up in his place in Parliament, and, with the name of God upon his lips, declared that there was no ground whatever for Mr. Huntington's proposed inquiry, and that the whole proceeding was founded on a mistake. It must have been by some similar declaration that he induced honourable men to support him in the attempt to quash inquiry by a silent vote. We would fain believe that statements, so much at variance with subsequent disclosures, presented themselves to his mind at the time as true.

There appears to be a doctrine floating about, which we fear has found its way into high places, that honour is required in England, but that "shrewdness" will do for Canada. We can only say, if this doctrine is accepted let the benefit of it be extended equally to all, to the poor and sorely tempted as well as to those who have less excuse. Let us open the doors of our prisons. Their inmates at all events have not betrayed a high public trust.

We have now unhappily to advert to what appears to us to be the most signal violation of the constitutional rights of a British community that has occurred for several generations, and at the same time an example, pregnant with calamity, of high-handed violence committed under the forms of law. Parliament, to which the duty of instituting such inquiries on behalf of the nation undoubtedly belongs, and whose performance of that duty is the sole guarantee against the abuses of Government, had appointed a committee to investigate the conduct of Ministers with regard to the Pacific Railway contract. The Committee having encountered a legal obstacle, "Parliament," to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "had again to consider what course it would take." It met with that intention, and with its grounds for prosecuting the inquiry very greatly increased by the disclosures which had occurred since its last sitting. But upon its proceeding to do its duty the prerogative of prorogation was placed by the Governor-General in the hands of the accused Minister, who was permitted to evade the impending stroke of national justice by turning the representatives of the nation out of doors and forcibly transferring the inquiry from the Commons to a Royal Commission appointed under his own advice. Members of Parliament under the influence of the Government had stayed away by collusion with the Minister; the independent members having attended in their places, as it was their duty to do, were dismissed with contumely amidst a burst of derisive exultation from the members of the Government and their friends. A nation willing to acquiesce in such proceedings as this would be better without the forms of Parliamentary government, which merely impose upon its rulers the periodical necessity of spending large sums of money in demoralizing the people by electoral corruption.

As the Governor-General here comes upon the scene, and as extraordinary doctrines respecting his position and his relations to Her Majesty have been broached by those who find it convenient to effect their own purposes under the cover of his name, we must venture to state what, according to ordinary constitutional principles, the position of the Governor of a Colony really is. Far from wishing to abridge the reverence for authority in this community, we heartily wish it were considerably increased, provided the characters of those who wield authority could always be such as the people ought to revere. But the doctrine that the Sovereign can do no wrong, which we all loyally accept as applied to the acts of Her Majesty, is applicable to the acts of Her Majesty alone. All her officers, from the Prime Minister of the Empire downwards, and Governors of Colonies among the rest, are responsible for their use of their powers, amenable to the censorship of public opinion, and in the last resort liable to removal from their offices for maladministration. The rule by which the acts of the Governor-General of Canada are to be criticized was distinctly laid down when it was resolved, as a fundamental principle of Confederation, that his and all other powers should be exercised in accordance with the "well understood principles of the British Constitution," one of the best understood of which is the right of Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of Ministers. That the policy of Governors of Colonies should sometime give occasion for remark and even for remonstrance is inevitable. A Governor is not a passionless abstraction, or a crown upon a cushion. He is the nominee of a party leader, taken from the ranks of the party, and commissioned to carry its policy into effect in the colony, so far as his influence extends, especially in all cases where the affairs of the colony have a special bearing on the measures of the Home Government. It cannot be doubted that Lord Dufferin came here disposed to support the Minister to whose co-operation the Gladstone Ministry, of which his Lordship was a member, deemed that it owed the acceptance of the Washington Treaty and the compromise of the Fenian Claim. In one of the Australian Colonies a Governor, the other day, acted not against the letter but against the spirit of the constitution in a question relating to his choice of Ministers. On the protest of the colonists he was recalled; and nobody, in England at least, taxed the colonists with want of loyalty for having criticized his conduct. To have identified the Queen with that misconduct and given it the shelter of her name, would scarcely have been a proof of loyalty or the way to promote loyalty among the Australian people.

We say this the more freely because it fortunately happens that on the present occasion we are not called upon to tread on any debateable ground. The reasons given by Lord Dufferin to the ninety-six members of Parliament who protested against prorogation, are of course submitted by his own act to the judgment of the people. A temperate examination of them can imply no want of respect for his office, no lack of appreciation of the personal qualities which have rendered him deservedly popular among us, no unwillingness to believe that he has done what he thought best.

The address begins by combating at considerable length a somewhat shadowy charge of interposing delays to the action of the Parliamentary Committee. His Excellency at all events stands entirely clear of any such imputation. A vague rumour has been afloat that the disallowance of the Oaths Bill was in the Governor-General's hands before the rising of Parliament, and that it was withheld from the knowledge of the House; but this rumour has nowhere, so far as we are aware, assumed a form that calls for any sort of notice. The only thing connected with this part of the matter that could justify any misgivings as to his Lordship's conduct, was the use which he permitted his Ministers to make of his name in tendering a Royal Commission to the Committee of the House of Commons. The merest tyro in Parliamentary business, or in any business at all, must have known that the Committee could not possibly accept new powers or instructions without the authority of the House. Subsequent events have justified us in believing what we could not help suspecting at the time, that the offer was a stratagem on the part of the Minister, who thus appeared to court the inquiry which it was his real object to evade. His Lordship, however, declares that no one can regret more than he does the "unfortunate delays" interposed to the action of the Committee, and we expect, but expect in vain, his reasons for thinking it desirable that they shall be prolonged for some months more.

He then proceeds to give his reason for prorogation, which is in brief that prorogation is recommended by his Cabinet, and that he cannot constitutionally reject the advice of Ministers who have a majority in Parliament. But His Excellency must know what is the motive of the Ministers in tendering such advice; he must know that if they believed themselves able to command a majority they would most willingly meet Parliament; and, consequently, that in recommending prorogation they in fact register a vote of no-confidence against themselves. His Excellency is carried round in a strange circle. He cannot reject the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament: whether his Ministers have the confidence of Parliament can be decided only by suffering Parliament to meet: but he cannot suffer Parliament to meet because by so doing he would be rejecting the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament. The case is rendered stronger by the fact that the present House of Commons was elected under the auspices of these very Ministers, who not only used all the influence of Government, but as the Governor-General can hardly doubt, actually bought a considerable number of elections.

Lord Dufferin apprehends that in refusing to prorogue, and requiring his Ministers at once to meet Parliament, he would have been supposed to proclaim their guilt not only to Canada, but to America and Europe. Their refusal to meet Parliament proclaims their guilt and the guilt of their confederates, with a loud voice, to the whole world. But that by allowing them to go before that which no one can deny is the natural tribunal His Excellency would have been proclaiming his belief in their guilt, is surely a fallacy which he might have felt confident would be at once rejected by every unperverted mind.

Not that we, for our part, should have thought that there was anything harsh or improper in a course which would have involved an immediate change of government. Quite the reverse. We hold that it was a case in which the Governor-General might most properly have put to his Ministers the very simple questions which the published evidence suggested, and in default of a perfectly satisfactory answer have told them that he could no longer incur the responsibility of retaining them as the advisers of the Crown. Such, we incline to believe, would have been the decision of men of the character of Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, Grey, or Peel. This is not a trial for larceny or an action of ejectment. It is a moral, not a legal question. It is a question whether, in view of certain disclosures, the persons now in power are morally fit to remain heads of the nation and advisers of the Crown. Lord Melville, on the strength of far less damaging disclosures, was removed from office and struck off the Privy Council before the commencement of the judicial impeachment which, through the leniency of the Court, ended in his acquittal.

Generally speaking, a Governor-General is of course required by the constitution to be guided by the advice of his Ministers; but we must demur to the assumption, latent in this part of Lord Dufferin's speech, that he can be warranted in doing what is wrong towards the nation merely because the Ministers advise him, in their own interest, to do it. There is one class of questions with regard to which his Ministers are manifestly incapacitated for tendering him advice, and if they attempted to tender it, would at once prove themselves unworthy of his confidence—the class of which the present is an example, inasmuch as it affects the personal conduct and integrity of the Ministers themselves. On such questions he must be guided by his own sense of right and by the paramount interest of the nation. He is a constitutional ruler, but he remains responsible for his own honour and for the personal character, though not for the Parliamentary action, of the members of his Council. If he is to be a mere seal of state, and to allow himself mechanically to be affixed to any instrument, whether of right or wrong—whether of honour or of dishonour—by any hand that may happen for the moment to have got hold of him, we respectfully submit that such an instrument might be furnished to the public at a far less cost, and that we might at the same time avoid the moral snare of having a pure name attached to proceedings which are the reverse of pure. Advice which no man of honour can give no man of honour in any position can receive; and no man of honour can give official advice in any matter concerning his own interest, least of all in a matter concerning his own guilt or innocence, interference in which is *ipso facto* a proof of guilt.

The next plea advanced by His Excellency is one which has appeared in Ministerial journals, but which we must confess we expected to see nowhere else. It is that the House was not full. "Were it possible," says Lord Dufferin "at the present time to make a call of the House and place myself in direct communication with the Parliament of the Dominion, my present embarrassment would disappear, but this is a physical impossibility;" and he proceeds to state, on the authority of his Ministers, that "a considerable number of the members are dispersed in various directions." What was there to prevent a short adjournment or a suspension of the Pacific Railway question by consent till the absent members could arrive? But more—we had almost said worse—than this. Can Lord Dufferin possibly have been ignorant of the fact that the absence of the Ministerial members was the result of collusion with the Ministers? Had he not seen the signals held out in the Ministerial organs ever since the disclosures? Might he not, weeks before, have apprised his Cabinet that his duty would not suffer him to permit the proceedings of Parliament to be invalidated by such means, and thereby have effectually secured a full attendance of both parties? The trick of invalidating the proceedings of Parliament by collusive non-attendance appears to have been originally practised by King John—at least there is a clause specially providing against it in the Great Charter. But it seems that frauds, like fallacies, live for ever.

Lord Dufferin accepts the statement of his Minister to the effect that the House of Commons had agreed that the August meeting should be immediately followed by prorogation. The Minister's statement is contradicted by the Opposition, and is absurd upon the face of it. The object of the August meeting was to receive the report of a Committee on the conduct of Ministers in connection with the Pacific Railway contract, which report, if adverse, would have clearly called for immediate action. It is surely incredible that the House should have been knowingly guilty of any thing so fatuous as to agree, in that case, at once to separate without taking any action, and to leave the guilty Minister in undisturbed possession of power for the next six months. That the Minister tried to entangle the House in such an agreement is certain, and it is one of the symptoms of his conscious guilt; that he succeeded, no words in a newspaper report, without the general testimony of members, would induce us to believe. But suppose it had been so. Whose duty or whose interest was it to hold the House to the agreement when the circumstances of the case were changed? The disclosures manifestly called, as loudly as any national emergency could, for the immediate intervention of the Legislature. Besides, the charge against the Ministers, which, if true, obviously rendered it necessary that the powers of the State should at once be transferred to untainted hands, the Pacific Railway contract, with all its attendant influence, was in the hands of men who had avowed themselves guilty of the most profligate corruption. A meeting of Parliament having been already appointed, though at the time for a limited object, what forbade the Governor-General to avail himself of it for the purpose of dealing with the exigency that had subsequently arisen, in concert with that assembly in the wisdom and infallibility of which he in his Halifax speech professed his unshaken confidence? What but the avowal of his Ministers that their conduct would not bear the inspection of Parliament, and needed the cloak of a tribunal nominated by themselves?

It is in this part of his speech that Lord Dufferin makes an effort to break the force of the evidence against his Minister. He suggests that the documents which prove the receipt of money from Sir Hugh Allan derive their "questionable" character only from being "appended" to Sir Hugh's letters and read "in juxtaposition" with them. This seems to imply that wholesale bribery, which is disclosed on the face of the documents themselves, though committed by the Minister of Public Justice, is not criminal in the eyes of His Excellency, who, however, had not the advantage of seeing his Minister actively engaged in the work of the campaign with his troop of congenial agents hovering round him. But the fact is that the documents are not appended to Sir Hugh Allan's letters; they are appended to the narrative of Mr. McMullen. Nor is any juxtaposition with those letters needed to give them a criminal complexion; they have that complexion in themselves, as proofs of the receipt of money by Ministers in the midst of a general election from a competitor for a public contract. Read with reference to the relations between the parties and to the circumstances of the time, they constitute, as we have said before, a complete case against the Minister. The letters show distinctly that Sir Hugh Allan's motive was not political but commercial. In this respect they materially assist our interpretation of documents; in other respects their aid is immaterial. Of Senator Foster's testimony Lord Dufferin takes no notice.

We now come to what all have felt to be the most startling part of the address. When Charles I. entered the House of Commons to arrest the five members, he at least showed by his manner and language that he was conscious of having done an unusual thing. Lord Dufferin can hardly fail to be aware that, in forcibly transferring an inquiry into the conduct of a Minister from the Commons to a Commission appointed by the advice of the Minister himself, he is setting aside one of the leading principles of the British constitution, and breaking a fundamental law of every community which speaks the English tongue. Yet from the way in which he announces his intention of taking this step, no one would imagine that he supposed himself to be doing anything out of the ordinary course of government. He offers no justification of it beyond the naked statement that his own opinion coincides with the advice of his Ministers. He does not seem even to perceive the connection between the two parts of his own action, the turning out of Parliament and the transfer of the inquiry to a Government Commission, or the character which, when the two are combined, is impressed on the transaction as a whole. He does not appear to be aware that one of the reasons why his Minister pressed on him prorogation rather than adjournment, was that prorogation quashed the committee of the Commons, and enabled the Minister to thrust into its place a mock tribunal of his own appointment. There is another point upon which Lord Dufferin appears to have been kept entirely in the dark. He promises that "immediately the Commission shall have concluded their labours" Parliament shall reassemble; and he assumes that this will be in two months, or at the most in ten weeks. Not a suspicion of any possible opposition to the Commission appears to have crossed his mind. His Minister knows better. His Minister knows that the Commons must and will stand upon their rights and those of the nation. The Parliamentary movers of the impeachment will probably decline to appear before any tribunal but that which is already seized of the case; and the Commission will be put to the exercise of its compulsory powers. There will be further embarrassments and more delay. Meanwhile all the agencies of corruption, including the Pacific Railway contract, will be in the hands of the Minister and his supporters. The "questionable" documents are at least sufficient to convince the Governor General that these agencies will be unsparingly and unscrupulously used.

In the Commission the proceeding is founded on the disallowance of the Oaths Bill "whereby one of the objects desired by the House of Commons cannot be attained." It is for the House of Commons, when its committee has reported, to say whether its objects can be attained, and to address the Crown, if it thinks proper, for a Royal Commission.

Upon a general view of Lord Dufferin's address, we are inclined to suspect that he has been drawn, under influences of which he is not conscious, into a situation the gravity of which he does not fully comprehend. He has probably been induced by partial and skilfully measured disclosures in advance of the public revelations, to commit himself beforehand to a lenient view of the Ministers' irregularities, and by analogous artifices trained to pledge himself in anticipation of events to measures forming parts of a scheme the character and consequences of which as a whole were not disclosed. If it be so, his error is perfectly excusable, and will be more than sufficiently punished by the damage done to his own political reputation. The little courts of governors are like the great courts of kings; truth seldom finds an entrance there.

As an appeal to the convictions of the Governor-General, the remonstrance of the ninety-six members was obviously hopeless; his Halifax speech, notwithstanding its playfulness, had shown to every discerning eye that he was in his Ministers' hands. But as a demonstration the remonstrance was successful. For the future the less parleying, we presume to think, the better. The question between the Government and the nation must be fought out; with all due respect and courtesy towards the Governor-General, of course—but it must be fought out. If a mind is under influence, if the oracle is dumb in the breast, the influence which is always present is sure to prevail, notwithstanding momentary impressions, and parleying only serves to compromise one side and to convey delusive appearances of condonation to the other.

The appearance of Black Rod, to cut short the inquiry into the conduct of Ministers, was the signal for a display of feeling among the members which was irregular and had better have been omitted, but for which, if Canada were disposed to blush for her representatives, abundant precedents might be found in the history of the noblest and most august assemblies of Englishmen that ever maintained against the arbitrary use of prerogative the cause of legal government and ordered freedom. But we need not go back to the days of Eliot, Pym, and Hampden. The sudden dissolution of the British Parliament in 1831 produced scenes, both in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons, at least as tumultuous as that of which we are told that we ought to be so much ashamed. In the House Sir Robert Peel was on his legs, and was speaking in a tone of great excitement when Black Rod knocked at the door, and he continued, say historians, to speak for some minutes longer in the same excited tone as before, though the noise and confusion prevented his remarks from being heard. Sir Robert Peel could hardly be described as having owed the name of gentleman only to the courtesy of his place, nor would the Conservatives of England, who cheered him on, be fitly designated as banditti. But offensive as this vituperation is, and disagreeably as it reminds us of certain productions of the Premier, more offensive is the cant uttered by those who are abusing the prerogative in their own interest. It is as though Colonel Blood, when he was running off with the regalia, had accused a loyal citizen who tried to rescue them from his grasp, of irreverently laying hands upon the crown.

Of the two modes of inquiry, a Committee of the House of Commons and a Royal Commission, we avow our decided preference for the latter, supposing that it can be invested with sufficient powers,† and provided that it be appointed "with the full consent of Parliament,"—to use the words of Mr. Gladstone with reference to the Royal Commission recently appointed to inquire into the subject brought before the Legislature by Mr. Plimsoll. In England matters which have come before Parliament are often referred with its assent to Royal Commissions for the purpose of preliminary investigation, though we believe no English Minister ever dreamed of forcibly taking out of the hands of Parliament a matter of which it had once laid hold—above all anything in the nature of an impeachment. Another obvious condition is that, in any case affecting the personal conduct of Ministers, the Commissioners shall be nominated not by the accused, but by the Governor-General himself, with such disinterested advice as he may be able to obtain. If the legal action of Privy Councillors in this or any other matter is required, there are Privy Councillors who are not Ministers; and a Minister of Justice refusing to put the seal to a commission of inquiry into his own conduct, on the ground that he had not been allowed to pack the board, would render all inquiry superfluous. But it is no longer a question as to the comparative advantages of different modes of inquiry. The question now is whether a Minister shall be permitted to trample under foot the fundamental laws of the British empire, for the purpose of taking out of the hands of Parliament an inquiry which it has commenced into his own conduct, and transferring the inquiry to a tribunal appointed by himself. This is the issue between the Government and the nation.

That the accused shall not be permitted to appoint his own judge is a rule not of any particular constitution, but of common justice. It has been palpably violated on the present occasion. We need not impugn the motives of the gentlemen who have consented to serve on the Commission; we need not even criticize the appointments individually. It is enough that the Court as a whole is manifestly packed in the interest of the accused Minister, and incapable of doing justice between him and the nation. It has been alleged that the function of the Commission is only to take the evidence, not to pronounce sentence. Supposing this to be true, the sentence would still be in great measure determined by the manner in which the evidence was taken. But it is not true; the Commissioners are distinctly empowered to express their opinions in their report.

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† This, we must own, the progress of the discussion has rendered doubtful. Attention has been called to a clause of the law respecting Royal Commissions enacting that no witness shall be compelled to answer any question, if, by doing so, he would render himself liable to a criminal prosecution, which seems to stand fatally in the way of an effective cross-examination.

The position of Mr. Huntington is now one of great difficulty, as the Minister and his confederates no doubt exultingly perceive. His best prompters will be the strong mind and character which have led him, instead of flinging about irresponsible libels in the newspapers or on the hustings, to bring a definite charge before a regular tribunal, and to stake his own character on the truth of his allegations. All that we undertake to say is that in refusing to carry an impeachment, commenced in the Commons, before a board appointed by the Minister in his own interest, he would be amply justified by the constitutional principles of which circumstances have made him the guardian and trustee. By refusal he would, of course, leave to the Minister the advantages on which he calculates—a packed tribunal as the organ of his defence, or, if he prefers it, an excuse for indefinite delay. But this cannot be helped since the Governor-General has deemed it his constitutional duty to place the prerogative in the Minister's hands. The situation of the country under such a government, and the local confederates and agents of such a government, will be bad enough; but the situation of the Governor-General, with a cabinet so tainted, will scarcely be more satisfactory. Nor is it impossible that some help may come from England. The crisis in our affairs has, it is true, attracted much less attention there than the difference with the Ashantees; if leading journals noticed it, they did so in the most careless manner, and evidently less from any interest which they felt in the concerns of the Colony than because the Canadian scandal seemed to furnish weapons for the faction fight at home. Still the constitutional question which has arisen, and which stands quite apart from any Colonial details, is just one of those which the English people can understand; and the Government, enfeebled as it is and on the brink of a general election, can hardly afford to defy the opinion of its supporters. The people here are less instructed and less sensitive on constitutional questions than those at home; yet the palpable fact that the Commission has been appointed by the accused Minister and packed in his interest, cannot fail forcibly to strike their minds and to offend their sense of justice. Mr. McMullen's libel suit, if it comes to an early trial, may possibly be the means of checking in some degree the report of the Commission, by the verdict of a jury and by evidence taken before a regular court of law.

What will be the end? We cannot ask ourselves that question without the deepest anxiety or without much misgiving. Everything depends, in fact, on the moral stamina of the people; and we hardly know what estimate of their moral stamina would be formed by an observer taking—like Sir Hugh Allan, though with a different object—a calm view of the situation. A long period of government by corruption has not failed to produce in the political quarter a criminal population which looks forward to another escape of its favorite hero from "a tight place," just as the community of Seven Dials would have looked forward to another escape of Jack Sheppard from the "Stone Jug." The language held by these people is the precise counterpart of the language held by the followers of Tweed and Butler in defence of their respective chiefs. The flunkey element is also, we fear, considerable; thanks, in no small measure, to the fatal hypocrisy of Liberal journals, which in their anxiety, apparently, to purge themselves of some dreaded imputation, receive the representatives of the Home Government not with seemly respect and genuine cordiality, but with a strain of flattery of which, when employed towards a royal personage in former days, the loyal but manly old Dr. Johnson said, that "it was wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use it without self-detestation." The Governor-General, in his speech at Halifax, jocosely described the relations between himself and the people under his rule as similar to those between an idol and its unreasoning worshippers; and we are afraid that there is, in very deed, no small amount of justification for the metaphor. When called upon to display true loyalty, by defending the great principles of constitutional government, some Canadians would quail beneath the taint of disloyalty levelled at them by men whose "loyalty" is the label on a bale of goods. But apart from these points of special weakness the perceptions of the whole nation have been confused, and its moral judgment has been deadened, by the incessant interchange of party calumny and vituperation; so that the clearest evidence of a really heinous offence now makes a comparatively feeble impression on the popular mind. There is also the inevitable and ingrained belief that every appeal is made in the interest of a faction, which renders it almost impossible to gain the public ear on behalf of the nation. Besides, if the struggle is protracted we can hardly expect a busy and money-making people to keep up the lively interest or the moral tension necessary for the support of their champions to the end. Another and perhaps still more formidable source of misgiving is the corruption of Parliament, which has opened a terrible abyss beneath the foundations of our free institutions. It is not impossible that for the present the nation may succumb, and that it may be left for some youth who is now watching the triumph of iniquity with a swelling heart, to rise hereafter and beat away the vultures which are preying on the vitals of his country. But the patriotic conduct of the fourteen Ministerialists who joined in the remonstrance against the prorogation is a hopeful omen—and in the political sphere a gallant effort is never made in vain.

The Pacific Railway Scandal adds one more dark cloud to those which were already gathering round the setting sun of the Gladstone Government. The English elections still go against Ministers; while the success of a great brewer in Staffordshire, and of a great distiller in Greenwich, marks the ascendency of the powerful interest which, incensed by the new Licensing Act, has carried its force into the Anti-Ministerial camp. Many desire to see England under the sway of Conservative principles, perhaps even under the sway of wealth; but few would deliberately desire to see her under the sway of drink.

The Ministry has been greatly modified, in the hope, no doubt, of averting the stroke of fate. Mr. Lowe, whose misadventure in the Zanzibar contract affair might have been fatal to his government had it occurred at a less languid period of the session, has been transferred from the Exchequer to the Home Office, where, however, his unique power of getting into quarrels will have at least as much scope as it had in the Exchequer. Mr. Bruce, the special object of the liquor-vendors' ire, but also a failure as Home Secretary, is to be consigned to the House of Lords, which might share with Westminster Abbey the title of "the great temple of silence and reconciliation." Mr. Ayrton, according to one report, retires with a load of odium, due rather to the defects of his temper than to want of vigour in his administration. But these shiftings and changes at the last moment will hardly have much effect; nor will the accession of Mr. Bright's name, in the sick man's office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, act like the accession of the great tribune in his prime.

A brilliant French historian has described England as a colossal Carthage. She is more than that; she is a land of intellect, science, art, which we have no reason to suppose that Carthage was. But the power of wealth in her, politically speaking, is overwhelming; wealth is naturally Conservative; and it is now alarmed by the disturbances attending the labour movement in England, and by the unquiet and menacing waves of the European Revolution.

Amidst the decrepitude of his government, a certain dignity still sits on the careworn brow of the Prime Minister, whose course has, at all events, not been that of the mere political tactician, but one of immense and genuine labour in the service of the State. His fate is the harder because it is brought upon him in no small measure by his own achievements; the removal of the Church and Land grievances in Ireland, the revival of Irish prosperity, and the flourishing state of the Exchequer being, in fact, among the principal sources of the state of national feeling which has led to the Conservative reaction. But his assumption of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the most laborious of all the offices, in addition to the Premiership, under the burden of which he was already breaking down, is an instance of one of the weak points in his character as a statesman. His only way of setting right anything that is amiss in his government is to take the work into his own hands. He has never acquired the gift, possessed in so eminent a degree by his master, Peel, of selecting and using subordinates. He engrosses far too much both of the labour of administration and of the speaking in the House. It is true that the choice of subordinates is not so large as it was in Peel's time. The late Speaker used to say that when the present leaders had left the scene, he did not know where the country was to look for statesmen, so great was the dearth of rising talent. Almost all the seats in the House of Commons are now occupied by mere representatives of wealth, landed or commercial, who regard the House very much as a club, seldom work hard, and if they did, being elderly men without political culture, are not the stuff out of which Chathams, Burkes and Cannings are to be made. We are told that there is a remarkable falling off in the interest once taken in Parliamentary debates; and no wonder. Mr. Allsopp was frankly commended to the constituency of Staffordshire as a man who could not speak, but would vote straight; and he is the type of the present House of Commons.

The Liberal chief, however, has played his card. We use the phrase deliberately; and we beg our readers to observe how, under party government even in its native land, the greatest questions are decided, not by the growth of reasonable conviction, but by the strategical exigences of party. In the debate on Mr. Trevelyan's motion for extending household suffrage to the counties, Mr. Forster delivered a message from Mr. Gladstone, who was absent from ill-health, to the effect that the Premier approved the object of the motion. The unusual form of the announcement, which was compared in the House to a Presidential message, made it the more marked, and the flag of County Household Suffrage has at once been hoisted by the party. As Mr. Disraeli has placed the Conservatives in a position in which logical resistance is impossible and practical opposition very awkward, we may expect soon to see the suffrage in the hands of the English peasantry. The electoral qualification having been once reduced to a uniform level, the distinction between county and borough will cease to have much to justify it: representation according to population with equal electoral districts will be the ultimate result.

How will the peasantry use their votes? It is a question at once most momentous and most difficult to answer. Had the enterprising purveyor of social novelties who penetrated "Casual Wards" put on again his cloak of darkness and spent a few evenings among the circle that gathers, as much for the sake of warmth and light as of beer, round the fire in a country alehouse, something might have been known as to Hodge's sentiments, and his enfranchisement might not have been, as it now is, a second "leap in the dark." That the peasantry have been a suffering class is too certain; how they could subsist with such wages as over large districts they received, has literally been a mystery; their children, it is to be feared, often perished from want of sufficient food and clothing; to save money was impossible even to the most industrious of them; and their general end has been the workhouse. Seeing themselves stationary in misery while society generally was in a state of happy progress, and contrasting their own lot with the wealth and luxury displayed around them, they might well deem themselves oppressed; aud their attitude towards the classes above them has been one, commonly speaking, of alienation and dull suspicion, though they may have ducked and doffed their hats to the squire. Their great strike, however, while it has revealed in them an unexpected power of combination, has been conducted on the whole with surprising moderation. The instances of violence have been few, and by no means all upon the peasants' side. Those who infer, as we suspect Mr. Disraeli and some of his followers do from the political conduct of the French peasantry, that the English peasant, when enfranchised, will be Conservative, seem to us to overlook three important points. In the first place, the French peasant, though he is, or was till yesterday, an Imperialist, or rather an adherent of the Bonapartes, with whose dynasty he imagined the tenure of his land to be connected, is not a supporter of aristocracy; on the contrary, his hatred of aristocracy is perhaps the strongest of his political sentiments, and is apt to manifest itself in very unpleasant ways towards any persons of rank and fortune who take up their residence in a rural district. This is partly the result, no doubt, of special circumstances connected with the social history of France; but, at all events, such is the fact. In the second place, whereas the English peasant is a day labourer without a hope of ever becoming a proprietor, the French peasant is a proprietor, and as such an enemy of communism and of everything that can lead to it. In the third place, the French peasant is a member of the Established Church, and his wife at any rate is under the influence of its clergy; whereas the English peasant, though he may be brought to the parish church under social pressure, is at heart, if anything, a Methodist, and is much more likely to vote under the influence of the Dissenting preacher than under that of the rector of the parish, whom he regards as belonging in every sense to a different class. What is pretty certain is that the peasant will vote against the farmer, whose heavy hand he daily feels, though the screw is really applied from above, through rack rent and tenancy-at-will.

The odious controversy about the dotation of Prince Alfred illustrates what we said the other day as to the existence in England of a good deal of feeling against the Court, in spite of the weakness of the republican party properly so called. There is a notion, moreover, among the people, that by the economy of the Prince Consort and of the Queen great private wealth has been accumulated in the Royal Family; and this is probably the fact; but it is also probable that there have been heavy drains. The claim of the members of the Royal Family to dotation seems to us irresistible, so long as the Royal Marriage Act exists.

If they were at liberty to marry whom they pleased, they might marry the richest heiresses in England. That the great controversy between different forms of government which is agitating Europe should in England, teeming as she is with wealth, present itself in the shape of an issue so paltry and sordid, would give us reason to be ashamed of our race, were it not that in spite of all the wealth, great suffering prevails among the masses of the people. Let the hard-working and underpaid come to Canada, and royal dotations will grieve their souls no more.

In the politics of the United States there is a dead calm, with only a ground swell caused by the assiduous but as yet abortive attempts to resuscitate the old Opposition party, or create a new one. It is probably for literary purposes that the *New York Herald* is getting up the alarm of "Cæsarism," the incipient usurper being of course General Grant, a very Yankee Cæsar. The style of the *Herald* is, as usual, full-bodied. "Where John Adams prophesied that we would be celebrating the fourth of July in fireworks for ever, we are menaced with Cæsar before a hundred years have passed, not in the impalpable ghostly form that startled Brutus on the eve of Philippi, but with strong devil-fish arms that may call forth an effort which Victor Hugo might imagine, but the nation does not realize." We may smile at the splendour of the diction. But though General Grant is not a devil-fish, nor likely to meditate a *coup d'état*, there are two things which threaten the substance, if not the form, of American liberty. The first is the immense body of office-holders under the patronage and control of the President. The second is military government at the South, which cannot fail to affect the habits of the government generally, and the political character of the nation.

There is, however, a more pressing danger than that of Cæsarism. At Philadelphia they have discovered a great series of fraudulent land sales, in which the public registrar of deeds was an accomplice. Unfortunately Canada is not exempt from contagion. On our side of the line a great Post-Office robbery has been detected; and we are not surprised to be told that, in this case, as in most cases of public robbery in the United States, the patronage of the office which has suffered is a perquisite of the local politicians. Society on this continent will some day have to defend the fruits of its industry with vigour against the fraternity of Tweed.

"More kings than thrones for them," as Thiers said, is the difficulty of the ruling party in France. This is so clear that a determined attempt has once more been made to diminish the untoward plurality by effecting a fusion between the elder and the younger branch of the house of Bourbon. It was reported that the attempt had been successful; but again the hopes of the fusionists have been wrecked upon the old rock of the difference about the national flag. The heir of Louis XVI. hoisting the ensign of Egalité would indeed be strange heraldry; but the anomaly would not be one of heraldry alone. The white flag of the elder branch means despotism and clerical ascendency; the tricolor of the house of Orleans means a liberal monarchy, with the State supreme over the priesthood and secular education. The white flag means the Past without compromise; the Orleans tricolor means a compromise between the Past and the Future. The Count de Chambord could not hoist the tricolor without apostacy; the Count de Paris could not hoist the white flag without arousing against himself and his house the anti-ecclesiastical sentiment which, notwithstanding the reaction, is still formidably strong in France, and has all the forces of intellect on its side. Meantime the Bonapartists look on chuckling, and expect the ball to roll at last into their hands. They boast that they alone possess the true secret for settling the religious question; a curious fact, if it is so, considering that none of the Bonapartes have ever believed in anything but their star.

To protect society against communism appears to be the special function claimed by the Duke de Broglie for his ministry. A monarchist he avows himself; but between the three dynastic pretenders of whose followers his motley party is made up he appears to profess neutrality, though it is impossible that his heart should not be with the house of Orleans. He is represented as looking upon the three candidates as three racers, and regarding himself as only authorized to see that the start is fair. Unluckily a race between competitors for a crown takes the form of a civil war. It seems not impossible that Marshal MacMahon, whom we take not to be an enthusiastic politician, finding his situation pleasant and the cookery good, may arrive at the conclusion that, all things considered, France might go further and fare worse than she is faring with an eminently Conservative republic under President MacMahon.

The Government is said to be very strong; all Governments in France are till they suddenly perish. They all try to secure themselves in the same way, by terrorism and press-gagging. The supremely liberal Duke de Broglie is suppressing opposition newspapers by the score; and, in addition to the vindictive prosecution of M. Ranc he has executed the sentence, justly as well as prudently suspended by M. Thiers, against Rochefort, a hot-headed and venomous agitator, but one who did the country some service by his influence among the working class during the siege of Paris by the Germans, and who was so far from being concerned in the worst excesses of the Commune that his Communist fellow-convicts have actually tried to lynch him as a traitor to the cause. It is extraordinary that experience so terrible and so often repeated has not yet taught French statesmen that public sentiment, when compressed by the censor, only becomes more explosive, and that terrorism breeds terrorism without end.

The great danger of the Government arises from the violence and insolence of its clerical supporters. One clerical organ says, with reference to the edict respecting the hours of civil burials: "There seems a special fitness in arranging that the corpses of freethinkers shall be disposed of at an hour when the streets are being cleansed of rubbish and offal." Those to whom such language is addressed by a party in power must feel the knife of the St. Bartholomew at their throats. The Government in vain endeavours to clear itself of the offensive taint. "We are religious not clerical" cry the Orleanists. "You are clerical not religious," retorts Gambetta. The descendants of Philippe Egalité have been much misunderstood if there is not truth in the retort.

There appears to be no foundation for the report that Bismarck's power is on the wane. He has difficulties, no doubt, with his old Conservative Emperor, and with colleagues whose brain is not so large and whose will is not so strong as his own. But he reigns, and probably will continue to reign, as long as any mortal mind and body can endure the strain which must be laid on his. With such examples as those of Bismarck and Von Moltke before us it can hardly be said that the human race is falling off in its power of enduring toil.

Bismarck has been represented by clerical organs, to the horror of the faithful, as saying "that he would put the State in the place of God." The report is now officially contradicted for the comfort of those who need an official assurance that a man of Bismarck's sense has not been talking intolerable nonsense. But after all the report is merely the clerical version of Bismarck's real policy. He is the great antagonist of theocracy—the

Anti-Hildebrand of our time. As Hildebrand in his day asserted the supremacy of the priesthood over the State, so Bismarck in his day is asserting the supremacy of the State over the priesthood. That the clergy were a sacred caste above the nation and the law was the theory of Hildebrand; that the clergy of all denominations are citizens, owing allegiance to the nation and subject to the law, is the theory of Bismarck. The struggle between him and the Papacy is internecine. Experience has shown that two powers cannot be supreme; that the authority claimed by the Popes as spiritual extends really over all human actions, and if conceded would make the priest absolute master of humanity. No less is in fact involved in the Pope's encyclicals, which apply to the political and intellectual as well as to the religious sphere, calling upon mankind in all alike to renounce modern civilization. For the first time perhaps in history the Papal theory is met by one equally thoroughgoing, and enforced with equal boldness on the other side.

Macaulay, in a well-known passage, has described the peculiar state of European sentiment during the great struggle of the sixteenth century, when nationality was superseded by religious party, and the French Huguenot was for the time more the fellow countryman of the Englishman than of the French Catholic. The sixteenth century is in this respect being reproduced at the present day. The journals of the Reaction in France complain of the want of patriotism betrayed by French Liberals who, they say, and no doubt with truth, are becoming partisans of Bismarck. A country which buries dissidents "like rubbish and offal," must be expected, like a country which massacres them for their Protestantism, in some measure to lose its hold on their affections.

Whatever may be thought of Bismarck's theories of society, there can be no doubt that the man himself is one of the most extraordinary of the personal forces of history. Marvellously has his character been moulded by destiny to be the hinge on which the fortunes of the world might turn. The Liberal and the military element are generally opposed to each other; and in Prussia they were so in a marked manner, the "Junkers" being at once the Conservative and military party, while the first object of the Liberals was to reduce the army. Yet German progress was to be defended against the forces of the Reactionary French Empire, and of Reaction generally, only by the union of the two. In Bismarck they were united: he was intensely military and at the same time intensely Liberal, so far as regards those questions which lie at the root of the whole controversy between Progress and Reaction. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was military first and Liberal afterwards. At all events, he at first maintained against the Liberals, by very arbitrary measures, in conjunction with feudalists like Von Roon, a vast military system; and with the army thus maintained he has won victories for the Liberal cause far greater than any which it had gained since Gustavus fell upon the field of Lützen. We may name Lützen in conjunction with Sadowa and Sedan; for the European movement, the vast and complex developments of which we are witnessing, now in the cell of the student, now amidst the thunder of the battle-field, is the Reformation recommencing its march with a wider range, with deeper significance, and reinforced by the mighty accession of modern science. It is natural to suppose that Bismarck's policy has in some degree been modified as he advanced, and that it has taken its mould to some extent from the obstacles which it has successively encountered. We can hardly imagine that in the midst of the revolutions of 1848, and afterwards, when by his arbitrary measures he actually provoked the attempt of a fanatical revolutionist on his life, he foresaw that he should stand where he now stands, the head of the party of Progress, and the chief mark for all the anathemas of Reaction. But on any hypothesis the workings of his brain during the last quarter of a century, if they could be revealed to us, would be a marvellous subject for mental science.

We may be well assured that Bismarck's eye is on Spain, and that he watches, as intently as in the days of the Hohenzollern candidature, the fortunes of the battle in that part of the field. The stock metaphor of a ship on fire driving over a stormy sea might be applied with more than usual appropriateness to the case of the national Government of Spain, which is struggling at once to defend its territory against the inroads of Carlism from the north, and to quench the flames of anarchic insurrection in the great cities within its nominal dominion. Anarchic insurrection appears to have been successfully put down, after a desperate struggle, in all the cities except Carthagena, the respectable citizens of all parties no doubt supporting the Republican Government as the only power of order in the land. Carlism in the meantime wins petty victories, sometimes counterbalanced by defeats on the same scale. It receives supplies of money and arms from the Papal and Reactionist party in other countries, but it hardly advances beyond the territory, as limited as the Scottish Highlands compared with Great Britain, which has always been its stronghold, nor does it make any apparent progress towards political ascendency. A Carlist mob appears to have mingled with an International mob in firing Seville and committing other anarchic atrocities, but nothing like a general movement in favour of the Pretender has taken place; though no doubt his health is being drunk at Salamanca as that of Prince Charlie was at Oxford. On the whole, the National Government gains ground. It has got something like an army on foot again, and Salmeron, whom it has now at its head, is about the best of the political chiefs.

The state of the country is not so bad as might be supposed. As the *Globe*, which has had two or three articles of unusual merit on the Spanish Revolution, truly says, Spain is less sensitively organized than England. In England itself, in ruder times, civil wars went on without much interfering with the ordinary course of trade or of life. The amount of disturbance caused by the wars of the Roses, or even by the great Rebellion, was wonderfully small. Horace Walpole has a story of a gentleman going out with his hounds across the battlefield on the morning of Edgehill.

The Spanish nation, last, or nearly so, of all the nations of Europe, is struggling to throw off the grave-clothes of the past, and to enter upon its share of the heritage of modern civilization. The process is not unattended with difficulty and disturbance in this any more than in other cases. The Reformation won its way through terrible wars, civil and international, and was disgraced by the follies and excesses of the Anabaptists. The English Revolution of the seventeenth century, though it ended in the settlement of 1688, and though we owe to it that we are not as the Spain of the old regime, came in like manner in the form of fifty years of civil strife, and was in like manner disgraced by the follies and excesses of Fifth Monarchy men and Levellers. It is needless to recall the crimes, absurdities and horrors, which marked the exodus of France from the medieval into the modern state of society. Compared with the French Revolution that of Spain may be said so far to have been "made with rose water." At such junctures all the pent-up forces of disorder break forth, and the dangerous classes of society are for the time invested with formidable power. Those who have studied the history of revolutions need no reporter to tell them what is going on in the hall of the Cortes: they can easily divine the passions, the chimeras, the factions, the selfish ambitions which are contending and raging there, and estimate the stress laid upon such leaders as retain their self-command, and are striving to work out the salvation of the country. The Spanish Revolution may end in disaster; history affords no guarantee against its doing so; but it may be the new birth of a nation; and it demands at any rate not cynical derision, but the serious attention due to every great effort and movement of humanity.

The remarks which we have from time to time made upon the taxation of personal property by municipalities have just received a signal illustration. The City Council of Toronto has laid upon the capital of the owners of bank stock (and stock of all kinds seems equally threatened) an impost which, taking the ordinary rate of interest at five per cent., which is that of our national securities, is equivalent to an income-tax of thirty per cent. on the income of citizens whose money is invested in such stock. It may safely be said that this has no parallel in the fiscal system of the most oppressive government in the world. To find anything analogous to it in modern times we must resort to the annals, not of regular taxation, but of military requisition. And the Council, if they please, may double the amount. A power, in fact, of unlimited confiscation is placed in the hands, it may be, of ward politicians. It is needless to say that, if the threatened impost is levied, capital will at once take flight into the Lower Province or over the line. We are always inviting the possessors of capital in England to come and invest here. Do we suppose that they will be so kind as to walk into what is proclaimed to be a fiscal slaughter-house? The very threat of such confiscation has probably, by alarming the sensitive nerves of commerce, done more harm to Toronto than will be easily repaired. Editorials have been written, and resolutions have been framed against the collection of the tax; but the true point we venture to think has hardly been hit. Municipalities render certain services (or, as regards a considerable part of Toronto, fail to render them) to certain descriptions of property; and upon these descriptions of property they are entitled to levy rates accordingly. But they render no services to bank stock or stock of any kind, and, therefore, they are not fairly entitled to levy rates on it. In framing canons of taxation economists have been apt to forget that the first canon of all, in the case of a tax as in the case of any other measure of government, is that it should be just. But, we repeat, municipal government is one of the great problems of this continent, and people will have to rouse themselves and attend to it, if they wish to enjoy the fruits of their industry and frugality in peace.

The last event, at the time of our going to press, is Mr. Huntington's letter declining to be a party to the removal of the impeachment from the jurisdiction of Parliament to that of the Royal Commission. The letter appears to us to be plainly in accordance with the principles of constitutional right, of the common law, and of common justice; and to entitle its writer, as the defender of these principles against a misuse of the prerogative by the officers of the Crown, to the sympathy and support of the nation.

The form of the summons addressed by the Commissioners to Mr. Huntington appears to exhibit in a marked manner the questionable relations of the present Commission to the ordinary tribunals and the Common Law.

It is difficult to say what the next step will be. The Commission is not a branch of the judiciary having its own rules of action clearly marked out by the law; it is merely a temporary branch of the Executive. looking for guidance in doubtful cases to the authority under which it acts. We presume that the Commissioners will deem it necessary to take the pleasure of the Governor-General, who is at present absent on his yachting excursion, before entering on a direct conflict with the Commons.

SELECTIONS.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.*

WHEN Lady Holland, the wife of the eminent physician and natural philosopher, undertook the biography of her father, she applied to me and others for any reminiscences we might happen to have retained of his familiar life and conversation. The greater part of the material I supplied to her is incorporated in her admirable and accessible volumes, and I am unwilling to repeat it here. But something remains which I do not think has been given to the public, and there are aspects of the character of my old friend and social companion which have not been made as prominent as they deserve.

As a Yorkshireman I had heard much of the inspiring effects of his wit and gaiety in provincial life, and his residences among the breezy wolds of the East Riding are still pointed out with respectful interest. In that country, which still retains its pastoral character, and where the simple habits of a sparse and scattered population offer a striking contrast to the fume and tumult of their Western neighbours, there had been erected during the last and former centuries, by a strange accident of aristocratic possession, and at a cost which the difficulties of transport and the facility of labour at the time of their construction must have rendered enormous, some of the noblest and most decorated of English mansions. The inhabitants of these isolated palaces, of which Castle Howard is the most notable, welcomed with delight the unexpected vicinage of a mighty Edinburgh Reviewer in the disguise of a village parson, and competed for his society with the not distant city of York, over the church of which Archbishop Harcourt, the last of the Cardinal Prelates of our Establishment, so long presided.

This intercourse not only relieved what would have been a sad change from the genial hospitalities and frequent festivities of his former city life, but increased that familiar and friendly association with the representatives of a higher station in society which alone made it agreeable, or even tolerable, to his independent nature. He demanded equality, at least, in every company he entered, and generally got something more.

I have heard that it took some time for his professional brethren to accommodate themselves to what would have been indeed a startling apparition in their retired and monotonous existence, but that his active interest in parochial matters, however insignificant, his entire simplicity of demeanour, his cheerful endurance and ingenious remedies in all the little discomforts of his position, quite won their hearts, and that he became as popular with them as ever he was among his cognate wits and intellectual fellows. He willingly assisted his neighbours in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. "I am very glad that I have amused you," said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow." "I should hope I know the difference between being here and at church," remarked the gentleman with some sharpness. "I am not so sure of that," replied the visitor; "I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the squire. "Take you," replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the name "Ker-shaw" several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognise his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation ; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet.

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* From "Monographs Personal and Social." By Lord Houghton. London: John Murray, Publisher.

[We are also indebted to this interesting volume for the selection entitled "Harriet Lady Ashburton," which appeared in our August number, and credit for which was accidentally omitted. —[Ed. *C. M.*]

Though in appearance less brilliant and important, I suspect that this must have been the happiest period of Mr. Sydney Smith's career, He had full health, talents employed, domestic comforts, great hopes of eminence in his profession, and abundant amusement without the inevitable frivolities that wait on large companies of men, or the moral and intellectual condescensions which great popularity in the social, as well as in the political, world demands.

The luxurious Somersetshire rectory to which he was soon transferred had many superior attractions to his rough Yorkshire home, but he never ceased to regret the fresh atmosphere and shrewd energy of the north. "What with the long torpor of the cider, and the heated air of the west," he said, "they all become boozy, the squires grow blind, the labourers come drunk to work, and the maids pin their mistresses' gowns awry." In his own phrase he "eviscerated" the house and made it most commodious, and every wall glistened with books. But the great merit of Combe Florey was that, as he said, "It bound up so well with London ;" and when, on Lord Grey's accession to power, he was appointed to a Canonry of St. Paul's, he was able to oscillate agreeably between the two functions, and to get the most out of Town and Country. It was a great delight to him to induce his London friends to visit him, and Lady Holland's work abounds with his devices and mystifications for their diversion.

But his love of London it is impossible to overrate. The old Marquis who never approached the town without the ejaculation, "Those blessed lamps !" was far outstripped by his eloquent fancy. I remember his vision of an immense Square with the trees flowering with flambeaux, with gas for grass, and every window illuminated by countless chandeliers, and voices reiterating for ever and for ever, "Mr. Sydney Smith coming up stairs !" The parallelogram between Hyde Park and Regent Street, Oxford Street and Piccadilly, within which he dwelt, contained, in his belief, more wisdom, wit, and wealth, than all the rest of the inhabited globe. It was to him a magazine and repository of what was deepest and most real in human life. "If a messenger from heaven," he used to say, "were on a sudden to annihilate the love of power, the love of wealth, the love of esteem, in the hearts of men, the streets of London would be as empty and silent at noon as they are now in the middle of the night." His nature demanded for its satisfaction the fresh interests of every hour ; he defined the country—"a place with only one post a day." The little expectations and trivial disappointments, the notes and the responses, the news and the contradictions, the gossip and the refutation, were to him sources of infinite amusement ; and the immense social popularity which made his presence at a dinner-table a household event, was satisfactory to his pleasure-loving and pleasure-giving temperament, even if it sometimes annoyed him in its indiscriminating exigency. The very diversity, and it may be, the frequent inferiority of the company in which he found himself, was not distasteful to him, for while his cheerfulness made his own portion of the entertainment its own satisfaction, he had acquired, when I knew him, the habit of direction and mastery in almost every society where he found himself. He would allow, what indeed he could not prevent, the brilliant monologue of Mr. Macaulay, and was content to avenge himself with the pleasantry, "That he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop." He yielded to the philosophy and erudition of such men as Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote, with an occasional deprecatory comment, but he admitted no competition or encounter in his own field. On this point he was strangely unjust. When some enterprising entertainer brought him and Mr. Theodore Hook together, the failure was complete ; Mr. Sydney Smith could see nothing but buffoonery in the gay, dramatic faculty and wonderful extempore invention of the novelist, just as he either could, or would not, see any merit in those masterpieces of comic verse, the works of one of his own fellow-administrators of the cathedral of St. Paul's, the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Not that, in the common phrase, he monopolised the conversation; it rather monopolised him, as was expressed by the young lady, who responded by a fit of laughter to his grace after dinner, exclaiming: "You are always so amusing."

He has written depreciatingly of all playing upon words, but his rapid apprehension could not altogether exclude a kind of wit which in its best forms takes fast hold of the memory, besides the momentary amusement it excites. His objection to the superiority of a City feast: "I cannot wholly value a dinner by the test you do;"—his proposal to settle the question of wood pavement round St. Paul's: "Let the Canons once lay their heads together, and the thing will be done;"—his pretty compliment to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe: "Ah! there you are: the cuff that every one would wear, the tie that no one would loose"—may be cited as perfect in their way. His salutation to a friend who had grown stouter, "I did not half see you when you were in town last year," is perhaps rather a play on thoughts than on words.

The irrepressible humour sometimes forced its way in a singular manner through serious observations. He was speaking of the accusations of nepotism brought against a statesman to whom he was much attached, and which he thought supremely unjust: "Such a disposition of patronage was one of the legitimate inducements to a man of high rank and large fortune to abandon the comforts of private life for the turmoils and disappointments of a political career. Nor did the country suffer by it; on the contrary, a man was much more likely to be able to judge of the real competence of his relatives whom he knew well for any office than he could from secondhand or documentary information;—indeed, he felt this so strongly that, if by any inconceivable freak of fortune he himself were placed in the position, he should think himself not only authorized, but compelled, to give a competent post to every man of his own name in the country." Again, in the course of an argument on the subject of the interference of this country in foreign wars and the necessity of keeping up our national *prestige* on the Continent, after some sound reasoning he concluded: "I have spent enough and fought enough for other nations. I must think a little of myself—I want to sit under my own bramble and sloe-tree with my own great-coat and umbrella. No war for me short of Piccadilly; there, indeed, in front of Grange's shop, I will meet Luttrell, and Rogers, and Willmot and other knights; I will combat to the death for Fortnum and Mason's next door, and fall in defence of the sauces of my country."

I have mentioned the independence of character which secured him from moral injury in a society where the natural arrogance of aristocracy is fostered and encouraged by continual pressure and intrusion from without. He always showed the consciousness that he fully repaid any courtesy or condescension that he might receive by raising the coarser frivolity of high life to a level of something like intellectual enjoyment. Yet he could not altogether conceal his sense of the inevitable defects of idle opulence, and rank without personal merit. I remember complaining to him one day of the insolence of some fine lady, and receiving a smart reproof for caring about such nonsense: "You should remember that they are poodles fed upon cream and muffins, and the wonder is that they retain either temper or digestion.' For the active pursuit of wealth he had a far different estimate; he thought no man could be better employed than in making honest money: he said "he felt warmed by the very contact of such men as the great bankers and merchants of his time." He liked to bring home this satisfaction to his own personal position. "What a blessing to have been born in this country, where three men, like my brothers and myself, starting from the common level of life, could, by the mere exercise of their own talents and industry, be what we are, with every material comfort and every requisite consideration." Speaking of one of these, Mr. Robert Smith, the fine classic and distinguished Indian official, he burst forth: "What a glorious possession for England that India is! My brother Bobus comes to me one morning when I am in bed, and says he is going there, and wishes me good-bye. I turn round, go to sleep for some time, and when I wake, there he is again, standing by me, hardly at all altered, with a huge fortune." His brother Courteney also returned from India with great wealth; Sydney also spoke of him as a man of at least equal ability with himself. There was a current story that when some one alluded to the magnificent administration of Lord Hastings in India, he responded: "Ma*c*nificent you mean."

I am inclined to dwell somewhat on the clerical position of Mr. Sydney Smith, from the misapprehension concerning it that existed, and still exists, in the judgments of many estimable men. There can be no greater anachronism than to confound the estimates of the sacerdotal character as it has come to be regarded by public opinion in the first half of the nineteenth century, with the ancient standard that prevailed up to that period. The ministers of the Church of England, taken as a whole, were serious, not austere—pious, not devout—literary, not learned. Its prelates were, many of them, good scholars rather than theologians, and they rose to the Bench as often by an edition of a Greek play as by a commentary on the Scriptures. It is related by one, by no means the least eminent, that he dismissed his candidates for ordination with the injunction "to improve their Greek, and not waste their time in visiting the poor." His profession Mr. Sydney Smith went into young, without any notion of special aptitude, without any pretence of a spiritual vocation. He undertook to perform its duties in the different spheres in which they might be presented to him, to form his life on a certain basis of belief, to submit to its recognised restrictions, and to defer to its constituted authorities. If, besides these negative functions, he adorned the profession with learning or wit, if he strengthened its political constitution or advanced its intellectual interests, if, in a word, besides being a respectable clergyman, he became a man of mark in literature or science, in social development or philanthropic work, he demanded that he should have his share of the dignities and wealth of the corporation to which he belonged, and rise, if favoured by fortune and sanctioned by desert, to the highest conditions of the realm. In this view of the ecclesiastical life there was nothing strange or new; in fact, it was strange and new to think otherwise. The Church of England, as the Church of Rome before it, participated in all the intellectual as well as spiritual movements of mankind, and did not shrink from rights of interference in the government and policy of the State. It thought it no derogation to be a valuable branch of the civil service, to guard the morality and guide the education of the people. Its most earnest philanthropists were men of the world, and its reformers aimed at gradual and reasonable changes not incongruous with the wealth and dignity that made it attractive to men of high birth and costly education. Nor did it attempt to divest itself of political objects and party bias. It prided itself on its judicial attitude amid the passions of religious controversy, and if it had ejected the Nonconformists it had cut itself off from the Nonjurors. But in pure politics it was essentially Tory, and ecclesiastical advocates of change and novelty were few and far between. Mr. Sydney Smith is therefore fully justified in asserting the entire disinterestedness with which he joined the liberal camp, and in saying that "it would be indeed absurd to suppose that, in doing so, he had any thought or prospect of promotion in his profession." But when, after many years of work and success in the advocacy of those opinions, and intimate connection with its political leaders, his party became predominant in the State, the apparent neglect of his services was at once a private wound and a public injury.

It was a natural feeling on the part of the daughter to represent her father as treating the neglect with dignified indifference, but neither his conduct nor his language have left me with that impression. Lord Brougham, indeed, told me that when the Whig Government was formed, Mr. Sydney Smith wrote to him to the effect that, as for a Bishopric, it would not suit his friends to give it him or him to receive it, but that he should be glad of any other preferment,—and that he (Lord Brougham) had answered him that "in those expressions he had shown, as usual, his complete common sense," adding: "Leave the fastnesses of the Church to others; keep the snugnesses for yourself." I have no doubt Lord Brougham reported his own words correctly; I am not so sure about those of Sydney Smith.

It is probable, however, that his own feelings on the matter swayed and changed with the temper of the moment. There were times, no doubt, when the sense of the comfort of the modest duties allotted to him was agreeable, as I remember in his salutation to a young Archdeacon, now perhaps the foremost Prelate in the Church: "You have got your first honour in your profession—the first drippings of the coming shower. *I* have everything I want, a Canonry with excellent pasture, a charming parish and residence, and—what I will tell you privately, but it must not go any farther—an excellent living I never see." This was Halliburton, near Exeter, which had been attached to his stall at Bristol. In the same state of mind he once expressed to me his feelings respecting the death of his eldest son at Oxford, in the full promise of the highest distinction: "It was terrible at the time, but it has been best for me since; it has been bad enough in life to have been ambitious for myself, it would have been dreadful to have been ambitious for another."

The subject of his exclusion rarely occurs in his letters, but in one to Mrs. Grote (Dec. 1840), announcing the news of a batch of baronets, he anticipates the honour for Mr. Grote (who, by the by, afterwards refused a peerage), and adds: "If he is not, I will: the Ministers who would not make me a bishop can't refuse to make me a baronet." But the real proof of the depth of injury inflicted by this deprivation of the great privileges and powers of his profession was his continual allusion, and sharp, though not malignant, satire against the Order. So many instances crowd on the memory that selection is not easy. I will mention those that first recur to me, which are not already included in Lady Holland's "Life."

"I delight in a stage-coach and four, and how could I have gone by one as a Bishop?" I might have found myself alone with a young lady of strong dissenting principles, who would have called for help, to disgrace the Church, or with an Atheist, who told me what he had said in his heart, and when I had taken refuge on the outside, I might have found an Unitarian in the basket, or, if I got on the box, the coachman might have told me 'he was once one of those rascally parsons, but had now taken to a better and an honester trade.'"

"Why don't the thieves dress with aprons—so convenient for storing any stolen goods? You would see the Archbishop of York taken off at every race-course, and not a prize-fight without an archdeacon in the paws of the police."

"The Bishop of St. David's has been studying Welsh all the summer; it is a difficult language, and I hope he will be careful—it is so easy for him to take up the Funeral-Service, and read it over the next wedding-party, or to make a mistake in a tense in a Confirmation, and the children will have renounced their godfathers and godmothers, and got nothing in their place."

"They now speak of the peculiar difficulties and restrictions of the Episcopal Office. I only read in Scripture of two inhibitions—boxing and polygamy."

He was not likely to have much sympathy for the novel demand for the extension of Episcopacy in the colonies, which he called "Colonial mitrophilism." "There soon will not be a rock in the sea on which a cormorant can perch, but they will put a Bishop beside it. Heligoland is already nominated."

It will of course appear to many that the levity with which he would thus treat the dignitaries of his profession would of itself have unfitted him for its highest offices, and certainly with the present emotional and historical development of religious feeling in the Church, there would be much truth in the opinion. But this was not, and could not have been, his aspect of a hierarchy in which Swift had been a Dean and Sterne a Canon, not only without scandal but with popular admiration and national pride, and the objections to his elevation really apply quite as strongly to his status as a minister of the Church at all. The question may fairly be asked, why should he not have made quite as good a Bishop as he was a parish Priest and Canon of St. Paul's. The temperament which, in his own words, "made him always live in the Present and the Future, and look on the Past as so much dirty linen," was eminently favourable to his fit understanding and full accomplishment of whatever work he had to do. There has been no word of adverse criticism on his parochial administration, and he has left the best recollections of the diligence and scrupulous care with which he fulfilled his duties in connection with the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

He often spoke with much bitterness of the growing belief in three Sexes of Humanity—Men, Women, and Clergymen; "but, for his part, he would not surrender his rightful share of interference in all great human interests of his time." Had he attained a seat on the Bench of Bishops, he would assuredly have been considerate to the clergy, intelligent and active in all works of beneficence, eminent in the work of education, and, what is so rare in his profession, an excellent man of business in all the temporal affairs of his diocese. To the House of Lords, his union of lively perception and vigorous judgment would have been very acceptable, and he would have arrested that current of prejudiced opinion which would confine the influence and interference of the members of that Assembly, who have especially won their way to its distinctions by their own various abilities, to the discussion of purely professional topics.

But the development, as our century advanced, of an ideal of the Church of England, in which first the imaginative and spiritual elements, and later the mystically-historical, came to supersede the old moral, intellectual, and political order, not only has tended to the exclusion from the hierarchy of the very men who in the former time would have been selected for its offices, but, during the later years of Mr. Sydney Smith's life, had so far taken hold of the public mind that it was not uncommon to hear, even from fair-judging men, a regret that he had selected the clerical profession at all, and a secret repugnance to the fusion between what seemed to them the sacred and profane in his thoughts and language. The exclusion of the clergy from the ordinary amusements of English life was already gradually tending to their rarer appearance in general society, and the frequent presence of one of the body as a brilliant diner-out was becoming something anomalous. The constant growth of this feeling to the present time renders it difficult to many to understand how modern it was, and how rapid the change from the old-fashioned estimate of the manners and proprieties of clerical life. When Mr. Sydney Smith came to Yorkshire, he must still have found the sporting parson—a character now only lingering in the far west of England — in full vigour; but it seems to have been distasteful to him, for when asked by Archbishop Harcourt (who had himself considerable sympathy with those diversions) whether he objected to seeing the clergy on horseback? he answered: "Certainly not, provided they turn out their toes." It is not uncharitable to attribute this special rigour in some degree to the entire absence of the sporting instinct in himself, which led him to regard "being kicked up and down Pall Mall as a more reasonable exercise than riding a high-trotting horse," and to confess that "when he took a gun in hand he was sure that the safest position the pheasant could assume was just opposite its muzzle."

It needs no argument to prove that susceptibilities on the score of irreverence increase in proportion to the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. When essential facts cease to be incontrovertible they are no longer safe from the humour of contrasts and analogies. It is thus that the secular use of scriptural allusion was more frequent in the days of simple belief in inspiration than in our times of linguistic and historical criticism. Phrases and figures were then taken as freely out of sacred as out of classical literature, and even characters as gross and ludicrous as some of Fielding's clergy were not looked upon as satire against the Church. Thus, when Sydney Smith illustrated his objections to always living in the country by saying that "he was in the position of the personage who, when he entered a village, straightway he found an ass,"—or described the future condition of Mr. Croker as "disputing with the Recording Angel as to the dates of his sins,"—or drew a picture of Sir George Cornewall Lewis in Hades, "for ever and ever book-less, essay-less, pamphlet-less, grammar-less, in vain imploring the Bishop of London, seated aloft, for one little treatise on the Greek article—one smallest dissertation on the verb in *ui*,"—it never occurred to him that he was doing anything more than taking the most vivid and familiar images as vehicles of his humour. How little impropriety he could have attached to these playfulnesses, is evident from a striking passage in the "Essay on Wit," which formed part of the series of Lectures he delivered at the Royal Institution, and which he was fond of describing "as the most successful swindle of the season."

"It is a beautiful thing to observe the boundaries which Nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our nature;" and after various powerful illustrations of this impression, he thus concludes:—"Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the man of humour meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that in all the great feelings of their nature the mass of mankind always think and act alike; that they are ready enough to laugh, but that they are quite as ready to drive away with indignation and contempt the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth and to beat down the temples of God."

There was another cause which at that time contributed to liberty on such points among serious men—the absence of all religious controversy or discussion in good society. When, in the decline of his life, Mr. Luttrell took a tour of country-houses, he told his friends on his return that he had found himself quite put out by the theological talk that prevailed in every house he had visited—except in that perfect gentleman's, the Bishop of ———, where the subject never occurred. This was in truth no great exaggeration of the change that had taken place in the public use of such topics, and would of itself explain how Mr. Sydney Smith might to some have appeared irreverent, while in fact the irreverence must to him have appeared all on the other side. One of the main repugnances of the churchmen of the early part of our century to what they called "Methodism"—that is, the great development of evangelical sentiment in English religion—was the introduction into the open air of the world of an order of thought and feeling which custom had relegated to certain times and places, and which it was neither good taste nor good sense to make general and familiar. It was the boast and tradition of the Church of England to take a "*Via Media*," in manner as in doctrine, which should keep clear of lightness and of solemnity, of preciseness and of passion. "How beautiful it is," I heard Sydney Smith preach at Combe Florey, "to see the good man wearing the mantle of piety over the dress of daily life—walking gaily among men, the secret servant of God." In this chance expression, it seemed to me, lay his main theory of religion. In one of his admirable sermons ("On the Character and Genius of the Christian Religion"), he says emphatically: "The Gospel has no enthusiasm—it pursues always the same calm tenor of language, and the same practical view, in what it enjoins . . . . . There is no other faith which is not degraded by its ceremonies, its fables, its sensuality, or its violence; the Gospel only is natural, simple, correct, and mild." Another discourse has for its title, "The Pleasures of Religion," on which he dilates with an earnest conviction that it is not only possible to make the best of both worlds, but that it is rather for the daily contentment than for the extraordinary solaces of life that Christianity has been given to mankind.

There is no doubt that his secular repute diminished to some extent the consideration that his powers as a preacher would otherwise have obtained. Though perhaps less carefully composed than his other writings, his Sermons abound with what is so rare in that form of literature—real interest; and while the subject matter is level with an educated intelligence, the form adapts them to any mixed audience not solicitous for emotion or surprise. They are, perhaps, the foremost in that class of discourses, so difficult to find, which are suitable for a body of hearers neither private nor public enough for vivid appeals to the feelings or subtle demands on the understanding. His delivery was animated without being dramatic, and would recall to those familiar with his writings the sharp animadversion in one of his earliest productions—the small volumes printed in 1801, on the monotonous and conventional treatment of sacred subjects in the pulpit, but which, somehow or other, has had no place in his collected works—how undeservedly the following extracts would suffice to show:

"Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth close, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this *holoplexia* on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? . . . We have cherished contempt for centuries, and persevered in dignified tameness so long, that while we are freezing common sense for large salaries in stately churches, amidst whole acres and furlongs of empty pews, the crowd are feasting on ungrammatical fervour and illiterate animation in the crumbling hovels of the Methodists."

In considering the relation of Mr. Sydney Smith's other works to his living reputation, it seems difficult for the one to sustain and continue the other unless by some combination of interest in their subjects and their forms, and on this point he shares the destiny and the difficulties of the most eminent names in the history of British letters. Should, indeed, a complete English education ever become an object of serious study in this country, a great advantage and facility will be recognised in the circumstance that our best writers are more or less political. I do not allude to professed historians, or even to those who describe, attack, or defend the public affairs in which they have been personally engaged—such as Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, or Bolingbroke—but to the specially literary classes—the novelists and the divines—who have not been content to deal either with abstractions or theories, but have come down among their fellow-citizens to contend for any common cause that is agitating the nation. Hence there often seems a ludicrous disproportion between what seems the importance of the defence or attack and the weight of the defender or assailant. We might gladly commit the apology of the House of Hanover to the pellucid English of Addison's "Freeholder," or the less important party struggles of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford to the rhetoric of the long mysterious Junius; but we grudge the gigantic satire of Swift evoked by Wood's copper half-pence, and even the time of Walter Scott, devoted to the one-pound note of his country. But whether this be a waste of power or not, it seems to be so necessary a product of our character and our institutions, that when any powerful writer has the taste and temperament of a politician, it is a wonder if he be anything else. Thus it is fortunate that the questions in which Mr. Sidney Smith lavished his wit were not only the topics of the day, but had their roots in serious and permanent interests.

The Irish Church, which he so boldly satirised, is abolished; the Ballot, which he ridiculed, is established; the Ecclesiastical Commission, which he was ready to oppose "even to the loss of a portion of his own income and the whole of Dr. Spry's," is now the sole depository of the temporalities of the Church; the "Colonial" freedom he so early advocated is complete; and if the Game-laws be still on the statute-book, it is not from want of criticism or objection. Thus, whether his advocacy succeeded or failed, it must not be forgotten that these were matters which deeply agitated the public mind of the England in which he lived, and full account should be taken of the influence which such a statesman of the study, armed with so rare and well-tempered a glaive of wit, must have exercised. But besides, and beyond this marvellous faculty, let no one despise the admirable vehicle of language in which it is conveyed, or decline to join in the adjuration he solemnly uttered: "God preserve us the purity of style which from our earliest days we have endeavoured to gather in the great schools of ancient learning."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

According to the "Scientific Press," of San Francisco, hot-air stoves or furnaces for heating dwellings are very unwholesome, if they are constructed of cast-iron, but are not deleterious when they are made of wrought-iron. Cast-iron—the material generally employed—has the unfortunate peculiarity that the gases of combustion, namely, carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, readily permeate it when hot, and are thus distributed through the dwelling, greatly deteriorating the air, and injuring the health of the inmates. On the other hand, wrought-iron, such as boiler iron, does not allow a trace of those highly injurious gases to escape, and it ought, therefore, to be adopted, in spite of its greater expense. In cold countries, especially, this matter, as a sanitary question, becomes one of great importance, and is well worthy the attention of those who are sufficiently well educated to properly appreciate the necessity of having pure and uncontaminated air to breathe.

It is well known that Dr. Bastian, the author of the "Beginnings of Life," believed himself to have shown experimentally that living organisms can be generated spontaneously. His chief and most important experiments in proof of this were undertaken with a specially prepared infusion of turnip; and he showed that when this infusion was heated to the boiling point under conditions absolutely precluding the introduction of living matter from without, living organisms, nevertheless, made their appearance in it after a few days. The entire point of these experiments clearly lay in the assumption that the temperature of boiling is sufficient to kill all living matter that might exist in the fluid to begin with. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, an observer of unquestionable authority, has, however, recently shown that the above assumption is erroneous, and that these experiments are, therefore, no proof at all of the occurrence of spontaneous generation. He has shown, namely, that similar liquids, placed under similar conditions, though they always become the home of living beings if only heated to the boiling point, never exhibit any traces of life if heated to a somewhat higher temperature. Dr. Bastian's experiments, therefore, simply prove that the germs of the lower forms of life are not destroyed by being subjected to a temperature equal to the boiling point of water.

Owing to the recent scarcity of rags, paper makers have been driven to look out for new substitutes for the substances hitherto employed in the manufacture of paper. In France, hopstalks have been used with success, and in England jute has been tried with satisfactory results. Things have so far progressed that newspapers have been printed on jute paper, and it seems possible that this substance may be successfully introduced into general use for all but the finer kinds of paper.

The series of observations made by the U. S. Signal Corps has now been extended to include a daily record of the temperature of the surface and bottom of the rivers and harbours upon which the several stations of the service are situated. This is not only a matter of scientific interest, but also has important practical bearings, especially in connection with the subject of introducing useful fishes into the lakes and rivers of this country; since it is well known that certain fishes, such as salmon, will not thrive except in waters of a particular temperature, a temperature which varies with each species.

M. Lebœuf, a large cultivator of asparagus and strawberries, of Argentueuil, France, has recently shewn that peat ashes possess a very considerable value as a fertiliser. Plants will even grow well in peat ashes without any soil at all. He filled three pots with peat ashes, without any foreign admixture, and planted in one oats, in another wheat, and in a third strawberry plants. Leaving them through the winter without any attention, germination took place; the wheat and oats sprouted, and grew vigorously, ultimately producing large and heavy ears; the stalks of the former attaining a height of four-and-a-half-feet, and those of the latter three-and-a-half feet. The strawberries also were unusually vigorous. These experiments have been repeated several times by M. Lebœuf, with uniform success.

The "London Grocer" publishes a description of a new kind of "artificial butter," which it editorially declares to be of really excellent quality. This substance does not contain any butter at all, but consists simply of suet with a small quantity of salt. Perfectly fresh beef-suet is taken, and is subjected to the influence of a very high temperature derived from steam, whereby all objectionable impurities are said to be removed. The editor of the "Grocer" has tried it, and likes it, especially on taste; but he can hardly be said to be recommending it strongly to the general public when he says that it tastes like "pure fat." It might, perhaps, be with advantage exported for the use of the Esquimaux.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The appointment of Professor McCandless as head of the Agricultural College and Model Farm of this Province does great credit to the Government. The Professor brings the highest testimonials of knowledge and ability, and he is regarded by those who know him as possessing an abundant measure of the energy which puts life into a new institution. We may fairly expect that both the science and the practice of agriculture among us will receive a new impulse from this appointment.

We welcome with pleasure the announcement of a work by Professor Hind, entitled "The Dominion of Canada," which promises to give a picture at once minute and comprehensive of all the Provinces of our Dominion, with their physical features, inhabitants, industries and institutions. Professor Hind's name is enough to lead us to hope that the promise will be well fulfilled. The work is announced by Mr. John Lovell, and is to be published in twenty-five parts.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Ladies' Educational Association of Toronto has been organized by the ladies, who have now fairly taken it into their own hands, on a more solid basis, and is likely to enter on its fifth session with increased vigour. The lecturers will be Dr. Nicholson, on *Physical Geography in special relation to Geology;* Dr. Wilson, on *Modern European History;* Professor Young, on *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* and Mr. James Loudon, M. A., on *Light.* We would earnestly commend the institution to the favourable consideration of the ladies of Toronto. There is, of course, no use in putting the case too high; there is no use in pretending that attendance on four courses of lectures, however good, will do for any one that which is done by years of laborious study. But attendance on four good courses of lectures will do a great deal in proportion to the expenditure of time and labour. It will kindle intellectual interests, and afford stimulus, encouragement and guidance to private reading. Many persons thus have opened to them sources of intellectual profit and pleasure to which they would otherwise never have had access. The brilliant attendance at the lectures of the Royal Institution in London shows the public appreciation of this fact. The age teems with problems and discoveries in all departments—moral and physical—of the most transcendent interest and importance. To be able in any measure to follow the course of thought, and to understand its results when presented as they now are on every hand, in itself lends a new enjoyment and dignity to life. That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is true only when you attempt to teach or criticize; for the purpose of appreciation a little knowledge may go a long way and be very useful. To advise a lady, especially one much occupied in household cares, to sit down by herself and commence a difficult course of study is hopeless; but with the assistance of a good lecturer the difficulty will disappear. To ladies intending to make education their profession, these courses offer the best available opportunity of qualifying themselves in studies some knowledge of which is now generally required of instructors; and in this point of view the institution appeals strongly to the benevolent feelings of all ladies towards those of their own sex who have to earn their bread, as well as to the interests of mothers who wish to have good teachers for their children. The more subscribers there are, the better and more varied, of course, the instruction will be.

The sister institution at Montreal is now an assured success, and affords a gratifying proof both of the energy and skill of the promoters, and of the liberality and the intellectual tastes which are associated with the wealth of the great commercial city. "We trust," say the Committee, "that the object of this Association is becoming better understood and its advantages more appreciated each year. Courses of study are provided for students, who, having received the ordinary school instruction, are now prepared to take an active rather than a passive part in their own education. The knowledge imparted through the lectures with the help of text-books becomes the possession of the mind, and is given forth in the examinations, not by the mere effort of the memory, but by real understanding of the matter, in the language and style of each individual student." The inaugural lecture will be given on October 3, by Professor Goldwin Smith, who also lectures on *the History of England* (James I. to William III.) The other lecturers are Professor Wright, M.D., on *Physiology*, Professor J. Clark Murray, LL.D., on *Mental Philosophy*, Principal Dawson, LL.D., on *Historical Geology.*

In *Macmillan* we have an article on *Wordsworth*, by Sir John Coleridge, the Attorney-General who used to be before us daily in the Tichborne case. Sir John is an enthusiastic admirer of the poet, whose gentle shade may rejoice at receiving homage from the last quarter from which he would have expected to receive it. Sir John places Wordsworth next after Shakspere and Milton. But that on which he mainly insists is that "for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labours of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating a study as literature can supply." The life of Wordsworth is itself a study and a model for every working man ; he carried conscience into his work ; he set himself a great task, that of bringing poetry back to simplicity and truth, and completely accomplished it ; and he did this in noble works, in works which will never die, which are as delightful and refreshing as they are wise and good. He shows us, as no other man has done, the glory, the beauty, the holiness of nature, he spiritualizes for us the outward world ; and that with no weak and sentimental but with a thoroughly manly feeling. Reading him after a hard day's work is like walking out among the fields and hills, but that he steeps them in an ideal light, and makes us feel that wonderful connection between nature and the soul of man, which is indeed mysterious, but which those who have felt it cannot deny and those who believe that the same Almighty God created both will not be inclined to doubt. These positions are illustrated by copious quotations. "No man," says Sir John, "has so steadily asserted the dignity of virtue, of simplicity, of independence wherever found, and quite apart from all external ornaments. He has chosen a pedlar for the chief character of his largest poem and invested him quite naturally with a greatness of mind and character." Sir John concludes by again strongly insisting on the practical value of poetry in general and of Wordsworth in particular.

"It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. Stories implying the same sort of mind are told of that noble soldier Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain ; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decry invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Shakspere, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.

"All I say is, that I have found Wordsworth do me good ; and I have tried to explain why, and to suggest that other men might find him do them good also. A book is a friend, and ought to be so regarded. Those are to be pitied who have bad friends, and who pass their lives in bad company. Those are to be envied who have good friends, and who can value them according to the measure of their desert, and use them as they ought. And what is true of living friends is true in yet higher measure of those dead and silent friends, our books. I am very sure that you will find Wordsworth a good friend, if you try him ; that the more you know him the better you will love him ; the longer you live the stronger will be the ties which bind you to his side. He is like one of his own mountains, in whose shadow you may sit, and whose heights you may scale, sure that you will always return therefrom strengthened in mind and purified in heart."

BOOK REVIEWS.

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Montreal: John Lovell, Publisher. Rouse's Point: John Lovell & Sons.

It is astonishing how little most of us know about the country in which we live. Let the extent of our topographical information be tested, as it is occasionally by inquiring friends, or let us endeavour to borrow knowledge from them, and the scantiness of the common stock becomes at once apparent. Any-one curious on the subject should gather half a dozen of these dreary columns of Canadian items which appear in the papers, and turn each of them into an examination paper. We have listened to a discussion tripartite—the question being whether a certain village, let us call it Smithville, was (1) not far from Lake Erie, (2) thirty miles south of Owen Sound, or (3) back of Peterboro'. As for the other provinces, always excepting the prominent places on the great highways of travel, all is chaos. There are no guides except the school geographies, and grown men cannot satisfy themselves with the crumbs which fall from the children's table. What we want is a compendious and trustworthy Gazetteer, which we can consult on topography, as we have recourse to a lexicon for a word about which which there is a doubt. The provinces forming the Dominion are politically united by the Confederation Act; but the first step to a thorough identification of aim and feeling will be gained when we acquire some information about those who are henceforth to be of one family with us. Every accession to the roll of provinces has thus made the need more pressing of a carefully prepared work which may constitute the adults' Canadian geography of reference. There is only one publisher in the Dominion, from whose energy and public spirit Canadians had some right to expect such an undertaking; we are pleased to learn that he has almost completed the task. The specimen pages of Mr. Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America, now before us, are eminently satisfactory. When the volume is published it must prove of permanent utility, if an intelligent appreciation of the end in view, combined with laborious research and conscientious accuracy, can make it so. Some idea of the work of the editor, Mr. Crossby, may be gleaned from the preface:—"The nature and extent of the labour involved in the *Gazetteer* may be inferred from the fact that there are 6,000 cities, towns and villages, within the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland; that each of the 6,000 had to be classed in alphabetical order; the geographical position described; the railway or steamboat connections, postal or telegraphic facilities, distances from important centres; also the manufacturing, mining, agricultural, shipbuilding and fishing industries; and the population, as far as it could possibly be ascertained. Also the locality and extent of over 1,500 lakes and rivers had to be described." In the pages issued are concise and yet most complete descriptions of British Columbia, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Each of the provinces, each of the counties, and each of the cities, towns, villages and geographical points, are separately treated—the lakes and rivers being arranged by themselves—all in alphabetical order. In addition to this there is a table of routes and distances,—24 lines of railway with 26 branches—distinguished by letters of the alphabet; 51 steamboat routes numbered, with 54 others simply referred to; and all the stage connections throughout the country. Moreover every locality in the work afterwards finds a place in an index showing the nearest point from which it can be reached, the county in which it is situated, and the letter or figure indicating the line of railway or steamboat to be taken. How all the valuable information regarding even the smallest village as well as the most distant province has been gathered together, it seems difficult to conjecture. That such a complete and satisfactory Gazetteer should be published at all is a matter of congratulation; that it is also a model of typographical neatness and not more expensive than an ordinary city directory, we owe to the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Lovell, the pioneer publisher of Canada.

CRITIQUES AND ADDRESSES. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873.

The articles in this powerfully written volume are not new, but consist of essays and reviews which appeared originally in various English periodicals, together with two or three addresses delivered to public bodies. Any single article would require for its adequate criticism more space than can here be devoted to the entire work, and it will, therefore, be sufficient to indicate briefly the subjects treated of in the different essays. The writer's name is of itself a sufficient guarantee that every subject touched upon is handled with vigour and freshness.

The opening article is entitled "Administrative Nihilism," and is essentially political in its nature, if we use this term in its higher sense. It treats of the functions of the State, and is essentially a powerful appeal for the intervention of the State in education. The next two articles are also concerned with education, and treat respectively of the English School-boards and of Medical education. The fourth essay appeared first in the *Contemporary Review* under the title of "Yeast," and gained a very considerable notoriety. This it owed not only to the great erudition displayed in it, but also to the very vigorous attack upon Dr. Hutchison Stirling with which it closes. Those, however, who are familiar with the controversy anent Protoplasm, by which this attack was called forth, will probably conclude that the victory remains on the whole with Dr. Stirling. The next four lectures treat of the Formation of Coal, of Coral and Coral Reefs, of the Methods and Results of Ethnology, and of some fixed points in British Ethnology. All of these possess points of interest, but we cannot discuss them now.

The ninth article is the well-known anniversary address delivered to the Geological Society of London, and entitled "Palæontology and the Doctrine of Evolution." Though many biologists will find themselves unable to agree with the conclusions herein arrived at, it must be conceded that this essay forms a most valuable contribution to Palæontological science. The remaining three articles, like the preceding, treat of the Darwinian theory or of the doctrine of evolution. One of them, entitled

"Mr. Darwin's Critics," is an elaborate discussion of the arguments which have been urged against the Darwinian hypothesis by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Mivart, and an anonymous writer in the *Quarterly Review*, now known to be really Mr. Mivart himself. As regards Wallace's arguments, we think Prof. Huxley's counter-blast is wholly inoperative; but Mr. Mivart fares worse at the hands of his opponent, who is admittedly one of the most accomplished and formidable of intellectual athletes. The article, however, contains much theological matter which will hardly interest the general public; since it "goes without saying" that the Jesuits are not Evolutionists, in spite of all that Mr. Mivart—himself a Roman Catholic—may say upon the subject.

The essay upon the "Genealogy of Animals" professes to be a review of Dr. Ernst Hæckel's "Natural History of Creation," and appeared first in the *Academy*. It is ultra-evolutionist in its tone, and will consequently be displeasing to men of more moderate views. Lastly we have a remarkable article upon the "Metaphysics of Sensation," and especially upon Bishop Berkeley's views on this subject. Upon the whole, it may safely be said that few books contain in such small compass so much of independent thought, original suggestion, and vigorous argument.

THE UNITY OF NATURAL PHENOMENA. From the French of Emile Saigey, with an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Freeman Moses, A.M., M.D., Professor of Natural Science in Urbana University. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1873.

M. Saigey's work is intended as a popular introduction to the study of the Forces of Nature, and especially as a generally intelligible exposition of that cardinal doctrine of modern science which is usually called the "Correlation of Forces." It is based to a great extent upon a series of articles which appeared in the first place in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and its style possesses all the freshness and clearness which so pre-eminently distinguish French writers; at the same time that it cannot be said to contain anything absolutely new.

By the term "correlation of forces," or as it is often called, "transformation of energy," is understood the now universally admitted fact that one physical force can be converted into another, that when any force *seems* to disappear it is really invariably by its transformation into another force, and that a given amount of one force will always give rise to a given and perfectly definite amount of another force. When the sledge-hammer, wielded by the brawny arm of the blacksmith, falls upon the anvil, the force which it possessed the moment before its fall seems to disappear at once. The energy it derived from the muscles of its user vanishes to all appearance the instant it comes to rest. But this apparent disappearance of force is purely illusory, and we know now that the mechanical energy of the hammer is, on striking the anvil, converted into a definite amount of *heat*, in all cases proportionate to the weight of the hammer, the height from which it falls, and the velocity of its movement. In a reverse manner the heat produced by the combustion of coal is converted into the mechanical energy of the steam-engine. Not only are heat and mechanical force or motion thus mutually interchangeable, but both can be converted into chemical affinity, light, electricity, or magnetism, and these in turn can be transformed one into another. Hence has arisen the doctrine which constitutes—simple as it appears to us now—the greatest achievement of modern science—the doctrine, namely, that all the physical forces are mutually convertible, or, in other words, are merely manifestations of one primeval force.

As we have already said, M. Saigey's work is intended to serve as a popular introduction to the study of this fundamental doctrine; and it may, upon the whole, be regarded as a very fair and readable one. It may be questioned if it would be intelligible in many places to anyone entirely destitute of any previous knowledge of physical science; but it is so clearly written that it constitutes a good epitome of the subject for the use of students.

The author is not particularly happy in his attempt to prove that there is no real conflict between the two fundamental generalisations—that all matter is inert, and that the same matter, nevertheless, is at the same time the seat of gravity. It cannot be said also that our present knowledge is in any way sufficient to warrant any strong advocacy of the evolutionist view that the forces of the living organism are merely correlates of the physical forces. In other respects little fault can be found. The work of translation has been well executed, and the manner in which the book is printed is most creditable to the publishers.

FOODS. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873.

This is the third volume of the "International Scientific Series," and is decidedly superior to its predecessors; since Tyndall's book was mostly made up of old material, and Mr. Bagehot dealt with a theoretical subject upon which very little is known certainly one way or the other. Dr. Smith's work has the advantage not only of treating of a subject of interest and importance to the entire community, but also of being most eminently practical in its character. It would be impossible in the limits at our disposal to even indicate the vast range of subjects treated of in this interesting work. It is sufficient to say that all sorts and kinds of foods are discussed both from a gastronomic and a physiological point of view; and that the subject is to be completed by a supplementary volume on Diets and Dietaries. There are also important chapters upon the various fluids employed by men as drinks, and upon atmospheric air and ventilation. Dr. Smith is acknowledged to be one of the highest living authorities upon the subject of Foods, and his work is one which should be read carefully by every medical practitioner; whilst there is much in it which cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable to the general reader.

LITERARY NOTES.

Erckmann-Chatrian are writing a new story—"Une Campagne en Kabylie, racontée par un Chasseur d'Afrique."

Farjeon's "Blade o' Grass" has been translated into French, and is about to be issued in Paris.

The University of Oxford has just conferred the degree of D.C.L., its highest honour, upon Prof. James Russell Lowell.

Longmans announce "The Chronology of the Bible and Historical Synchronisms," by M. Ernest de Bunsen.

A new part of the quarto "Transactions of the Zoological Society," just issued, contains three papers by Professor Owen.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's new story, "Phineas Redux," commenced in the *Graphic* recently.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is engaged, with special sanction of the Empress Eugénie, on "The Life and Times of Napoleon III." The first part is expected about Christmas.

Mr. J. Kington Oliphant is about to publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, a book called "On the Origin of Standard English."

The death is announced of Dr. Brandis, private secretary to the German Empress, and well known to the learned world as a meteorologist.

Theodore Tilton is said to be writing a novel. His last book, we believe, was a biography of Victoria Woodhull.

Bret Harte's Sketches have been translated into German by W. Hertzberg, under the title of "Californische Novellen."

"Kaiser Wilhelm and his Contemporaries," is the title of Louise Mühlbach's new historical romance. The first part, consisting of four volumes, has appeared, and many more are to follow.

Joaquin Miller's "Life Among the Modocs," is about ready in London. He styles it "Unwritten History." The book is a defence of the Indians. Bentley & Son bring it out in an octavo volume at 14 shillings.

Messrs. Grant & Co. have the first of a series of new and original books of English humour in the press, by one of our cleverest artists, to follow their American work, "Merry Maple Leaves." The first of the new series will be ready in August. It is by William Brunton and Robin Goodfellow.

The Hygienic Tract Society has been started, having for its object the printing and distribution of tracts and leaflets on sanitary subjects, written by qualified men.

The Spanish novelist, Senor Perez Galdós, has in the press an original historical novel, entitled, "La Córte de Carlos IV." ("The Court of Charles the Fourth.") It is said that the personages who influenced Spanish politics at that period, 1788 to 1808, are drawn with historical accuracy, and with a masterly hand.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Ingelow has nearly completed her second novel. She is writing it with great care, wisely avoiding the error of many writers, whom a first success blinds to the danger of writing too rapidly and publishing too often.

The *Arcadian* says that Mr. George Routledge returned to England taking with him at least one trophy, in the shape of a new volume of poems, mostly MS., by Mr. Longfellow. The title of the book is the "Amaranth," and it will be published about the same time in London and New York. Mr. Routledge, it is said, paid a good price for it, as he did for a former work by the same author, "Three books of Song," the consideration for which was £1,000.

The German Empress, on the occasion of the Vienna Exhibition, has offered two prizes, of 2,000 Th. each, for the two following Treatises:—1, The best handbook of practical war surgery; 2, the best work on the Geneva Convention. The prize treatises may be written in French, German, or English, and must be handed in by the 15th of May, 1874. The prizes will be awarded on the 14th of October, 1874. The Empress has also given two thousand thalers to be used for prizes and the purchase of practical appliances for the sanitary service in the field.

Forest and Stream is a new weekly journal devoted to Field and Aquatic Sports, Practical Natural History, Fish Culture, the Protection of Game, Preservation of Forests, and the inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in Out-Door Recreation and Study. Edited by Charles Hallock, and published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, at 103, Fulton Street, New York; terms, $5 per annum.

The *Belfast Morning News* has noticed on more than one occasion Mr. Barnett's letters to the *Jewish Chronicle* in aid of his theory that large numbers of Jews settled in Ireland, that Jeremiah is identical with the Ollam Fola, and the Irish Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey is really Jacob's Stone. The *Belfast Morning News* adds that an English lady, of rare learning and attainments, Mrs. Wilkes, has in the press a learned and curious work, urging the affinity of the Hebrew and Celtic races. The journal adds that there is no doubt as to an affinity between the old Irish language and alphabet and some of the Chaldean languages and alphabets, Hebrew or Phœnician.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

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"THE FISHING TOURIST."

THE Dominion of Canada is pre-eminently the angler's paradise. In no other country on the surface of the earth is there a chain, so extensive and closely connected of lake and river and streamlet, as that which stretches from the estuary of the St. Lawrence westward to the Rocky Mountains, and from the frontier northward to the Arctic Circle. From the Mackenzie River, which flows into the Polar ocean, to the Gulf, we have a series of lakes which, with the rivers uniting them, spans the continent like diamonds about the neck of beauty, strung on a silver cord. From the main chain again, north of Superior, then from Huron to the St. Lawrence, north and south of that noble river, and in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia also hang, like pendants, subordinate groups of lakelets and streams in endless variety and profusion. Here, then, is the sportsman's most promising field, whether his weapon be the rifle or the rod.

In an entertaining volume briefly noted in our August number, Mr. Hallock,* with the cosmopolitan frankness of an enthusiast in his art, readily admits the fact. In order to propitiate his countrymen, however, by some display of piscatory patriotism, he deems it necessary to begin with Long Island—as a Cockney might give a preliminary flourish on angling in the Serpentine before describing the salmon fishing of the Tay or Tweed. It is only when he crosses the border that our author is entirely at his ease. In Nova Scotia, for the first time, he does full justice to himself and to his subject. The flow of his animal spirits, rapid and gushing as some of his favourite streams, never ceases. Whether camping under canvas or hemlock branches, or taking his ease, as he well knows how to do, at his inn, his descriptions are always lively and vigorous, whilst he is doing serious work—in a sporting way—in the Dominion. There may appear to be several exceptions to the general rule; but the American fishing-grounds about which Mr. Hallock is at all enthusiastic enjoy only a reflected splendour; for they are all near the frontier, and, as we shall have occasion to show, properly belong to us. "Maine!" he exclaims: "There is no region in the United States (I speak advisedly) equal to it. As to fishing, who that has ever wet his line in these waters could thereafter be content to angle elsewhere, unless it be in the more distant waters of the Canadian Dominion?"—a little factitious enthusiasm, we take it, worked up by one who longs for the flesh (or rather fish) pots across the line.

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* The Fishing Tourist: Angler's Guide and Reference Book. By Charles Hallock. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1873.

For very full instructions touching equipments, &c., the reader must consult the work itself. There are two questions raised in the introduction, however, which ought to be noticed. First, what sort of angler is entitled to the name of sportsman? and, secondly, what species of fish are properly denominated game-fish? Mr. Hallock is a fisherman of twenty-five years' standing; we might, therefore, expect him to take very high ground on the former point—to be a Brahmin amongst the exclusives; but he is not.

"Some gentlemen," he says, "by no means pretentious or opinionated, delight to assert that, since they became recognized anglers, they have never taken a trout or a salmon except with a fly. I doff my hat in reverence to the sentiment; it is the honest utterance of a justifiable pride. It is the spirit of the *sangre azul*, which dignifies the cultivated sportsman above the mere fisherman; the man of honour above the assassin; the Herod among the small fry; the filler of pots and the defier of close seasons. Nevertheless, I cannot admit the implication that the man who habitually uses bait is consequently a creel-stuffer, or deficient in the scientific accomplishments of the craft. Fly-fishing and bait-fishing are co-ordinate branches of the same study, and each must be thoroughly learned to qualify the aspirant to honours for the sublime degree of master of the art. * * * I utter no plea for the bait-fisher who angles stolidly from boat or stump; there is neither sport nor science nor sense in his method. But to the man who can handle his rod properly and with successful result in an impetuous river or tumbling mountain stream (I care not whether he uses fly or bait), I must in justice concede a claim to high rank in the angling fraternity."

With these remarks we feel disposed to agree. "The line must be drawn somewhere," and our author is quite as liberal as we could expect an old veteran to be. Still the words "properly and with a successful result," and the "claim to a high rank," sound ominously. Sportsmen who have attained "the sublime degree" are most unreasonable in their dealings with freshmen. We must creep before we run, everybody admits; but an angler, it would appear, must graduate at the start. *Piscator nascitur, non fit.* He must not angle till he can do it properly—just as Scholasticus, in the Greek Joe Miller, resolved to keep out of the water till he had learned to swim. How Mr. Hallock despises beginners will be understood from the following extract:

"Every pin-hook fisherman is suddenly seized with a yearning to catch salmon. No other kind of fish will satisfy him. There are no restrictions upon trout-rods; but trout are too small game. What sweetness grows in fruit forbidden! Just imagine a hundred tyros on a single stream, wielding rods as cumbrous as the pine-tree top with which Polyphemus bobbed for whales, and threshing the air with a *swis-s-sh* that imitates a small tornado passing! What chances for a 'glorious rise' when their entomological devices drop into the water with a splash, or their lines fall flat with many an inextricable coil and snarl! What fortunes small boys might make by climbing trees for the flies, gut-lengths and leaders which the neophytes have tangled in the over-arching limbs while fishing!"

Our author is here expressing his approval of the rod-licenses, (in Quebec and the Lower Provinces) which give exclusive right to fish in particular waters for a period of nine years. To this system there can be no objection, so long as it is not carried too far. The fishing-preserves may be used as the depositaries of artificially hatched ova; the close seasons will be strictly observed; fish-ways may be erected to facilitate the passage of salmon, and thus the angler of superior skill will have the best sport without being exposed to the annoyances of which Mr. Hallock complains in a rather exaggerated strain. Fishing may, as old Izaak Walton says, teach patience; but we fear it is that species of it which is long-suffering only when practised in solitude—with no one to put it to the test. It is very annoying to see a man run over the hounds or start from covert before the game is within range, or to find that some one has tracked the trout-stream we had hoped to reserve for ourselves. Sport has its fortunes and misfortunes as well as war, and they must be borne with such equanimity as we can command.

Besides, our author forgets a passage, which we read with pleasure, in his prefatory remarks; let us remind him of it in this connection:—"By degrees we shall teach our wives and daughters (other people's daughters, too?) to participate in the favourite pastimes of their husbands and sons (&c.?); for do they not always take an interest in all that concerns us?" We thoroughly believe with him, that it would go far to wean young people "from the dissipation, late hours and unhealthy conventionalisms of fashionable watering-places." With the exception of dancing, croquet and archery, there are no out-door amusements in which the young of both sexes can engage together. Angling would at once afford active play for the muscles, ample opportunities for the acquirement or exhibition of skill, and open the mind to the fullest enjoyment of the beauties of nature. Instead of the picnic *à la mode*, begun in the heat of the day—when active exertion is out of the question—and only becoming pleasant when every one is too wearied even for a languid dance on the dew-laden grass, let us follow the angler's plan and have our fill of open-air exercise in the first fresh hours of the morning. Where the fishing stream is not accessible in the neighbourhood, there could be no difficulty in organizing a select party of family friends for the necessary excursion.

Amongst our tourists, however, there would of necessity be some tyroes. In England, young ladies who can deftly cast a fly are not by any means difficult to find; in Canada, on the other hand, angling has not yet been recognized as a branch in the "higher education of women." For politeness' sake, however, let us suppose that the gentleman is as often the neophyte as the lady—people will fish, as well as hunt, in couples. Here, then, would be an opportunity for young people, whom it concerned, to learn something of each other's temper. Patience of both kinds would be tested—that which Mr. Hallock has learned as well as that which he has yet to learn. One party or other must, in addition to his or her want of luck or want of skill, bear patiently with a companion's tornado-like "*swis-s-sh*," and all the other troubles of the sportsman who has "attained the sublime degree." A lover might possibly repress himself in the presence of his betrothed; but it would require more patience than most sportsmen seem to possess to exercise self-restraint when "a glorious rise" is missed through the awkwardness of a wife or daughter. We shall not refer to the inconvenience of wading-boots, which must of necessity be used even by ladies who would be of "high rank" in "impetuous river and tumbling mountain streams."

The *Salmonidæ* alone, in the author's opinion, deserve the title of game-fish. The family includes all the varieties of the salmon proper, salmon trout and brook or speckled trout. They are "characterized by an adipose second dorsal fin"—a distinction, however, which they unfortunately enjoy in common with the cat-fish. Like a gentleman, the game-fish is known by the company he keeps, by his haunts, his food, his manner of eating, &c. The pike, on the other hand, is the pig of the waters, a voracious wallower in the mud—"a fraud" in short.

To *Salmo*, therefore, "the king of game-fish," Mr. Hallock dedicates his book. The salmon "quickens his pulse and thrills his nerves, and makes his own heart *leap* with magnetic sympathy." The tone of deferential affection with which he speaks of his finny hero is exceedingly touching. By the way, what is the reason that sportsmen always express ardent attachment to their victims? Gordon Cumming carried the sentiment to a ludicrous extent; but, even with less demonstrative men, it sometimes almost passes from esteem to veneration. There is a distinction to be observed, however, between the hunter and the angler in this respect. Mr. Hallock lavishes all his affection and respect upon the salmon tribe. The hunter's regards are divided; for although he holds the stag in reverence, yet it is not as "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse;" for the balance of affection remains with the latter. What, therefore, the salmon or the trout is to the angler, the favourite hound becomes, from intimate acquaintance, to the hunter. Juvenal's words thus acquire a new significance:—

——— Hic *piscem* fluminis, illic
Oppida tota *canem* venerantur.

Three frontier fishing-grounds may be briefly mentioned. The Adirondacks is the name given to a rocky chain which traverses the northern part of the State of New York; crossing the St. Lawrence it forms the Thousand Islands, and crops up again north of Kingston and Belleville, in the Township of Marmora. It constitutes the iron region in both countries. These rocks are the water-shed whence flow, to the north, the Racket, St. Régis, and other rivers; southward, the Hudson with its tributaries. This range, therefore, is the natural northern boundary of New York State, instead of the artificial line actually agreed upon—the parallel of 45°. The Rev. W. H. H. Murray is the topographer of the Adirondacks—the *genius loci* in season, and, it would appear, out of season. This ecclesiastical Nimrod, according to an Albany journal, slaughtered ten deer during the month of July last, and thereby rendered himself liable to a penalty of $500 for a breach of the game laws. This, in a sportsman of "high rank," is certainly a flagrant offence. The finest lakes and trout streams are to be found in the northern part of the wilderness. On its margin, we may observe, stands the village of North Elba, where "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave."

The Schoodic, or St. Croix River, forming, in part, the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, gives its name to another good fishing district. It is, to some extent, the common property of both countries, and, but for the timid diplomacy of 1842, would have been wholly Canadian. The Aroostook region is the extreme northern portion of that long stretch of American territory injected, as it were, into the Dominion, like a wedge or nose—Brother Jonathan's nose—intruding where it has no business. The tip of this proboscis is Aroostook County, which is only American because Lord Ashburton was out-manœuvred by Daniel Webster. The trout-fishing resembles that of New Brunswick in its general characteristics.

Nova Scotia is described *con amore* by our author. He takes us completely round it in a trip which embraces Cape Breton. Starting from St. John, N.B., he rejects the Annapolis route, and recommends tourists to go by steamboat "up the entire length of the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, and thence to Halifax—starting upon the mighty wave of an in-flowing tide, which rises at Windsor to the height of sixty feet; passing the beetling promontories of Capes Sharp and Split, whose bases are lashed by the foam of the eddying currents; and thence through the beautiful basin of Minas into the Avon River and the pastoral country of 'Evangeline.' Within six hours after their arrival at Windsor, the vast volume of water will have rolled back to the sea, leaving an immense hollow basin, as empty as the crater of a volcano, and a trickling rivulet, the only trace of its expended forces."

In these days of rapid locomotion it is impossible to get the average tourist to settle down in one small province for a month or two. The railway and the steamboat have much to answer for. They whirl and toss people up and down the face of the earth, and journeys are now measured, as Byron said of kisses, "by their length," and not by the actual pleasure and instruction they should afford. The more valuable a metal, the more ductile; not so with a certain type of human mind—it will draw out to an unlimited extent, from New York to Stamboul—the Pyramids—Calcutta—Yokohama—San Francisco, and home again, till it resembles the mathematical definition of a straight line—"length without breadth," or depth either, for that matter. As Hood observed to Rae Wilson:

> "Some minds improve by travel, others rather
> Resemble copper wire or brass,
> Which gets the narrower by going farther."

Let the tourist who desires to spend his vacation profitably, read what Mr. Hallock says of Nova Scotia, and trace out the pleasure-path for himself. These are his words in reply to an almost forgotten collection of ephemeral sketches, whose author (an American) had "evidently closed but one eye on his national prejudices:"

"Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia. Once upon a time I resided there for a considerable period. Within the past thirteen years I have traversed it from one extremity to the other; much of it by private conveyance. I have become enamoured of its natural beauties and unusual resources. Were I to give a first-class certificate of its general character, I would affirm that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any other territory on the globe of the same superficial area. * * As a game country it is unsurpassed. Large portions are still a primitive wilderness, and, in the least accessible forests, the moose and cariboo are scarcely molested by the hunter. Nearly every stream abounds in trout, and although civilization, with its dams and its mills, had nearly exterminated the salmon at one time, the efforts of the Canadian Government since 1868 have so far restored the streams that this royal fish may also be taken in all his old haunts. * * Most of the streams are short, running in parallel lines to the sea, only a few miles apart. The fishing ground seldom extends more than ten miles from their mouths, and they are so accessible to settlements that the angler can surfeit himself with sport by day, and sleep in a comfortable inn or farm-house by night—a juxta-position of advantages seldom to be found in America. There is no necessity for camping out."

Mr. Hallock is partial to a comfortable hostelry, though his ideas are by no means Falstaffian. Such an inn was Charley Lovett's, at Chester, N.S., with its "gossamer curtains, sheets snowy white, bouquets of fresh wild flowers, boots blacked in the morning, hot breakfast under covers—broiled salmon, baked trout with cream, omelettes," and, above all, that almost extinct article of the hotel *cuisine*—broiled, not fried beefsteak.

New Brunswick also comes in for a meed of praise—the trip on the Tobique being described in glowing terms; next follows the Baie des Chaleurs with its noble fishing streams, the Nepissiguit and Restigouche especially—the latter, with Nepigon on Lake Superior, being evidently Mr. Hallock's pet rivers. Then we come to the Lower St. Lawrence, to which the author devotes many pages. We regret that we cannot follow him to Anticosti, Labrador and Newfoundland. We must confine ourselves to an extract. Our author's party is about to start from Quebec to the Jacques Cartier, the nearest salmon river of importance. Having driven twenty-five miles from the city, they are now on the point of committing themselves to the tender mercies of the voyageur and a birch-bark canoe. The French, as such French deserves to be, is printed without accent, just as we give it:—

"Pierre?"

"Messieu."

"Jusqu'on a le camp en haut?"

"No understand."

"I say, how far—O pshaw!—quelle distance a le camp?"

"Me tink about four mile, mebby."

"Comme longtemps pensez vous, a faire le vogage?"

"Comment?"

"No comprenez?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"Pshaw! these Frenchmen can't speak their own language. You see they only speak a sort of *patois*. Let me see: "Combien de temps—that's it—how long—a faire le voyage? How much time—go up—eh?"

"Oh, two hour, I suppose."

"Ah well, then we shall have time to stop and catch a few fish for supper. This looks like a good place. I say, Pierre, bon place a peche, ici?"—a prendre poisson?"

"Oui—poisson—good place—catch fish."

"Then let's hold on—arret—la! voila le roche—l'autre cote—there—tenez."

After fishing till the bites begin to slacken, there is a further parley:

"Pierre! eh bien! montez—no—go down stream—go—confound it—comment l'appelez—*descendez.*"

"Oui, Monsieur—all right."

"Look out there—prenez garde! plague take it—sacre—you've crossed my line. I say, Pierre, clear that line, will you? tirez-vous mon ligne, s'il vous plait—there—bon. We'll try it here awhile."

They pitch their camp; the unlucky Frenchman falls asleep and lets the fire out. This is what he gets:

"Halloa there, you Frenchman! Reveillez vous. Pourquoi permettez vous le feu sortir? Wake up, and make a fire!"

Ce pauvre Pierre! Were such things possible, he would probably have justified the selection of his Christian name by turning into *stone.* At any rate he must have been a very "Blue Peter" when about to embark on a fishing cruise with the author.

The Saguenay, with the gloomy solemnity of its rocky portals, is well described, and indeed the whole trip to Newfoundland is exceedingly entertaining, especially from a sporting point of view. The Upper Ottawa, in turn, receives a notice, but a very brief one—and by no means encouraging: "Anglers," says Mr. Hallock, "who propose to visit this utter wilderness, will be able to get information and guides at Ottawa. Those who go must expect to rough it. There is no alternative."

Our author advises the Lake Superior tourist to take the Collingwood route, and pass through the beautiful scenery of the North Channel. From Killarney to Pigeon River (the boundary between Canada and Minnesota) the shores abound in fishing streams. Mr. Hallock particularizes Garden River and the Michipicoten. Let us quote:—

"Yet there is one river and district which has never been described in books. It so greatly excels all others of the Superior region, and all known trouting waters of America, that those who read thereof may well wonder and reflect. I refer to the Nepigon and the head waters of the great chain of lakes. * * The river Nepigon is a noble stream, with water cold and clear as crystal, flowing with a volume six hundred feet wide into a magnificent bay of great extent. This bay is surrounded by long undulating ranges of hills, rugged precipices, huge bluffs and lofty mountains, more or less wooded with evergreens, interspersed with deciduous trees, and filled with islands of all sizes and every variety of outline. It is at once one of the safest and most beautiful harbours on Lake Superior."

We are then conducted up the river, surmounting the fifteen rapids by portages in preference to the canoe ascent. There is the "enchanting scenery" of Helen and numerous other lakes, with cascades in abundance. So on until we reach Lake Nepigon, which, however, the author—falling into the common error which prevailed before its actual survey—supposes to be as large as Ontario. The trout of the Nepigon district, "for endurance and activity, have no superiors;" the sport is, therefore, of the liveliest description—general weight from 3 to 4½ pounds.

Thus far we have followed the "Fishing Tourist," and we now take our leave of him, commending his lively and vigorous volume to all lovers of the sport. Before we close there is one point to which we must allude, and upon which Mr. Hallock strongly insists—the necessity of adequate protection for the spawning fish, coupled with provision for the re-stocking of depleted streams. In Canada, we owe such restrictive measures as we have to the energy of Mr. W. F. Whitcher, the Commissioner of Fisheries; to Mr. Samuel Wilmot, of Newcastle, the inception and successful development of artificial propagation. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries has been also indefatigable in his labours in this department. (See the Hon. Mr. Mitchell's last report.)

It is well known that not only the streams, but even the lakes, are fast becoming depopulated from various causes, of which the principal are: reckless fishing during the spawning season, when hundreds of ova are destroyed for every fish caught; the use of nets with meshes so fine as to detain the young fish; and, in the streams, wholesale destruction by the casting in of sawdust and the refuse of oil refineries, mills and factories generally.

Unfortunately, the evil is aggravated and rendered more formidable by its results. The gradual diminution in the supply has raised the price of fish; the American demand has largely increased, hence the fishermen have become more active and less scrupulous than before. The mill nuisance ought to be abated in some way—yet the prospect is not promising. Last session the attention of Parliament was called to the subject; but the lumberers asserted that they must stop their mills, if they were not permitted to poison the streams. Only a few years ago there was good trout-fishing to be found within twenty miles of Toronto; but the "creeks" have all been fished out. Surely no man has a right to destroy, for the amusement of a single idle hour, ova sufficient to replenish the stream. The measures taken by Government—and they are by no means rigorous—have already produced a good effect. The yield in the neighbourhood of Goderich, which had been steadily diminishing for years, shows a large increase this season. Apart from the question of sport, the commercial and dietetic value of fish is so great that every one ought to feel it his duty to aid in stopping wholesale extermination like that of past years. For our own part, we entirely sympathize with the angling fraternity in their efforts on behalf of the finny race, and, therefore, earnestly appeal to the people to co-operate with the Fisheries Department in the strict enforcement of existing laws and regulations.

LONG AGO.

Two Roses bloomed upon a tree:
  Their white leaves touched with every swaying.
I bent to gather one, while She
  Plucked off the other, gently saying:
"When things do grow and cling like this,
  And Death almost appeareth loath
To take but one, 'twere greater bliss
  To both for Death to smite them both."

Lost Love! Dead Love! They come and go—
  The Summers with their sun and flowers,
Their song of birds. I only know
  There is a blight upon the hours.
No sun is like the once bright sun
  That shone upon that golden weather
In which she said those flowers were one,
  And Death should spare or smite together.

E. W. H.

—*Athenæum.*

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A DARK DAY AT ROEBAWN.

IF FRANK and Katharine were longer in getting to Roebawn than was absolutely necessary, the beauty of the morning, and the charms of the landscape through which their road lay, might well have excused them. Coming down the hill from Dunran, and passing by Fairy Lodge, they saw beneath the fertile and wooded vale through which the winding Vartrey runs to the sea. In the depths of that valley, embosomed in trees celebrated for their size and beauty, lay the picturesque old house and domain of Rosana. The Vartrey, no longer swift and turbid as when it first escapes from the hills, but calm and clear, flows close by the house, and is there overhung by the spreading boughs of magnificent old horse-chestnuts; the huge contorted trunks and twisted roots of the grand old trees lining the bank, and their heavy drooping branches spreading far across the river, and covering it with the deepest shade. Between the river and the house was the rose garden, from which the place took its name, and beyond it a maze of evergreens and flowering shrubs, the natives of many climes.

In that lovely old place, on the banks of that gentle river, often wandered a fair and unhappy child of song, the authoress of "Psyche, or the Legend of Love," a poem now almost forgotten, as is the sad destiny and almost the name of the writer.* In that garden she gathered the roses when youth and hope and joy were hers, and built for herself that ideal and aerial world which genius creates; and under the shade of those melancholy boughs she sat and made mournful music to the river when that world had been shattered into dust, when hope and joy had fled, and death was near. Moore has sung of her beauty and genius in one of his most exquisite melodies, the sad sweetness of which haunts the memory like some magic strain, but few who sing the lovely song now know anything of the Mary whose memory inspired it—

"Though many a beauteous mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them were far less sweet
Than to remember thee,
Mary."

Losing sight of the valley, Frank and Katharine crossed the Ford, its bright waters flashing and sparkling about the horses' feet, and entered the narrow and shady lane through which Maurice Byrne had so often hurried to see Little Dorinn. Through the overarching trees the sunlight fell in bright flickering spangles across their path, and the delicious scent of the honeysuckle's "bugle blooms divine" filled the air; everything still showed the verdure and richness of summer just merging into the tenderer, softer glow of autumnal loveliness. But as this pair of lovers rode slowly along, they thought nothing of the beautiful weather or the fair scenes through which they passed. They were filled with that perfect and absorbing happiness which permits no increase or diminution from outward surroundings, which gives sunshine to the darkest day, and beauty to the dullest scene, and which an exquisite poet has expressed in the words, "Love is Enough!"

At last they came in sight of the low white walls and thatched roof of Roebawn, peeping out through its sheltering trees, and looking down on the lowly little dwelling from a high bank a few yards away, the fallen stones of the old castle showed their dark red tints, here and there, among the briars and bushes that almost covered them.

"Oh, what a pretty spot!" said Katharine, "so peaceful and sequestered,—with those old granite ruins to send one's fancy back to legendary times."

"You must get Mrs. Byrne to tell you some of her legends about the tower," said Frank. "She says it was built by a great chieftain of her race in the thirteenth century, and destroyed by Sir Charles Coote after the outbreak of 1641—that Coote whose name is execrated in Wicklow even more than Cromwell's. But I believe it was built by the English, and afterwards taken and burned down by the O'Byrnes. The true Irish seldom or never used stone in their buildings, but held to the Celtic proverb, 'Better is a castle of bones than a castle of stones!'"

"It was a brave proverb," said Katharine.

"Oh, yes, they were brave enough, those Irish Celts. They despised mail armour as much as stone walls, and fought their iron-clad invaders dressed in their saffron-dyed shirts and mantles, and with their heads only covered by their long flowing hair. But stone and iron conquered; the saffron shirts went forth to the war, but, as Ossian says, they always fell, and at last their very dress—their long hair, and yellow mantles—was proscribed. I wonder if their angry ghosts ever wander about their old haunts now-a-days. I think, if they do, it must soothe them to hear you when you sing—'I will fly with my Coulin.' I know it wrapt me in Elysium last night."

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* Mrs. Henry Tighe. She married her cousin, a son of Mr. Tighe, of Rosana, after having refused him many times—unable, it was said, to resist his passionate love, though she did not return it. The union turned out a very unhappy one, and she died oung.

"You are so fond of music," said the happy Katharine.

"Of *your* music—music that comes from the soul, and speaks to the soul—I am," said Frank.

Turning into the lane leading to the farm-yard, they rode on between its banks, where the hazel bushes hung out their ripening clusters, and the weird old ash trees, half-covered with ivy and lichen, had their roots clothed with soft cushions of moss, till they came to the yard gate. A boy inside was sitting on a stone, eating apples, and Frank called to him to come and take the horses.

The boy threw away his apple, and ran into the lane. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "have you brought any news of Mr. Byrne?"

"Mr. Byrne? No. What do you mean, Barney?"

"Sure he never came home since he went to Dublin, and to-day the mistress got a letter that's drove her fairly distracted."

"Why, what was in the letter?" asked Frank.

"Oh, sorra bit of me knows," said Barney. "Ned Keegan says Mr. Byrne's murdered, and Terry Ryan says he's gone across the seas to America; but Nancy Connor says the letter was from himself, and sure if it was, he can't be dead anyhow."

"Where is Mrs Byrne?"

"Up at the old castle, sir. The very minute she read the letter she ran up there like a madwoman, and we thought she'd do herself a mischief, till Nancy had the wit to send for Little Dorinn."

"Is Little Dorinn with her now?"

"Yes, sir, and there was a letter for her too, and Nancy says whatever was in it she doesn't know, but she thinks it has broke her heart."

"Katharine, I must go to them, poor souls," said Frank. "I must find out what has happened. There is a seat under that old budlea in the bawn—will you wait for me there?"

"May I go with you?" asked Katharine, from whose beautiful and sensitive face the flush of young love and happiness had suddenly fled, leaving it quite pale. "I am so sorry for Mrs. Byrne—and for Little Dorinn, too," and her eyes filled with compassionate tears.

"Yes, my Katharine, come if you wish; perhaps you may be able to comfort them a little. And when we know the truth, it may not be so bad as Barney says."

Drawing Katharine's arm through his, Frank led her across the little stream that ran by the dairy, and up the bank to the ruined tower. A few green mounds, a pile or two of huge granite stones, and broken fragments, were all that remained. Mosses and lichens, weeds and wild flowers, grew over the stones, and thickets of elder, thorns and briars, clustered about them. Just outside one of the mounds stood the remnant of a once magnificent oak, dead at one side, and with a hollow space in its trunk that would have held twenty men; the other side still bore branches, green and apparently vigorous.

Under this grand old tree, which had flourished before the tower was built, Mrs. Byrne was sitting, her head bowed down, her arms clapsed about her knees, rocking herself to and fro while she moaned and wept. She had torn off her cap in her frenzy of grief, and her long hair, raven black, with here and there a white streak gleaming through, fell wildly over her shoulders. Little Dorinn knelt beside her, not weeping or lamenting, but quiet and still; every vestige of colour had fled from her face, her very lips were white, and her eyes had a fixed and glassy look like that of one whose life-blood was slowly ebbing away. Her complete and rigid quietude contrasted strangely with the groans and cries and restless rockings of Mrs. Byrne, but on seeing Frank a sudden gleam of living anguish leaped from her eyes, a quick spasm of pain and fear passed over her face, and, gasping for breath, she turned towards him with a mute appeal, as if she thought he was coming to destroy her last hope.

Frank understood her looks. "I know nothing!" he said hastily, "have heard nothing except what Barney told me."

"Who's that speaking?" cried Mrs. Byrne, starting up, and looking wildly about her. "Oh, Mr. Frank! Mr. Frank! do you know anything of my boy?"

"No, my dear Mrs. Byrne, nothing;" said Frank, "is anything the matter with him?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows what's the matter with him! He's gone away, Mr. Frank! gone away and left me. He's left the mother that would have given the last drop of her blood to save him from sorrow and trouble—left her to die in her old age heartbroken and desolate. Oh wirra! wirra! that ever I lived to see this black and bitter day!" And tearing her hair, and tossing her arms wildly about, she "flung forth her voice" in those shrill wailing cries in which the Irish give vent to their grief and despair.

As the wild wail pierced her ears, Little Dorinn shuddered, and rushing to Mrs. Byrne threw her arms about her. "Oh, don't! don't!" she cried, "for the dear God's sake don't be *keening* that way! Sure he's not dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Byrne, "Is it my beautiful boy! Oh, God forbid! No, he's not dead, and sure I'm a wicked woman to be *keening* for him as if he was! But God help me, I don't know what I'm saying or doing! Let me alone, child, let me alone, till I come to my senses!" And putting herself away from Little Dorinn's clasp, she walked up and down the bank in front of the ruins, weeping and wringing her hands.

With a weary sigh Little Dorinn sat down on the grass where Mrs. Byrne had left her. The patient sorrow in her pale, gentle face, was inexpressibly sad to see, and Katharine, moved with the tenderest pity, stole softly to her side, and silently took her hand. As Little Dorinn felt the touch of that gentle and sympathetic hand, she grasped it as the drowning catch at help, and looking up into Katharine's face, down which tears were falling fast, her bosom heaved, an hysterical sob seemed to rise in her throat, and she burst into tears. But she did not weep violently or passionately; her tears flowed softly and silently, and she sat quite still, firmly clasping Katharine's hand.

In a little while Mrs. Byrne, subdued and exhausted, also sat down, and Frank, going to her, gently said: "Dear Mrs. Byrne, are you able now to tell me what has happened? Try and tell me everything, and then, perhaps, I will be able to help you. How do you know Maurice has gone away?"

"Didn't he tell me so himself!" said Mrs. Byrne, still weeping bitterly, but trying to control herself as Frank's words seemed to give her a vague hope. "Do you think I'd have believed anything but his own handwriting?"

"May I see the letter?" asked Frank.

"Well, indeed you may, Mr. Frank." And opening her clenched hand, she showed a piece of crumpled paper that had been tightly squeezed within her palm.

Taking it from her, Frank read:

"My own dear Mother,

"I am not coming home at present. God only knows whether I will ever come home again. But don't think that I've done anything wrong; far from it; and if you knew all, I'm sure you wouldn't blame me. At anyrate I can't help myself now. Old Michael will work the land, and if you want any other advice go to Mr. Frank—he will help you

Give the letter I send with this to Little Dorinn, and, dear mother, be good to her and old Paddy for my sake. Dear mother, when you read this go up to the old oak tree that saw the Byrnes in their greatness and glory hundreds of years ago, and has seen me, that maybe will be the last of the old stock, and give me your blessing.

"Your loving son,

"MAURICE BYRNE."

"Read it aloud," said Mrs. Byrne. "I saw it with my eyes, but I want to hear it with my ears."

Putting her elbows on her knees and resting her head on her hands, Mrs. Byrne devoured with hungry ears every word as Frank read the letter, and Little Dorinn, trying to wipe away her tears with her apron, also listened eagerly. At every sentence Mrs. Byrne interrupted Frank with some comment, and then made him read it again, repeating the words after him as if she were trying to find some hidden meaning in them which had escaped her before.

"He's done nothing wrong, he says? Of course he's done nothing wrong; he never was the boy to do wrong. And he says I wouldn't blame him if I knew all. Well—maybe I wouldn't. It's little reason I ever had to blame him. No mother ever had a better son. But what does he mean by saying he can't help himself now? I hope he hasn't gone and married some one. Dublin's a wicked place, and sure the wisest have been taken in before now, though Maurice had always more sense than any young man I ever knew."

But this last suggestion roused Little Dorinn. "No, Mrs. Byrne," she said, while a bright hectic flush dried up the tears on her cheeks "He'll never do that! Never! never! Didn't you see the letter he sent me? He says he'll be true to me while he lives, and I know he will."

"Well, indeed, he always was a boy to his word, but why does he write that way in riddles, putting all sorts of notions into my head. What's that now, Mr. Frank? Read that again. He tells me to go to you if I want help or advice. And sure it's to my own son I ought to look for it, and not to one that's neither kith nor kin to me. God give me patience, what's that he says now? Maybe he'll be the last of the old stock! And sure if he is, it's his own fault. Oh, musha then, men are contrary creatures. If ever a boy seemed mad in love with a girl, he seemed mad in love with Little Dorinn, and he never was easy night nor day till he got my consent and hers—for I'll say that for her, God bless her, she never gave her consent till he got mine—and then, when everything was smooth before him, and he had nothing to do but to take her to the priest, he runs off to Dublin, and writes a letter to say he's not coming back. Now, Mr. Frank, did you ever know the like of that? Oh, what can have come over him? The blessed saints help us, maybe he's gone crazy. Ochone! ochone! what'll I do, what'll I do?"

She was starting up again with wild cries and gestures, but Frank gently held her down. "Mrs. Byrne," he said, "listen to me—trust to me. I'll do what I can to find Maurice and bring him home."

"Oh, God bless you, Mr. Frank, will you? Oh, may the blessing of the Almighty be about you and about them that belong to you, and may you never know a sorrow like mine!"

"But if I am to help you," said Frank, "you must try and be calm and collected, and answer my questions. First tell me what did Maurice go to Dublin for, and when did he intend to come back."

"He went to buy things for the wedding," said Mrs. Byrne,—"at any rate that's what he told me, and he was to come back the day after he went."

This was all Mrs. Byrne knew, and Frank could learn nothing from her that threw the faintest light on Maurice's mysterious letter.

He then turned to Little Dorinn, who, with pale, trembling lips, said that Maurice had told her the night before he left home that he was going to buy "the ring," and would be back the next day. She was quite sure he had no other intention then. Maurice Byrne never told a lie, nor deceived any one in his life.

"He has written to you," said Frank, "may I read the letter?"

Little Dorinn flushed painfully, and then the bright colours faded and left her deadly pale as before.

"I might see something in it that would help me to find him," said Frank.

"Maybe he doesn't want to be found," said Little Dorinn, pressing her hand against her bosom where the letter was lying.

"Why, Little Dorinn," said Frank, "have you forgotten what friends Maurice and I have always been? You need not hide anything from me. I would do as much for him as if he were my brother."

Little Dorinn trembled all over, but she was still silent.

"Dear Little Dorinn," whispered Katharine, "will you not trust him? Surely Maurice must have told you how good he is. He only thinks of what is best for Maurice and you."

"Oh, I know that," said Little Dorinn; "but maybe Maurice wouldn't like me to show it—though it tells nothing," she added quickly.

"If I am not mistaken," said Frank, gravely, "he has been led into a mad undertaking, which can only end in the ruin of all engaged in it. If you know anything you ought to tell me. You may be quite sure I would leave nothing undone to save him from the consequences of his rashness."

"Oh, Mr. Frank, I know nothing!" said Little Dorinn. "But there's the letter—he always said he'd trust you with anything, and why shouldn't I?" And taking out the letter, which she touched as tenderly as if it had life and feeling, she handed it to Frank.

This was the letter:

"My darling Little Dorinn:

"Perhaps I will never see you again, but whether I do or not, you are the only one I ever loved, or will love till I die. Oh, my darling, don't think hardly of me. It seemed to me that as a true man I had no choice but to do as I have done. But I know my darling will forgive me, and love me still, as I will her while life is left me.

"Do you remember the straw ring I fitted on your finger that last happy night? I sewed it up in a little bag, and have it hanging round my neck this minute.

"Yours forever,

"MAURICE BYRNE."

When he had read it, Frank returned the letter to Little Dorinn, who timidly and gravely offered it to Katharine, as if to show her how gratefully she appreciated her sympathy.

"*He* wouldn't marry another girl, would he, miss?" she said, as Katharine gave it back to her.

"No, never!" said Katharine, warmly.

"No, it's not that I'm afraid of," said Little Dorinn, as she hid her treasure away in her bosom; "it's something else."

"You have the same fears that I have," said Frank. "But tell me why."

Then Little Dorinn told Frank of the Fenian ballads and pictures that had been given to Matty the Mouse at the fair of Kilcool, and how excited Maurice had been while looking at them, and listening to her grandfather's stories of the heroes of ninety-eight. She knew he had no thought of becoming a Fenian then, she said, but she believed he had met some of them on his way home that night and been persuaded into joining them. She was sure there was nothing else in the world could have kept him away.

"What is that you're saying about Fenians?" cried Mrs. Byrne. "Maurice is no Fenian, nor Ribbonman, nor anything of the sort, and sure you ought to know that, Mr. Frank. Is it because his father's cousin was hung in ninety-eight that you're suspecting him of being a rebel?"

"Unfortunately the Fenian cause is gaining strength every day," said Frank, "and a spirited young fellow like Maurice, with all the traditions of his family in its favour, might be tempted to join it."

"No, never," cried Mrs. Byrne, vehemently. "Spirited did you say? Well, he is, but he's steady and industrious, too, and he'd no more 'list with the Fenians than he would with the Queen's sogers. What on earth could put such a notion into your mind, Mr. Frank? Was there anything about Fenians in Little Dorinn's letter?"

"Sure didn't you read it yourself, Mrs. Byrne?" said Little Dorinn.

"Oh, yes, I read it, but my eyes were so blinded with the tears that were falling, that I thought maybe I missed some of it. But sure I know he wouldn't say more to any one than to his own mother. He never had a secret from me in his life."

"He had a stranger with him the night before he left for Dublin," said Frank, "a man who called himself Johnson, and whom I believe to be a Fenian. Did he say anything about him to you, Mrs. Byrne?"

"No, Mr. Frank, not a word. Sure I was in bed when he came in that night, and he was off so early in the morning he hadn't time to speak a word to me. Mr. Frank, I don't believe he's joined the Fenians—I don't indeed. It isn't like him to leave his mother and his sweetheart without a word, and go off in that wild way. But if he has—Oh, Mr. Frank, sure you'll never betray him!"

"I'll try and get him away from them, Mrs. Byrne," said Frank. "But first I must find out where he is. If I could get hold of that Johnson, I might force some information out of him; and if I can't, I'll go to Dublin to-morrow and try what I can do there. Keep up your courage, Mrs. Byrne; try and hope for the best, Little Dorinn; I will do all in my power to bring him safe home to you."

"God bless you, Mr. Frank; God will reward you! What in the world would me and Little Dorinn have done without you. And, indeed, my heart feels lighter than it did. Even if he *has* joined the Fenians, sure it's better to know it than to be suspecting worse things. And you'll get him away from them, Mr. Frank, I know you will. Sure your word was always his law. Oh, yes, thank God! my heart's lighter. Sure when I got his letter and saw what was in it—that he wasn't coming home now, and maybe never, and no reason given, I was just out of my senses. And, I'm sure, I ought to ask the young lady's pardon for the distracted state she saw me in, but I know she'll excuse it on account of my sore trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Byrne," said Katharine, taking her hand, "I thought of nothing but your great sorrow, but I hope you will soon have your son home with you again."

"Yes, miss, with the help of God and Mr. Frank, I hope I will. And now I'll go down to the house, where there has been nothing but idleness and confusion all day, and try and put things a little straight. The poor boy's property musn't be let go to wrack and ruin while he's away. But first I must give him my blessing up here, as he asked me to do."

Tossing back her long black hair, which streamed in the breeze, she clasped her hands and raised them to heaven, the wild fervour of her upturned face, and the passionate energy of her voice and attitude thrilling and awing her listeners, as, without a single pause, she poured forth her supplication like one inspired:

"May the blessing of the Great God and His holy saints be about you, Maurice Byrne, night and morning, winter and summer. May He keep you from fire and water, sword and tempest, and from evil spirits and wicked men! May He save your soul and body from harm and hurt, and may every hair of your head be marked to glory! And may He bring you safe home to the mother that bore you! In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen and Amen."

Then she turned to Little Dorinn, whose rapt look and murmuring lips showed that she had joined with her whole soul in Mrs. Byrne's prayer: "Come, avourneen," she said, holding out her hand, "twist up my hair for me and put on my cap. Maybe Mr. Frank and the young lady will excuse the place being in disorder, and come in and taste my gooseberry jam, and my home-made bread and butter. It won't be the first time for you, Mr. Frank."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Byrne. Many a big slice of bread and butter you have given me, when Maurice and I came in as hungry as hawks after a day's shooting, and I always thought them better than any I got at home."

"Well, so you always said, and I hope you and the young lady will come in now and take a taste of it."

With all the wonderful elasticity of the Irish temperament, its power of brightening every gleam of sunshine as rapidly as it darkens every cloud, its marvellous facility of flying from one extreme of the gamut of feeling to the other, as the chords are touched by a word, a look, a breath, Mrs. Byrne was now fully persuaded that Frank would bring Maurice back to her in a day or two, nothing the worse for his Fenian escapade, of which, in her inmost heart, she was beginning to feel rather proud than otherwise. She was now able to think of the duties of hospitality, and to feel some mortification that her house was not in proper order to receive her guests.

"Many thanks, Mrs. Byrne," said Frank, "but I cannot stop to-day. I must set to work at once to hunt up that Johnson. The moment I find any clue to Maurice I will let you know, and I will come again soon, and bring Miss Kirwan to eat some of your bread and butter, if she will come with me."

This Katharine willingly promised to do, and, shaking hands with Mrs. Byrne, bade her a kind farewell.

But a tenderer pity touched her as she pressed Little Dorinn's hand in hers, and saw how the poor girl's full eyes brimmed over. Though naturally light of heart and buoyant of spirit, like a true Irish maiden, Little Dorinn could not cast off her grief and fear as quickly as Mrs. Byrne. The blow that had fallen on her so unexpectedly, in the midst of her bliss, had not only filled her heart with sorrow, but with a terrible dread of something worse to come, and she felt as a happy child who had built up some fairy-like bower might feel, if, in the midst of her joyous play, she had seen it fall at her feet, shattered by a thunder-bolt coming down from a blue and cloudless sky. Not that she blamed Maurice for joining the Fenians. She was too true to the faith and traditions of her people for that, but her grandfather remembered the high hopes of the rebels in ninety-eight, and the miserable failure that had crushed them, and he had taught her to believe that the Fenians would meet with a similar fate. So much the more was Maurice a hero in her eyes for joining them, but this was little comfort to her, poor child, while her heart grew cold with fear that she would never see him again.

Frank rewarded Barney with a shilling for having taken care of the horses, with which he was so highly delighted that he nearly pulled off the long lock that hung down over his forehead, he plucked it so violently as he grinned his surprise and satisfaction.

Sadder and graver than when they had come, the lovers rode away from Roebawn. Katharine could not forget the pale, sad face of Little Dorinn, and Frank was seriously alarmed about Maurice.

"I think I had better try and see old Matty first," Frank said; "I am sure he knows all about Johnson, and could help me to get hold of him if he chose. Johnson, I have no doubt, is a Fenian recruiting-sergeant. If I can get him to give me some useful information about Maurice and the Fenians, he shall be let off easily; if not, it will be the worse for him."

"Oh, Frank," said Katharine, "I am terrified lest you should do something to bring on yourself the hatred of these men. You know they would think nothing of murdering you, if they once believed you had injured them."

"Why, Donna Catalina!" said Frank, smiling, "I thought you had more courage. But don't look so grave, my own sweet love," he added more gravely, "I will be very careful. There is not a man on earth who has more reason to find life sweet than I have."

As he spoke, they turned a bend in the road, and saw coming towards them Matty the Mouse, with his leathern budget, his girdle of traps, and magical walking-stick.

"Matty," exclaimed Frank, "You are the very man I want to see."

"God save you, sir, God save you, miss," said Matty, touching the edge of his cap; "You're wanting to see me, Mr. Frank, are you? It's lucky I met you then. I was just going to Roebawn. I hear the poor woman there is in sore trouble about her son."

"Perhaps you can tell her something about him, Matty."

"Is it me, Mr. Frank? Indeed and I can't. I wish I could."

"When did you see him last?" asked Frank.

"Well, it was the night before he went to Dublin. I went to see old Paddy and to get some quicken-berries from Little Dorinn, and I found him there, and left him there, too; and that was the last I saw of him."

"Have you heard of him since?"

"No, Mr. Frank, not a word, barring what I heard an hour ago from a boy that works at Roebawn, and he told me there was a letter from him saying he was never coming home any more. But sure, I can hardly believe that."

"Matty," said Frank, fixing his steady glance on the old man's twinkling little eyes, "if you don't know where he is, I am sure you suspect it—as I do."

"Musha, now, Mr. Frank, what are you cross-questioning me for, as if you had me in the law courts? I know no more of Maurice Byrne than you do."

"Well, do you know a man named Johnson who said he came from Dublin, and was lodging in this neighbourhood a few days ago?"

"Divil a bit of me will answer any more of your questions, Mr. Frank, till you tell me why you're asking them—begging the young lady's pardon and yours for speaking so bold."

"It is for Mrs. Byrne's sake," said Katharine.

"Is it, my lady? Sure I know Mrs. Byrne and him was always good friends, but how can I tell him what I don't know?"

"The truth is," said Frank, "I strongly suspect that Maurice has joined the Fenians. Such a step can only end in his ruin, and there is nothing I would not do to save him from the consequences of his folly. If you can help me to find him, you will be conferring a favour on me which I will never forget, besides doing him the greatest service, for I believe if I could see him, I could persuade him to return before it is too late."

"No, Mr. Frank, you couldn't," said Matty, shaking his head, "if Maurice has taken the oath, he'll never break it."

"But has he taken it? Has he really joined them?"

"I don't know, Mr. Frank, and that's God's truth. If Maurice has joined the Fenians I've had no hand in it, nor I don't know any one that had. I've nothing to do with Fenians."

"There was a parcel of Fenian songs and

pictures found in Black Tom's Cellars last night, and given to me," said Frank, "and I have reason to think it was you put them there."

"Me, your honour!" cried Matty, not in the least disconcerted. "Who in the world could have told you that? If I had such things why would I put them in Black Tom's Cellars?"

"Come now, Matty," said Frank, "be honest. You know I'll take no mean advantage of anything you say to me. Tell me who gave you those ballads, and why did you put them in Black Tom's Cellars?"

"Well, indeed, I don't know who he was, Mr. Frank. He was a stranger to me, and I never saw him before or since, and when he put the parcel into my hand I no more knew what was in it than the man in the moon. And as for why I hid them in those old ruins it was just because I thought they'd be out of mischief, but it seems they couldn't be let lie quiet, even there—all the worse, maybe, for it's a wise saying that says it's best to let sleeping dogs lie."

"You ought to have taken them to a magistrate," said Frank.

"I don't know, Mr. Frank; I'm a peaceable man and one that likes to live a quiet life; and if I took them to a magistrate it might have brought me or some one else into trouble. There was one that did say to me to burn them, but I couldn't find it in my heart to do it, for there was songs among them about old Ireland that made my blood run as warm and young as it did when I was twenty. No, no, Mr. Frank, that is just what it is. I couldn't find it in my heart to burn them, though I didn't want to be spreading them about, now that the country's so much disturbed."

"You don't wish to encourage Fenianism then?" said Frank.

"Well, no, sir, I wouldn't encourage it; all I say is God help them that's in it; and I hope they'll have their reward in heaven, for it's sure and certain they won't have it on earth."

"Wisely said, Matty. And now perhaps you'll tell me what you know about Johnson."

"What Johnson do you mean, Mr. Frank?"

"I mean the man that was with Maurice Byrne the night before he left for Dublin—the man, as I believe, that gave you those Fenian ballads."

"Musha, then, Mr. Frank, didn't I tell you that I don't know who it was gave them to me, and never heard his name; and moreover, I'll tell you the truth—if I did I'd keep it to myself. I'm no Fenian, but I'm no informer either."

"Well, Matty," said Frank, "I thought you would have helped me for Maurice's sake, but since you won't I must do what perhaps I ought to have done at first, employ the police."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Frank," said Matty, "take an old man's advice, and don't do anything rash. It's mighty easy to stir up strife, but it's mortial hard to put it down. Isn't that true, Miss?" and he looked up at Katharine.

"It is not Mr. Frank who wishes to stir up strife," said Katharine, "it is the Fenians, and those who help them."

"Well, Miss, all I say is that if there's any of them here, I hope Mr. Frank will send them away quiet and easy, and not raise any bad blood in the neighbourhood."

"I must do my duty," said Frank; "I wished to save Maurice Byrne, but I am beginning to fear now that it may be out of my power. Come, Katharine, let us go."

As Frank and Katharine rode away, Matty turned and looked after them, muttering to himself as he did so: "Fenianism's nothing but folly, I know," he said, "but sure them that's in it are risking their lives and all they have in the world for the good old cause, and though I wouldn't advise any man to join them, I'll never inform on one of them.

Mr. Frank's the best of his sort I ever knew—I'll say that for him, but he has too much English blood in him to have the right feeling for Ireland. Sorry I am if Maurice has gone with the Fenians, but if he has, he'll stick to them, like a brave boy as he is, that gave up house and home, and his pretty little sweetheart, for his country's sake; and no good can come of Mr. Frank or any one else trying to find him. As for that chap at Miles Mahony's, of course it was him gave me the ballads, though it's true, as I told Mr. Frank, I haven't seen him since; but there's some things we know without seeing them, just as a boy knows when his sweetheart comes near him, though she doesn't speak a word, and he's blindfold. But I'm not going to betray him, and what's more I'll send him a hint to get out of the way of Mr. Frank and the *polis* as quick as I can."

"Having come to this conclusion, Matty walked back a few steps, crossed a stile, and taking a path through a bit of woodland that skirted the road, came out on a common. At the edge of the wood was a little cottage, somewhat better than the generality of Irish cabins; the thatch was whole, its two little windows were clean and bright, and its walls whitewashed, and covered with hops. The pig, instead of inhabiting the family apartment, grunted in a sty, and there was a "garden" of potatoes, the soil and manure having been carried there by the owner in creels on his donkey's back, when his day's work was over. In front of the cabin stood this patient but obstinate member of an "oppressed race," immoveable as stone, while a trio of ragged urchins were clinging to his back, and as many more thumping him with sticks in a vain effort to make him move on.

The moment the children saw Matty they left the donkey, and ran screaming and shouting towards him. "It is Matty—it is 'ould Matty. Give us a tune, Matty; give us a tune!"

Putting the queer figure-head of his stick to his mouth, Matty brought forth a succession of comical sounds which the children hailed with screams of laughter, in the younger ones a little hysterical, their enjoyment being slightly dashed with fear, but not the less delightful for that.

"Again, Matty! do it again!" said the children, as Matty, taking the stick from his mouth, regarded his audience with a benevolent grin.

"By and bye, childher, by and bye," said Matty. "Molly, astore, how are you?"

Molly was the children's mother, who had come to the door smiling and nodding to Matty, while a fat baby in her arms crowed and clapped his hands at the sight of the old man's familiar face, and the sound of the well-known tune.

Slipping off his trappings, and laying down his stick, which the children eyed curiously, but did not attempt to touch, Matty sat down on a bench outside the door, and took the baby in his arms, who went to him eagerly.

"Well, I'm sure it's wonderful what a way you have with children, Matty," said Molly.

"Yes, indeed," said Matty, "they couldn't like me better if I was as handsome as a picture; but it's God puts it into their hearts, the darlings, just to give me a bit of comfort. Dan, my curly-headed gossoon, do you think your mother will let you run on a message for me?"

"Indeed I will, Matty, with all my heart. He goes to school now; but this is a holiday, and when he's idle he's always in mischief. But the master says he's terrible quick at learning."

"Oh, faix, he's a cute little chap, I know that," said Matty; "didn't he fight for my stick and try to play on it when he was no bigger than this fellow on my knee. Come here, Danny, my man."

Danny, a bright, bold-looking boy of ten, readily came forward.

"Do you know Miles Mahony's?" asked Matty.

"How would I help knowing it? Don't I pass it every day when I'm going to school?"

"True for you; so you do. Well, you're to go there as fast as your legs can carry you, and you're to see Miles himself, and tell him you've a message for one Mr. Johnson, that's lodging there, and when he asks you what the message is, you're to say it is this—'there's visitors coming to him to-day that he won't want to see, and the sooner he's out of that with every bit of paper he's got, written or printed, the better.' That's what you're to say, and if he asks you, as no doubt he will, who sent the message, you're to name no names, not on any account, but just show him that knot of green ribbon I'm giving you with that bit of written paper twisted into it, and he'll understand all about it. Now let me see if you have your lesson."

Danny, whose intelligent eyes had been riveted on Matty while he was speaking, repeated the message word for word.

"That's it," said Matty, approvingly; "you'll be a fine scholar some day, I see that, and who knows but you'll live to be as great a man as your namesake, the great Dan. O'Connell himself. I'll stay here till you come back, and if you do my message well, and bring me the bit of ribbon safe back again, I'll fetch you a pair of white rabbits to-morrow. Now be off with you, and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

"Here, put a hat on your head anyway," said his mother, and snatching it from her, Dan started off at his best pace.

He executed his commission with perfect fidelity and accuracy, and the result was that before Frank Wingfield, with two policemen and a search-warrant, arrived at Miles Mahony's public, Captain McCann had taken his departure, leaving nothing behind but a few specimens of ores, and a pamphlet on the mineral wealth of Wicklow.

Old Matty chuckled gleefully on hearing how Frank and the police had been baffled; and is there one Catholic Irishman of his class who would not have done the same? After all the years during which Ireland has been nominally united to England, the Irish people feel as if it had only been conquered yesterday, and carry on an undying guerilla warfare, bequeathed from father to son, against the enemy, towards whom they believe all stratagems, from the smallest, relating to a ha'porth of salt, to the greatest, involving many lives, fair and justifiable. They have the most profound faith in a Golden Age of peace and prosperity, religion and learning, existing in the "Sacred Isle" before the English invaders came, and an equally intense belief that if the English were driven away, and the Irish had their own again, that Golden Age would return. Their strong family affections, their deep religious temperament, their keen and sensitive feelings, their passionate love of poetry and song, are all on the side of this dream of the past, this vision of the future, and between the two the real world of the past slips away from their grasp, leaving them weak, ignorant and impoverished; and it is much to be feared that generations must pass away before they cease to rebel against the dominion of fact, and keep pace with the growing enlightenment of other nations.*

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* A poor Irishman, long settled in Canada, who by hard work and strict economy had been able to buy a small farm, and save a little money besides, asked a neighbour to lend him a book to read in the long winter evenings. "But don't give me one that has anything in it against Ireland," he said; "I don't want to read it if there is anything in it against Ireland." Is not this highly characteristic of the Irishman's everlasting revolt against the despotism of fact?

CHAPTER XV.

THE PHOOKA'S GLEN.

AT the close of one of the short nights of June, just before sunrise, a weird-looking little old man, who might well have been mistaken by the superstitious for a wizard coming to practise his incantations on the spirits that haunt Ireland's wild and lonely places, appeared on the verge of one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in all the land. Here, through a piece of wild broken ground, where moss and heath, meadow sweet, bog myrtle and wild thyme, and all that luxuriance of shrub and wild flower, growing where the bog meets the rock, and for a while they almost seem to blend together, the river coming down from Djence Mountain poured its swift waters, till, reaching the edge of a precipice one hundred feet high, it fell over it in one unbroken sheet, and was dashed into foam and spray on the rocks in the glen below. This glen was a narrow gorge cleaving a great mountain into two equal parts, and just wide enough for the passage of the stream and a footpath at either side. One-half of the mountain was richly wooded with oak, ash, birch and holly, interspersed with masses of broken rock; the other half was bare, except for the clouds of pink and purple heather that clothed its precipitous sides. Through this wild, lonely glen, the river dashed after its falls, tumbling into deep dark pools famous for trout, and rushing madly over the rocks that barred its way; hurrying along with headlong speed, till, after a stormy course of a mile, it emerged from the glen and flowed quietly through the valley to the sea.

There was a little stirring of insects in the grass, a twitter of birds in the bushes, as the morning-star dropped below the horizon, and the first pearly flush of coming day shot upward; but in the glen beneath all was yet shrouded in sombre gloom, in the midst of which the noise of the waterfall dashing on the rocks, while it veiled its riven waters in spray and mist, might have stirred some feeling of superstitious terror in all who were sensitive to such influences, and had probably given rise to some of the many legends of evil and unhappy spirits haunting the glen, in which every peasant in the neighbourhood faithfully believes.

But no spirit or goblin was the weird-looking figure breaking the loneliness of the scene at this early hour—only Matty the Mouse, carrying his usual equipment of budget, traps, and walking staff. Sitting down on a little hillock, Matty slipped off his burdens, laid down his staff, and, taking off his rabbit-skin cap, drew forth a red cotton handkerchief and wiped his head and face. "It's plain to be seen old age is coming upon me," he said, speaking aloud to himself, as is often the habit of lonely old age to do, "or I wouldn't be so easy tired; but it is a mighty hot morning anyway."

As he spoke he put out his hand, and pulling a branch of a whortleberry bush towards him, began to pick and eat the berries, called "froghans" by the Irish. At the same moment a startled hare, evidently suddenly disturbed from her form somewhere near, ran almost over his feet.

"Now, what was it that put up that hare, I wonder?" said Matty, resuming his monologue. "They say it's not lucky to be crossed by a frightened hare before you've broke your fast in the morning—it is a mercy I eat them froghan berries, for sure I remember well how a big hare crossed my feet that way the week before my poor Biddy died."

But he stopped hastily, and let the bough he was holding spring back, as a man dressed in a green uniform, with a short rifle in his hand and a bayonet stuck in his belt, sprung over some rocks and stood beside him.

"It *is* you, Matty," said the stranger, for so he seemed; "I knew you the moment I caught sight of you, even in this light."

"Well, that's more than I do you," said Matty. "Who are you at all, and what knowledge have you of me?"

"Why, Matty, is it possible you don't know me? Am I so changed? Don't you know Maurice Byrne?"

"Maurice Byrne! Blessed Mother! Are you Maurice Byrne? I was saying a moment ago my feet were failing me, but I'm afeard my memory's going too, for I wouldn't have known you if I had met you in the door of Roebawn."

It was, however, no great wonder that Matty did not at once recognize Maurice, for, besides the alteration his dress made, he was greatly changed. His bright brown hair, with all its sunny colours and wavelets, had been closely cut away, his mouth was hidden by a rather fierce-looking moustache, his features all looked larger and more clearly marked; the warm healthy hue of his cheek had changed to a dark paleness, the playful light of his eyes had fled, and been succeeded by a somewhat gloomy gravity; his frank, merry voice had grown sterner and more incisive; and his erect carriage and military bearing made him look taller and older.

"For God's sake, Matty," said Maurice, trying to master the agitation he felt, "tell me about them. Don't wait for me to ask any questions—I am afraid to ask."

"Haven't you heard anything since you left?" asked Matty.

"Not a word—not a single word—speak, Matty, speak!"

"Well," said Matty, slowly, "there's nobody dead, and nobody married, but they do say that Little Dorinn is going to be married to young Owen Carroll."

"It's a lie," exclaimed Maurice, "an infamous lie, no matter who says it, and I wonder you wouldn't be afraid to repeat it to me. If it was a young man said it to me I'd throw him over the waterfall as soon as I would a mad dog. But I beg your pardon, Matty,—I know it's only your fun."

Well, sure you've a good conceit of yourself, my boy," said Matty, drily, "to expect a pretty girl like Little Dorinn to be true to you after the way you treated her."

"Conceit of myself? No!" said Maurice, "but of her ——. No matter who's false, she's true as the sun; and I'd never believe anything else—not if I seemed to see it with my eyes; I'd know it was witchcraft."

"You're right there anyhow," said Matty. "Owen Carroll, and many another boy would be glad to keep company with her, but she won't as much as look at one of them."

"Did my mother get her and old Paddy to go and live with her?" asked Maurice.

"No. The mistress tried hard to make her, but she wouldn't go. She said it wasn't that she doubted you; she'd doubt herself sooner; but she wasn't going to your house till you yourself took her there. Every day, however, since you went away, be it fair or foul, she goes to see your mother, and indeed the poor mistress says she is the only comfort she has now."

"God bless her, the darling!" said Maurice softly. "And how is my mother? Is she as strong and hearty as ever?"

"Well, she was always a healthy, active woman, you know, but there's no denying your going away shook her a deal. Her hair has got very grey, and her temper's not what it was; but she goes about her business just as she always did, and tries to keep her spirit up. She's always looking out for you, and says there's no knowing what day you may come home."

"And Little Dorinn — what does she say?"

"Well, she says nothing. She never mentions your name, and if any one speaks of you in her hearing, she seems to take no notice. I think she's prettier than ever, only she's grown so quiet. The queerest thing is, she's given up singing; she that used to sing as sweet and as gay as a lark; and old Paddy tells me that if he asks her to sing, she just turns away her head to hide her tears."

"My poor darling!" said Maurice. "How hard and cruel I must have seemed to her and to my mother. Do they know I'm with the Fenians?"

"They suspect it, like every one round about us, though of course they never speak of it; but I've a notion they're glad to think it was loyalty to the green flag kept you away from them, and nothing else. Mr. Frank Wingfield was sure from the very first that you had gone to join them, and he was hot on finding you and making you come home. He cross-questioned me about what I knew of the Fenians, and of that Fenian organizer that was at Mahony's, and called himself Johnson; but sure I knew nothing, and I wouldn't have told him anything if I did; then he set the police to work, and he went up to Dublin, and employed the detectives there, but all he could do came to nothing, as I knew it would, and he could get no intelligence about you. However, he's been keen on hunting out Fenianism and putting it down ever since, and he has made the police here so watchful that not a Fenian has dared to come among the people since him they called Johnson went away."

"Yes, I heard that," said Maurice, and his brow darkened, and he looked down in gloomy silence.

"You're an officer now, I suppose," said Matty.

"Yes," said Maurice, "or at least I will be when the different regiments and battalions are formed. The committee got all the money I had in the bank, and I have a commission and some Fenian bonds instead."

"And what are you doing down here now, if a body may ask?" inquired Matty.

"I'm with a party of picked men that have volunteered to come down and try what can be done among the Wicklow boys. There's fifty of us in the glen, under a Colonel from the States—Colonel McGarvey and Captain McCann—he that was staying at Mahony's. The plan is to hide among the glens and mountains where there's good shelter, one after the other, and some of us are to go out every night secretly, and see what we can do towards raising the boys all round. But to tell you the truth we haven't done much since we came."

"No, nor you won't, either," said Matty. "It isn't that they're false to the good cause; far from it; and they'd be more than willing to strike a good stroke for it, if they thought there was the smallest hope of success; but the fact is, they don't believe the Fenians are going to free Ireland; not this time, anyway."

"I don't think they're far wrong there,' said Maurice fiercely. "The truth is, I've learned things I never bargained for in these last nine months. I've learned that a man may call himself a patriot and be the meanest scoundrel on earth; I've learned that scarcely any one among the Fenian leaders really care for anything but their own selfish purposes, and those few who have some love for Ireland, and some desire to see her a nation once more, have no scruple in using the lowest and basest means to further their purpose. They're not a bit like the men of ninety-eight, Matty. They're a poor, greedy, contemptible set, and I'm sorry I ever joined them."

"Aye, aye!" said Matty—"Musha, do you tell me so? Well, I've heard things myself that seemed queer to me—quarrels about money, and about who was to manage the funds, and one calling robber, and the other swindler. But, sure, that's a bad lookout for the poor fellows that have joined them."

"Bad enough!" said Maurice, "and some of us know it."

"And what do you mean to do yourself?" asked Matty.

"Stick to my oath, I suppose, and stand by them as long as I can. But now, Matty, you were always a wise old chap. What's your opinion about an oath? Sure I'm not obliged to keep it in any other way than that in which I honestly understood it at the time of taking it?"

"Not to my notion," said Matty. "A woman makes a vow to obey her husband, but if he was to order her to rob her father or poison her mother, I suppose it wouldn't be her duty to do it."

"That's just it, Matty," said Maurice, greatly encouraged by this homely, but as it seemed to him apt, illustration. "I swore to keep the secrets of the Brotherhood, and to obey the orders of my officers, but I never thought their secrets would be those of murderers, and their orders would make me the accomplice of assassins. Oath or no oath, I won't see cold-blooded murder done without trying to stop it—no, not on any one—much less on an old friend and comrade—for I may call him that—like Mr. Frank Wingfield."

"God save us! and who's going to murder Mr. Frank?" asked Matty.

"The officers commanding the detachment down here—McGarvey and McCann, say that nothing can be done in this county till Mr. Frank is put out of the way. They declare he is the greatest enemy the Fenian cause has ever encountered, debasing the people and extinguishing their patriotism, and that he must be taken off the walk before any thing can be done; and he's to be shot on the very first opportunity."

"Oh, faix, that's too bad," said Matty, more warmly than he usually spoke. "Mr. Frank's a fine young man, and though of course he can't have a true Irishman's heart, and doesn't feel the English yoke like a real Irishman, and may be hasn't a very good title to the land he calls his own, if every one had their rights, he's the best landlord I ever saw or heard tell of in all my travels, and gives his men honest wages, and decent houses to live in too. Oh, bedad, I'd be sorry to see Mr. Frank taken off that way. And sure his young wife's a jewel, so she is, and a true friend to the poor. Did you know e was married?"

"No—is he?" said Maurice, and his thoughts flew back to that night ages ago—when he had been congratulated by Frank on his approaching marriage to Little Dorinn; and while he pressed his hand on his waistcoat pocket, in which the little straw ring which he had fitted on Little Dorinn's finger lay, his heart thrilled at the thought that in a very few days he should put on that same slender and shapely, though brown finger, the magic circlet of gold which was to make her his own for ever.

"Aye is he; three or four months ago, to that sweet pretty young lady that used to be at the lame captain's, and a handsome, happy couple they make, and as good as they are handsome. Oh, faix, it would be a cruel pity to hurt Mr. Frank, and I don't see how it would help the cause either, for if anything of that sort was to be done to a man so thought about as he is, the county would be put under martial law at once; and then where would the Fenians be? No better than when he was alive anyway."

"Matty," said Maurice, "I've thought it all out, and as if my salvation in this world and the next depended on my coming to a right decision—as may be it does. No matter whether it was to be good for the cause or not, I can't see him murdered without trying to save him. He's in Dublin now, but men are to be chosen by lot to-night to watch for his coming home, and to make sure work with him the first chance they can find or make. Now, Matty, will you let him know what's in store for him? Go at once to Dunran and make some excuse for asking to see his wife; tell her that a friend of Mr. Frank's—of course you won't say who—sent you word that his life was in danger; that there are men sworn to lie in waiting for him night and day till they get their opportunity; tell her that he can't be too cautious of every stranger, or too vigilant in guarding against his enemies. Let her know that this is not a mere idle threat to excite terror, but a deadly scheme of revenge which it will require the utmost precaution and watchfulness to frustrate. Of course you will be careful not to let her know from whom you got the information, and to give her no cause to suspect that there are any Fenians down here. I'm not going to betray them whatever I do, and I know you wouldn't either."

"No, faix, I never betrayed any man yet, much less them that's out for the cause. But I'll do your bidding, Maurice, with a free will, and Mr. Frank shall have warning just as you say."

"It was just God's providence that sent you to me to-day," said Maurice. "I was mad enough to throw myself over the waterfall when I thought I'd have no chance of sending him a warning. I believe if I hadn't met you I'd have thrown up everything, and gone to put him on his guard myself, even if all Ireland, when Ireland comes to be free, execrated my memory as a traitor black as McMurrough."

"Well, I'm just of your way of thinking, Maurice. I've always helped the good cause in all honest ways in my power, but as for shooting down men in cold blood, I say it is a sin and a shame, and no cause can make it right. And indeed, as I said before, I'd be cruel sorry if anything happened to Mr. Frank. But what about the mistress and Little Dorinn? Don't you mean to go see them, and you so near?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps I will—perhaps not. But you mustn't say anything to them about having seen me."

"Oh, not a word will I say. Why would I be disturbing their minds, poor things, more than they are disturbed already."

"And you'll go at once to Dunran, and see Mrs. Wingfield?"

"I'll be there as soon as ever the family are up."

"That's right. You've made my heart something lighter than it was an hour ago. But what good luck brought you here so early in the morning?"

Before Matty could answer, a shrill, wild, unearthly cry, like the Irish "keene," but even sharper, shriller, more long-drawn and more intensely tragical in tone, or seeming so from the peculiar loneliness of the spot and the mysterious twilight hour, pierced the air, echoing and re-echoing through the rocks before it died away.

"Is that the Banshee of the Glen?" asked Maurice.

"What else can it be," said Matty; "but sure I never heard it sound so awful before."

"I heard it twice before through the night, and that's the third time; I think it must be meant for me," said Maurice.

As he spoke two men dressed in a uniform like his, except that theirs was somewhat more elaborately trimmed with braid, climbed the narrow pass out of the glen, which Maurice had scaled a little while before, and on seeing him and Matty, came hastily towards them.

"What is it?" both exclaimed together; "what is that frightful cry?"

"If ever a cry from a spirit in pain reached earth, that's one," said McCann.

"Did you ever hear it before to-night, Byrne?"

"No, never," said Maurice; "but I know many who have, and among the rest, this man here."

In their fright and hurry the two Fenian officers had scarcely noticed Matty, but they now turned and looked at him inquiringly, as he rose and promptly gave a very good imitation of a military salute.

"You have heard this cry before," said McGarvey. "What is it makes it? Is it a bird, or a beast, or what is it?"

"Neither bird, nor beast, as I believe," said old Matty; "but sure if the gentlemen don't know the story about it, it's easy telling it."

"Well, what's the story? Some old wife's fable, I suppose," said McGarvey, whose Yankee notions had somewhat blunted his

Irish susceptibility to superstition; "but tell it to us at any rate."

"It happened in the rising of ninety-eight," said Matty, "when our poor boys had been worsted, and some of them were hiding here in this very glen, that a young woman, poor thing, whose husband was among them, got in to see him; and while she was there the Yeomen and the Fencibles came, and they shot or cut down every man they could lay hold of, and among the rest this poor girl's husband. They say the soldiers ran their swords through him at her very feet, and flung his body over the rocks into the river below. As she saw the cruel deed she gave one wild screech—such a screech as made the blood of the bravest man there turn cold, and dashed herself, and a poor little baby she carried in her arms, down after him. The river was in flood then, and fuller than it was ever known to be before or since, and all their three bodies were swept into a deep pool, and never seen again, and there I suppose their bones lie to this day, without a prayer or a blessing, or the rites of the Church said over them. Since then her spirit, it is said, haunts the place, and at certain times screeches just as you heard it now. Sometimes the cry is silent for years, and then again at other times it's heard day and night; and faix no one in the country likes to hear it; they think it's a sign that some misfortune is close at hand."

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" said McGarvey.

"Well, indeed, maybe it is," said Matty, in his easy way, "but I'm sure there never was man nor woman heard it without a strange creeping at the heart. And, moreover, there's many queer things that's neither flesh nor blood in that glen. Especially, it's haunted by a Phooka, and for that reason it's known as the Phooka's Glen. Sure, I knew a man that was passing through it late one night, coming home from a wake, and a beast, that seemed to him in that uncertain light like a big bull-calf, rose up under him, as it were, and carried him off on its back, galloping up and down through the glen, through the river, over the rocks, and among the trees, like a racer; and at first the poor fellow—Tim Doolan was his name, and his son's alive to tell you the same story to-day—was frightened almost out of his life. He felt his hair standing stiff and straight, like bristles on his head, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth; but he was always a wild divil, and after a while he plucked up his courage and began shouting and cheering at every bound the beast made, as if it was a steeple-chase; and the louder and bolder he shouted and hurrahed the faster the thing went, and the bigger jumps it took; for you see what it wanted was to throw him, and if it could have done that before the cocks crew in the morning, that would have been the last of Tim Doolan, for it would have torn him limb from limb; but Tim was a cute fellow, and knew that, and he stuck on to the creature like grim death, till at last, just as the day was dawning and the cocks crowing, it took the most tremendous jump across the river, from one big rock to another, and sure I often saw where the rock broke away from under its feet, and was all cracked and splintered as if by fire. Well, when he saw where the creature was going, Tim fairly shivered, for he thought he was a lost man; but as soon as he found they were clear across, safe and sound, and he still on its back, his spirit grew big, and he gave the wildest yell ever he gave in his life! 'Holy Moses,' shouted he, 'Isn't that a big leap for a calf?' And with that the appearance seemed to vanish from under him, and he knew nothing more till he found himself lying on a mossy bit of bank on the other side of the cracked stone, and saw the sun shining bright above his head, and everything about him as beautiful as a picture, and almost as quiet as one, if it hadn't been for the noise of the river.

Often and often I've heard Tim tell of the wild ride he had on the Phooka's back; for you see that was what the creature was."

"Well, I should calculate the man was drunk, and had a bad dream," said Colonel McGarvey.

"In troth and his enemies said that same," said Matty. "But it is my belief that everything happened to him just as he said. I believe in spirits of light and spirits of darkness, in ghosts and witches, in phookas and fairies, and all the things my forefathers believed in, in the ould ancient days. I'm a true Irishman, and hold to the ould creed and the ould traditions."

"Oh, we don't make much account of such things in America," said the Colonel. "But who are you, my man?" he continued; "are you a tinker?"

"No, sir, not I, though many a one mistakes me for one. I'm just a handy old man, knowing about horses and cattle, and good at catching vermin. And I'm true and faithful to the Green. Mr. Byrne will tell you that."

"And what brought you here at this early hour? Did you expect to meet Mr. Byrne?"

"Well indeed I didn't; nothing could have been farther from my thoughts. I was inquiring after an old comrade that is very bad, and not expected by the doctor, and I stayed all night to help his poor woman to watch him. I'm on my way now to fetch him some herb-medicine, that I make from a receipt I have, and that's often cured them that the doctors have given over. But I'm not as young as I have been, and it's weary travelling through the bogs, and so I sat down to rest for a bit; and just as I did who should I see but Mr. Byrne, and troth I couldn't have been more surprised if I had seen my poor woman, that's dead and gone these fifteen years, standing before me. Isn't that the truth, sir?" he added, appealing to Maurice.

"Yes," said Maurice. "I saw him as I came up the pass to see that all was safe there; and as I've known him all my life to be a true Irishman, as he says, I thought we might find him serviceable; for he knows every one, rich and poor."

"The Captain there might bear witness to the same," said Matty. "I'm sure he'll remember giving me some fine Irish ballads and histories at the fair of Kilcool."

"Yes, I believe I did," said McCann.

"Sure enough you did; and by the same token it was me sent you word when the police was going to come down on you at Miles Mahony's. And, sure, here's the pledge I sent." And he pulled out an old pocket-book, from which he took a bit of green ribbon, fastened in a peculiar knot, with the letters "I. R." (the initials of Irish Republic), and the date 1848 worked on it in white silk. "I got that same badge," continued Matty, "from as good a patriot as ever stood in shoe-leather—John Mitchell by name. I had the luck to do him a little service, much the same as I done to the Captain, and he gave it to me with the bit of written paper folded in it, saying that the bearer was a true friend to his country; and so I am."

"He's just the man we want," said McCann.

"Yes, I guess he'll do," said McGarvey. "What's your name, my man?" he asked, turning to Matty.

"Well, your honour, the people all about here give me the name of Matty the Mouse, by reason of a trick I have for beguiling the rats and mice; but my name is Matthew Flyn."

"Well, Flyn, as you carry a badge of the Irish Republic, I suppose you'll be willing to do her a piece of service?"

"It is proud I am to be employed!" said Matty, making at the same time the mental condition—"if I like the work you're going to set me."

"You know Mr. Frank Wingfield, of Dunran, don't you?" asked McGarvey.

"Faix, there isn't a man, woman, or child in all Leinster that doesn't know Mr. Frank Wingfield," said Matty.

"Well, I understand he's not at home at present, but I want you to find out the exact day and hour he's expected back, and every particular you can gather about his movements, and bring me the information as soon as you can."

"Well, sir," said Matty, "I'll do your bidding to the best of my ability; but how am I to see you when I come?"

"I will give you the password," said McGarvey. "'The Green above the Red.' That'll get you safe through the sentries, and then you'll soon find out where I am. Remember, too, that you must make your inquiries with the utmost caution, lest your motive should he suspected."

"Oh, divil a fear of me," said Matty. "I'm as cute as a fox, and as wide awake as a weasel; and Mr. Byrne knows well I'm a man to be trusted." And he turned his small eyes twinkling under the pent-house of his shaggy brows on Maurice with a quick glance of meaning.

Then rising, he replaced his budget and girdle of traps, and, taking up his staff, saluted in military fashion, and set off at a quick pace, eager, as it seemed, to execute his commission.

(*To be continued.*)

A LIFE VOYAGE.

WE dropt down low by the harbour-islet
That thrust its forehead against the bar,
For we would voyage, with youth our Pilot,
Thro' divers seas, to the lands afar.
And those to whom we were near and dear
Were watching tearfully;
But we sighed no sigh and we shed no tear,
Too merry of heart were we.

There was one who stood at the prow, all stately,
With king-like robes, of an unknown web;
Whereat in the heart we marvelled greatly,
With strange thoughts ever at flow and ebb.
Thro' the rich veil drawn down over them,
His features shone like flame,
And on his head was a diadem,
But none knew whence he came.

Our ship was all of the goodly cedar,
Our sails were rich as his raiment was,
And he himself of us all was leader,
Beneath the banner that bare the Cross.
And ever we followed him fearlessly
Wherever he bade us steer,
And calmest ever he seemed to be
When there was most to fear.

Through airs made sweet with a thousand spices,
  Through seas as still as a babe asleep,
We merrily sailed by the Paradises
  That lie afar on the summer deep;
And rich fruit bent from the boughs alway,
  And fair were the flowered leas;
And oh! the marvellous things that lay
  Under the waveless seas.

We might not tarry—we might not linger;
  From out of the south the fair wind blew:
Our Captain lifted a warning finger,
  And steadily nor'ward on we flew.
And threescore nights and threescore days
  Over the deep we sailed,
Till the stars were like wild things agaze,
  And shrilly the north wind wailed.

The great waves leaped like hungry lions,
  Around and under us lay the shark,
We flung in their teeth a full defiance,
  And strove thro' the horrors of the dark.
And wonderful things came drifting by,
  And strange glows pierced the night,
And great bergs gleamed unutterably,
  Beneath the leaping light.

In blind amaze we gathered together,
  About our Captain gathered we,
And his voice broke out thro' the stormy weather
  As thunder breaks on the wild midsea:
"Ye have followed me well thro' many days,
  And shall we part to-day?"
Oh! brave were we—yet a moment's space
  We shuddered and shrank away!

The veil that lay on his face he lifted,
  And lo! no beauty and grace was there,
But a fleshless whiteness, seamed and rifted
  By the empty cells where the senses were.
And again the deep strong voice broke out,
  "And shall we part to-day?"
Our love was more than awe or doubt,
  And none could say him nay.

A glorious light broke round and under,
 A strange still beauty upon him grew,
And aloud he cried, as we gazed in wonder,
 "'Tis well, right well, my mariners true:
Death, the slayer of light and love,
 Is what ye men call me,
But another name have I above,
 It is 'Immortality!'"

PORT HOPE.

PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC.

SUCH is the title of a pleasant little book by Mr. W. R. Bliss, on the Sandwich Islands,* which might perhaps with more accuracy be styled Paradise *not* in the Pacific, so completely does it dispel our illusions, if not respecting the Islands, at least respecting the Islanders.

Physically, the Islands correspond to the programme, as we perceive on nearing their shores. "By noon the island was under our lee, when we ran along its eastern shore near enough to discover a wild and grotesque landscape. From coral and volcanic crags, as white as cream, into which the sea had drilled great fissures, hills, coloured and ridged by volcanic scars, sloped up into peaks above the clouds. Between the sharp folds of these hills, green valleys came down, opening upon the ocean, where smooth beaches broke the surf. Turning the south-eastern point of the island and steering westward, we discovered groves of cocoa-nut palms, fringing a white shore, and deeper and greener valleys; then a long coral reef, breaking the swell of the ocean; behind it a quiet harbour with ships; beyond that a broad plain backed by mountains, and covered by trees, above whose green foliage arise the flagstaffs and spires of Honolulu." "I am housed in an upper corner of the Government Hotel. The doors of my room open upon spacious verandas above the tree-tops. I can look north upon valleys and mountains, and east upon the sea, where the line of the shore is marked by cocoa-nut palms and by the bold promontory called Diamond Head. At noon the thermometer marks 80 degrees in the veranda. Here I lounge, while a breeze comes down the valley gorges and blows upon me, then runs out over the surf, and wrinkles the sea for miles away. I watch the trade-wind clouds playing with shadows on the hills all day: now dashing down sudden showers on the green slopes, then filling the valleys with rainbows. Over all is a blue summer sky. And this is the month of January, in which I am picking strawberries and roses, in defiance of all the established facts of an orthodox life. The streets of the city are hard with coral and lava, and are shaded by trees transplanted from various parts of the tropical world. There are pines from Norfolk Island; the papaia, kamani, and bread-fruit trees from Tahiti; the tamarind, mango, and monkey-pod from India; the algaroba from Mexico; the rubber tree from South America; the china-rose tree, whose crimson flowers are in bloom all the year round. There are peach trees rosy with blossoms on one side, and ripening fruit on the other; the oleander, banana, guava, orange, citron; the koa, as hard as mahogany, on which leaves of different form grow out of the same stem, and out of each other. Under the shade of this evergreen foliage are pleasant cottages, built of coral blocks or of wood, surrounded by verandas and flowering vines. The doors are always open; the welcome is always hearty. Water from mountain springs flows through the cottages, stopping in baths, escaping in fountains, fertilizing the grass and flowers everywhere. Ice is made to order, and wines are offered from all the vineyards of the world."

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* Paradise in the Pacific; a Book of Travel, Adventure and Facts in the Sandwich Islands. By William R. Bliss. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The ice made to order, the Government Hotel, and the Sabbath ushered in by the bells of Papist and Protestant churches, spoken of in the same chapter, at once put to flight the notion of a community of Pauls and Virginias, or virtuous savages in Rousseau's state of nature. Nor do we suppose that any curiosity about the arrival of mails would be felt in the Rousseauist world of bliss. Honolulu is a petty place of trade, with twenty-five hundred whites, many of them Yankees, and exporting a list of commodities concluding with pea-nuts. Still, there seems to be a lotus-eating air over the place and its denizens. When the occupation of talking about the mail flags, "a soft listlessness comes over the town. Carriages carrying ladies and children roll leisurely up the valley road on afternoons, or creep across the plain to the sea beach, returning to hospitable gatherings in the evening. There is no hurry, and no dyspeptic care. All the days are so much alike that it is difficult to take a note of time even by its loss."

The Hawaiian monarchy, on which we next have a chapter, is what the Yankees would call a decidedly one-horse monarchy. The Charlemagne of the dynasty, it appears, was Kamehameha I., a highly polygamous chief, and the father of his subjects in even a greater degree than Charles II. This great sovereign was the leading acrobat of Polynesia, and even in advanced age could catch flying spears and knives more dexterously than any other man, so that he would have been in some peril of abduction had Barnum visited Honolulu in those days. The friends of Woman's Rights will hear with satisfaction that the widows of kings claim and have sometimes asserted royal rights. Kahumanu, one of the widows of Kamehameha II., literally filled the throne, "being a woman of very large size and very little clothing; wearing only a fan and a short skirt, if the pictures of her are authentic." The queen dowager Katama seems also to have been an important personage, though she squatted on a mat, ate with her fingers, and, like Kahumanu, had a limited wardrobe. Kamehameha V., on his accession, made a quiet *coup d'état.* The American missionaries had persuaded his predecessor, Kamehameha III., to give the people a constitution with universal suffrage. But Kamehameha V. remarked in a speech from the throne, that "if universal suffrage was permitted the government would soon lose its monarchical character," and he accordingly substituted a safer arrangement. Queen Emma was the widow of King Kamehameha IV., and granddaughter of John Young, a British seaman, who had landed "in search of freedom" in 1790, and being a man of ability had succeeded in "running" the head of the dynasty in that day. Though a Christian and crinolined, it was remarked in England that when she was staying in country-houses she had a singular tendency to make her way to the pond.

The American missionaries and merchants are credited by their compatriot with much beneficence and skill in civilizing the natives and maintaining harmony between them and the whites. But it seems to be only another case of the *saltus mortalis* between barbarism and advanced civilization. The race is dying out. In 1823 the population was 142,000; in 1872 it was 57,000; and the excess of deaths over births in 1871 was 1,175. Marriages between the natives are not prolific, offspring are regarded as a calamity, settlements are vanishing, cottages are vacated and destroyed, parts of the country, once populous, are silent and desolate. Commercial prospects are not good. The "Pacific highway," according to Mr. Bliss, is a fable. The Paradise of the Pacific seems likely to become the heritage of Chinese labourers, with a few Yankee employers.

The missionaries, in spite of the schisms between the churches, and the almost inevitable tendency to intrigue, seem to have played their part well. But when missionaries have succeeded in civilizing savages, as in the case of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, they have been unaccompanied by settlers bringing the greed of gain and the vices of a whiskey-and-revolver civilization. Among the Hawaiians Christianity has not extirpated heathen superstitions, especially a dark belief in sorcery, nor has it been able to contend against the profligacy, stimulated no doubt by the presence of the whites, which appears to be the chief among the physical sources of decay—more fatal than even drink.

In character and habits the people are what might have been expected—a feeble mixture of the listlessness of the savage with the lower tastes of the European. They have ceased to be hardy without becoming careful, and are consequently decimated by consumption. Opium and spirituous liquors have, of course, found their way into the Islands in spite of all prohibitory laws, and are doing their usual work. Twenty thousand empty bottles go back every month to California. The character of the race has evidently been formed by a mild climate and easy subsistence; and it presents the natural contrast to the character of races formed by a struggle with a rigorous climate and a niggard soil. Energy, courage and self-reliance are totally wanting in the Hawaiians. Even in music they fail; and in their church choirs, if they have not an organ or leader to support them, begin with apparent vigour, but soon break down. They can do nothing, in short, but swim. They have fine dark hair and eyes, but are without any of the beauty which depends upon individuality or expression.

A horrible feature of the country is a lepers' village on a small island by itself; and the most horrible thing connected with this village is that, as we are told, the food supplied to the lepers being better than what the other natives can obtain, people sometimes make themselves lepers for the sake of sharing it. If this be the fact, all is over with the native race.

Mr. Bliss gives us a description, extending through fifty pages of his little volume, of a political election and a meeting of the Parliament. The whole thing is a melancholy absurdity—melancholy not only by reason of its practical nullity, but because these ghastly antics are played round the deathbed of an interesting race. The chief question, as might be supposed, is taxation especially the dog-tax. Keeping dogs seems to be as dominant a passion in Honolulu, as we have every night the pleasure of being made aware it is in Toronto. As cats are also kept in large numbers, a serenade is never wanting. "It is now," says Mr. Bliss, vividly recalling, by his use of the present tense, the delightful sensations of the past—"it is now impossible for me to sleep. I step out upon the veranda for a relief to my confused senses. The full-faced moon is shining upon the tree-tops and lighting the mountains and the sea; while the midnight air is filled by a universal chorus of cats, dogs and roosters, which excels all the paradoxical harmonies of a Boston jubilee." The law of nuisances, let us say in passing, is not in a very rational state. You can indict a man for creating a stench, but you cannot indict a man for keeping a useless dog, which deprives you of your sleep, and thereby prevents your doing your work next day. The dogs of Honolulu, Mr. Bliss tells us, are exempt from hydrophobia. But other dogs are not; and Dr. Arnold, who was not nervous or exaggerative, having witnessed a death from hydrophobia, said that it would be better that the whole race of dogs should be exterminated, than that such awful agony should ever be suffered again by a single human being. We may add, that the dear pets whose cause is being pathetically pleaded against the cruel interference of our city authorities, are for the most part curs whose genesis would puzzle Darwin, so that hydrophobia from their bite would be a death of ignominy as well as torture.

The Islands are all mountainous and of volcanic origin. Mr. Bliss gives us an ascent of the great volcanic mountain Mauna Loa, from which, and from another crater which he was in the habit of ascending, the view was very fine. "Turning about now on the summit, we have before us a commanding view of Honolulu, six miles away. It is a beautiful panorama; and the refreshing breeze which is always crossing this summit makes us tarry long to enjoy it. We can see the towers and steeples of the town rising above the embowering trees. We can see the skeleton masts of its shipping, and the long, curving lines of surf breaking on the harbour reefs, and that broad, blue expanse of ocean on which it is never tiresome to gaze. We can see the volcanic mountains that rise behind the town, and the plains stretching beyond it, and, more conspicuous than all, those two solemn craters for ever looking down upon it, carrying our imagination back to that primæval night when these islands arose from the ocean, smoking with volcanic fires."

"A solitary city, on a solitary island, in a solitary ocean,"—such is the phrase by which Mr. Bliss paints Honolulu; and evidently the feeling which the phrase expresses, combines with the climate and the absence, comparatively speaking, of active industry, to form the characters and habits of the white as well as the native population. "If the white people of Honolulu met only when they had something to say, there could be no social life here. Conversational themes are not abundant. There are no politics, tariffs, stocks, crops, operas, nor public sensations. Even fashions and the weather present little variety as talkable topics. The resident soon becomes indifferent to those events and opinions which interest the mind of larger and more active communities, of which reports drift over from the continent once a month; and little is to be found for the mind to feed upon, except gossip and good stories. In the course of these indolent days, every beau and belle, every matron and maid, has been measured, weighed, appraised, and set in place in the social circle. There they remain, the same to each other every day; promising, like some established medicines, to be good for all time." "Mental life here is not healthy. The mind dozes under the indolent influences of this tropical climate. If it is aroused, it grates like the rusty hinges of a door which has long stood open to the sunshine and the showers. There is no scope for active thought in this isolated existence, and no encouragement for its exercise. For this reason, some who have prospered here in worldly affairs have taken their wealth and migrated to a more progressive society, where, as 'iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.'" A devoted Hawaiian might perhaps say that the last words betrayed a rather Yankee idea of mental healthiness.

It seems that even a short residence suffices to steep the mind in the luxurious languors of the place, for the style of Mr. Bliss in his descriptions is perceptibly tinctured with the lotus:

"There is a charm about Honolulu which it is difficult to describe. It lies in these delightful days. During weeks in succession every day is like the other,—the same agreeable temperature, the same refreshing breeze, the same perpetual sunshine, the same evergreen verdure. They are days that leave no mark of the passage of time. They make an extra summer in our lives.

"We occupy ourselves with lounging. We lounge in easy-chairs on the verandas, interested in a book, interested in the landscape before us, which stretches away in great variety up to the distant mountain-peaks. We lounge in the shops. We lounge into a friend's cottage without ceremony. We lounge in our carriage, with a luncheon, far away into the green valleys, at noon, or over the plains and along the sea-beach, at the close of day. We lounge under the starlight, noting the ascent of Orion, and looking every evening for the higher rising of the Ursa Major above the northern mountains, reminding us that the time approaches when we must return to the north.

"Every day we ride into the country. I have already mentioned the ride west of the city, toward Halawa, and north toward the Pali. Two roads lead from the eastern end of the city,—one, branching to the right, ends on the sea-beach at Waikiki; the other, to the left, passes the school of Punahou, and climbs up into the Manoa Valley, where it is lost in the grass of fenceless fields. From these a rougher road pushes farther east, over barren hills, where volcanic ruins are strewn in grotesque confusion, and reaches the ocean near Koko Head, some twelve miles from the city. All these roads command pleasing views of land and sea.

"To the Manoa is an attractive ride. Here, hitching our horse, we can roam on foot through banana-orchards in search of fruit, and call at dairies for a drink of fresh milk. Coming out of the valley, the hills by the roadside are high, rounded like billows, and smooth with turf whose green hue is varied by patches of blue and red volcanic gravel; while the landscape opens before us enchanting views of the plain below, and of the city and sea beyond it.

"The favourite ride is to Waikiki. This is the name of a hamlet of plain cottages, stretching along the seashore, in the edge of a grove of cocoanut-palms, whither the white people of Honolulu go to revel in bathing-clothes, mosquitoes, and solitude, at odd times of the year. It is not a gay watering-place. Its local excitements are caused by the activity of the insect tribes, and the occasional fall of a cocoanut. But to the wearied dweller in Honolulu, to whose year there comes no variety of seasons, fashions or faces, Waikiki is 'somewhere to go.' Here he celebrates his birthday by a picnic with his friends. Here, when school does not keep, he brings his children for a romp and a bath, and a hunt for shells along the shore; and here he sometimes comes alone to enjoy nature and the natives.

"It is a ride of three or four miles to Waikiki. Leaving the city on the eastern side, by King Street, we pass the great coral meeting-house, built by native labour so long ago that it is now much too large for its uses. Near by is a neighbourhood whose broad street, white houses, stone walls, swinging gates, and old shade trees, remind me of a New-England village. These large, arching algarobas are sufficiently suggestive of elms to complete the delusion. Here was the first missionary settlement in Honolulu: hence its pleasant New-England complexion.

"Now we enter upon a hard, level road, where we can try the speed of our horse. On the right we passed the handsomest tree on the island,—a huge mamani, or tamani tree, called, also, the umbrella-tree, a native of Tahiti, extending its shade over half an acre. At this season its large, isolated leaves are both scarlet and green. Beyond, over a grassy flat, we see the ocean, and an American whale-ship, her main-topsail aback, waiting for a pilot. On the left are pleasant cottages, and the plains of Kulaokahua, from which rise the volcanic hills and mountains, in whose variety of form and colour we always find something to admire.

"After a brisk trot of ten minutes, we turn to the right, direct for the shore, and, wheeling around the corner, encounter a native woman astraddle of a strong-minded pony, not disposed to go her way. Out of her gibberish we catch the word *pilikia*, which tells us that she is in 'a peck of troubles.' We can give her only our sympathy, and the pony a cut of our whip, which starts him spinning towards Honolulu.

"Hereabouts is a neighbourhood of white cottages, within white fences, inhabited by white people, pleasantly shaded by trees. The crimson flowers of the China hibiscus, the reddening leaves of the mango, and the brown loments of the tamarind, make attractive contrasts to the green foliage. The road, now crossing a stretch of level fields, is occupied by pigs of every colour, except white, apparently going, like ourselves, to Waikiki. They swing their straight tasseled tails with so much energy as to worry our horse, who never saw such pigs at his own home in California. Fit companions to them are their owners,—natives, on whose civilization the era of trowsers has not yet dawned. After the pigs we come to the king's poi-factory, where poi is ground out by the quantity for the subjects of his majesty to lick from their fingers as they squat around musty calabashes at their social dinner-parties.

"Near by, under the cocoanut-trees, is the king's brown cottage. The royal standard is flying from a flag-staff on the lawn, reflecting its red, white, and blue stripes in the large silvered globe, emblematic of dominion, perched on a tripod below it. In the veranda sits his majesty, alone; while a little way off, before him, a dozen native women, chattering, in calico gowns, lie on their bellies in waiting.

"What strange things these cocoanut-trees are! casting their shadows far away, never showing any signs of growth, always standing in silence,—the same long, crooked, wrinkled, cylindrical stems, crowned with plumy tufts. They lean and curve, and point upward from every direction. When riding toward them at sunset, the gray trunks invisible in the dimness, their plumy tops have appeared to me as clouds in the evening sky. Under these trees are a few grass huts and wooden shanties, occupied by natives; and under them, also, straggles the line of unpainted cottages, which is Waikiki.

"The architecture of these cottages is of the sudden, spasmodic style, indicating daily diversities of mind in the same individual. They stand so near to the shore, that the front door is necessarily on the back-side, which our carriage must approach by a wandering by-road. From the southern verandas extends a long, broad porch, made of reeds woven upon a frame, which shuts out the glare thrown up by the sun from the sea; but it cannot shut out the mosquitoes that come with the gloaming, whose visits are the sharpest ills of life.

"Here is indolence all around us. It is exemplified by those native men and women, lounging in scanty raiments on the grass, playing cards, and talking idle tattle all day long. What specimens of human grossness and laziness! Even a silver coin is slow to induce a native boy to climb a cocoanut-tree and throw down some nuts for us.

"The sand on this shore is lava, coral, and shells, pulverized by the sea, and bleached by the sun. Wild vines, bearing flowers, are running over it as if it were a garden soil. A mile away, on our left, where the shore curves toward the south, rise the sterile sides of Diamond Head,—the stump of an ancient volcano, whose southern slope is seven hundred feet high where it juts into the sea. Yonder, in front of us, is a coral reef, against which the ocean is always breaking with a moan, as if it were weary of its long endeavour to destroy the barrier. Naked natives are searching in the water for shell-fish to eat; and others are paddling swift canoes, balanced by outriggers, through the surf. A company of men and women are wading toward the land, dragging a sweep of palm-leaves, in which they expect to strand a skip-jack or a mullet.

"The swell which rolls over the reef comes up gently to the edge of the shore where we are standing,—

'Kissing the sands, and whispering at our feet,
With exquisite advancement and retreat.'

"A bath in this summer sea is delightful. The water is very buoyant, clear, and pleasantly warm, its temperature being about seventy degrees. Once in, I am reluctant to leave it. But can we not come again to-morrow?

"The scenery about Honolulu presents charming pictures to a stranger every day. It is a scenery that will bear favourable comparison with any summer scenery in other lands. Lounging in our verandas, and gazing at the panorama, we find new attractions in it daily. The great feature of the scenery is the mountain range running through the length of the island, behind the city. These mountains, throwing out spurs toward the sea, divide the lowlands into valleys, which are not depressions between summits, but are, rather, amphitheatres, rising away from the plains, where the scenery shifts daily from showers to rainbows, and then to long cascades falling down the wooded cliffs.

"From our northern verandas we can distinguish four of these green amphitheatres, whose names are Ka-li-hi, Nu-a-nu, Pow-o-a, Ma-no-a. Some of them are dotted with white cottages. Some of them are spanned by rainbows; for the higher they rise into the mountains the more frequently are they baptized with showers.

"In the season of the trade-wind, the peaks, rising far above the valleys, are softened by tender gray mists, which screen the splendour of the sun as it falls upon the slopes coloured by ferns and grasses, and by forests of bright green kukui-trees and dark green koa-trees, and by ridges of black lava and patches of red soil. Here, day after day,

'There is wide wandering for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or, by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.'

"It is near the time of sunset. Let us go up into the observatory of the hotel, and take a last look at the surrounding scenery. Below us, the town is concealed from view by the embowering trees. Behind us rise the mountains; before us stretches the sea, streaked with purple and gray in the changing light. We can discern the sweep of the coast from Diamond Head in the east, to Laeloa Point in the west, where the misty outline of that mountain-spur is blending with the sky beyond it. Clouds lie on the far-off horizon, shaping themselves into quaint forms, and growing darker as the daylight begins to fade away. There is no prolonged twilight. There is a lingering flush in the sky; but day disappears almost as suddenly as in the description of the 'Ancient Mariner:'

'The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.'

"The light is burning in the lighthouse; the masts of the ships have disappeared in the darkness; the trade-wind has subsided to a zephyr. The stillness of sleep pervades the city; and the crooning voice of the surf bids us 'Good night!'"

Of the white population many are invalids from the United States. Mr. Bliss, however, tells us that the climate is by no means suitable for all classes of invalids. For convalescents needing repose it is just the right thing; but not so for those actually suffering from consumption or bronchitis. The reason given is the occasional boisterousness of the trade-wind and the meteorological changes connected with it. One day, says Mr. Bliss, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 70 degrees at sunrise and 82 degrees at two o'clock in the afternoon, with a light trade-wind and showers of rain. At sunset the thermometer had fallen to 70 degrees. "At eight the trade-wind came in suddenly with an icy breath which made me shut the windward doors; and the mercury sank to 58 degrees, remaining at that point until sunrise on Friday morning, the 5th, outside of the city, but standing at 62 degrees within the city. The morning wind on Friday was light, from the south. At ten o'clock the trade-wind suddenly blew from the north-east, preceded by varying gusts and local whirls in the street. A very heavy dew fell at sunset, and in the evening the sky was illuminated by incessant sheet-lightning. A terrific thunderstorm followed, lasting until three o'clock on Saturday morning; and in those six hours six inches of rain fell. This deluging storm, which hung directly over the city, made a sleepless night for every one in the hotel, and a night of terror to our horses in the stable, who expressed their alarm by pitiful cries at every crash of thunder. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning the thermometer indicated 78 degrees in my veranda, while the wind was as soft from the south-east as if there had never been a storm."

The islands are probably destined to be a Madeira for convalescents. Perhaps they may also afford now and then a mental asylum for spirits wearied of the land where "man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," and willing to repose for a while in "a solitary city, on a solitary island, in a solitary sea."

A FAREWELL TO CANADIAN SUMMER.

Once more thou fliest, brief Canadian Summer,
Shortlived as all things beautiful and joyous,
Shortlived as meteors in thy own bright heaven,
That, ere two arm-locked lovers with each other
Can interchange the thrill of wonder, vanish.

The glorious bounty of Canadian harvest,
That overfills the lusty arms of labour,
The busy field at morn, the noon-day resting
Amidst the teeming sheaves, the cheery voices
Of workers wending homeward through the gloaming;

The swift exuberance of the earth, that hastens
Richly to pay the long arrears of winter,
The orchard bursting into bridal blossom,
Anon arrayed in matron pride of fruitage,
The garden whose luxuriance mocks the dresser;

The joys of sunny hours, the noontide lingering
In quiet circle on the cool veranda,
The evening's stroll beneath the murmuring elm trees,
Breeding sweet talk and wakening happy memories,
The sail upon the waters flushed with sunset.

The merry pic-nic in the fragrant woodland,
The camping far from care in gipsy freedom,
The Watteau groups upon the lawn at croquet,
The lithe young forms that, conscious of the glances
Of ladies, tourney at lacrosse and baseball:

All these depart with thee, Canadian Summer.
And now the Fall bedecks, in all her forests,
Thy deathbed, gorgeous as the sun's in heaven,
And faintly tinkling from the Northern icefields,
Far off are heard the sleigh-bells of the winter.

What hast thou left? The garnered wealth of harvest!
Some hearts, perchance, joined in the summer twilight—
Some thoughts, some feelings, blended with thy memory.
So roll the seasons, so the years, the ages,
All swift and brief as thou, Canadian Summer.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY CYNICO.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the summer of 1869. A party of persons stood on the deck of the incoming mail-steamer that was slowly approaching the wharf. Halifax harbour was calm and still, shining resplendently under the beams of the August sun. The green banks on either hand were full of freshness to the eyes of the travellers who, for days together, had seen nothing else than the great blue Atlantic deep stretching away to the horizon. The citadel frowned down upon the town, the Union Jack flapped against the staff; the murmur of a shipping place was broken at intervals by the cry of a gull, the blast of a distant bugle, or the shriek of a steamboat. The picture spread out before the new arrivals was one of peace and prosperity, on which they gazed in silence.

There were four of them. Two were military men on their way to Bermuda to join their regiment, now that their leave of absence had expired. The third was a sunburnt Englishman, tall, fair, with bluish eyes, and an easy manner about him that betokened long intercourse with the world; prepossessing in appearance, and, in truth, a most agreeable companion. The fourth was a mere stripling of some eighteen summers, not far removed from rawness and school memories.

"We part soon, Mildmay," said the younger officer, addressing the Englishman, who was leaning against the rail. "Don't let us do it without drinking once more to every one's success."

"That is," replied Mildmay, "to your speedy promotion to a company, to Trent's majority, to Arthur's safe arrival in Montreal, and to my —— what?"

"Successful prosecution of your suit."

"I am not a 'Cœlebs in search of a wife,' my dear Wilson; merely a traveller for pleasure, with as much profit as can be derived from adventure."

"As, for instance, your expeditions with Garibaldi in Italy and with Bazaine in Mexico? The profit then, if I remember right, consisted, in the vulgar phrase, of more kicks than ha'pence—more wounds than riches."

"Who fights for money? Neither you with your cynicism, nor Trent here with his chivalrous notions."

"Very well for you," exclaimed Trent, "to talk like that, Mildmay; but I know that both Wilson and myself would cut the service to-morrow if we only had a decent chance of marrying. There are no prizes for us poor devils now-a-days."

"Why don't you follow my example, then, —travel, kick about, and fight when you get an opportunity of doing so on the right side."

"As soon as we can follow your example of stepping into ten thousand a year on the death of a rich relative. Till then we may grumble, but we must serve."

"How long do you mean to stay in Halifax?" asked Wilson.

"A week or two; then Arthur and I go on to Montreal."

"*Via* the St. Lawrence?"

"I suppose so, as it is the most picturesque route."

"And you won't fail to come to Bermuda for the winter?"

"Certainly not."

"That is," broke in Arthur Mitchell, "if we cannot persuade him to spend the season with us. You know, Mildmay, Montreal is awfully jolly in winter; what with the sleighing, tobogganing, and skating, we make time pass quickly."

"And your snow-shoeing. I want to learn that; I have never perfectly understood that mode of locomotion."

"It's easy enough to learn; we will take you across the Mountain and give you your fill of it."

"Take my advice, old man; don't peril yourself on those arrangements, or, if you do, put snow-gloves on. I know that when I spent the winter in Halifax last year, I tried it, and was oftener on all-fours than not. It's like trying to run on tea-trays."

Before young Mitchell could take up the cudgels in defence of his favourite winter pursuit—he was one of the crack members of the Montreal Club—the vessel had approached the wharf, and the necessity for looking after their luggage broke up the conversation.

Both Trent and Wilson managed to miss the connection with Bermuda, and were therefore compelled, much to their delight, to remain in Halifax, now in the full swing of its summer season. Though both attached to one of the regiments in garrison, neither regretted the few weeks' stay in the cooler climate of the Nova Scotian capital.

the more so that pic-nics, drives, yachting, lobster-spearing, balls and concerts, filled up their many spare hours most agreeably. With Mildmay and Arthur Mitchell they frequently met, boarding at the same hotel, and generally assembling of an evening in Mildmay's parlour for a last smoke and chat.

Mildmay himself, who had never before been in Halifax, was extremely pleased with the place. He was constantly out on the harbour, sailing a little yacht he had hired, or taking long rides and drives into the neighbouring country, finding a willing companion in Mitchell, whose admiration of everything pertaining to the Dominion of Canada knew no bounds, and who would discourse for hours at a time on the present prosperity and assured future greatness of his native land, to all of which outbursts of patriotic eloquence his English friend would listen with a good deal of inward amusement.

Their trip to Montreal revealed to him, however, some of the secret causes of this enthusiasm, for the sail up the St. Lawrence and past Quebec, as well as his excursions in the rich and fertile Province of Ontario, opened his eyes on the subject of Canada; and he unhesitatingly confessed that, like most Englishmen, his prejudices against the country arose from his ignorance of it. Montreal quite captivated him; he was never tired of admiring the beauty of its architecture, the loveliness of its site, and the majestic grandeur of its noble river. He shot the rapids in an Indian canoe, fraternized with the *habitants*, and speedily made himself extremely popular with both the men and the women of the large circle in which he moved. The men liked him for his daring and skill in every athletic sport, his unwearying good-fellowship and unselfish nature. Perhaps his liberal hospitality, dispensed with the utmost ease and courteousness, had something to do with the favour he found in the eyes of the male community. He had a knack of getting the best wines and finest cigars, and the luck of possessing a most estimable cook, who had consented to administer to his epicurean wants. With the women he was even a greater favourite. His adventurous life, his *grand air*, his wealth, were all so many fascinations to which they yielded the more willingly since a more delightful companion could not be wished for, full of information and amusement as his conversation always was. Besides this he possessed the additional recommendations of a very handsome face and figure, a voice which reminded one of Santley's baritone, and that *je ne sais quoi* by which some men seem to achieve the numerous conquests with which they are credited.

The summer heat had given way to autumn when Mildmay returned to Montreal after an absence of some duration at Niagara, where he had been staying with his friends, the Mitchells, who winged their way back to town as September was half over. His time, he considered, had been very well spent, and he looked back with no little pleasure on certain episodes of those summer days and evenings spent in the society of Ada Morton, a cousin of Arthur Mitchell, who formed part of the family.

The pair were slowly strolling down the Mountain one afternoon, shortly after their return, talking of what they had seen, and of what they yet would wish to see.

"I assure you, Miss Morton," said Mildmay, "I never believed I should admire those Falls of which you are all so justly proud. I had heard too much about them, I think, for I certainly repaired to the place with a feeling that I was going to be horribly bored, and it was only when I discovered you were to be my guide that I breathed more freely. I knew then that the *obligato* tour would be pleasant."

"What a marvellous gift of prescience you must have, Mr. Mildmay. Remember that you had never seen me before, and could not possibly tell whether I should not bore you even more than Niagara."

"Probably that was the reason. As I have told you, I had a surfeit of Niagara long before I set eyes upon it. Its beauties had been so often recounted to me, its attractions so vividly depicted, its effect on the mind so dinned in my ears, that every desire I had at first experienced to behold that king of cataracts had given way to an unconquerable sense of *ennui* whenever the subject was broached. But with you it was vastly different; your name had, it is true, been mentioned more than once in conversation, and your cousin Arthur had attempted, and, need I add, failed, to describe you to me, so that I had at least the pleasure of studying you for myself, and in the way I liked best."

"Let me ask you two questions, and don't think that I am fishing for compliments, because I am not. You have, in the language of my uncle, raised a point that I want you to explain. You say Arthur attempted, but failed to describe me. What do you mean by that? and by your speaking of studying for yourself in the way you like best?"

"Did you but guess what you are about to draw down on your unfortunate head, Miss Morton, you would not ask those questions; or, having rashly asked them, would not seek for an answer."

"Really, Mr. Mildmay, you excite my curiosity all the more, and though you deprecate questioning and call me rash, I must trespass further, and ask you, moreover, what is this mysterious infliction with which I am threatened?"

"Nothing less than a dull disquisition, which, as I am very long-winded, extremely prosy, and unfortunately endowed with a gift of words far transcending my prescience—of which you think so much—is likely to carry us on beyond the time necessary to take us home. Shall I go on, or shall we postpone the explanation?"

"I hate postponements, they seldom do any good."

"I will go on, then. First, touching Arthur's failure to describe you; I think it well nigh impossible for any man to give another a correct description of a woman of whom he is particularly fond."

"Was Arthur 'particularly fond' of me?"

"You know very well he was."

"*Was!* Meaning that he is not now?"

"Not exactly. But, my dear Miss Morton, if you are so pressing, you will force me to acknowledge that men are fickle—at least some men are."

"That 'some men' is a very prudent reservation. Of course *you* are not?"

"I fear I cannot lay claim to exemption. What I have been I dare not say; what I *am* is another matter."

"Still rather unintelligible. Do you mean that you were fickle formerly but are not so now?"

"Precisely. You read my very thoughts ere they are formed. I think that most men of my temperament and disposition, men, who, like me, have learned a good deal, and have, to use a slang phrase, 'knocked about,' cannot help being more or less fickle, cannot help being now and then captivated by a pretty face, an artless manner, a sweet voice, and may even be led into a severe flirtation, winding up with a parting, and yet after a time, end by being the very reverse of fickle; becoming, indeed, models of praiseworthy constancy, spite of the fact that when they *do* bestow their love on the woman who changes and settles them, they find her affections pre-engaged, or some other equally insurmountable obstacle in the way."

"You talk feelingly, Mr. Mildmay."

"I trust I do, for I feel most thoroughly what I say. Look at me, Miss Morton; I have tossed about on the sea of life for now close on thirty-six years, eighteen of which have beheld me a prey to various passions. It would be absurd in me to pretend that I never cared for any woman during that time; worse than absurd to try to make you believe it, yet I do think myself justified in saying that though I have been, as my dear old mentor used to say, 'unstable as water,' I am no longer capricious and changeable, and that having—I do not mind owning it to you—centred all my hopes in life on one person, I can afford to acknowledge that I am changed. I know very well that many would think this merely self-praise. I call it self-knowledge."

"But is it not very difficult to tell whether it is not self-delusion?"

"At first, perhaps; because when a man has learned thoroughly to distrust himself, he becomes very cautious about accepting his own estimate of himself, and still more that of others—if he finds it not unfavourable. So, having long ago learned that a chief element in my character is changeableness, it took much longer to convince me that I was at last fixed and firm in this passion to which I own, and which I cannot help believing more durable on account of the very distrust of myself that I entertained. Even now I would scarce dare to ask for reciprocity, knowing full well how little my antecedents justify me in expecting, nay, even in hoping for, a favourable answer."

"Are you, then, a despairing lover?"

"Far from it. I cannot despair because I have nothing to despair of."

"I cannot understand you."

"Am I then still a riddle to you, Miss Morton? Have not our frequent conversations and still more frequent meetings taught you to know something of me?"

"They have; but very little compared with all there is to learn."

"Nay, flattering as is the implied compliment, I must disclaim being so profound. Have I not long since felt, and felt bitterly, how shallow, how empty I am?"

"Take care not to err on the other side, and, after having over-estimated yourself, to commit the worse mistake of underrating your qualities and powers. Rather explain your absence of despair."

"It is easy. I do not despair, because the change which has come over me has done me good and has steadied me. I may never summon courage to ask my fate, but I shall always derive strength to overcome sorrow from my love. I do not deserve the fulness of happiness, and would almost fear to seek it, being already so raised by this act of devotion. I cannot again be the same selfish man that I was, for that passion now forms part of my very life, and wherever I may be, whatever I may do, it will colour and affect my every thought and deed. I hold it impossible to forget such a thing when a man has reached my time of life without having ever been seriously in love. And I justify myself by the reflection that my many flirtations debar me from the privilege of ever revealing my aspirations to the object of them."

"I am not going to dispute with you, Mr. Mildmay, or I might overthrow some of your theories. All I will say, before I remind you that one of my questions remains unanswered, is that you had better ponder the words of Montrose—

> 'He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small;
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.'

Don't comment, but go on about 'studying for yourself.'"

"I had forgotten all about that, and now methinks we will not have time to talk of it, for here we are at home. But, dear Miss Morton, let us renew this conversation soon."

"As soon as you like. You have succeeded in interesting me deeply, and I candidly confess that I want to hear more."

"I am indeed fortunate in not having proved a bore to you."

"You forget that, prejudiced as you were against those Falls, you could not help returning to see them again and again, discovering fresh attractions each time."

"You make me wish I had been Niagara to you."

"You could not."

"Why?"

"I was not prejudiced."

CHAPTER II.

THERE were few pleasanter houses in Montreal in the year 1869 than that owned and inhabited by Morton Mitchell, one of the merchant princes of the Dominion. It was not only comfortable and roomy, but also charmingly adapted for stolen interviews and lovers' meetings. A veranda ran round three sides of it, covered with the blood-red Virginia creeper, and on the fourth a large conservatory—through which one could wander without fear of overturning priceless flowers placed in exposed situations—afforded a welcome retreat when the evenings proved too chilly for open air conversations.

At about nine in the evening, three or four days after Mildmay's and Ada's stroll down the Mountain, the various guests whom Mr. Mitchell had assembled round his board were scattered over the veranda and the garden. The seniors were, some of them, engaged at cards, others in gossip, and others in watching the younger people from the lofty French windows of the drawing-room. Not a shadow of restraint was there about the party; everyone appeared to be taking care of himself, and to relieve the hosts of the dreary burden of finding amusement for people who prefer to be bored. So it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell were sitting apart for a few minutes, free to communicate to each other their thoughts and impressions. They were both somewhat advanced in years, and were going down the hill of life hand in hand as they had ascended it, trusting and loving as in those long gone days when Morton, then a struggling young clerk, had won the love of Mary Arlington, poor both of them, but full of confidence in the future. Since then they had gradually attained to wealth and ease, and in their decline could look back with fond pleasure to all their memories, and gather from their own past a gage of happiness for the future of their only child, Arthur, who was destined to carry on the business of the great firm of Mitchell & Son. Three years before, Ada Morton, the orphan daughter of Mr. Mitchell's brother, had come out to them from England, bringing new light and gladness into a home bright and cheerful already. Her fortune was not small, yet came not up to her many attractions and qualities, which had instantly captivated her uncle and aunt, round whose hearts she had twined herself more and more day by day. It had been a dream of theirs at one time to see her married to Arthur, but though the latter at first admired her very much, yet the difference of age—she was twenty-two and Arthur only eighteen—had told. The young man, after a brief season of courtship, readily understood her motives for refusing him, and had consoled himself with Rosa Clinton, who was a very realization of the poet's "sweet seventeen."

Rosa and Arthur were now together in the garden, and rumour said that ere long the engagement would be announced, though marriage between the pair was not dreamt of for two or three years later. Her sister Edith was there too, talking to Mildmay, and had any one been near, he would have heard the Englishman praising his friend, Trent, who had passed through not long before on his way home, after receiving his majority. The girl listened willingly, for, though Trent had remained but a single week in Montreal, he had promised to return soon, and she knew not why she so longed to see him again.

It was of Mildmay that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell were talking in their quiet corner on the veranda.

"How wonderful, Morton, to see Mr.

Mildmay with any other young lady than Ada. Especially since we came back from the Falls, he has been constantly in attendance upon her, and I had thought——"

"That it would be a match? Oh, you women! you are always thinking of marrying and giving in marriage. I dare say, now, poor Mildmay has not even thought of Ada as anything more than an instructed and agreeable companion."

"I am not so sure. You take less notice of these things than women do, dear, because you have other matters to think of; but we, who have daughters to look after, are apt to be clear-sighted on such occasions."

"On this occasion you may make your mind easy. Ada has often said she would not marry, and all our pressing has been in vain. I do not want to speak harshly of the girl, for I love her dearly, but I cannot help wishing some of those notions of hers had never entered her head."

"So do I, Morton. It is very praiseworthy, no doubt, to desire to do good, but as I told Ada only yesterday, a woman's true mission is to make a home happy. If, instead of insisting on being a nurse in some of those English hospitals, she were to marry Mr. Mildmay, she would find as large a sphere in which to benefit her fellow-creatures as she ever will as a Sister of Mercy.'

"Who knows but that she may change her mind and give up her dreams for more pleasing realities? I do not mind agreeing with you that Frank Mildmay does love her, and I am sure sincerely and devotedly, and since our fond old hope cannot be realized, I should be glad to know that they will make a match of it."

"Arthur tells me that he cannot persuade him to stay the winter here, and that he means to leave us soon to go to Bermuda."

"That I know. He said as much to-night over the wine. It is to fulfil a promise made to his friend, Wilson, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, he will return in the spring. All depends, however, on Ada's decision, should he speak to her before he leaves."

When Frank Mildmay left Edith Clinton he strolled round the garden, dodging occasionally to avoid the couples that were having quiet *tête-à-têtes* in retired nooks, and finally entering the conservatory, where, by accident of course, he came upon Ada, sitting alone in the farthest corner.

She looked up as he approached, saying, "So you have deserted Edith?"

"No; she has deserted me for her mother, and I was forced to leave the garden, feeling myself very much in the way of sundry little *partis à deux*."

"You have made a poor exchange."

"I do not think so or I would not have sought you out. Besides, I wanted to have one little chat before I leave you."

"Leave us! leave us! Are you going, then?"

"Did you not know it? I start for New York in two or three days, to proceed to Bermuda for the winter."

"Why did you not speak of this sooner?"

"I did not suppose it would interest you."

"You care little, then, for my friendship, else you would not imagine me utterly indifferent to your movements. Let me tell you that I am sincerely sorry to have you go, for I looked forward with pleasure to another month of your society. It is selfish, I know."

"I do not see it in that light."

"I will make you do so. In a month, if all goes well, I return to England."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry out my intention of joining the sisterhood of nurses. We call it a sisterhood of mercy, though we take no vows."

"You a Sister of Mercy! You amaze me."

"It has always been my wish."

"But you do not reflect—you do not think—you do not know; really I—"

"Were I sarcastically inclined, might I not make fun of you just now?"

"Pray spare me. I would fail to appreciate sarcasm. I had no idea that you still entertained this fancy, for such I deemed it."

"It is no fancy, but a deliberate resolution."

"And will nothing change it? Will you actually sacrifice yourself and your friends to a plan praiseworthy in itself, but utterly unsuited to your circumstances."

"My friends have all along known that I intended devoting myself to this object. Both my uncle and aunt have learned to approve my course, though I will not conceal from you that at first they vehemently opposed it."

"But there are others of whom you must think, dear Miss Morton; others besides your relatives who care for you, and who could not bear to lose you."

"Outside of my uncle's family I have no one for whom I need care to the extent of giving up my vocation. Arthur knows, and has known for many months, and he has given up his objections. Do not look so grieved, Mr. Mildmay; I am only following the path I marked out for myself, and when I put on the serge dress, I shall have gained the summit of my ambition in this world."

"You are not, you cannot be serious."

"Never more so in my life. Pardon me, but one would think I was inflicting an injury upon you by the way you receive the news. A little more and I shall begin to think that I was not altogether selfish in regretting your departure."

"Oh! Miss Morton, can you doubt it? Do you not know that——"

Frank Mildmay paused, and turned away.

For a moment neither of them spoke, but busy thoughts crowded into their brain. Ada felt that the time had come to which of late she had looked forward with delight mingled with sadness, for had she not resolved to devote herself to works of mercy? Yes; but now, on the instant of trial, she was forced to own that her love for Mildmay was greater and more powerful than she had supposed; that the effort it would cost her to refuse him and send him away, was almost beyond her strength; that her whole life belonged to him who stood there with averted face, not daring to speak, fearful of words, and yet well aware that speak he must now, or for ever hold his tongue. She regretted—and who shall blame her?—that promise made three years ago in all the fervour of religious enthusiasm, to spend her days in tending the sick and wounded; she knew that right thoroughly would she be assoilzied of any reproach in the matter; but still, in this hour of her greatest temptation she again vowed to be firm, to be true to her promise, and to fulfil the covenant she had entered into.

Ah! it would be a noble gift to lay on the altar, this broken, bleeding heart of hers, with all her hopes and wishes sacrificed to that divine mission she must pursue. Then came the thought that no longer could the offering be single; no longer could it be only one life darkened; for there was another heart to be broken too, another life to be saddened. Useless to think that the suffering would soon pass away, the force of the blow be easily spent: that Mildmay would forget, and his wounds heal. With prophetic eye she saw him toiling on his way, uncheered, gloomy, and alone. It was proving too much for her; her fortitude, her courage were failing; inwardly she cried out for help and strength in her bitter anguish. She listened to the voice that prompted her to yield, nor dim the fair future that spread out smiling before her. Almost she rose to clasp her lover and tell him that now, henceforth and forever, she was his, and his alone.

Then turned Frank towards her, and on his face such unutterable evidence of love, such true token of faith, that she dared not trust herself to meet those eyes whose glance would read her soul's most hidden meaning.

"Miss Morton"—how grave sounded his voice as it thrilled through her, and dazed her brain;—"Miss Morton, let me tell you one thing."

She could not speak, scarce make the motion of refusal which he heeded not.

"I am going to put my fate to the touch, you must decide whether I shall gain or lose all."

She found her voice for an instant.

"Not—not now! not now!"

"Ada, I love you."

The guests are bidding good-night—the carriages rolling away; Arthur and Rosa descending the road together; the moonlight streaming on the St. Lawrence, and touching with silver radiance the flowers in the conservatory. All is silence, all is peace, save in the bosom of the man who is bowed down in the shade—a very hell of conflicting emotions in his heart, and a great gaping void in his life. In a room of the house, prostrate in prayer, Ada is pouring out her grief in tears and anguish.

Thy trial is not over, poor child, and the "No" is but the beginning of long misery which will wither the roses in thy cheek, and dim the light in thine eye. Nobly hast thou sacrificed thy love, and true hast thou been to thy vow—but ah! think not now of the cost, lest thy strength fail thee in the hour of need; lest when to-morrow he comes to bid you *adieu*, thou givest thy hand where thou hast already given thy heart.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES Egerton Trent, Major in H. M. ——th Foot, was already sauntering down the *Boulevard des Italiens* on that famous afternoon of the 15th July, 1870, watching the crowds of students and *populace* pushing frantically along with loud yells of "*Vive la Guerre!*" *A Berlin!*" which were answered by hoarse shouts from future communards of "*A bas la Prusse! A bas Bismarck!*" Men, women and children lifted up their voices and joined the general tumult; sedate *bourgeois* grew fierce over the mad article of the *Constitutionnel*, and echoed the war-cry of the excited soldiery of the Empire. Young dandies, who never before had given way to feeling, now waved their hats, and repeated "*Au Rhin! Au Rhin!*" Officers of all arms filled the *cafés*, and drank enthusiastically to their next merry meeting in the capital of the *Roi Carotte*. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, Turcos, Zouaves and Spahis fraternized with the mob, and got deliriously drunk in anticipation of the speedy victory they were going to gain over the children of the Fatherland. The great gilded eagle shone more resplendently than ever in the hot sunshine; the banners waved more proudly than they had for years; the bands of military music crashed out louder, and the thunders of the *Marseillaise* woke the echoes with its old Republican force. It was a mad carnival of joy—the saturnalia of war. Never were there such soldiers as the French, such generals as the Marshals, such statesmen as the Olliviers and Grammonts! From the senators of the Empire down to the *gamins* of Belleville, all were full of the same frantic delight. Paris had gone crazy about "the honour of France," and from the solitude of his study, Louis Napoleon heard the roar which told him that the people he had so long ruled with iron hand was no longer under control; that his favourite city was revelling in the consciousness of power; and that the whole country, having been driven and urged on by him, had taken the bit between its teeth, and was dashing away against that dark and stern array of Germany's might; that he was now helpless on his throne, and that the great wave had him at its mercy. Whither it rushed, thither he must be carried, and with him not only his kindred, but his dynasty and his sway.

What a night was that 15th of July night! Through all its hours was heard the ceaseless din of the howling crowds that made themselves hoarse with their bellowing, and drank unending bumpers to secure success to the French arms. There was no night for these elated spirits; the sun of Austerlitz—that traditionary orb—shone too brightly to be obscured by clouds. There was no night, there could be no night. Only the dawn of a long day of triumph which should see the serried legions of France force their invincible way through that German Rhine of which Musset had sung; and then on, on to Berlin, where the *fête de l'Empereur* would be celebrated by the victors amid feasting and revelry. In palace and garret, in barrack and studio, all men were praising and singing, falling down to worship the demon of war, whose lurid torch lit up with baleful glare the battlements of Strasbourg, of Metz, and of Sedan. But who cared for this? Nay, who suspected it? France was the darling of Victory—Fortune was never fickle to Gaul.

Now day after day the regiments went tramp, tramp, tramp, through the long Paris streets, horse and foot, artillery, military train, cuirassiers, lancers, dragoons, hussars, zouaves, chasseurs, carabiniers, turcos and grenadiers; banners and pennons fluttered in the breeze; golden eagles shone resplendent in the sun; helmets and cuirasses glittered bright; lance-points and sword-blades flashed; ponderous batteries of guns and mitrailleuses went past in clouds of dust; uniforms of all colours and shapes dazzled the eye; cries of command and strains of music sounded on every side; and over all, from time to time, rolled the oft-repeated shout—"To the Rhine! To the Rhine!" Aides-de-camp gallopped hither and thither; bodies of troops halted at times and then resumed their march amid all the wild enthusiasm of a people panting for war and glory. It was a gay sight, and so thought Trent, recalled to England by a telegram which asked him to join, as correspondent, one of the German armies now making ready under the supervision of Moltke. He was not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing the flower of France pass to the front before he joined the hosts of the adversary whom, in his heart of hearts, he believed destined to defeat and slaughter by those brilliant, high-spirited troops of the Empire.

In a few hours more he would be on his way to London, only to leave it again for some town in Southern Germany. He wished his friend Mildmay were going with him. He had had no news of the man for some weeks now, and regretted his absence at this stirring time. What was his surprise, therefore, at being saluted suddenly with —

"Trent, by Jove!"

He turned and saw a tall Cuirassier officer standing by him with outstretched hands. Spite of the difference of dress he at once recognised Mildmay, and returned the embrace as warmly as it was given. Both moved away to a quieter street to have their talk in peace.

"Where, in the name of Fortune," exclaimed the Major, "do you drop from?"

"London, my boy, which I left a week since, on hearing of the row. I have been here ever since, but so busy as to have no time to hunt you up. Besides, I heard you had been telegraphed home."

"That is true. I leave in a few hours, having accepted an engagement as correspondent for the —— with the German army. But what is the meaning of this rig? Have you enlisted—volunteered?"

"Yes. Allow me to introduce myself as Monsieur de Mildmay, *Capitaine au troisième Cuirassiers*. My regiment is attached to Canrobert's corps at Chalons, and I am just going on to join."

"And how did you manage?"

"Why, I bethought myself of Bazaine, on whose staff, as you remember, I served as a volunteer in Mexico, before I went into Ashby's Black Horse. He was only too glad to get hold of me, presented me to Lebœuf, and offered me a staff appointment, which I respectfully declined, believing that I should see more service with a regiment."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, Mildmay, but I cannot help wondering to see you take service—and dangerous service too—when I understood you were going to be married, or at least that you are engaged."

"Ah! that is all done for. Come, old fellow, let us go into Véfour's and have a last dinner together. I am free for three hours, and I will tell you how it is that my earnest prayer now is that I may become the billet for a German bullet."

July has passed away and August begun. The war is raging in real earnest. The prolonged inaction of the French armies has given time to the Germans to form their twelve army corps into three hosts, and Steinmetz, Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince have taken their commands. No word has come from the Emperor, who has gone to Metz, till at last the heights of Speichern are stormed by Bataille's division, and the news arrives in Paris that young Louis has received his "baptism of fire." The first days of August see Saarbruck retaken by the Prussians, who have only left it for a time; they see Weissenburg, where Douay is crushed by the hundred and twenty thousand men of the Crown Prince, with whom is Trent, now busy writing to his paper in London, and thinking often of Mildmay, whom he believes with Canrobert at Chalons. From him he has a last message to Ada, herself soon to be amid the scenes of war, tending the wounded in the huge hospitals. Mildmay has resolved not to come out of the struggle alive, and has already proved himself a brave and daring chief. The men, among whom murmurs against their officers are heard even at this early hour, adore him and believe in him; him they would follow through fire and water, sure that, whatever the danger, he will be foremost to encounter it. He has only one thought—to die fighting bravely; one hope—to fall nearest to victory.

Longing as he did to be in the thickest of the fray, it was with fierce joy that he heard his brigade ordered to join MacMahon's corps beyond Haguenau. He knew that the enemy was not far from there, and that the Marshal would not hesitate to offer battle. The disaster which had befallen Douay at Weissenburg had shocked him as it had shocked and angered his fellow officers, all of whom prayed for a speedy meeting with those stolid Teutons whose sombre cohorts were pouring into France.

On the 5th of August the army of which Mildmay with his brigade formed a part, had taken up its position at Wörth, and calmly awaited the enemy which, in the evening, appeared in its front, one hundred and thirty thousand strong.

The 6th dawned. A hazy mist, slowly uprising from the valleys and woodlands, gave token of a hot day. The sun rose. At seven the first shots were heard from the outposts in front of Wörth. One after the other the divisions engaged, and the battle grew fierce and general. The day waned; still the roar of chassepot, needle-gun, mitrailleuse and cannon continued. The crisis had come. It was three in the afternoon. The French right centre and left were broken, and MacMahon made one more effort to redeem his failing fortunes. The brigade of Cuirassiers is ordered to the front to attack the artillery of the 5th and 11th Prussian corps, and as it deploys preparatory to the charge, it shows so splendid a line, so bold a brow, that it fixes the attention of the German commander and his staff. Trent, who is there, knows that Mildmay is among those dauntless horsemen, and strains his eyes to distinguish his friend in the crowd.

Now they come at a long steady trot, their helmets, cuirasses and swords flashing in the sun which breaks through the clouds of smoke and dust, the horses dashing on and holding high their heads as they snuff the battle—the leaders in front, sitting cool and firm in their saddles. The Prussian gunners watch the storm coming; the dark-blue line takes a firmer stand as it hears the shrill bugle-blasts and the loud cry: "Forward, Cuirassiers!"—and on at top speed comes the solid mass, every man eager to reach those murderous guns which have opened on them, and are levelling whole ranks. In vain! No human power can withstand that shower of hurtling shot and shell! The brigade is breaking up—the lines are bending—one regiment gives way—men and horses are falling thickly; the oft-repeated shout "Close your ranks!" telling of death and carnage. Of all, the "Third" alone makes still some show, but its gallant troopers are falling back in confusion. An officer dashes out, his tall form towering above his men; he waves his sword, reforms the line, and once more the "Third" charges the German batteries, once more is repulsed; once more reforms and rides—a small and blood-covered troop—to certain death. Firm as on parade, calm and cool, the last captain leads the last squadron, but ere the brave horsemen can close with the enemy, the guns flash out and smoke envelops the scene.

The battle is lost, and the French are in flight.

Day dawns again, but on a scene of horror; and as Trent rides over the field of death, he shudders at the sights that meet his eye. Yonder brook, half choked with dead, is running blood; on the road are heaps of spiked helmets, stacks of needle-guns never more to be used by the brave who carried them but yesterday. Further on are whole companies of French troops, lying as they fell, mowed down by the furious fire of the Bavarian advance. As he nears the batteries he passes hundreds of swarthy Turcos and brown Zouaves, whose gay uniforms are tarnished and soiled with the blood and dust of the day. Then he came on breastplates, steel helms and dead men of the Cuirassier brigade. A Prussian officer rides up to him and points to a body lying close to the mouths of the Prussian guns. It is that of the stalwart officer who led the last desperate charge. His helmet has fallen off—his hand still grasps his sword—and from a little hole in the breastplate oozes a thin stream of blood. Nearest to victory of all his brigade, Frank Mildmay has fallen as he wished—in the front rank on the battlefield.

Tenderly do the stern Germans lift him up and wrap him in a cloak, nor is there an eye dry around the grave where Trent severs a lock of his blood-clotted hair. The veteran chiefs of the victorious army, the royal general himself, have saluted with honours the remains of the brave soldier, and the cross over his grave is hung with more than one wreath by the men of the 11th corps.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is little more to tell.

After the disaster at Sedan the Crown Prince marched on Paris. Trent followed him, anxiously inquiring everywhere on the road whether Sisters of Mercy were in the neighbourhood. Many a useless ride and walk did he take in his attempts to find out Ada Morton, and it was not till near the end of the war that he at last met the object of his search—how changed from the once blooming girl he had known he dared not acknowledge to himself. Slowly, painfully he told what he had to tell—then departed, for no consolation could he offer to so great a sorrow. Then he again lost sight of her and heard no more of the good Sister Mary, for so was she now called.

Twelve months after the conclusion of the peace and the humiliation of France, Major Trent was again in the neighbourhood of Wörth, but no longer as a soldier or a correspondent. He had returned to Canada and made Edith Clinton his wife; with her he was now travelling through Europe, and her he was now taking on a sacred pilgrimage to the grave of Frank Mildmay.

It was evening. The sun slowly sunk in a cloudless sky, casting long shadows on the hill-slopes, and tipping with gold the crosses on the steeples that peeped here and there from scattered villages.

Egerton and Edith approached the spot they had come to visit and expected to find silent and deserted—but as they neared it they saw a woman's form half-prostrate on the grave, her arms wound round about the humble wooden cross, her face hidden.

Seized by the same thought they hastened up. The woman was dead! Ada Morton had joined Frank Mildmay.

They lie side by side, and the children of the village come up there with flowers to put on the tomb of good *Sœur Marie* and the brave officer. The birds sing in the tree above, and the sun shines down and the rain falls—but never will Trent forget that awful 6th of August, or Edith her meeting with dead Ada.

DISARMAMENT.

(*From Poems of* JOHN G. WHITTIER.)

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."

CURRENT EVENTS.

AMONG other symptoms of the general fermentation, the publishers of this journal have once more occasion to complain of the disregard of their professional privileges shown by certain members of the profession in treating editorials as the personal productions of writers to whom, without authority and at random, they are ascribed. The impersonality of editorship is indispensable to the influence, to the dignity, to the decency of journalism. This rule, like some other social and professional rules, is habitually broken in the United States, and the result is that one chief of the New York press apostrophises another as "Jennings, that fat-witted and exotic fibber." To this we shall come if we do not control our curiosity and our temper in Canada. To this, and worse than this, our gutter-organs have already come ; and the inevitable consequence will be a loss of the social position of journalists as well as of their political power. We should be the last to claim the privilege of anonymous writing as a cover for anything to which a man of honour would blush to put his name ; but we trust that no excuse of this kind for breaking the laws of war has ever been furnished to our opponents by anything that has appeared in this Magazine. We speak, as we have said before, in the interest of Canadian journalism rather than in our own ; no personalities can ever affect the position of any one connected with this journal, or turn the journal itself a hair's breadth out of the course which its managers think proper to take.

The general line of this journal is determined, like that of any other journal, by those responsible for its direction, and the confidential concerns of its office are as much entitled to respect as those of the office of any one among its daily or weekly contemporaries. Literary assistance in the preparation of editorials is sought not in one quarter alone. It is amusing to see paragraphs complacently criticised as betraying the ignorance of a "stranger," when, in fact, they are from the pen of a Canadian long and intimately conversant with the political and commercial affairs of the country. Not but that a stranger might have some advantages, if, besides being strange to the soil, he were in any reasonable measure strange to certain things which are beginning to grow on it.

The noise of the Pacific Railway Scandal has at last woke up the English Press, which had before been moved only to semi-somnolent utterances by a telegram, beautifully illustrative of our mutual intelligence, to the effect that the Governor-General had presided over a meeting of members of Parliament of both parties, and had signed a memorial to himself against prorogation, a proceeding which, it was added, had caused great excitement at Ottawa. As no Englishman ever reads either the letters of Colonial correspondents of newspapers or editorials on Colonial subjects, it is probable that this telegram is still the sum of the knowledge possessed by the mass of the English public on the great Canadian question of the day. The leading journals are now better informed, but even their information is far from being such as to entitle their opinions to any practical deference, however glad we may be to see them showing an interest in the affairs of the Colony. The *Times* writes on the assumption that the composition of the Royal Commission is identical with that of the Parliamentary Committee. The *Saturday Review* fancies that the Governor General's reason for proroguing Parliament is his apprehension that, from the corruption practised in the elections, it is too much under the control of the accused Ministers. The *Spectator*, by some process of constitutional reasoning to us inscrutable, and certainly far from accordant with the fact, persuades itself that, Parliament being prorogued, Lord Dufferin will be at liberty himself to appoint the Commissioners without reference to the advice of Ministers. The bias of certain journals also, and the operation of influences foreign to the interest of Canada, are distinctly visible to the eye of any one at all familiar with the English Press. In some quarters the Colonial Office and the friends of its representative are evidently at work, while in others the predominant object is to attack or defend the Government which negotiated the Washington Treaty. Other journals, from which sound doctrine on constitutional questions might otherwise have been expected, can think of nothing but the Pacific Railway, and regard Canada simply as the scene of that enterprise, while they fail to observe that the only chance of ultimate success in the enterprise itself depends upon the character of those entrusted with it and the integrity of the Government. On the whole, a series of extracts from Zadkiel's Almanac, or from the reported utterances of an Indian Medicine Man, would be about as pregnant with practical instruction for us in this difficult juncture as the Sibylline leaves of English journalism, which, as the random blast happens to whirl them to one side or the other, are so eagerly pounced upon by rival disputants here. In fine, mutual affection between the mother and the daughter is a happy fact, and we trust will ever remain so; but maternal wisdom is a fiction. In herself, in her own good sense, and in the moral dictates of her own breast, Canada must seek the guidance which alone can enable her to pay the worthiest tribute to her illustrious parent by becoming a counterpart of England.

The correspondent of one of our own journals, in describing the impression made on the British public by this crisis in Canadian affairs, expressly warns us that it will be transient, that other and more vivid sensations will speedily take its place, and that those who are struggling for constitutional right here must not look for steady support from opinion on the other side of the water. We have no doubt that this anticipation will prove correct, and that the state of the funds, the labour movement, the approaching elections, the battle of Dorking and the Ashantee war, will soon engross once more the attention of an eminently practical and intensely busy people. The ordinary Englishman is no more to be blamed for not constantly attending to the affairs of Canada than the ordinary Canadian is to be blamed for never attending to the affairs of Australia or the Cape of Good Hope.

Some of our journals have remarked a rather disagreeable tendency on the part of certain English writers to treat us as colonists in a state of constitutional pupilage, and with whom, in their fit of childish excitement, the Governor General, representing the plenitude of English wisdom, is at liberty to deal in a way in which no English ruler would for a moment dream of dealing with Englishmen themselves. The bounds of truth are certainly not exceeded in saying that the average intelligence of the people here, political as well as general, is at least on a level with the average intelligence of the people, masses of whom are totally uneducated, in the mother country; and it would therefore be ignominious, and in the deepest sense of the word disloyal, to allow ourselves to be treated differently from any other heirs of British laws and liberties. There has been no excitement here beyond the measure of that which British historians record with pride as having signalized great struggles for national right in the mother country. If the nation conquers and corruption bites the dust, the exultation of true Canadians will be nothing more than an echo of that shout which, Macaulay has told us in his most stirring page, burst from the hearts and lips of ten thousand Englishmen, and, gathering volume as it spread, thundered through London streets, rolled down the river crowded with shipping, and was taken up by the far-off camp at Hounslow, when the foreman of the jury pronounced the acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

It should be remembered too, that the dangerous dilemma in which Canada is now placed, and for her extrication from which we look, not without trembling, to the constancy of her people, is traceable in more respects than one, we will not say to the fault, but we must say to the action of the mother country. The Parliamentary Committee would have finished its work, and the opportunity for a misuse of the prerogative would never have been afforded, had not the Oaths Bill been disallowed on grounds which, if technically correct, are practically senseless; for no good reason can be imagined why the Legislature of a self-governed country should not be at liberty to confer upon a committee of the House of Commons a power which it has conferred upon a Commission nominated by the Prime Minister, who is himself virtually nominated by the Parliament. Again, corrupted and bedevilled as Parliament has been, it would almost unquestionably, on the 13th of August, have obeyed the impulse of the nation, which demanded that the Government should be purified and the national character redeemed, had it not been prevented by the interposition of the prerogative in the hands of a British Governor General, whose rank is high, and whose personal qualities are most estimable, but who as a new-comer must be very imperfectly informed with respect to the general features of the situation, the various influences at work, and the characters of the public men with whom he has to deal, as, in fact, the one-sided selection of Royal Commissioners into which he has been drawn too manifestly proves; while he is even at a greater disadvantage than ordinary new-comers, because, from his exalted position, he is surrounded by that invisible but impenetrable fence which guards Vice-Royalty as well as Royalty against the intrusion of unwelcome Truth. Perhaps there is also a disturbing cause of a more general kind connected with the action, well intended but misdirected, of the Government of the mother country upon the Colony, which is symbolized by the fact that of our five politicians or commercial men bearing titles of Imperial honour, four have been deep in the Scandal. The fifth, in accepting a title at the hands of a British Minister, reserved his duty in all cases to his own country: he is a Canadian and a "traitor."

We do not pretend that Canada herself has made no mistakes, or placed no stumbling-blocks of a constitutional kind in her own path. She has, we conceive, made a two-fold mistake, of serious moment at the present juncture, with regard to the position of the Governor General; on the one hand erroneously exalting him to a sort of parity with the Queen, who is the sole object of personal loyalty, who alone can do no wrong, who alone is above public criticism; on the other hand reducing him practically to a mere puppet in the hands of his Ministers, and depriving him of a liberty of action his exercise of which in certain cases is essential to the perfect working of the constitution. The first of these tendencies is probably a tradition of that gallant band of exiles for monarchy's sake round whose names gathers the romance of early Canadian history; the second is the expression of the constitutional jealousy and tenacity bred by a long and bitter struggle for constitutional government. As a general rule, of course, the principle of constitutional government is, that the Crown shall be guided by the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament; but there are three cases at all events in which, as it appears to us, a Governor General has a right, and is bound, to think and act for himself. He has a right, and is bound in case of doubt, to assure himself that his Ministers really have the confidence of Parliament; he has a right, and is bound, himself to call his Ministers to account for anything affecting their personal integrity; and he has a right, and is bound, at all hazards to reject advice which he deliberately believes to be not only impolitic but morally wrong, or plainly at variance with the principles of the constitution. The check upon his abuse of this liberty of action in any case is the difficulty which he would experience of providing himself with other advisers, and which would virtually signify the disapprobation of Parliament. But to deprive him of the liberty altogether would be to exclude the action of a remedial force, indispensable in certain contingencies, as a supplement of constitutional government. To illustrate our position by reference to the case before us, we venture to think that in advising a prorogation, and thereby declining the judgment of Parliament on their conduct, Ministers raised a question of the first kind; that the publication of the well-known documents, containing the strongest evidence against Ministers of flagrant corruption, constituted a case of the second kind; and that when they advised the Governor General forcibly to take the inquiry out of the hands of the Commons, and allow them to name their own judges under the form of appointing a Royal Commission, they gave His Excellency abundant reason, both moral and constitutional, for taking counsel of his own sense of right in accordance with the principle applicable to cases of the third kind. The theory that a constitutional King, or a constitutional Viceroy, can dismiss his Ministers only in deference to the expressed will of Parliament, requires qualification to make it true. King William IV. dismissed the Whig Ministry in October, 1834, when Parliament was not sitting, on the ostensible ground that it was fatally weakened by the removal of Lord Althorp from the Commons to the Lords. The King's conduct has been generally condemned, though so punctilious a constitutionalist as Sir Robert Peel did not shrink from obeying His Majesty's command to form a new Government. May joins in the condemnation; but the reasons which he gives are these: "All the accustomed grounds for dismissing a Ministry were wanting. There was no immediate *difference of opinion between them and the King upon any measure of public policy*; there was no disunion among themselves; nor were there any indications that they had lost the confidence of Parliament. But the accidental removal of a single Minister—not necessarily from the Government, but only from one House of Parliament to the other—was made the occasion for dismissing the entire Administration. It is true that the King viewed with apprehension the policy of his Ministers in regard to the Irish Church; but *his assent was not then required to any specific measure of which he disapproved*, nor was this the ground assigned for their dismissal. *The right of the King to dismiss his Ministers was unquestionable*; but constitutional usage has prescribed certain conditions under which this right should be exercised. It should be exercised solely *in the interest of the State, and on grounds which can be justified to Parliament*,—to whom, *as well as to the King*, the Ministers are responsible. Even in 1784, when George III. had determined to crush the Coalition Ministry, he did not venture to dismiss them until they had been defeated in the House of Lords upon Mr. Fox's India Bill. And again, in 1807, the Ministers *were at issue with the King upon a grave constitutional question* before he proceeded to form another Ministry. But here it was not directly alleged that the Ministers had lost the confidence of the King; and so little could it be affirmed that they had lost the confidence of Parliament, that an immediate dissolution was counselled by the new Administration. The act of the King bore too much of the impress of his personal will, and too little of *those reasons of State policy by which it should have been prompted*; but its impolicy was so signal as to throw into the shade its unconstitutional character." Attention to the words which we have marked with italics will show that our latest authority on constitutional questions allows the Crown, by implication, a greater liberty of action than we have ventured to claim for it in accepting or rejecting the advice of Ministers; and the liberty of course implies, when the circumstances arise, a corresponding duty. There is no danger so long as the appeal to Parliament is sure and speedy; danger begins with attempts, like that which we have just witnessed, to set the judgment of Parliament aside.

The Constitution is not a mere machine, acting rigidly, and without regard to the rules of common sense and common justice, which prescribe special treatment for exceptional cases. We suggested, though without insisting on the suggestion, that if a Royal Commission was to be appointed, at the instance of Parliament, to inquire into Ministerial delinquencies, the Governor General might be assisted in his selection of Commissioners by those members of the Privy Council who are not Ministers. This, we are told by ultra-constitutionalists, no Ministers could endure. But who, under any Constitution fit for reasonable beings, could endure a Commission nominated to inquire into the conduct of Ministers by Ministers themselves? Suppose Parliament thought proper to include in its address a prayer that His Excellency would be pleased, in appointing the Commissioners, to take the advice of those members of his Privy Council whose conduct was not the subject of inquiry, how would this conflict with any rational theory of the Constitution? And if Ministers chose to take it as a vote of no-confidence, what bad consequences would follow from their so doing?

Our last word upon this odious but inevitable subject was an endorsement of the course taken by Mr. Huntington, and of the reasons given in his letter to the Commission. We are convinced that he did wisely in declining to surrender the rights of the Commons, and to carry the national cause before a tribunal at once utterly unconstitutional, appointed by the accused, and packed in their favour. There were some, we believe, among his friends who advised him to take a different course, feeling that his case was strong enough to stand before any tribunal, and fearing lest, by his refusal to appear, practical advantage might be sacrificed to constitutional forms. But the principle for which Mr. Huntington is contending is no mere form: it is not one of those fantastic or pedantic dogmas, miscalled principles, to which people sometimes immolate the dictates of practical wisdom. It is a principle for which the nation renowned above all others for practical wisdom, has inflexibly contended, as the most indispensable safeguard of constitutional government. Take away from Parliament its power of inquiring into the abuses of Government, and there is no check to those abuses: there is no check, and in a community such as ours there will be no bound. Political sharpers, once entrenched in place and power, with the patronage in their hands, will reign securely by corruption, and plunder the country at their will. We have already had a glimpse of the system by which unscrupulous men, with great command of money, might get hold of the powers of government, use them for their selfish purposes, then sell out, and, leaving ruin behind them, buy palaces in May Fair. We wish Mr. Huntington better work than that which he is now doing. It is a wretched task for a man capable of the functions of a statesman to be playing the part of a detective; to be raking in the filth of betrayed telegrams or purloined letters; and to be associated with informers whose revelations are indispensable, but whose motives are impure. Every true

Canadian will pray that never again may a struggle among us take a form so debasing to the character of our public men, so provocative of the worst political passions, so humiliating to the country. But, under the circumstances, Mr. Huntington's bearing has been manly and straightforward; his conduct, so far, has been right; and he deserves the melancholy thanks of the nation. To taunt him with fearing to produce his case, under oath, before the Commission, is absurd: he was ready enough to produce his case under oath, had the Oaths Bill not been disallowed, before the Parliamentary Committee. His opponents were ready to tender the powers of a Royal Commission to a Parliamentary Committee, by which the offer could not possibly be accepted; but they declined to confront the only tribunal which could have instituted a searching inquiry into the case.

The Commission having sat, Lord Dufferin's pledge must, of course, be fulfilled, and Parliament is to meet at once. When it does meet, a resolution, we presume, will be moved, ratifying Mr. Huntington's course and affirming the right of the Commons, as asserted by him, against the unconstitutional act of the advisers of the Crown. Upon that resolution, unless the House of Commons is utterly corrupt and false to its trust, the Government must fall. But its fall will not preclude the resumption of the inquiry under the auspices of Parliament, though the most practical object of the investigation will then be to ascertain whether the direction of the Pacific Railway has been obtained by proper means and is in trustworthy hands.

Mr. Huntington having been summoned before the Commission, and having declined to appear, the course of the Commissioners, as it seems to us, was plain. They ought to have ascertained whether they had legally the power to compel attendance, and if they found that they had not, to have reported to the Governor General that they were unable to bring the case before them. The pretence for superseding the Parliamentary Committee was, that it could not examine witnesses on oath, a power the value of which in the present case it is possible to overrate. But a Court which cannot bring the case before it labours under at least as serious an incapacity as one which is without the power of examining on oath. If it is urged that the defect arose from an uncertainty in the Act, and was merely technical, the same may be said with fully equal force as to the ground for the disallowance of the Oaths Bill. Perhaps the defect in the case of the Commission is not merely technical; the only powers of bringing a case before them which the Act professes to confer on the Commissioners are those of a court in *civil* cases, appropriate to the mere collection of information for the instruction of the Crown, which is the function in England of Royal Commissions; but the case which the present Commissioners are affecting to try is criminal all round. The farcical ceremony of calling Mr. Huntington into court, and bidding the clerk cry louder that the defaulter might hear him at Montreal, when the Commissioners must have known that Mr. Huntington was not bound by law to appear, was a fitting prelude to the comedy which necessarily ensued when, for the first time as we should suppose in legal history, a court undertook to try a cause with only one party before it. Parliament, had it sanctioned the appointment of a Commission, might have armed the Commissioners by Act with sufficient powers.

And here the question returns with increased force: Why were the heads of the law not put on the Commission? Were they passed over, or did they decline to serve? In the first case, what was the reason? In the second, was it from any legal misgiving that they declined? and, if so, how could the Governor General be recommended on a legal question to disregard the misgivings of the heads of the law?

In an untenable position, the Royal Commissioners could not possibly play a satisfactory part. The inanity of some of the examinations, which has reminded people of the Irish prisoner who called fifty witnesses to swear that they had not seen him steal the pig, arose no doubt from the Commissioners having got hold of Mr. Huntington's list of witnesses or of part of it, without knowing what the witnesses were set down to prove. Thus people were interrogated as to all sorts of political enormities, of which they solemnly denied their cognizance, when in point of fact they may have been set down to attest some document or prove some single link in a chain of circumstantial evidence. The Court could hardly itself act as prosecutor and cross-examine the witnesses, especially as the defendant was in Court and cross-examining for himself, so that the Court might have had continually to step down from the bench to the bar, and in case of a dispute to argue in its own favour, and then, stepping back to the bench, to rule upon its own argument—a process which would have been too closely in keeping with the appointment of the Court itself by the accused. Not that the defence could have had much to fear from a President who could suggest to a faltering witness on the side of the Government the plea of inadvertence, which of course was gratefully accepted. No serious attempt has been or could have been made to extract the truth from the inculpated Ministers, or to do justice to the nation. It will be an early duty of the Legislature to shut the door against such devices for the future, by providing that no Royal Commission shall hereafter inquire into any matter cognizable by the High Court of Parliament or by any Court of the realm, unless it be appointed on a Parliamentary address. In the meantime the proceedings of the present Commission must be regarded as an attempt of Ministers to defeat national justice, and its deliverance must be treated as null and void.

The Ministers have not been examined, in the proper sense of the term, much less cross-examined; they have simply made prepared statements before the Commission. Sir Hugh Allan, from whom the Ministers appear to have severed their cause while they avoid any appearance of hostility to him, wished to cross-examine on his own behalf, through his counsel, but was refused leave to do so by the Court, on the ground that he was a mere witness, though his character and interest would appear to be principally concerned, and though the Court was not too punctilious to allow Sir John Macdonald to give as a part of his testimony his version of the views and motives of Sir Hugh Allan. That test, therefore, without the application of which no evidence, not even that of the most veracious and disinterested witness, is trustworthy, has not been applied; and if any doubt remained, it would be necessary that the statements should be sifted before a more impartial tribunal. It can hardly be said, however, that any doubt does remain. Even the testimony taken in so unsatisfactory a manner furnishes decisive proof of the guilt of the Ministers on the only material issue. Sir John Macdonald does not deny the genuineness of the documents published by Mr. McMullen, which prove that, in manifest contravention of his trust, and in violation of the well-known rules of public life, he obtained from a competitor for a public contract a large sum of money to be expended in the elections. The plea which was put into the mouth of the Governor General, that the documents derived their criminal complexion only from juxtaposition with Sir Hugh Allan's letters, is abandoned, and must be taken to be invalid. This, we repeat, is enough. It is needless to enter into a tortuous and slippery controversy with Sir John Macdonald as to the existence of anything strictly definable as an agreement between his Government and Sir Hugh Allan for the sale of the Pacific Contract. When a Minister takes money from a competitor for a public contract, and thereby places it morally out of his power to award the contract to any other person, he to all intents and purposes sells it; the form of a bargain may be wanting, but the act of corruption and the injury to the public are complete. Sir John Macdonald alleges that the motive of a man who notoriously takes no interest in politics for expending a vast sum in the elections, was his desire to keep in office a Ministry which pursued a certain policy with regard to railways and public works; yet he will hardly pretend that after taking Sir Hugh's money he was free, provided he continued to pursue the same general policy, to award the Pacific Contract to Mr. Macpherson.

But another document has come to light in the shape of a letter produced by Sir Hugh Allan, so fatally conclusive that it may be said almost to supersede the rest of the evidence, and to constitute in itself a sufficient case for a change of Government.

"(Private and Confidential).

"MONTREAL, 30th July, 1872.

"DEAR SIR HUGH,—The friends of the Government will expect to be assisted with funds in the pending elections, and any amount which you or your Company shall advance for that purpose shall be recouped to you. A memorandum of immediate requirements is below.

"Very truly yours,
(Signed) "G. E. CARTIER.

"Now wanted:—

"Sir John A. Macdonald, $25,000.
"Hon. Mr. Langevin, $15,000.
"Sir G. E. Cartier, $20,000.
"Sir John A., (additional,) $10,000.
"Hon. Mr. Langevin, $10,000.
"Sir Geo. E. Cartier, $30,000."

These sums were afterwards increased so as to amount to $162,600, of which Sir J. Macdonald received $45,000; and Sir Hugh spent other sums in the elections, bringing the whole up to nearly $180,000, which, with other "preliminary" expenditure, as to the nature of which we are not left in the dark by his published letters, brings up his whole outlay to the $350,000 which he stated that he had spent, though Ministerialists insinuated that his statement was not worthy of belief.

This is that letter of July 30 to which reference is made in Sir George Cartier's of Aug. 24, calling for money from Sir Hugh Allan, as containing the "conditions" and the "terms" on which the money was to be advanced.* This is the letter so long withheld from publication, and, as we see, not without good grounds. This is the letter which Messrs. Beaudry, Starnes, and Murphy had seen, and which in their published declaration they assured the public "had no reference to the Pacific Railway Company or to the Pacific Railway Contract." We see the quibble, but it only aggravates the untruth.

The words "you *or your Company*" shut out any possibility of doubt as to the character of the transaction, or the grounds upon which the money was exacted upon one side and disbursed upon the other. They overturn at once the whole fabric of Sir John Macdonald's suggestions with regard to the motives of Sir Hugh Allan's extraordinary expenditure. But even without these words the form and general contents of the letter would be decisive. It is manifestly a compact reduced to writing, at the instance of Sir Hugh Allan, as his security for the consideration on which he was about to advance the money, and as a voucher to be produced to his associates. It is as manifestly connected with the negotiation between Sir Hugh Allan and Sir George Cartier, at Montreal, respecting the contract and the presidency of the Company, bearing date four days after Sir John Macdonald's telegram tendering the Presidency of the Company to Sir Hugh, and the same day as a projected agreement. The sums of money for the payment of which it stipulates are manifestly a part of the $343,000 which Sir Hugh, in his letter of September 16th, 1872, to Mr. McMullen, says he wants to have repaid to him by the Americans, as having been advanced in their behalf. Even in his present statement he clearly, though perhaps unconsciously, treats the payments to the Ministers as expenditure connected with the Railway; for after specifying the sums advanced to Sir George Cartier, Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Langevin respectively, he proceeds :—"I also paid for the assistance of other friends of my own, in connection with the elections, between $16,000 and $17,000. These sums, with the preliminary expenses in the Pacific and the various railroads on which I was engaged, more or less directly connected with the Pacific enterprise, make up the amount of my advances to about $350,000." A distinct interpretation is also put on the ambiguous phrase "monetary conditions," in Sir Hugh Allan's letter to a gentleman of New York (whose name has been so far withheld) of 7th August, 1872. When Sir Hugh says that an agreement has been signed between him and the Government, securing to him the advantages which he specifies on "certain monetary conditions," he undoubtedly refers to the stipulations of the letter of 30th July.

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* See "Current Events" in our last number, p. 241.

"Any amount which you or your Company shall advance for that purpose" (aiding the Government in the elections) "shall be recouped to you." As no fund has been suggested, or can be imagined, from which the $162,600 could be recouped, and as Sir Hugh Allan, in his letter of 16th September, 1872, before cited, looks not to the Government but to the Americans for repayment, this colourable engagement on the part of the Government to refund the bribe is evidently a mere blind, of the sort familiar to every agent of corruption, and, as such, it only furnishes an additional proof of the criminal character of the transaction.

Sir John Macdonald, by his interrogation of Mr. Cumberland and Mr. McInnes, evidently wished to create the impression that the cases of these gentlemen, who, being directors of the Pacific Company, subscribed as they say on political grounds to the election fund of their party in their respective districts, affords a parallel to the case of Sir Hugh Allan. Instead of a parallel there is a marked and instructive contrast. It appears that neither of these gentlemen was deeply interested in the railway, or wished on commercial grounds to be a director, while both of them were unquestionably interested in politics; whereas Sir Hugh Allan was indifferent to politics and absorbed in the railway. The sums which they subscribed were no doubt moderate, while the sum demanded and obtained from him was enormous; their contributions, so far as we know, were given willingly—his were manifestly extorted; in their case the suggestion of a compact with the Government would be ridiculous—in his, the compact is before us. If, as Mr. Abbott would have us believe, Sir Hugh Allan was moved by a passionate addiction to the policy of the Government, what object could there be in making any stipulations at all?

A parallel again has been sought by the apologists of electoral corruption in the example of the late Earl of Derby, who is stated to have subscribed largely to the election fund of his party. He may very well have subscribed to an election fund without being an accomplice in electoral corruption, since election expenses are so large in England, owing to the exacting habits of constituencies and the costliness of organization, that forty thousand dollars have been spent without bribery in a single election. When the late Earl of Derby can be shown to have received money from a competitor for a public contract, to be expended in elections—when he can be shown to have entered into a compact of corruption, and to have concealed the fact by such means as have been employed in the present instance—it will be time to mix his name with the names of the men who have been implicated in the Pacific Railway Scandal.

In the opening portion of our first article on the subject, when only Sir Hugh Allan's letters had been published, and we were still disposed to reject the graver charges against the Ministers, we said that nevertheless, if the Government was aware of the existence of the letters, and knew the corrupt character of the man when it put the contract and the great national enterprise into his hands, its case was bad indeed. Bad, indeed, it was; but the lesser crime, though great, is swallowed up in the greater.

The alleged connection between the Government and the Americans, though fiercely insisted on by the Grits, has always seemed to us a matter of secondary importance; but with regard to this we are bound to say that hitherto no case has, in our opinion, been established against the Ministers. That they were not without grounds for surmising that some of the money would come from American pockets is, perhaps, the worst that can be said. We must add that it has not yet been made apparent to us that there was anything in the terms of the contract which, if honestly carried out, would necessarily have been injurious to the public, though the conjunction of such a Company with such a Government, dealing between them with a fund so vast in proportion to the general resources of the country, might fill us with reasonable dismay.

It is proved that, as Mr. McMullen stated, the Ministerialist Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry had himself received from Sir Hugh Allan, at the instance of Sir John Macdonald, accommodation to the amount of $5,000, in aid, as we cannot doubt, of election expenses, so that he was himself a party to the transaction into which he was appointed to inquire. Sir John Macdonald avers that it was against his wish that Mr. Cameron was made Chairman of the Committee. But no one, we suppose, doubts that a clear expression of Sir John Macdonald's wish to the party, or to Mr. Cameron himself, would have been effectual; and it is to be noted that Sir John himself tendered to Mr. Cameron, in the name of the Governor General, the position of Chairman of a Royal Commission.

Ministerialists boast that the Government, in the face of all these disclosures, has secured a majority to resist further inquiry, maintain the Ministers in power, and keep the Pacific Contract in the present hands. Anything may happen in a country where party feeling runs so high, and which has been so long suffering under a system of corruption. It has been appalling to hear the language held even by men of honour under the influence of party passions. But if the people are prepared to sanction such things, we may as well at once spare the money which we spend in preachers, release our educators from the useless duty of teaching morality, and learn to expect among those whom we employ, or with whom we deal, no higher integrity than that which the nation delights to honour in the person of its chief.

That we may not imagine that the evils of faction are confined to one side, an incident displaying party spirit in its worst form has occurred upon the other side. A letter written by the Prime Minister to one of his colleagues has been stolen from the Post Office at Montreal by some one who surmised, not without reason, that it contained information as to the secret policy of the Government. As no attempt appears to have been made to obtain money from the member of the Opposition to whom the letter was sent, we may infer that party fanaticism was the sole motive for the offence. If the thief is caught, he will no doubt suffer the penalty of the law. To charge Mr. Young, or those who concurred with him in the publication of the letter, with complicity in the robbery of the Post Office, is unjust; there was nothing to show them that the letter had not been delivered to the person to whom it was addressed. Being intended for the guidance of the leaders of the Ministerial party at Montreal, it was not unlikely to be handed about and to go astray. But the publication was a very great mistake; we need not use a more offensive term in this case any more than in the "Speak Now" case, which it closely resembles. It is true that the claims of private confidence must give way to those of public justice; no one would hesitate to break a seal which covered the confidential communications of murderers or burglars. But what is done in the name of public justice must be done with the cognizance of public justice. If the letter was criminal, instead of being published in a newspaper it ought to have been handed to the police. The course taken, as it shocks social sentiment, has not only failed to damage the Minister, but has created a diversion in his favour; so much so, that some of the Opposition are inclined to start the hypothesis of a trap—a supposition which the introduction of Mr. Workman's name into the letter, in a manner sure to give him offence, puts completely out of the question. Mr. Young, however, cannot be greatly blamed for reading a letter which was sent to him as a warning by one who professed to be his friend, and in the contents of which he was, in fact, deeply concerned. A very high-minded man would, perhaps, on seeing the name of the person to whom the letter was addressed, and the signature, have returned the letter unread to Mr. Pope; but then a very high-minded man is willing to run certain risks, and to forego certain advantages, rather than cease for a moment to be himself.

As to the contents of the letter thus submitted to the public inspection, they are bad, but not at all above the ordinary measure of the depravity of faction. A project is disclosed for inducing a Member of Parliament to vacate his seat under the temptation of a place, at a moment of great public peril, and without regard to his duty towards his constituents. The promise of a nomination to the Senate is proposed as a bribe to a wealthy man to expend money in carrying an election for the Government, while means probably of the same kind are to be employed in order to induce a third person to withdraw his claims. Such is the machinery which, in the hands of no inactive or hesitating engineers, is now no doubt at work all over the country, and by the operation of which a great question of public morality, and one involving in no ordinary degree the destinies of the nation, is likely to be decided. Such, we must add, are the inevitable consequences of party government in a country where parties are not, and cannot be, founded on real differences of principle.

We have approached this subject not only with pain but with disgust. It was certain that in dealing with it honestly we should give offence to one party or to both. We have in fact given offence to both, as Ministerialists, who fancy that we are taking the part of the Opposition, may satisfy themselves by reference to the leading organ of the Grits. But there is one party to which we trust we have not given offence—that party, however small in number, which, regardless of the objects of either faction, demands of public writers and public men only an unswerving allegiance to the interest and the honour of the country. We would far rather deal with general than with personal questions: if we are compelled to deal with personal questions, we would far rather be on the side of acquittal than on that of condemnation. Stern facts and duty to the nation have obliged us in this instance to condemn, in common with many who desire as little as we do to place the country under the narrow and exclusive rule of the party opposed to the Government. But every public man, to whatever party he may belong, however widely he may differ from us in opinion, provided that he keeps the path of honour and tries to do his duty to Canada, may feel assured that in the hour of his unpopularity and depression, when he is borne down by the malice of rivals or by the fury of a mob, the little that we can do will most heartily be done to render justice to his merits and to guard his name.

Our task would have been even more hateful than it has been if the question had been merely personal, and had it not been fraught with a great public lesson. But it is fraught with a great public lesson. Such, we repeat, is party government; such it is, and such it will be in ever-increasing measure, whatever party may prevail, in a country where, there being no questions of principle, party inevitably becomes faction, and faction as inevitably subsists by corruption. We are not without hope indeed, that some effect has already been produced, and that the better men in Parliament begin to feel the necessity, at all events, of some combination less narrow, less devoid of definite principle, and more national than either of the two whose struggle for power has taken a form so full of danger and discredit to the country.

In England, the Gladstone Government continues its process of moulting, but without much prospect of eventually being stronger on the wing. It seems that the object is partly to make room for some representatives of the Radical section of the party, which at present is in a state of disaffection verging on open mutiny. But this death-bed concession comes too late. The elections still go against the Government, and from the same causes as before, the Liberals being rather sulky and divided than actually outnumbered. After the refusal of the Conservative leaders to take office, the opportunity of a fresh departure was afforded to the Ministers, and had they then reconstructed and infused more vigour into their policy, they might possibly have turned the tide; but the opportunity was allowed to slip. It is noticed that Mr. Forster, whose Education measure, or rather his mode of advocating it, which was such as to excite strong suspicions of treachery, did at least half the mischief, alone seems to be exempted from reconstruction, and even from the criticism which is bestowed in unstinted measure by the candid friends of the Administration upon his less offending colleagues; and the fact is by some ascribed to his having "got at" the editors of journals. It is obvious that the *Spectator* is his trumpet; whether his fascinations have extended to other organs we cannot tell. But the secret connections of public men with editors behind the mask of journalistic independence are fast becoming a serious element in politics, and one menacing alike to the integrity of journalism and the honesty of public life. On this subject, too, the letters of Sir Hugh Allan afford some instructive reading. A really independent newspaper is now-a-days a thing which the public does not often get, and when it does will do well to keep.

In the general silence and emptiness of the Parliamentary vacation, a considerable stir and clatter have been made by a speech of Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, where he resides with his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glyn, recommending the parish not to accept educational aid from the State, but to have a Church school of its own. The party of State education cries treason through all its organs, and calls the world to witness that the Premier has at length betrayed the reactionary policy on which he has all along been acting under a Liberal disguise. Mr. Gladstone explains that he spoke not with reference to the general principle, but to the local circumstances of the parish; but the malcontents, as might have been expected, are not above half satisfied with the explanation. The incident in fact points, not to any treachery on Mr. Gladstone's part, but to the awkward inconsistency of his ecclesiastical with his political position. In the two great masses of opposite opinion which, under variously modified forms, are colliding with each other in every European country, England not excepted, the ecclesiastical element is closely connected with the political; the great questions touching human nature and man's destiny, with which religion is concerned, and by which the religious world is now divided, are in reality at the centre of the whole; and the conflict between private judgment and authority in the Church is the conflict between liberty and submission in the State. Progress and Reaction alike claim the allegiance of the whole man. But Mr. Gladstone belongs politically to Progress, ecclesiastically to Reaction. Drifting rather than deliberately passing with the other lieutenants of Sir Robert Peel from the Conservative party, with which they accidentally broke on the question of the Corn Laws, to the Liberals, he gradually changed his political sentiments, but his ecclesiastical sentiments and associations he did not change. His most intimate connection was with the late Bishop of Winchester, and he promotes High Churchmen as often as he can venture, not only in the Church, but in the State. The same influence betrays itself in his marked leaning to an alliance with the priesthood in Ireland. He is always trying to draw up his army across instead of along the real line of division; and the consequence is that one wing of it is always breaking away.

Mr. Bright had condemned the educational policy of the Government in the strongest terms; his return to office is, therefore, naturally construed as an indication that the policy will be changed; and the Secular Education League, which has been waging war against Government candidates in the elections, has accordingly suspended hostilities till Mr. Bright's reelection for Birmingham, when it is presumed he will declare his own views and those of the Government.

On the other hand, the election for Shaftesbury, in which the Government candidate was again defeated, was marked by the definitive secession of a part of the Grosvenor family (the family of the colossally wealthy Marquis of Westminster), which will no doubt be followed by the rest, from the Liberal to the Conservative party. After ages of traditional and historic Liberalism, and after giving martyrs to the Liberal cause, the great Whig houses are at last beginning to feel the natural bias of rank and wealth, and to range themselves with the rest of the privileged and wealthy class. The truth is, their original Liberalism was closely connected with their possession of the confiscated Church lands, and their fear that the booty might be resumed if Rome or High Anglicanism triumphed with the reactionary House of Stuart. Their presence at the head of the Liberal party has hitherto prevented that party from becoming democratic, and has at the same time afforded to aristocracy the security of having two necks instead of one. Henceforth, probably, the dividing line of English parties will coincide with the dividing line of property and class; the section, as is said, instead of being in some degree vertical, will be entirely horizontal, and it is not without reason apprehended that the struggle may assume a more virulent and dangerous form. Conservative journals are even hinting to the Whig houses that they had better stay where they are; but it is absurd to suppose that particular men or families will allow themselves to be detailed to act and speak against their own convictions and their own social tendencies, for the purpose of regulating the action of a political machine.

Reaction exhibits itself grotesquely but instructively in the pilgrimage undertaken by eight hundred English men and women (women, of course, largely preponderating among the laity), under the auspices of Archbishop Manning, with the Premier Duke of England at their head, and probably many a fervent convert from Anglicanism to Rome among their number, to Paray-le-Monial, the abode of the enthusiast Margaret Mary Alacoque, who, having a disease in her side, fancied that the Saviour had taken her heart from her body and placed it in his own. The exceptionally apocryphal character of the miracle, which is not attested by the seal of the Church, is no doubt felt by the devotees to lend additional emphasis and piquancy to this act of faith performed in the face of a materialistic and incredulous world. It has been justly observed that the French pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial and La Salette have at least the dignity attending an access of devotion, however misdirected, in a time of national affliction ; but if the English imitation has any dignity, it is derived from the patronage of the Premier Duke. The pilgrims appeared to have encountered no fiends or Saracens on the road, and indeed to have been preserved (perhaps by miracle) from anything more corresponding to the toils and sufferings which beset the path of mediæval pilgrimage to the Holy Land than a railway journey the length of which was rather fatiguing to the ladies, and some overcharges at the buffets. It is admitted on all hands that the ecclesiastical pageant on the occasion of their departure was most imposing ; and perhaps a moral concerning the value of ecclesiastical pageantry may be extracted from the fact. Will the Pope rejoice ? Of course he will profess to do so ; but he is an Italian, and almost every Italian has some sense.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in his " Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," avows himself not only a disbeliever in Christianity, but a sceptic as to the existence of God and a future state. His attacks are directed not only against the aberrations of Mr. Mill, and the extravagances of the Romanists and Communists, but against the Christian principle of brotherhood, and the cardinal Christian doctrine that we are members one of another. For social Christianity he wishes to substitute the rule of force, not to say of hatred. He is in fact the Hobbes of a plutocratic Restoration. That his treatise should be welcomed and reproduced as it is by Conservative organs is therefore another and a very momentous sign of the times. Paray-le-Monial and the philosophy of Hobbs are rather strange allies ; but the two sections will vote together.

The name of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has been appointed to the command against the Ashantees, would in itself be enough to turn the eyes of Canadians to the destined scene of his exploits. But the war is full of importance for all who share the fortunes of the Empire. It appears not unlikely to confer on England the greatness, if it be greatness, and to impose on her the burdens of an African as well as an Indian Empire. A civilized power brought into territorial contact with anarchic barbarians is practically compelled to assume the part of a conqueror. The barbarians invariably commit aggressions ; war is made upon them, and they are defeated ; they cannot be bound by treaties ; and the only alternative is to annex and govern them. By this law the Indian Empire grew ; a survey of its history will show that from the attack of Surajah Dowlah upon Calcutta, which was the occasion of our first conquests, down to the invasion of our territory by the Sikhs, which was the occasion of our last conquest, the Empire has been extended in consequence of victories gained over barbarian powers in defensive war. Our Indian statesmen have been always trying to set bounds to the extension; but the force of nature has always been too strong for them. Such was the progress of aggrandizement in the case of the Roman Empire of old. Such it has been in the case of the Russian Empire in our own day, the extension of which was sure to continue, even in the absence of any fixed plan of ambition, till it reached the confines of another civilized power. It is stated that behind the Ashantees there are other savage tribes without limit; in that case there will be no limit to the extension of the English Empire in Africa. The Ashantees will be conquered and disarmed. Being disarmed, they will become unwarlike, like the once warlike people of Mysore. They will then be aggressed upon by their more warlike neighbours, as they aggress upon the Fantees now. England will have to take arms in defence of her dependents; another war, another victory, and the annexation of another province will ensue. The prospect is serious, though at present it is impossible for Great Britain to draw back.

The defeat of General Butler in Massachusetts, for the governorship of which he was a formidable candidate, is cheering news to all who have an interest in the political morality of this continent. The New York *Herald*, the vivid language of which we have always pleasure in quoting, says: "Ben Butler has been wrapped up for the present in his political shroud and bottled," adding, with rich exuberance of metaphor, that he has "run down beyond winding up." The General's unrivalled buoyancy, and his more than rhinocerine impenetrability to the moral effects of defeat, and to all moral effects and influences whatever, forbid us to feel so confident that he will never throw off his shroud, unbottle himself, and wind himself up; but for the present he is beaten, and the honour of Massachusetts is saved. It has been the rare fortune of the General to be greatly calumniated and richly to deserve it. The atrocities and robberies commonly imputed to him will not find a place in history; they were myths—the atrocities entirely so, and the robberies, so far as Butler was personally concerned—bred by the passionate fancy of the hot Southern people, writhing under the odious yoke of Northern conquest. Though coarse, he is not cruel, but good-natured; and his wealth, made by successful practice as a lawyer of the Old Bailey stamp, placed him above temptation to theft, of which, indeed, he was formally acquitted upon an inquiry instituted after his fiasco at Fort Fisher, when his popularity was at its lowest ebb. Though, like the other civilian generals, he failed in arms, he rendered his party, by his resource and energy, great services during the war; and his quiet and bloodless maintenance of order in New York, at a very perilous crisis, showed that, with a moral sense to back his administrative power, he might have won himself an honourable name. But his course as a politician since the war has been such, that in him alone Simon Cameron and William Tweed have found their peer. The three, however, though equal in eminence, are eminent in different lines: Cameron as an intriguer and an adept in corruption; Tweed as a peculator; Butler as a demagogue. Round Butler all the elements of evil, thrown to the surface by the seething cauldron of civil war, have gathered as their chief; in him all the evil passions engendered by civil war have found their orator. He advocated Repudiation; he was the leader in the infamous attempts to coerce the Senate into a condemnation of President Johnson; he was the engineer of the back-pay grab; he is the chief supporter of carpet-bagging government in the South. His whole career has been a summary of all that is evil in an American politician, except peculation; for it is instructive to remark that this man, who spreads corruption and demoralization round him, can still say that of actual theft "his hands are clean." Massachusetts is not always amiable, but she is moral; and when one of her choice districts sent Butler to Congress, it was not only a scandal but a sign of moral peril to the Union. Notwithstanding his bitter quarrel with Grant, Butler has of late chosen to support the Administration, of which he has been one of the chief pillars, and which, in his defeat, receives a rebuke if not a serious blow, while the fear of Cæsarism, so agitating to the soul of the New York *Herald*, will be in some degree allayed. That a second re-election of Grant is a dream of the Washington placeholders and of their army of greedy satellites throughout the country is more than possible; and as we have said before, the power of this army, and the continuance of military government at the South, are fraught with real danger to the integrity of American institutions; but the great mass of American citizens, including the farmers to a man, are still, as we believe, thoroughly loyal to the Republic.

The defeat of Butler is one among a number of signs that, though great evils and great scandals still exist, though Cameron leads the Senate, though Tweed defies justice, though the Credit Mobilier disclosures are recent, though almost every week brings from some part of the Union tidings of administrative malversation more or less grave, the tendency of public morality on the whole is upward. Its rise would be greatly accelerated if it were possible for the honest and patriotic citizens, of whose presence in no scanty numbers every one really acquainted with American society must feel assured, could act together in the interest of the commonwealth, and loosen the fell yoke of the party organizations, through which the wirepullers nullify the franchise, and impose a government of their own creatures on the country.

The City Council of New York has not yet levied upon any one a tax amounting to thirty per cent. of his income, yet the ever-increasing burden of municipal taxation is at last beginning to tell on the commercial prosperity of that enormously wealthy city. Great companies, we are told, are transferring their head-quarters to other places, If people fancy that a city cannot be ruined by municipal misgovernment and extortion. they never were more mistaken in their lives. Great commercial cities have owed their growth to the asylum which they afforded to trade, driven by such oppression from its former seats. But the day is not far distant when municipal government will become the great question of this continent.

A double illustration of the national tendency to inflation and collapse has been afforded by the bursting of the great balloon and the simultaneous bursting of the firm of Jay Cooke and a number of other highly speculative houses in New York. Railroads appear in the latter case to be the main cause. The Government flies with the public resources to the aid of Wall Street, forgetting, or forced by the menaces of the brokers to disregard the fact, that the funds which it holds in trust are the earnings of the whole community, and cannot be, without a breach of trust, applied, directly or indirectly, to the relief of sectional imprudence. The lesson which a crash teaches will be lost; gambling speculation will go on with increased rashness; and in a short time a greater crash will ensue. An honest trader, failing through inevitable accident and pulling nobody down with him, as he cannot bully the Government, is left unaided to his fate.

An ecclesiastical movement in the opposite direction to that of Paray-le-Monial is indicated by the meeting of Evangelical Christians of all nations at New York, to which England sends the Dean of Canterbury and a Chaplain of the Primate. While the process of disintegration and splitting up into sects is advancing on the one hand, on the other there is a growing desire for union on broad principles wherever such union is possible;

that is, among all the Churches lying between Rome on the one side and Unitarianism on the other, including the Evangelical section of the English Establishment, which is in fact a different Church from the Ritualistic section, being opposed to it not merely on questions of secondary dogma or Church government, but with regard to the very source and nature of spiritual life. To the historical eye the differences between the Evangelical Churches (the term is historically more correct as well as more significant than Protestant) certainly appear rather accidental than essential. In Germany, the question whether a district should be Lutheran or Calvinist was decided almost entirely by the will of its political rulers. The retention of Episcopacy alike in England and in the Lutheran Church of Sweden was evidently due to the influence of the monarch, who in both cases made the Reformation, and who felt the congeniality of Episcopacy to Monarchy, frankly expressed in the saying of James I.: "No Bishop, no King." A more democratic form of Church government was as naturally adopted by the Republican Protestants of Switzerland, by the insurgent Huguenots of France, and by the Scotch in the practical suspension of monarchy which prevailed during the reign of Mary Stuart. Doctrinal or even liturgical difference of moment between John Knox and the English Reformers there was none. It would be more easy than gratifying to dogmatic theologians to trace the subsequent influence of wars, of party struggles, such as the struggle of the Covenanters against the Stuarts in Scotland, and the conflict between the Calvinist House of Orange and its antagonists in Holland, of national character, of political and social accident of various kinds, in intensifying and perpetuating differences of opinion, which the Protestant leaders among whom they first arose would have been ashamed to regard as permanent and irreconcilable schisms in the Reformed Church. We should not be far from the truth in saying that the divisions among Protestant Churches are the stereotyped political antagonisms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Wesleyanism, almost alone, perhaps, of the larger organizations, may be said to have been developed in antagonism to nothing except the scepticism, profanity and vice of England in the eighteenth century. Once formed, however, the separate Churches became more and more estranged from each other by controversy, while vested interests, clerical and educational, grew up, which effectually barred any approach to reunion. Thə divisions of the Presbyterian bodies on this continent, where, there being no establishment, there can be no question as to the relations between Church and State, are to an outsider unintelligible; yet, vested interests evidently make reunion very difficult. But the menacing pressure of Ultramontanism on the one hand, and the rapid spread of scepticism on the other, have produced an effective desire for Evangelical union, especially among the laity, whose regard for sectarian dogma has, by the general course of thought, been diminished, while their regard for the practical portions of Christianity has increased; and this desire is probably about to bear fruit.

New life might be breathed into the languid frame of English Liberalism, and even perhaps into the still more languid frame of the Gladstone Government, by any signal turn of fortune in favour of the party of Progress in Europe. But in France the Monarchical and Sacerdotal Reaction appears to be still strong, while the union between Ultramontanism and Legitimism is more marked than ever. The Protestants have been making a demonstration against the restoration of Monarchy, and with good reason, so far as their religious interests are concerned, for they would soon feel the tyranny of the priestly supporters of the Bourbon Throne. Fusion, however, still hangs fire; and if it was impossible to reconcile the two branches of the House of Bourbon which are pretenders to the Throne of Spain, though Isabella is at least as great a bigot as Carlos, it can hardly be easy to reconcile the French Bourbons of the White Flag with those of the Tricolour, whatever family amenities may have passed between the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris, in their meeting at Frohsdorf. Henry V., to do him justice, adheres to his principle, and frankly avows himself an aspirant only to a despotic and Ultramontane throne. This, the Orleanist must know, means a speedy counter-revolution; for though French society has not yet been sufficiently liberalized to bear a Radical Republic, it has been too much liberalized to baer a repetition of Madame de Maintenon and Père la Cchaise. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the best index of a wise Conservatism in politics, as well as the great literary organ of France, observes that under such a monarchy as the Legitimists seek to restore, there could be no valid guarantee for constitutional rights. "The traditional laws, the alliance of Church and State, a reaction against the modern spirit and modern institutions, such is the monarchy of which the programme was traced the other day at Paray-le-Monial, in a correspondence between a hundred Legitimist deputies and Pius IX. The undertaking, let us say at once, is a difficult one, even for statesmen of such genius as the 'uncompromising' Legitimists of the Assembly of Versailles. Tthat the Count de Chambord, accustomed as he is to live in the religious sentiment of the royalty of which he is the heir, a stranger to France for forty-three years, should sometimes indulge illusions and mistake the real moral, religious and political state of our country, is not surprising; it is the duty of his friends to enlighten him, to tell him that France, with her greatness and her failings, is not what she is represented to him as being. Such as she is, the France of flesh and blood is the modern France. Assuming that she has been going astray for the last century, that she has yielded to aberrations which she has terribly expiated, that she is the victim of superstition in clinging to the flag which she has covered with her blood, and which her heart has followed in defeat as well as in victory, all this is henceforth her life and a part of her being. It is with this that rulers have to reckon if they would keep terms with realities. Let us speak frankly: to attempt to turn the whole course of the country back, to repeat to it daily that it must disavow its most cherished ideas and ask pardon for an existence of eighty years, is a pitch of arrogance too great for any one; and in any case it is a strange way of re-establishing monarchy to present it as a public penance. The best way of enlightening the Count de Chambord is to show him the two paths which he has before him, in one of which he may find France, in the other he will find only children and sectaries."

It is assumed on all hands that if the Restoration takes place, an attempt to restore the temporal power of the Pope and an aggression upon Italy for that purpose will ensue. Italy will receive the support of Germany as the great antagonist at once of the Papacy and of France. A conflict will then follow in which those who cast the horoscope of nations through the Apocalypse will see their Armageddon; in which the Papacy, at all events, will find victory or doom.

At present, however, the chances appear to be in favour of the continuance of a Conservative Republic as a provisional constitution, with MacMahon as its President; and if this state of things lasts until the outburst of religious feeling evoked by the calamities of the war has had time to subside, and the political panic caused by the Commune has abated, as there will be a general unwillingness to risk another revolution, the provisional will probably become final, and the prophecy of the First

Napoleon, that in fifty years Europe would be Republican or Cossack, will have been fulfilled, so far as France is concerned.

In Spain, Castelar has become Dictator. The greatest orator of his nation, perhaps of Europe, he has hitherto declined office, and is supposed to be wanting in administrative power, which is a very different thing from eloquence, though Chatham made a good War Minister. Castelar's reputation for integrity is, however, as high as possible; the image which he presents of pure-souled patriotism may touch the hearts of the people; and if he wields power ably and lays it down honestly, a check may be put to the feeling, which has been growing in Europe since the triumph of Louis Napoleon and his accomplices, not without assistance from such philosophies as that of Mr. Buckle, that morality belongs to Sunday-schools, that success is virtue, and that clever scamps are the proper objects of our political adoration.

The crisis which rendered a Dictatorship inevitable appears to have been brought on by violent differences of opinion in the Cortes as to the proper mode of dealing with the excesses of the extreme party, or *Intransigentes*, always the great difficulty and the great danger of the leaders of revolutions. Never did Cromwell himself give so high a proof of his ability and firmness as in the repression of the Levellers. The comparatively weak men who led the French revolution totally failed in the performance of this arduous duty, and allowed the movement to fall completely into the hands of the Jacobins, the counterparts of *Intransigentes*, who turned France into a Bedlam and a slaughter-house. Even a man of courage, if he is at all wavering in conviction or uncertain as to the goal to which he desires to guide the movement, may hesitate to face about at the critical moment on the anarchical extravagances of those who up to a certain point have been his friends. Federalism is postponed, and with reason, the perfectly united energies of the whole nation being required for the present to suppress anarchy and defeat Carlism. Anarchy appears to be driven to its last lair in Carthagena. By its overthrow Carlism practically loses a powerful ally, and the Carlist forces, while, with the aid furnished them by reactionists in other countries, they hold their own in the Northern districts, do not seem to be gaining ground. Don Carlos has published his programme. It is despotism and intolerance; the latter qualified by very precarious assurances that the Inquisition shall not be restored, and that Protestants shall have liberty of private worship. This is to bid Spain go again into her sepulchre and allow the stone to be once more rolled to the door.

The greatest allowance is due to a nation the very soul of which was burnt out by the Inquisition, as the more serious and nobler element of the French character was expelled from France by the extermination of the Huguenots. The brutal and lawless populace whose excesses have disgraced the Spanish cities, and brought the country to the verge of destruction, is the offspring of past misgovernment continued through centuries—centuries the chronic wretchedness of which was perhaps as horrible as the sharp agony of the present hour, while the darkness was not then, as now, illumined by a ray of hope.

In the terror spread by the cruise of the insurgent iron-clad *Numancia*, we have a warning of what might happen to any country in case of war. One of these floating fortresses might destroy the whole mercantile marine of this country, and lay all our maritime cities under contribution. The British Admiral and the British Government appear to have acted with spirit and in full accordance with every rational view of international law. It is absurd to suppose that liberated convicts, under pretence of propagating anarchy, can be allowed to turn buccaneers.

The tidal wave of European change has reached even remote Iceland, where a movement is on foot in favour of nationality. Iceland was peopled by the hardiest and most adventurous offset of that hardy and adventurous race which founded not only the Scandinavian kingdoms, but the Norman kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, the Duchy of Normandy, the Norman Principalities of Apulia and Sicily; which placed a dynasty on the throne of Russia, which showed its robust vitality by colonizing Greenland, which is supposed to have discovered America, which, first of all maritime races, disdained the timid habits of primitive navigation, and instead of hugging the shore, revelled in its tiny barques amidst the billows of the broad Atlantic. When Monarchy and Christianity together prevailed in their native Scandinavia, the true sons of Thor and freedom took to their ships and founded amidst the weird Icelandic scenery a republic which preserved to a comparatively late epoch the pristine image of the heroic age. Subsequently becoming a dependency of Denmark, Iceland finds that, like other dependencies, she is governed for the advantage of the imperial country, not for her own, and she aspires herself to be a nation.

Her secession, if it takes place, may combine with the final loss of North Schleswig, which Bismarck refuses to restore, to bring on a crisis in the affairs of Denmark. Denmark is in fact the seaboard of Germany, isolated from the continent to which it belongs, and therefore unprosperous, notwithstanding the maritime qualities of its population. Poverty breeds moral debaseties, and Denmark stands high in the statisment of crime. It appears that she is also afflicted with Socialism. The Royal Family is German, and we should not be surprised if it were to seek relief from its embarrassments and dangers by entering the German Bund. The independence of Denmark has been diplomatic servitude to France, in her alliances with which she has always suffered the fate of the dwarf in his alliance with the giant. She was all but involved in the late Franco-German war; and Bismarck's high-handed refusal to restore Schleswig is palliated, if not justified, by the facts that the stipulation was originally imposed by France, and that Germany was compelled to detach the army of Von Falkenstein, while engaged with France in front, to guard herself against the impending attack of Denmark in the rear. Small states may claim respect; but they cannot expect a chartered liberty of aggression.

SELECTIONS.

SALONS.

The following Selection is from a volume of Essays by Mr. Hayward, Q. C., well known as the translator of "Faust," but still better known in the social and literary circles of England as a brilliant journalist and reviewer. His style has been formed in the best school—the most cultivated drawing-rooms of England. Few men know more of the world, and few tell an anecdote better.

THE club is an essentially masculine institution: the seat, the central point of female influence is the *salon;* and an important social question is consequently involved in the fact that clubs have multiplied and thriven in England, whilst the *salon* can scarcely be said to have taken root or prospered largely out of France. So little, indeed, is the institution understood in this country, that we shall probably be required at the outset to explain the precise meaning of the term; and we are not aware that we can supply a better description or definition than we find at the commencement of one of the books which we propose to use as the text-books of this article:

"When we speak of *salons,*" says Madame Ancelot, "it is well understood that a *salon* has nothing in common with those numerous fêtes where we crowd together people, strangers to one another, who do not converse, and who are there only to dance, to hear music, or to display dresses more or less sumptuous. No, that is not what is called a *salon.* A *salon* is an intimate *réunion*, which lasts several years, where we get acquainted and look for one another: where we are glad to meet, and with good reason. The persons who receive are a tie between those who are invited, and this tie is the closer when the recognised merit of a clever woman *(femme d'esprit)* has formed it.

"But many other things are required to form a *salon:* congenial habits, ideas, and tastes; that urbanity which quickly establishes relations, *allows talking with everybody without being acquainted—which in the olden time was a proof of good education, and of familiarity with circles to which none were admitted otherwise than on the supposition of their being worthy to mix with the greatest and best.* This continual exchange of ideas makes known the value of each: he or she is most welcome who brings most agreeability, without regard to rank or fortune; and one is appreciated, I might almost say loved, for what one has of real merit: the true king of this kind of republic is the mind *(esprit)!*

"There were formerly in France many *salons* of this kind, which have given the tone to all the *salons* of Europe. The most cited were those in which was carried farthest the art of saying good things well, of pouring forth mind, of diffusing it to be born anew, and of multiplying it by contact. Many of these *salons* have acquired celebrity, and if they have been less numerous and less before the public in our time, it is that, in general, intelligence has been more actively employed, and, moreover, that politics have made such a noise as prevented anything from being heard."

Politics, we regret to say, have had a still worse effect on France than preventing anything from being heard: they have also gone far towards preventing anything from being said—that is, anything frankly, freely, or carelessly—anything which could be twisted to the disadvantage of the speaker; and the complete absence of distrust is essential to the *salon.* It is for this reason, probably, that the printed experiences of Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot break off some twenty-five years back, when gentlemen and ladies had not begun to look round them in a crowded room before alluding to any of the topics included in the well-known *Index Expurgatorius* of Figaro: "either to authority, or religion, or morality, or to people in place, or to people out of place, or, in short, to anything that really concerns anybody."

The work of the Comtesse de Bassanville is a posthumous publication, with a preface by the editor, who states that "the happy *apropos* of her birth placed her on the limits of two worlds, at the moment when the old society which was crumbling was confronted with the new society which was preparing to succeed it." The doors of both, he adds, were opened to her by her connections. Her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Laviano, Neapolitan Ambassadress at Paris, introduced her to Princess de Vaudemont. Her father was the intimate friend of Isabey, the painter; and one of her uncles had made the campaign of Egypt with Bourrienne. She was also related to the great Parliamentary families of Provence, through whom she became free of the *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort.

Madame Ancelot, the wife of the dramatic author and academician, was herself the mistress of a very agreeable *salon*, which boasted a fair sprinkling of notabilities. She was honourably distinguished both in literature and art, and her attractions were not limited to her intellectual gifts or accomplishments. She was *in* as well as *of* the world which she undertakes to portray: she puts down little or nothing at secondhand; and her sketches are almost always redolent of reality and life. She is so wedded to self-dependence that she has not even ventured on an introductory retrospect of the brilliant *salons* or circles of antecedent periods, like those when the *Précieuses* assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet, or the Du Deffants and D'Epinays (as described by Sydney Smith) "violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." The only instance in which she trusts to tradition, confirmed by personal impressions of a later date, is in describing the *salon* of Madame Le Brun, which was founded prior to the Revolution of 1789, and, renewed repeatedly at long intervals, survived the Revolution of July.

Madame Le Brun was largely endowed with all the chief requisites for the position at which she aimed. She had beauty, charm of manner, and celebrity—that kind of celebrity, too, which necessarily brings the possessor into direct contact with other first-class celebrities. She was the female Reynolds or Lawrence of her day: perhaps the most successful portrait-painter of her sex that ever lived. She was elected a member of all the continental academies of painting, and was on the point of being invested with the cordon of St. Michel when the old monarchy was swept away. She visited most of the European capitals, where her fame had preceded her; and her success kept pace with her fame. She was received by Catherine of Russia with the same favour which had been lavished on her by her first patroness, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette; and she sent from Italy a picture (her portrait of Paësillo) which, when placed alongside of a picture by David, extorted from him the bitter avowal: "One would believe my picture painted by a woman and the portrait of Paësillo by a man."

It was Mademoiselle de Staël, we believe, who, when her little room was full, called out to the fresh arrivals on the staircase, "Attendez que mes siéges soient vides." Madame Le Brun was frequently in the same predicament in her small apartment of the Rue de Cléry, where, for want of vacant chairs, marshals of France might be seen seated on the floor; a circumstance rendered memorable by the embarrassment of Marshal de Noailles, an enormously fat man, who was once unable to get up again. The Comte de Vaudreuil, the Prince de Ligne, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, with a host of great ladies, were amongst the throng, which also comprised a fair allowance of originals. A farmer-general, named Grimod de la Reynière, was conspicuous in this character, if only by dint of his hair, which was curled and puffed to a breadth and height that rendered the putting on of his hat an impossibility. A short man who occupied the seat behind him at the opera, finding the view completely obstructed, contrived little by little to perforate a seeing place through the mass with his fingers. Grimod de la Reynière never stirred during the operation or the performance, but when the piece terminated, he drew a comb from his pocket and calmly presented it to the gentleman, with these words: "Monsieur, I have permitted you to see the ballet at your ease, not to interfere with your amusement: it is now your turn not to interfere with mine: I am going to a supper party; you must see that I cannot appear there with my hair in its present state, and you will have the goodness to arrange it properly, or to-morrow we cross swords." The peaceful alternative was laughingly accepted, and they parted friends.

A similar adventure is related of Turenne in his youth, and ended less agreeably for the future hero, who had cut off the side curls of an elderly chevalier in the pit, in order to see better. The offended senior was one of the best swordsmen in Paris, and Turenne was severely wounded in the duel that ensued. Not long after his recovery, he fell in with his old antagonist, who insisted on a renewal of the combat, with the pleasing intimation that a third or fourth meeting might still leave the satisfaction of wounded honour incomplete. Turenne was run through the sword-arm and confined to his room for some weeks, at the end of which he was thinking how best to evade the further consequences of his indiscretion, when he was opportunely relieved by the death of the chevalier.

The name is peculiar, and a Grimod de la Reynière was the editor and principal writer of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which set the fashion of that semi-serious mode of discussing gastronomic subjects in which Brillat-Savarin shone pre-eminent, and which, we trust, will henceforth be dropped, for nothing can be worse than the taste and style of recent plagiarists and imitators. It was Grimod de la Reynière who said that a gala dinner occupied him five hours, although he could dispatch an ordinary one in three hours and a half, cautioning his readers not to infer that he was a bad breakfast-eater.

Another of Madame Le Brun's *habitués*, the Comte d'Espinchal, prided himself on knowing everybody belonging to what was termed society; and one night at an opera ball he gave a singular proof of the extent and accuracy of his information. Seeing a stranger much agitated, hurrying from one room to another and examining group after group, he volunteered to aid him in the search in which he was apparently engaged. The stranger stated that he had arrived that very morning from Orleans with his wife: that she had begged to be taken to the ball: that he had lost her in the crowd, and that she knew neither the name of their hotel nor that of the street in which they had been set down. "Make yourself easy," said M. d'Espinchal, "your wife is sitting in the *foyer* by the second window. I will take you to her." He did so, and on being asked how he had recognised her, he replied, "Nothing is more simple: your wife is the only woman in the ball that I do not know, and I took it for granted that she had just arrived from the country." The husband was profuse in his thanks; but we are left in doubt whether the wife was equally grateful for the discovery.

David, the painter, who attached an undue importance to social distinctions from want of early familiarity with people of rank, was blaming Madame Le Brun for receiving so many great lords and ladies. "Ah!" was her reply, "you are mortified at not being a duke or marquis; as for me, to whom titles are indifferent, I receive all agreeable people with pleasure." This was the secret of her success.

The second *salon* on Madame Ancelot's list is also that of a painter, Gerard, whose reputation, dating from the commencement of the century, speedily became European. He ended, we are told, by painting all the crowned heads of the Continent; and it was said of him that he was at once the painter of kings and the king of painters. His houses, in town and country, were open to the *élite* of every land who happened to be sojourning in Paris; and amongst his intimates are enumerated Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Cuvier, Humboldt, Rossini, Martinez de la Rosa, Alfred de Vigny, Beyle, Mérimée, &c., &c. "In whatever Gerard had set about," remarks Madame Ancelot, "he would have succeeded so as to have been found in the first line, and although born in an inferior condition, however high the rank to which he had attained, he would never have been a *parvenu;* he would have been an *arrivé*—arrived by the main road, in the light of day, in the sight, with the knowledge, and with the approbation of all." We should be puzzled to name an instance in which the distinctive merit of the French language is more strikingly illustrated than by the contrast of *arrivé* with *parvenu*.

Gerard's Wednesdays lasted with rare intermissions for thirty years; and their attractive character may be collected from the varied complexion and acquirements of the company. The evening of her matriculation, Madame Ancelot found Gerard relating as a fact what certainly sounds very like a fable or an acted proverb.

The scene is Florence. A young man of rank calls on a painter named Carlo Pedrero, to order a picture of Hymen. "'There is no time to be lost. I want it the day before my marriage with the beautiful Francesca. The God of Marriage must be accompanied by all the Graces and all the Joys: his torch must be more brilliant than that of Love: the expression of his face must be more celestial, and his happiness must appear to be borrowed more from heaven than from earth. Tax your imagination to the uttermost, and I will pay you in proportion.'

"The painter surpassed himself: what he brought the day before the wedding was a genuine masterpiece; but the young man was not satisfied, and maintained that Hymen was far from being painted with all his charms. The artist took the criticism in good part; made the best excuse in his power on the ground of haste said that the colours would mellow with time; and took leave, promising to have the picture ready by the return of the bridegroom from his honeymoon trip. At the expiration of some months, the votary of Hymen came to claim the picture, and on the first glance exclaimed, 'Ah, you had good reason to say that time would improve your picture! What a difference! However, I cannot help telling you that the face of Hymen is too gay: you have given him a joy-beaming air which by no means belongs to him.' 'Sir,' replied the painter, laughing, 'it is not my picture that has changed, but your state of feeling. Some months ago you were in love, now you are—married.'"

Gerard had finished his story in the middle of the applauding merriment which it provoked, when one of the listeners struck in: "And do you know what happened afterwards?" Every eye turned to him. He was about the same age as Gerard, a little taller, with refined, intelligent and animated features, and his whole exterior conveyed the impression of a man of family, with distinction, carelessness and wit. He continued, smiling: "The painter, content with the price he had received, promised to represent Hymen so as to please both lovers and husbands, and after some months he opened his rooms to the public for the exhibition of this masterpiece, perhaps imprudently promised. The public came, but only a few were admitted at a time. The picture was placed in a long gallery, and quite at the end. The effect of the colours was so contrived as to render the portrait of Hymen appear charming to those who saw it from a distance, but, seen close, it was no longer the same, and nothing that had so charmed was discovered in it."

This ingenious and improvised continuation was duly applauded, not the less when the narrator stood confessed as one of the royalties of science, Alexander von Humboldt. There is a story, however, that compresses the point of the narrative in two pithy sentences, that of the Irishman exclaiming: "During the first three months after my marriage I was so fond of my wife that I was ready to eat her up: at the end of the second three months I was sorry I did not."

We are introduced to the Duchesse d'Abrantes at the house of Madame Ancelot, exclaiming: "Qu'on a donc bien ainsi la nuit pour causer. On ne craint ni les ennuyeux ni les *créanciers*." Here was the secret; she was never out of debt, yet she would have her *salon*, whether in a palace or a garret; and distinguished friends flocked round her to the last. Her eldest son resembled her in improvidence. It was he who produced a piece of stamped paper with the remark: "You see this piece of paper. It is worth 25 centimes; when I have written my name at the bottom, it will be worth nothing." She was the widow of Junot, and descended from the imperial family of Comnène. Balzac, after his presentation to her, exclaimed: "That woman has seen Napoleon in his infancy; has seen him a young man, still unknown; has seen him occupied with the common affairs of life; then she has seen him grow great, mount high, and cover the world with his name. She is to me like one of the blessed who should come and seat himself at my side, after having dwelt in heaven close to God." In his own lodgings he had erected a little altar to Napoleon with the inscription: "Ce qu'il avait commencé par l'épée, je l'achèverai par la plume."

Associated with this *salon* is the memory of the Marquise de Polastron, the heroine of a romantic passion which has well earned a record by its durability and effects. She was the beloved of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., whom she followed to England in 1792. She there gave herself up to devotion, and on her death-bed imparted her religious convictions to the Prince in the sincere and avowed hope of securing their reunion in a better world. Young, handsome and gallant as he was at this epoch, he promised complete fidelity which no time should alter. Madame Ancelot believes that he kept his word, and "on the throne as well as in exile, nothing could distract him from the austerity of a life, all the poetry of which was an ardent aspiration towards that heaven where the woman he so fondly loved was expecting him."

It would be difficult to say anything new of Madame Récamier, or to improve upon Madame Mohl's sketch of her beautiful and fascinating friend ; but there is a subdued and refined malice in Madame Ancelot's impressions of this celebrated lady and her *salon* that tempts us to borrow a trait or two. Despite her personal attractions, the charm by which she drew around her such a succession of illustrious admirers is pronounced, on careful analysis, to have been neither more nor less than flattery. She is compared to Sterne's beggar, who never failed to extort a donation from rich and poor, old and young, the most occupied and the most uncharitable, by a dexterous appeal to their self-love ; and her stereotyped phrase in addressing an artist, writer, or orator of note, is reported to have run thus : "The emotion which I feel at the sight of a superior man prevents me from expressing, as I could wish, all my admiration, all my sympathy. But you guess—you comprehend—my emotion says enough."

This, or something like it, murmured in tremulous tones, with a befitting accompaniment of glances, seldom or never failed ; and neither pains nor expense were spared to bring any one whom she especially wished to fascinate within reach of her spell. An amusing story is told of her hiring a house at Auteuil in order to get acquainted with a statesman in power who had taken up his temporary residence there for his health. The plot, we regret to say, failed ; either for want of sufficient opportunity or by reason of the pre-occupation of the intended victim.

"The talent, labour and skill which she wasted in her *salon*" (says Tocqueville) "would have gained and governed an empire. She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred."

Chateaubriand, we need hardly state, was for many years the distinguishing feature of her *salon*, where he was worshipped (to borrow Beyle's simile) like the Grand Lama. When he deigned to talk, everybody was bound to listen ; and nobody was allowed to talk a moment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol, who had well understood ways of intimating his wearisomeness or impatience. When he was moderately tired of the speaker, he stroked an ugly cat placed purposely on a chair by his side ; when tired beyond endurance, he began playing with a bell-rope conveniently hung within reach. This was the signal for Madame Récamier to rush to the rescue, *coûte quil coûte*. His deafness, too, was observed to come and go upon occasions ; confirming Talleyrand's sarcastic remark that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* lost his sense of hearing about the time when the world left off talking of him. His vanity was excessive, but he knew his weakness and could trifle with it ; as Madame Ancelot bears testimony, by repeating his own story of what fell out at the first representation of his tragedy of *Moïse* at the Odéon theatre :

"I went to bed," he said, "not wishing to make any change in my habits, lest people should believe me anxious about the result." "But," added he, with a smile, "the fact is, I did not go to sleep, and I waited with impatience the arrival of my old servant, whom I had sent with directions to see and listen attentively, so as to give me an account of what took place. I was kept waiting a long time for his return, which induced me to hope that the piece had been acted to the end ; and I was beginning to laugh at myself for refusing to receive news of my work through my friends, competent judges, and for expecting anxiously the opinion of my domestic, when he entered unceremoniously, excusing himself for arriving so late on the ground of the length of the spectacle, but saying nothing of what had happened. I was obliged to question him.

"'Well, how did it go off?'

"'Perfectly, Monsieur le Vicomte. They did indeed try to make a little noise.'

"'During the tragedy?'

"'Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte, during the tragedy. But that did not last long, and they soon got merry again.'

"'Merry? during the tragedy?'

"'Oh, yes, Monsieur le Vicomte ; I will answer for it that they were pleased in the pit where I was, for they never left off laughing, and saying such funny things that I laughed heartily too.'"

This may pair off with Charles Lamb's story of what occurred during the first (and only) representation of his farce, *Mr. H.* It had not gone far, when his neighbour in the pit turned round to him and said: "This is sad stuff, sir; I'll hiss if you'll begin."

Madame Mohl's reminiscences of Madame Rêcamier and her society gave a far more favourable and (we believe) correct impression of them. The following passage may afford a useful hint or two to any English aspirant to the honours of a *salon:*

> "*Tête-à-têtes* in a low voice were entirely discouraged. If any of the younger *habitués* took this liberty, they received a gentle chiding in a real *tête-à-tête* when everybody was gone. There were generally from six to twelve persons. Madame Récamier sat on one side of the fireplace, the others round in a circle. Two or three stood against the chimney-piece, and spoke loud enough to be heard by all. Whoever had an observation to make contributed it to the common stock. Madame Rêcamier spoke little, but threw in an occasional word; or if a new person entered who happened to know anything of the subject going on, she would instantly question him, that the others might be aware of it; otherwise it was his place to try and understand."

Speaking of a person who had fine qualities, but who, from the violence of her feelings and the vivacity of her fancy, kept those she loved in perpetual agitation, Madame Récamier said: "Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue." Equally suggestive is the maxim: "On ne plaît pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit."

Madame Ancelot has devoted a chapter to the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, although neither his habits nor (during the greater part of his life) his means qualified him for the establishment of a *salon.* He was an amusing combination of talent, amiability and absurdity. His novel, *Le Solitaire*, and some others of his writings, attained temporary popularity; and he fairly attained the position of a distinguished man of letters, although he tried in vain to consolidate his title by one of the forty *fauteuils* of the Academy. He made up for this disappointment as he best might, by procuring all the foreign orders he could pick up, and on grand occasions he appeared with three stars, two broad ribands, and seventeen smaller decorations on his breast. Replying rather to a look than a remark directed towards them, he exclaimed to Madame Ancelot: "I am expecting two more." In the three-fold capacity of Vicomte, legitimist, and man of letters, he was fond of coupling himself with Chateaubriand: "Paris," he would say, "cares for nothing but her two viscounts—the two great writers of the nineteenth century." His imitation of his illustrious parallel went to the length of writing a tragedy, *Le Siége de Paris*, which the audience persisted in treating as a comedy. One of the *dramatis personæ* is made to say:

> "Mon vieux père, en ce lieu, seul à manger m'apporte."

This sounded and was understood as "seul a mangé ma porte;" on which a man in the pit called out: "The old fellow must have had good teeth;" and the joke was clamorously applauded. The author rubbed his hands, delightedly remarking, "C'est comme Chateaubriand, et comme Victor Hugo." This is the *vitiis imitabile* with a vengeance.

His legitimist opinions and his reputation procured him an invitation to Frohdorff, the residence of the exiled royal family, where he stayed a fortnight. On leaving he said to one of the suite, "How I pity these unhappy princesses," a burst of sentiment which seemed natural enough till he added, "How bored they will be when I have quitted the palace, for during the last fortnight I read my works aloud to them every evening."

We now turn to Madame de Bassanville, who has followed nearly the same plan as Madame Ancelot. Her characteristic traits and illustrative anecdotes are selected with equal tact, and she possesses the same talent of narration. She starts with the Princesse de Vaudemont, *née* Montmorency, *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers, although her face and figure ill qualified her for the part. She was not only short and red-faced, but plump and thin at the same time—that is, plump where she ought to be thin, and thin where she ought to be plump. Yet she carried off all her physical disadvantages by dint of air, manner, and address. Superior to exclusiveness, she attracted and received merit and distinction of all kinds and classes, on the one condition of agreeability. She made a point of being at home every evening, giving up balls, plays, concerts, and evening engagements, for years; and if by a rare accident she dined out, she was punctually at home by nine; the visitors who preceded her being received in her absence by her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Leroy.

One of her most intimate friends was the Duchesse de Duras, who had resided in England during the emigration, and there made the acquaintance of a tall stiff nobleman, Lord Claydfort, whom some of our readers may succeed in identifying by the following anecdote narrated by her. During the Queen's trial he was on his way to the House of Lords, when his carriage was stopped by the mob, and he was required to join in the cry of "Long live the Queen!" "With all my heart, my friends; long live Queen Caroline, and may your wives and daughters resemble her!" Some good stories are told of Isabey, *àpropos* of his *salon*. When the allied sovereigns met at Paris in 1815, he was commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Vienna, in which the whole of the members were to be introduced. "Monsieur," said the Duke of Wellington, "I consent to appear in your picture solely on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I insist upon it." "My dear friend," whispered Talleyrand, who represented France, "for your sake and mine, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture or not appear in it at all." How were these two pretensions to be reconciled? It must, notwithstanding, be done; and this is what the artist resolved on after the deepest reflection: "The Duke was represented entering the chamber of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him; he might, therefore, believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Prince Talleyrand, seated in the central chair, had thereby the place of honour in the picture. Besides, Isabey persuaded the noble Duke that he was much handsomer seen in profile, because he then resembled Henry IV.; which so adroitly flattered his Grace that he insisted absolutely on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in the family of the noble lord as one of the most glorious memorials of his career." Of the internal probability of this story, which we have translated literally, it is for our readers to judge.

A difficulty of an opposite description was raised by William Humboldt (the diplomate), who had no reason to pride himself on his good looks, and was conscious of the fact. "Look at me," was his reply to Isabey's request for a sitting, "and acknowledge that nature has given me so ugly a face that you cannot but approve the law I have laid down, never to spend a halfpenny to preserve the likeness for posterity. Dame Nature would have too good a laugh at my expense on seeing me sit for my portrait; and to punish her for the shabby trick she has played me, I will never give her that pleasure." Isabey did not despair, but simply requested Humboldt to allow him an hour's conversation the next morning. The request was granted, and when the picture appeared he exclaimed: "I determined to pay nothing for my portrait, and the rogue of a painter has taken his revenge by making it like!"

There is a dressmaker at Paris, named Worth, who professes to imagine and compose dresses according to the genuine principles of art: to blend and harmonise form and colour like a painter, with a studied view to effect. It is an understood thing when he has produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, that the favoured customer is to give him a private view, to be adjusted and touched up. In this treatment of the living form like a lay figure he was anticipated by Isabey, who whenever his wife wished to be more than ordinarily smart, undertook in person the pleasing task of attiring her in this fashion:

"When Madame Isabey was completely dressed all but her robe or gown, and had got together a sufficient stock of silk, gauze and laces, she sent for her husband, who proceeded to cut, shape, and pin on till the costume was complete." On one occasion, when cloth of gold and silver was the fashion, he made her a robe for a fancy ball with gold and silver paper pasted upon muslin, which, according to the chronicler, extorted the envy of many and the admiration of all. It should be added that everything became Madame Isabey, who was remarkably handsome.

Few women occupied a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the last generation than the Comtesse Merlin. She had birth, wealth and accomplishment, besides agreeable manners and a warm heart. She was an amateur musician of the first class, and her concerts were of the highest excellence, for all the great composers and singers regarded her as a sister, and put forth their utmost powers when she called upon them.

"All the evenings (says Madame de Bassanville) were not consecrated to music. The arts, literature, science, even the futilities of the world, had their turn; but when I say futilities, I do not say sillinesses, for the intimate society of the countess included as many distinguished women as men of merit. To begin, there was the Princess Beljioso, patrician and plebeian combined; great lady and artist, uniting all the most opposite qualities, as if to show that, whether on the first or last rung of the world's ladder, she would have been out of the line. The Duchesse de Plaisance was then aiming at rivalry with her, and one evening they were talking of the *salon* of Madame Merlin. 'This *salon*,' said one of the ladies present, 'is a regular collection; everything is represented in it: the arts, by Malibran and Rossini; literature, by Villemain; poetry, by Alfred de Musset; journalism, by MM. Malitorne and Merle.' 'Beauty,' added Madame de Plaisance, eagerly, 'by Mdlle. de Saint-Aldegonde; wit, by Madame de Balby.' 'And you, madame, what do you represent?' asked the Princess, with a bitter smile; for she thought herself entitled to two at least of the distinctions which were so lightly accorded to others. The Duchess, who reddened at this question, replied naïvely, with a charming smile, 'Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas—vertu, peut-être.' 'Nous prenez-vous donc pour des masques?' rejoined the Princess."

It was Madame Merlin who said "J'aime fort les jeux innocens avec ceux qui ne le sont pas." Her games, innocent or the contrary, were intended to bring out the talent of her society, which abounded in talent. At a single game of forfeits, M. Villemain was condemned to make a speech, M. Berryer to tell a story, Alfred de Musset to improvise another, and Philippe Dupin to compose a history on a given subject, *La Femme et le Chien*, on which he produced a charming one with a moral.

She proscribed politics, the more willingly because she was opposed to the liberal opinions in vogue; and she was fond of turning representative institutions into ridicule. Her favourite story on this subject ran thus:

"A colonist of St. Domingo, my respectable relative, had a mania for establishing a kind of domestic congress amongst his negroes. Everything was done by the plurality of votes, and, above all, they were recommended to vote according to their consciences. Nevertheless, the result was found to be always in accordance with the secret desire of the master. One day he took it into his head to establish a reform on several points of his administration. He proposed, in my presence, to these good people to decree that henceforth the offender that hitherto had been punished with five lashes, should receive seven; that they should have twenty-five rations instead of thirty; and, lastly, that a part of their allowance should be kept back for the benefit of certain half-castes, who had nothing and rested while the others worked. Well—who would believe it?—these propositions, so adverse to their interests, were adopted by a large majority.

"'What stupid creatures these blacks are!' I exclaimed, when I was alone with my relative.

"'Less than you think,' replied he. 'They have been playing a comedy for my amusement. *Voilà tout!* Do you not remark that I have reserved to myself the right of putting the questions and collecting the votes? Well, that is the whole secret.' I comprehended at once; and yet this expedient, so simple, so easy, so natural, would never have occurred to me."

It is an expedient that readily occurred to the framer of the Imperial system of representation.

Count D'Orsay is frequently named in connection with this *salon* and two or three others, in which he may have been seen during his flying visits to Paris prior to his final return. All French writers will have it that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years, and the following story is told in proof of his supremacy: "The Count was returning from a steeplechase when he was caught in a storm. Looking round him, he observed a sailor wrapped up in a loose overcoat of coarse cloth reaching to his knees. 'Will you sell your greatcoat?' said the Count, after tempting the sailor into a public-house by the offer of a dram. 'Willingly, my lord,' answered the sailor, pocketing the ten guineas offered him for a garment not worth one. The Count put it on, and rode into London. The storm had blown over, and he joined the riders in the Park, who all flocked round him with exclamation of 'C'est original! c'est charmant! c'est délicieux! No one but D'Orsay would have thought of such a thing. The day following all the fashionables wore similar overcoats, and behold the invention of the paletot, which, like the tricolour, has made the tour of the world."

The plain matter of fact is that D'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense. He exercised considerable influence in a particular set at a time when the autocrats of fashion had been dethroned or abdicated, and the lower empire had begun. When he came upon the stage, men were getting careless of dress; they were sick of affectation, and a second Brummel was an impossibility. D'Orsay had very few imitators, and his notoriety, rested on his singularity. We say his notoriety; for those who knew him well had a real regard for him on account of his fineness of perception, his geniality, and his wit. The Earl of Norwich, who took the lead among the *beaux esprits* in the Court of Charles I., was voted a bore at the Restoration. A somewhat similar fate befel D'Orsay when he returned to France with Lady Blessington, in 1848. His countrymen would nor or could not understand what the English had discovered in him. We happened to be with him at a large dinner, mostly made up of artistic, literary and political celebrities, when the conversation was directed to a topic on which he was admirably qualified to shine—the comparative merits of the English and French schools of painting. He talked his best and talked well, yet his failure was undeniable. He was quickly, almost contemptuously, put down.

The *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort is one of the most noteworthy recorded by Madame de Bassanville, but we can only find room for the sketch of one of her *habitués*, a female physician, a Yankee doctress, named Palmyra, who claimed an unbroken descent in the male line from Cortez, was pre-eminently beautiful, and appeared every day in the Tuileries gardens, between two hideous negresses who acted as foils. She only received patients of her own sex, and her fee for a consultation was more than treble what was commonly paid to the first regular physician in Paris:

> "What do you suppose was her prescription? Jalaps, potions, bleedings, purges, tonics, leeches? Nothing of the kind. All that might do for MM. Diafoirus, Desfonandres, or Purgon. She prescribed amusements, new dresses, *fêtes*, balls, garlands of flowers, pleasure trips.
>
> "She would say to one—'You are suffering from languor: you must go oftener to balls; I will teach you a new step.'
>
> "To another—'Your weak point is your nerves. Your husband must give you a new set of dresses. This gown does not become you. Write directly to your dressmaker.'
>
> "To a third—'You are wasting away. Yes, I understand—a diamond necklace must be administered by your husband.'
>
> To a fourth—'Your pulse, which I have just felt carefully, demands a new equipage.'
>
> "The fair patients went away delighted, and none of them regretted the fee of six crowns that was to cost the husband two or three thousand. What science! what a *coup d'œil!* what admirable therapeutics! Willingly would they have shouted out, '*Enfoncé, Hippocrate!*' as the romanticists shouted out at the commencement of the Revolution of 1830—'*Enfoncé, Racine!*' It is not recorded that the husbands were equally satisfied; and I imagine the contrary, for Palmyra disappeared one fine morning, without any one knowing what had become of her."

Madame de Bassanville has many more upon her list, which might be enlarged at discretion, for during most of the period of which she treats, almost every one with a large acquaintance and competent means took a day. To the best of our belief, based on personal knowledge, Alfred de Vigny conscientiously adhered to *his* for a full quarter of a century.

Social sway in France was at no time monopolised by Frenchwomen. The Russians were formidable competitors, especially the Princess Bagration, the Princess Lieven, and Madame Svetchine, whose *salon* exercised a marked influence on the religious movement of the age. The Americans were occasionally well represented, as by Mrs. Child, the daughter of General Henry Lee; and we remember when the best society were wont to meet in the *salon* of Madame Graham, the wife of a Scotch laird of moderate fortune.

We must turn to other sources than our two female reminiscents for the materials of a brief retrospect.

The *salons* of the seventeenth century have been rendered familiar to all conversant with modern French literature by M. Cousin, to whom it has been a labour of love to portray, analyse and speculate on the lives and characters of their founders and illustrations. The results of his researches have been ably and pleasantly compressed by Madame Mohl:

> "Of the distinguished ladies of the seventeenth century," she remarks, "the Marquise de Rambouillet deserves the first place, not only as the earliest in the order of time, but because she first set on foot that long series of *salons* which for two hundred and

fifty years have been a real institution, known only to modern civilisation. The general spirit of social intercourse that was afloat; the great improvement in the education of women of the higher classes; and above all, the taste, not to say the passion, for their society, aided by the general prosperity under Henry IV., might indeed have created *salons;* but it is to Madame de Rambouillet's individual qualities that we owe the moral stamp given to the society she founded, which, in spite of all the inferior imitations that appeared for long after, remains the precedent which has always been unconsciously followed."

The famous Hotel, built after plans drawn by her, was situate in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, close to the Hôtel Longueville: both have been destroyed. It is described by Madame Scudéry as full of objects of art and curiosity. Around one room were the portraits of her most admired or cherished friends: a style of ornament which, prompted by the same kindly feeling and good taste, Frances Countess of Waldegrave has adopted with the happiest effect at Strawberry Hill. The drawing-room of the Hotel, then called a *cabinet*, had windows opening from top to bottom on gardens reaching to the Tuileries. This room led into others, forming a suite, a fashion introduced by her, as was also that of perfuming them with baskets of flowers hung about.

The origin of the French Academy has been clearly traced to the coterie which met in this drawing-room; one of their favourite pursuits being the improvement of the language. "Several words," says Madame Mohl, "were banished from conversation by the Marquise so completely that I could not venture even to quote them." Judging from words that have kept their ground, the queen of the *Précieuses* might have banished a good many more without being accused of prudery. She was tall, handsome and dignified, with a marked expression of sweetness and benevolence. "I loved her, I venerated her, I adored her. She was like no one else," exclaims the Grande Mademoiselle. Her charm was inherited by her eldest daughter, Julie, who exercised a joint influence at the hotel till she quitted it to marry the Marquis de Montausier; and three or four years afterwards, 1648, the intellectual intercourse of their circle was rudely interrupted by the Fronde.

Immediately after the cessation of political turmoil, Mademoiselle de Scudéry began her famous Saturday evenings, to which M. Cousin alludes in his account of her society:

> "As at first nothing was thought of but harmless amusement, these assemblies were for a long time free from pedantry. The habitual conversation was easy and airy, tending to pleasantry; the women, like those of the Hôtel Rambouillet, were correct without prudery or primness; the men were gallant and attentive, and surrounded them with the graceful homage which distinguished the best manners of the time. A slight shade of tenderness was allowed, but passion was entirely forbidden. The greatest stretch of gallantry was a certain semblance of Platonic love, and even this introduced now and then some slight jealousies."

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who has drawn her own intellectual portrait under the name of Sappho, was very plain and dark-complexioned; a mortifying circumstance at a time when *blondes* were pre-eminently in vogue. But she had admirers in abundance, and her Platonic *liaison* with Pélisson is cited as a master-piece of that much calumniated species of tie. Describing it under her feigned name in the *Grand Cyrus*, she says:

> "Phaon's love increased with his happiness, and Sappho's affection became more tender from the knowledge of the great love he had for her. No hearts ever were so united, and never did love join so much purity to so much ardour. They told all their thoughts to each other; they even understood them without words; they saw in each other's eyes their whole hearts, and sentiments so tender that the more they knew each other the more entire was their love. Peace was not, however, so profoundly established as to let their affection grow dull or languid; for although they loved each other as much as it is possible to love, they complained each in turn that it was not enough."

It must have been one of them who said of love that *trop* was never *assez;* and, despite their ugliness, they must have incurred frequent risk of verifying what Byron says of Platonics:

> "Oh, Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
> With your confounded fantasies, to more
> Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
> Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
> Of human hearts, than all the long array
> Of poets and romancers—you're a bore,
> A charlatan, a coxcomb; and have been
> At best no better than a go-between."

Madame de Scudéry's Saturdays did not last above five years, and Madame Mohl states that her assemblies never acquired the importance of those of the Hôtel Rambouillet or of Madame de Sablé, nor of many that succeeded each other through the eighteenth century down to those of Madame Récamier.

The Marquise de Sablé, to whom M. Cousin has devoted a volume, was the real successor to the Marquise de Rambouillet. She has been justly cited as one of the earliest instances of women, no longer young, rich, nor handsome, becoming more influential in the mellow evening of their lives than in the brilliant morning or the glowing noon. An admired beauty of the Court of Anne of Austria, she was a childless widow, past fifty, and without literary reputation, when her *salon* was at the height of its fame: when we find Mazarin noting down in his pocket-book the names of the personages of consideration that frequented it, concluding with this N. B. :—" Madame de Longueville is very intimate with Madame de Sablé: they talk freely of everybody. I must get some one into her assemblies to tell me what they say."

Richelieu had manifested the same anxiety to know what was going on at the Hôtel Rambouillet after he had left off visiting there. He sent his secretary, Boisrobert, to request the Marquise, as an act of friendship, to let him know who spoke against him ; to which the spirited reply was that, as all her friends knew her respect for his eminence, none of them would be guilty of the ill-breeding of speaking against him in her house. So we see that Napoleon I. had high precedent in his favour when he took alarm at Madame de Staël's sallies ; and that the *espionnage* which has ruined social freedom, under the guise of saving society, under Napoleon III., is traditional.

Madame Mohl thinks that the maxims of La Rochefoucault were elaborated from the conversations at Madame de Sablé's. They were certainly based on the selfish and intriguing men and women of the Fronde. M. Cousin has satisfied himself that the *Pensées de Pascal* were suggested by these conversations. Madame Mohl also claims for these ladies the credit of having been the first to recognise the claims of men of letters to be received on a footing of equality with the great.

"It was this sympathy of women that so early made literary men an important portion of society in France ; but in what other country would women have had the power of conferring such importance? Among the anecdotes preserved of the Hôtel Rambouillet is one relating that the grand Condé, being angry at Voiture, one of its greatest favourites, said, 'If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour.'"

Is this a proof of social equality? We draw the opposite inference from the anecdote ; and remembering Voltaire's treatment at the hands of one of the privileged class, who had him caned, we are reluctantly led to conclude that men of letters or of purely personal distinction, not born in the purple, were not received on a footing of conventional equality till shortly before the Revolution of 1789.

A tolerably correct notion of the state of Parisian society when this crisis was in preparation, may be collected from *Julien, ou la Fin d'un Siècle*, by M. Bungener. "Serious topics were too anxiously discussed to admit of light, discursive, or literary talk. Some *salons*, however, endeavoured to preserve in some degree the traditions of their superannuated predecessors. Madame Geoffrin was dead, Madame du Deffant retained but a small number of faithful adherents. It was at the Princess de Beauvan's, the Duchess de Grammont's, the Duchess d'Anville's, the Countess de Tessi's, the Countess de Ségur's, Madame de Beauharnais', Madame de Montesson's, that the French world assembled its wittiest and most cultivated representatives." Madame de Luxembourg, widow of the Marshal, must be added to the list. It was a select circle of her friends that Rousseau gratified with the first reading of the *Confessions;* and by a strange coincidence he began the very day after the death of Voltaire.

Having brought down the series of Parisian *salons* to about the point where Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot take them up, we look round to see whether the institution, as we venture to call it, has been imitated or acclimatised out of France. Goethe at Weimar, and Tieck at Dresden, were the centres of very remarkable circles, which will fill a large space in the history of German society and thought. It would appear from Gentz's *Diaries* that female influence was rife at Vienna during the Congress. But the German *salon* that best satisfied the conditions which we assumed at starting, is that of the celebrated Rahel, the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who has thus recorded his impression of her at their first meeting:

"She appeared, a light, graceful figure, small but well-formed; her foot and hand surprisingly small; the brow, with its rich braids of dark hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances caused a doubt whether they betrayed or took in most; a suffering expression lent a winning softness to the well-defined features. She moved about in her dark dress almost like a shadow, but with a free and sure step. What, however, overcame me most was her ringing, sweet, and soul-reaching voice, and the most wonderful mode of speaking that I had ever met."

This was in 1803. She was not married till 1814, when she was about forty-four, and he thirty. She was of a Jewish family, named Levin, and her position was due entirely to her own strength of character, to her intellectual superiority, and (above all) to her power of entering into the feelings of others, to her being emphatically *simpatica*. Several chapters in books and some separate publications have been devoted to her. Both before and after her marriage we find her surrounded by such men as Frederic Schlegel, Gentz, Prince Radzivill, Humboldt, Prince Püchler Muskau, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and Gans. It was to her that Gentz addressed the curious letters describing the growth and restorative effects of his passion for Fanny Elssler. Madame de Staël's impression after a first interview was characteristically expressed to Baron Brinkman: "Elle est étonnante. Vous êtes bien heureux de posséder ici une telle génie. *Vous me communiquerez ce qu'elle dira de moi.*"

Rahel died in 1833. M. de Sternberg, referring to a later period, says: "I have done with my Berlin *salons*. The real founder of the modern *salons* of Berlin is still living, but without a *salon*. It is Varnhagen von Ense, who, in conjunction with, or rather as the literary and diplomatic support of Rahel, founded every kind of intellectual sociability, and their example was followed by many others, both men and women. It may be said that German life caught from them the first notion of a *salon* in the sense in which it had long existed in France. North-German, and especially Berlin, life was adverse to the firm establishment and further development of this kind of intercourse."

The most influential and popular *salon* of which Italy could boast at any period was that of the Countess of Albany at Florence. All travellers make honourable mention of it; and she has been truly described as the connecting link of half a century of celebrities.

A very remarkable circle, commemorated by Byron, Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) and Beyle, who were temporarily amongst its most distinguished members, collected at Milan round the Abate de Breme shortly after the peace of 1816; but their principal place of meeting was the opera. Writing in 1823, Lord Byron says:—"So many changes have taken place in the Milan circle that I hardly dare recur to it: some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons." Lord Broughton speaks in the same tone in his *Italy*: "I passed through Milan in 1822. All my friends of the Liberal party had disappeared."

Writing from Venice, Byron says: "The Contessa Albrizzi is the De Staël of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and I believe not at all dissolute, as most of the women are." Lord Broughton states that, at his first visit to Venice, only two or three houses were open to respectable recommendations, and at his last visit, only one. Houses might be named in both Naples and Rome which have largely promoted the best sort of social intercourse, but the want of duration, regularity, and continuity, disentitles them to rank with those which are popularly accepted as *salons*. The same remark applies, with few exceptions, to the society which has occasionally clustered or crystallised in Geneva and its vicinity. We must except Sismondi, the historian, whose villa during many years formed the grand attraction of a locality with which so many recollections of genius are imperishably associated. We must also except Coppet, and hope, with Lord Broughton, that some one might be found "not to celebrate but describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her." At Geneva, as indeed in every continental capital, the political state at present (1866) is enough to account for the absence or decline of the *salon*.

M. de Lamartine, who has devoted two eloquent and interesting Numbers of his *Cours de Littèrature* to Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand, concludes with this paragraph:—"To return to our literary *salons*—they are throughout the sign of an exuberant civilization: they are also the sign of the happy influence of women on the human mind. From Pericles and Socrates at Aspasia's, from Michael Angelo and Raphael at Vittoria Colonna's, from Ariosto and Tasso at Eleonora d'Este's, from Petrarch at Laura de Sade's, from Bossuet and Racine at the Hôtel Rambouillet, from Voltaire at Madame du Deffant's or Madame du Chatelet's, from J. J. Rousseau at Madame d'Epinay's or Madame de Luxembourg's, from Vergniaud at Madame Roland's, from Chateaubriand at Madame Récamier's;—everywhere it is from the fireside (*coin du feu*) of a lettered, political, or enthusiastic woman that an age is lighted up or an eloquence bursts forth. Always a woman—as the nurse of genius, at the cradle of literature! When these *salons* are closed, I dread civil storms or literary decline. They are closed."

"The clubs in England and the *salons* in France," remarks Madame Mohl, "have long been places where, like the porticos of Athens, public affairs have been discussed and public men criticised." This is the key to the problem why clubs are flourishing in England, and why *salons* are dying out in France. We can discuss public affairs freely, and our neighbours cannot. A literary man of the highest distinction (M. Jules Simon), who (1866) had a weekly reception at his house, having been summoned to appear as a witness before the Tribunal of Police Correctionnelle, discovered from the tone and course of the examination that much of the conversation at his last soirée had been faithfully reported to the magistrate. A single occurrence of this kind creates an all-pervading feeling of distrust. Yet Madame de C.'s *salon*, the last of the *foyers éteints*, retained its reputation and attractiveness till her lamented death. Madame d'A. holds on gallantly. A well-known *rez-de-chaussée* (M. Thiers') in the Place St. Georges, is the nightly scene of about the best conversation in Paris; and a small apartment (Madame Mohl's) in the Rue du Bac is still redolent of the social and intellectual charm which made Madame de Staël prefer the gutter of that street to the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone or the calm waters which reflect the rocks of Meilleraye.

The expansion of Paris, and increased facilities of locomotion, are also thought to have accelerated the decline of the *salon*, which throve best when the higher class of Parisians lived most of the year in close proximity, and were seldom long or far absent from the capital. When Madame Merlin left Paris, it was only for a villa at St. Germain's, where she had dinners and receptions every Sunday and Wednesday.

The state of things is still more unfavourable to constant intimacy in London; no longer the London of Brummel, bounded on the south by Pall Mall, on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Regent Street, on the west by Park Lane. English country life, and the national fondness for travelling, form another serious drawback. The *élite* of our society are not settled in the metropolis till the spring is far advanced, and are off again soon after midsummer. The late dinner-hour and the importance we attach to this (in many men's estimate) most important event of the day, with the club to fall back upon, lead us to undervalue the privileged access to the drawing-room, which is pretty sure to be empty till that part of the evening which the French *salon* occupied has passed away. Nor are we aware that any qualified Englishwoman has ever submitted to the sacrifice required for a fair trial of the experiment, by a self-denying ordinance like that to which, as we have seen, the Princess de Vaudemont submitted for thirty years. But there is an accomplished lady of rank still living who (confined to her house by ill health) is at home every evening to a privileged circle, and presents in her own person an illustration of the brilliant and varied conversation which was the pride of the Parisian *salon* in the olden time.

The next nearest approximation was made by the Berrys, whose habits had been formed or modified abroad. "With the lives of the sisters," remarks their thoughtful and refined biographer, Lady Theresa Lewis, "closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented these pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to attend, and on entering it might be to find only a few *habitués* or a larger and more brilliant assembly." But a notice of some sort, if not a formal invitation, was necessary to insure against disappointment; and this is the touchstone or turning-point.

A glance at the "Queens of Society" will suggest a proud array of distinguished Englishwomen who have done good service in blending, harmonising and elevating society: in associating genius, learning, and accomplishment with rank, wealth, and fashion: in facilitating, refining, and enhancing the pleasures of intellectual intimacy. But not one of them has set about her appointed task in the manner of a Frenchwoman: not one of them, in fact, has successfully attempted the institution of the *salon*. A few, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Palmerston, for example, may have done more, may have done better, but they have not done this. Nor could even they, with all their rare combination of attractions and advantages, have attained the proposed object without first revolutionising the ingrained habits of the nation. Yet, although the *salon* has little chance in England, and is at a temporary discount on the Continent, we do not despair of its future. It is too congenial to its native soil to be exterminated or die out. It faded with the free institutions of France: it will revive with her reviving liberties.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

From Secretary Robeson's report of the official investigation regarding the Polaris expedition, we gather that the scientific results of the expedition were not absolutely *nil*, as was at first imagined, though they certainly are not proportionate to the expenditure of time, money, and, last but not least, human life. It appears that full records of the astronomical, meteorological, magnetic and tidal departments have been preserved, and extensive collections of objects of natural history have been made. Specimens of drift-wood were picked up near the shores of Newman's Bay, in which walnut, ash and pine were recognised. The dip of the needle amounted to 45°, and its duration to 96°, being less than at Port Foulke and Rensselaer Harbour, as given by Drs. Kane and Hayes. Auroras were frequent, but not brilliant, consisting sometimes of one arch, sometimes of several. Streamers were of rare occurrence, but shooting stars were almost constantly visible. The average of the rise and fall of the tide was about five and a half feet, and the greatest depth of water noted was one hundred fathoms. The existence of a constant current southwards was noted, its rapidity varying with the season and locality. The winter temperature was found to be much milder than was anticipated, the minimum being 58° below zero, though March proved to be the coldest month. The open polar sea of Kane and Hayes was found to be a sound of considerable extent, and, it is believed, communicates with Francis Joseph Sound, and thus defines the northern limit of Greenland.

An attempt was made in 1859, to start a Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, but in consequence of the war troubles it ultimately fell to the ground. A fresh company is now being formed to carry out the original intention, though on a larger scale. A suitable site has been secured in Fairmount Park, and capital is to be obtained in the following manner:—Certificates of stock are to be issued of not less than fifty dollars each. All receipts derived from the Gardens and collections of the Society are to be applied annually: Firstly, to the maintenance of the establishment; secondly, to the payment of six per cent on the stock; and thirdly, any balance remaining is to be applied to the extension of the collection of the Society, and the improvement of its grounds. It is stated that many influential citizens are supporting the project; and it is a scheme which might well be imitated by other cities, even though smaller than Philadelphia. We see no reason, why such a scheme, if properly taken in hand, might not be readily carried out on a somewhat smaller scale in Toronto. It would give us an educational establishment of the highest value, and there is no reason why it should not prove commercially profitable.

In the plantations of the English Government in the Neilgherry hills in India, there are nearly three millions of cinchona trees, covering nearly one thousand acres of land. The largest trees are thirty feet high, with circumference near the base of three feet. Last year more than seven thousand pounds of bark were sold in London, and about thirty-five thousand pounds were furnished to the Indian depôts; the total value of the bark produced being about sixteen hundred pounds. The capital expended by the Government in the introduction and cultivation of this invaluable tree in India will soon have been repaid with interest.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Quarterly* has come down with a heavy hand upon the new school of poetry. Of course the *Quarterly* belongs very decidedly to the old school. But we confess that we sympathize with some of its criticisms. Tennyson is treated with respect, but taken to task for mixing up in his "Idylls of the King" two totally different phases of society and thought. "Throughout the 'Idylls of the King' a double motive seems to have been operating in the mind of the poet, and the result is a violation of Horace's excellent rule, '*sit quidvis simplex duntavat et unum*.' The part of these poems which impresses the imagination is the external form. In all his pictures of the knight, his armour, his horse, the romantic scenery through which he rides, and the Gothic halls in which he feasts, Mr. Tennyson displays, as usual, the genius of a great painter. But the inner life, the human interest, whatever in the "Idylls" appeals to our intellect and our feelings, comes, as we have said, from questions that are purely modern. We do not say that these questions cannot be treated in poetry; we only maintain that to associate them with the life of a rude age produces the same effect as to combine 'a human head, a horse's neck, a woman's body, and a fishe's tail.'" Browning, as the type of the "Psychological" school, is more roughly handled. His aim is said to represent character apart from action; it is admitted that if any one could achieve this object, he could; but the aim itself is declared to be chimerical. This position is illustrated by reference to Mr. Browning's principal poems. His idiom and versification are also severely handled.

"With regard to his idiom and versification, all Mr. Browning's tendencies are towards—decomposition. War is declared with the definite article and the relative pronoun, and any preposition is liable to lose its final letter on the slightest provocation. We should like to know Mr. Browning's authority for cutting off the final 'n' in 'on.' Shakespeare has, of course, familiarised us with such abbreviations as 'i'the' for 'in the,' and 'o'the' for 'of the' but the practice is not sufficiently euphonious to be frequently admitted in modern poetry, much less extended. As the most far-fetched metaphors are employed to illustrate the most common thoughts, so the most out-of-the-way words are in favour simply because they are strange, and the mere jingle of sound is sometimes the sole excuse for an entire line, as—

'Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled they a month.'

"Mr. Browning's metre is blank verse, but of a kind which is only distinguished from prose by its jerks and spasms. The sober iambic road of the normal metre is not sufficiently adventurous for one who loves to make poetical travel accessible only to the Livingstones of literature. At every third line we are tripped up on a point of emphasis, or are brought to a halt before a yawning chasm, which can only be cleared by a flying anapæst. In short, throughout a composition so bulky as 'The Ring and the Book,' we fear we should find it hard to select one paragraph which might serve as a model of good English, or, indeed, one which is free from the marks of violence and eccentricity."

The *Contemporary* has one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's series on "The Study of Sociology," which contains a remarkable passage on the dangers of the prevailing tendency to cast individual and parental duties on society.

"And now something more serious happens than the overlooking of these evils wrought on men's natures by centuries of demoralizing influences. We are deliberately establishing further such influences. Having, as much as we could, suspended the civilizing discipline of an industrial life so carried on as to achieve self-maintenance without injury to others, we now proceed to suspend that civilizing discipline in another direction. Having in successive generations done our best to diminish the sense of responsibility, by warding off evils which disregard of responsibility brings, we now carry the policy further by relieving parents from certain other responsibilities which, in the order of nature, fall on them. By way of checking recklessness, and discouraging improvident marriages, and raising the conception of duty, we are diffusing the belief that it is not the concern of parents to fit their children for the business of life; but that the nation is bound to do this. Everywhere there is a tacit enunciation of the marvellous doctrine that citizens are not responsible individually for the bringing up, each of his own children, but that these same citizens incorporated into a society, are each of them responsible for the bringing up of everybody else's children! The obligation does not fall upon A, in his capacity of father, to rear the minds as well as the bodies of his offspring; but in his capacity of citizen there does fall on him the obligation of mentally rearing the offspring of B, C, D, and the rest; who similarly have their direct parental obligations made secondary to their indirect obligations to children not their own! Already it is estimated that, as matters are now being arranged, parents will soon pay in school-fees for their own children only one-sixth of the amount which is paid by them through taxes, rates and voluntary contributions, for children at large: in terms of money, the claims of children at large to their care will be taken as six times the claim of their own children! And if, looking back forty years, we observe the growth of the public claim *versus* the private claim, we may infer that the private claim will presently be absorbed wholly. Already the correlative theory is becoming so definite and positive that you meet with the notion, uttered as though it were an unquestionable truth, that criminals are 'society's failures.' Presently it will be seen that, since good bodily development, as well as good mental development, is a pre-requisite of good citizenship, (for without it the citizen cannot maintain himself, and so avoid wrong-doing,) society is responsible also for the proper feeding and clothing of children; indeed, in School-Board discussions there is already an occasional admission that no logically defensible halting-place can be found between the two. And so we are progressing towards the wonderful notion, here and there finding tacit expression, that people are to marry when they feel inclined, and other people are to take the consequences.

"And this is thought to be the policy conducive to improvement of behaviour. Men who have been made improvident by shielding them from many of the evil results of improvidence, are now to be made more provident by further shielding them from the evil results of improvidence. Having had their self-control decreased by social arrangements which lessened the need for self-control, other social arrangements are devised which will make self-control still less needful; and it is hoped so to make self-control greater. This expectation is absolutely at variance with the whole order of things. Life of every kind, human included, proceeds on an exactly opposite principle. All lower types of beings show us that the rearing of offspring affords the highest discipline for the faculties. The parental instinct is everywhere that which calls out the energies most persistently, and in the greatest degree exercises the intelligence. The self-sacrifice and the sagacity which inferior creatures display in the care of their young are often commented upon; and everyone may see that parenthood produces a mental exaltation not otherwise producible. That it is so among mankind is daily proved. Continually we remark that men who were random grow steady when they have children to provide for; and vain, thoughtless girls, becoming mothers, begin to show higher feelings, and capacities that were not before drawn out. In both there is a daily discipline in unselfishness, in industry, in foresight. The parental relation strengthens from hour to hour the habit of postponing immediate ease and egotistic pleasure to the altruistic pleasure obtained by furthering the welfare of offspring. There is a frequent subordination of the claims of self to the claims of fellow-beings; and by no other agency can the practice of this subordination be so effectually secured. Not, then, by a decreased, but by an increased, sense of parental responsibility, is self-control to be made greater and recklessness to be checked. And yet the policy now so earnestly and undoubtingly pursued is one which will inevitably diminish the sense of parental responsibility. This all-important discipline of parents' emotions is to be weakened that children may get reading and grammar and geography more generally than they would otherwise do. A superficial intellectualization is to be secured at the cost of a deep-seated demoralization."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Shaw's Tourists' Picturesque Guide to Great Britain and Ireland. By George Shaw. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London: The Graphotyping Company, and Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Many Americans land in England, but the number of those who see anything of it is comparatively small. We do not know that at present it is very desirable that it should be increased; for if the truth must be told, Americans rarely bring back kindly feelings from a visit to the old home of their race. This may be partly caused by the difference of customs, and especially by the difference in the hotels, which keeps up a daily friction: but it partly springs from another more familiar root. Those Americans, however, who do care to make a tour in England will be grateful for a good guide book; and we believe they will find it in the work before us. Shaw's Guide is eminently portable, in measurement resembling a large pocket-book—though it is a good deal thicker—and closing in the same manner. It contains the fullest practical directions, specially adapted to the case of Americans. It is furnished with an abundance of good maps. Its style is condensed, and it gives within the smallest compass all the information, we believe, both topographical and historical, that the general tourist can require about the objects of interest, of every kind, with the best routes to be followed in visiting them. We doubt whether a more useful work of the kind has ever been produced.

We will venture to add two practical remarks of our own. The first is that the charm of England lies not so much in special objects as in the general beauty and richness of the country, which are very poorly seen from the railroads; an occasional carriage drive, if the tourist has time, is therefore desirable. The second remark is that the loveliest of lands will lose its loveliness unless you can look at it with tolerably kindly eyes.

THE NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1873.

The author of "The New Magdalen" is a man of undoubted genius of a very original and peculiar kind. This novel is popular, and the drama into which he has himself transformed it is so popular that it is said to have been one of the greatest successes of the late London theatrical season. We look upon this popularity as very deplorable. No doubt the writer's own foremost object has been to enlist all the sympathies of the reader and spectator for an unfortunate woman whom a series of calamities had dragged down, during a period antecedent to the story, to the lowest depths of degradation into which a woman can fall. This is done effectively, and we give him full credit for it. Hard and black indeed must be the heart which cannot feel keenly for such misfortunes so told. But let us examine the means by which the purpose is carried out. The author creates two women—a true woman and a false. The false woman is a traitress, a liar and an impostor. She is a thief also or not, accordingly as may be determined whether appropriating the credentials, the clothes, and the personality, for the sake of imposture, of one supposed to be dead, is or is not stealing. The true woman commits no moral wrong whatever, and yet the author labours to enlist, and we fear succeeds in enlisting, the sympathies of the public on the side of the false woman. Now, if this be so, it is surely most deplorable. Let us not shrink from calling a spade a spade. Traitress, liar and impostor are very hard words indeed. If we use them without ample warrant, they are utterly unpardonable.

The false woman is Mercy Merrick. She has risen from her degradation so far as to have attained a position of which any woman might be proud. She has, in fact, cast the slough, and a safe career in the capacity which she has assumed lies before her. The author represents this differently; we leave the point to the judgment of the reader. She has qualified for a hospital nurse, and has been appointed to a military ambulance in the field, under the sacred protection of the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention, which is embroidered on her shoulder. With sick and wounded under her immediate care, one of whom has just been in danger of bleeding to death, she deserts her post in order that she may carry out her imposture, and abandons them to their fate. If this be not treason to her duty, and treason of a very shocking kind, we are at a loss to know what to call it. She proceeds to declare herself to be the woman supposed to have been killed; that is lying, assuredly. She assumes a personality that is not her own, and thereby profits by the generous confidence of a lady who becomes her kind benefactress. She throws an impenetrable veil over her antecedents and individuality, and so gains the love of a man—and engages herself to marry him—who would shrink from her if he knew the truth. If that is not being an impostor, then the term had better be blotted out of the English language. Mercy Merrick, then, was a traitress, a liar, and an impostor, and a thief or not, as the reader shall please. We shall come presently to what the author considers sufficient justification for her transformation by his magic wand into "one of the noblest of God's creatures." We have no desire to prejudge that; we shall endeavour to place fairly before the reader every extenuating circumstance, and leave the legitimate conclusions to follow. Of these extenuating circumstances, the first in order is that Mercy, stung with remorse, and aghast at the idea of consummating her fraud, hangs back from fixing the day on which the marriage shall take place. She does, however, reluctantly consent that it shall take place in a fortnight, but she does not give that consent in good faith, intending to escape by some unknown means from its fulfilment, even at the last hour.

At this crisis the true woman, Grace Roseberry, whom Mercy believes to have seen killed, and whose personality and property she had thereupon assumed, reappears on the scene, after some months, like one risen from the dead. She has suffered a horrible wound, and has endured a lingering recovery. She has been robbed of the means of proving her identity, and drags herself to her destination in poverty and sickliness of aspect, with her beauty impaired, and with poor shabby clothes, which the author does not fail to contrast with the handsome dress of the woman who has usurped the place which of right belongs to Grace. She finds her position and prospects, and her very name and personality assumed by an impostor, and she is herself treated as a liar and impostor, with the alternative excuse of being a lunatic. And, indeed, it must be admitted that it is maddening enough for the true woman to look upon the false woman under such circumstances as these. She has herself done no wrong whatever. Only she has suffered, and suffers. We should have been sorry to imagine any one whose indignation would not rise against the false woman in favour of the true—whose deep commiseration would not be instantly called forth for her. We could scarcely picture to ourselves a situation more intensely trying, a provocation more bitterly exasperating. Yet we must fain declare that the writer, and the characters—with one exception—whom he has created, treat her with a heartless cruelty. Not a single drop of pity for her oozes from the merciless pen of the author. He cannot spare one drop from his New Magdalen. From all this let us propound a new theory : it must be better to be sinful and unfortunate than unfortunate and sinless ; it must be better to sin and confess than not to sin at all ; and she who passes her life in alternately sinning and confessing, must accumulate, if she live long, a vast amount of virtue.

Under this gross provocation Grace does, indeed, exhibit some acerbity and vindictiveness of character, and subsequently, being impoverished, her fingers itch for a larger gift of money than might have satisfied her. But that is the sum of her sins. We are not told that she has ever treacherously and cruelly abandoned her duty ; has ever stolen or lied, or been guilty of any act of imposture, or of any other wrong whatever, or is so now. The author does his best, indeed, to make her appear hateful, and it would go hard with such a writer if he did not succeed ; but that is only as a foil to the other woman, and is altogether gratuitous and beside the mark.

Meanwhile what does Mercy do ? Does she instantly, upon the fact of Grace being still a living woman being disclosed—they are brought face to face—restore to her what she has purloined from her—instantly, without a thought of hesitation ? She does not. She is torn by conflicting feelings, it is true, but at one time she goes so far as to defy Grace to the proof. Ultimately, however, softened by the influence of Julian Gray—the exceptional character to whom we have already alluded—she determines to confess, and does confess all.

And now comes in the consideration of the character of Lady Janet Roy, the protectress and benefactress of Mercy (in the guise of Grace), whose claims upon Lady Janet in her assumed personality have been generously acknowledged, and who has become a great favourite with her ladyship. To our thinking a gentlewoman, such as Lady Janet Roy is intended to represent, must have revolted with a lively sense of disgust and shame from such an imposition as had been practised upon her. She cannot be blind to the full force of the imposture, though she wilfully shuts her eyes to it, as she herself acknowledges the true woman. But how does it affect her? She refuses to hear the truth from Mercy herself, and lays her commands on her not to divulge it at all ; she does not cast her off—it is the true woman that she casts off—but continues to extend her full favour to her. Whether Lady Janet desires that the marriage shall still go forward under the false pretences in which the engagement has been contracted does not distinctly appear, but, from what she says afterwards, there can be little doubt that she does. But when, in spite of her commands to the contrary, Mercy persists in her determination to confess all, and does confess all, to her intended bridegroom and to Julian Gray ; when at last she does right ; when at last she makes what tardy and incomplete amends she can for the evil she has done—when for that act Julian Gray declares that she is "one of the noblest of God's creatures,"—then Lady Janet casts her off. The offence to Lady Janet is in the telling of the truth—the fault in the truth being disclosed.

The author seems to desire to impress his readers with the conviction that Mercy's intended husband should still have married her after she had divulged the truth. He draws a comparison between "Great Heart" and "Little Heart," the former being Julian Gray, who desires to marry her, and the latter her intended, Horace Holmcroft, who does not.

Let us be by no means misunderstood. Mercy's fall had been brought about by circumstances for which she herself may be held blameless, and she had done what she could, under the utmost discouragement, to reinstate herself in a reputable path of life, in which she had, as we have shown, succeeded. We concede all that, though we must honestly confess that we wish it had rested on a better authority than her own. We would not desire a worse witness than a woman whose life for months past had been an acted, if not spoken, lie. But let us not be unjust. It is intended that we should implicitly believe all she says, and we do believe it. If we take on her own authority—and we have no other for it—what tells against her, we must certainly take also what tells for her.

To ourselves, though we may be squeamish perhaps, there seems to be an indelicacy about the confession, made as it was verbally to the two young men. Artistically, too, it is a great defect. Our sympathies should be gained by what transpires in the story itself, and not by what we are told has gone before. Far be it from us to question that faults like those of Mercy Merrick might be atoned for by a long and thorough probation; but that she should step at once from the position of an impostor into that of "one of the noblest of God's creatures," simply by a confession of her guilt, is one of the most startling propositions we have met with in the course of our reading. In the name of all that is right and true, we loudly protest against the forced contrast drawn between the true woman and the false, wholly to the disadvantage of the true woman. While we can appreciate great and fine qualities in Julian Gray, we nevertheless protest against "Great Heart" and "Little Heart;" we protest against a man being represented as mean and contemptible because he declined to marry Mercy Merrick. We protest against the conduct of Lady Janet Roy, albeit she undergoes so violent a revulsion of feeling that she goes the very next day to the Refuge for Fallen Women, of which Mercy has again become an inmate, to ask her pardon "on her knees, if Mercy would have let her," and on a subsequent occasion "to plead her nephew's cause" (Julian Gray's), "as a humble suitor for the hand of Mercy." "Imagine," writes Horace Holmcroft, "the descendant of one of the noblest families in England inviting an adventuress in a Refuge to honour a clergyman of the Church of England by becoming his wife!" We certainly think there are not a few of both men and women, and of women the greater number, who will echo that note of exclamation, the author of "The New Magdalen" notwithstanding. Mercy, it appears, refuses *then* to marry Julian Gray, whereupon Lady Janet declares "that the earth holds no nobler woman than Mercy Merrick." "It may not be your own fault, Horace," her ladyship adds, "if your nature is incapable of comprehending what is great and generous in other natures higher than yours. But the least you can do is to distrust your own capacity of appreciation. For the future, keep your opinions (on questions which you don't understand) modestly to yourself. I have a tenderness for you for your father's sake, and I take the most favourable view of your conduct towards Mercy Merrick. I humanely consider it the conduct of a fool."

We duck down as Lady Janet Roy hurls that terrible missile, feeling guiltily conscious that it is aimed at our own head.

We enter fully into every compassionate word that the author of "The New Magdalen" utters. There is no suggestion of his for the salvation of such hapless creatures, and their restoration to a place among reputable women, to which we would not cordially give the utmost of our feeble aid. We share all his indignation and all his pity. But let the probation be ample and real. Let our authors choose their examples better. The Old Magdalen, so far as we know, was no cheat nor liar; the New Magdalen need not of necessity, we hope, be so either. Let us not stigmatize a man as "Little Heart" because he does not desire the "honour" of marrying a woman who has subsisted for a period of at least some duration as a prostitute, and who has since been a traitress, a liar and an impostor—not to say thief—even although she has confessed it all, and has had fully forty-eight hours in which to prove her repentance.

Let us express a most earnest hope that the author of "The New Magdalen" will consecrate all future pictures painted by his popular and powerful pencil, and enriched with the warm tone of his charitable impulses and his sincere and earnest philanthropy, to a more "noble" moral. For the rest, the style of "The New Magdalen" is so little open to exception that we can only refer to the very trifling peculiarity of the use of the word "never," when all that is required is a simple negative. The machinery by which the story is set in motion contains several improbabilities which it would be easy to point out, and to which an author of such remarkable ingenuity in devising his plots need not have had recourse.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

A number of eminent British divines, invited to take part in the approaching meeting at New York of the Evangelical Alliance, are travelling on this side and making themselves familiar with the face of things in this Western world.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has arrived in New York, and we are glad to note that he has been secured by the Toronto Mechanics' Institute to deliver a lecture before his return to England.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby," &c., and a Canadian by education, is on a visit to his father in Montreal.

Mr. Goldwin Smith goes shortly to England for the winter, but will return early in the spring and resume his literary occupations here.

Several prominent English publishers have been paying a visit to this side of the Atlantic this summer, and have given the book trade an opportunity of making a personal acquaintance with those whose names are "familiar as household words" to the fraternity. Of these we may mention Mr. Dyer, of Messrs. Longmans'; Mr. George Routledge; Mr. Duret, of Messrs. Warne & Co.; Mr. Hodder, of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; Mr. Galpin, of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin; Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh; and two members of the stationery trade—Mr. Goodall, the well-known playing-card maker; and Mr. Ward, of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons have just issued an interesting work on "French Home Life," by "an English looker-on, who has lived for a quarter of a century in France, amidst ties and affections which have made that country his second home." The book treats of servants, children, furniture, food, manners, language, dress, marriage, &c., and displays an acuteness of observation and an analysis of character which render the volume a most entertaining and instructive guide to the social life of France.

A volume of essays on literary topics of considerable interest is announced from the pen of Robert Buchanan, entitled "Master Spirits."

The Rev. Stopford Brooke is preparing for the press his lectures, entitled "Theology in the English Poets," which have attracted much attention.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. will shortly publish the following:—"A Memoir of the late Thomas Guthrie, D.D.," by his sons; "A Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D."; Sir Arthur Helps on "Russian Conspiracies and the Foundation of Siberia;" "The Great Ice Age and the Antiquity of Man," by a brother of Prof. Geikie, of the Geological Survey of Scotland; "The Huguenots in France," by Samuel Smiles; and Mr. W. F. Rae's work on "Wilkes, Fox, and the leaders of the Liberal party of the time of Geo. III."

Following up the squib on the Prince of Wales, issued last year in the shape of a travesty on Tennyson's Idyls of the King, entitled "The Coming K——," the publishers of Beeton's Christmas Annual announce an adaptation of Homer's Iliad for the new issue. It is to be called "The Siliad, or The Siege of the Seats," and the more remarkable men, women, and events of modern days, we are told, will be the subjects of the new epic.

Messrs. Cassell have issued "A First Sketch of English Literature," by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. It is a compendious volume, notwithstanding its elementary title.

The success of the International Scientific Series issued by Messrs. H. S. King & Co., of London, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, we are told, is very great. The volumes already issued have been very favourably received. Embodying the results of the latest investigations in their respective subjects, and being written by the foremost men of the day, they could not fail of this. The forthcoming volumes will embrace the following subjects: "Mind and Body; the Theories of their Relations," by Alexander Bain, LL.D.; "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Animal Mechanics; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying," by Dr. J. B. Pettigrew; "Principles of Mental Physiology," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter; "On the Conservation of Energy," by Professor Balfour Stewart; and "The Animal Machine: or, Aerial and Terrestrial Locomotion," by W. C. J. Marey. The works already embraced in this series are Professor Tyndall on "The Forms of Water in Rain and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers;" "Physics and Politics," by Walter Bagehot; and "On Food," by Dr. Edward Smith.

Messrs. Macmillan's announcements for the coming season embrace the following:—"Cobden and Political Opinion," by Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers, the Political Economist; a volume of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, by Dr. E. A. Freeman, on "Comparative Politics;" "The Friendship of Books," a series of posthumous lectures of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, edited by Thomas Hughes, M.P.; a collection of miscellaneous papers entitled "Prose Idylls," by the Rev. Canon Kingsley; a volume of Cambridge lectures, by Rev. Professor Birks, on the "Principles of Moral Science;" a new issue of "Nature Series," by Sir John Lubbock, on "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects;" and Mr. Norman Lockyer's collected "Contributions to Solar Physics."

Messrs. Longman are proceeding with the publication of their excellent series of text-books on Mechanical and Physical Science. The new issue is a volume on "Workshop Appliances," including the descriptions of hand cutting tools, lathes, drilling, planing, and other machines used by engineers. Messrs. Longmans have in preparation a series of books treating of the history of England and Europe at successive epochs subsequent to the Christian era, under the general editorship of Mr. Edward E. Morris. We are at liberty to announce the subjects of a few of the volumes—viz., the Beginning of the Middle Ages; the Norman Kings and the Feudal System; the Crusades; the Early Plantagenets and their relation to the History of Europe; the Houses of Lancaster and York, with the Conquest and Loss of France; the Era of the Protestant Revolution; the Age of Elizabeth; the Thirty Years' War; the Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution; the Age of Anne; Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War; the War of American Independence.

Messrs. H. S. King & Co. announce a translation, from the French of Professor Th. Ribot, of a work on "Contemporary English Psychology," being an analysis of the views and opinions of the following metaphysicians, as expressed in their writings: John Stuart Mill, Alex. Bain, Herbert Spencer, Geo. H. Lewes, James Mill, &c.

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CONFEDERATION IN NOVA SCOTIA—A CRISIS PAST.

ON the 28th July, 1873, (we were told by telegraph), the Viceregal yacht entered Halifax harbour, and His Excellency the Governor-General the following day was received, on landing, by the Government of the Province, the Mayor and Corporation, and all the dignitaries, ecclesiastical as well as civil and military, of that part of the Dominion. The fuller details which have since been received show that unfortunately, owing to weather, accidents and mistakes, the reception of Lord Dufferin was an exceedingly tame and wofully mismanaged affair. But we have been assured on all sides that this result was purely accidental—that it was not premeditated; and that it was not indicative of a wish to slight the Governor-General, the subsequent efforts made by Halifax to do proper honour to her noble visitor sufficiently testify. Persons of all ranks, all creeds, and all parties, united in entertaining Lord Dufferin; the "Halifax Club," where the Anti-confederate element is said to muster in force, gave His Excellency a dinner and applauded his pleasant sentences to the echo; the Mayor, Corporation and citizens also gave a lavish entertainment; and the Provincial Government received His Excellency and the Countess of Dufferin at a grand ball.

In the middle of August, 1869, Lord Lisgar (then Sir John Young) landed at Pictou: the first arrival in Nova Scotia of a Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. At that seaport the flag of Nova Scotia was on that occasion conspicuously exhibited at half-mast on more than one vessel and building. As the special train swept through New Glasgow, where it was not deemed advisable to stop, the American flag was at least as prominent as the Union Jack. At Halifax it is true that a large crowd welcomed, or at least witnessed, His Excellency's arrival; but the demonstration was confessedly a one-sided affair. The Confederate party, which since the General Election in 1867 had up to that time been singularly apathetic, seemed to rouse itself and to feel that its credit was at stake, and that now at least the truth must be proved of the oft-repeated assertion that a large proportion of the wealth, intellect and population of the capital was in favour of union with Canada. It was the more incumbent on them to do this because, while it was notorious that the whole Anti-confederate party and the Provincial Government would keep aloof, it was at least within the bounds of possibility that some deliberate insult would be offered to His Excellency. Fortunately for the credit of Halifax, "the harmony of the proceedings" was not interrupted; although, as if to show that the idea of insulting the Representative of the Queen and the head of the Dominion was not altogether alien to the more ardent spirits of the Anti-confederate party, a malcontent clothier stretched across the line of the then expected procession a string of garments which, as they fluttered in the breeze, advertised the political grievances (and, we may add, the indecent vulgarity) as well as the commercial pursuits of their owner.* A so-called public dinner was given to Lord Lisgar, which was apparently accepted solely because of the opportunity which it afforded him of correcting a misconstruction which had been put upon an ill-considered expression of which he had lately made use at Quebec. During His Excellency's stay in Halifax the Provincial Government and the "Anti" party studiously absented themselves from Government House, and abstained from paying the commonest courtesy to the Representative of Her Majesty, because he represented also "the hateful Dominion." To make the distinction, as they thought, the more marked, and to testify their own loyalty to the Crown, they hastened to pay their respects to Prince Arthur, when H. R. H. landed shortly afterwards; but as the youthful scion of the Royal Family placed himself as unreservedly in the hands of Sir John Young as his elder brother had done with the Duke of Newcastle, and gracefully maintained that Her Captain-General was the true representative of his august mother in the Dominion, it became impossible to distinguish between the cheers which greeted the Prince and the welcome which was accorded to His Excellency. In the confusion a better feeling was created; enthusiasm swept away differences; corners were rubbed off and bitterness was mitigated; and once again the cry of Loyalty did useful, but perhaps unfair, service to the cause of Confederation.

We have dwelt at some length on these incidents, in order to bring out the contrast between the occurrences of 1869 and those of 1873. Time moves rapidly nowadays. Four or five years mark an era of no little importance in the progress of a State; and during that time new politicians are coming to the front, and our future leaders are growing up, who are forgetful or ignorant of the facts that occurred just before their own days. For what epoch so difficult to master as that of one's own boyhood? It is not history: it has no place in Pinnock, and is not yet written in the chronicles of Markham. To say "that was before my time" is a confession of juvenility which some of us, males at least, hesitate to make. To write contemporary history, however, is more than difficult; and the attempt to do so is of at least doubtful expediency. But a few years make a great difference. In the gap of one or two *lustra* many surface bubbles burst and much scum is swept away. Local incidents, all engrossing at the time, shrivel to their due importance, and the once "startling events" contract to the size of very second-rate occurrences. Perhaps then the time may have come when it may be possible to record with impartiality and brevity the dangers of the crisis which beset the early years of the Dominion, and which nearly throttled in the cradle the infant which we fondly hope will yet prove to be a Hercules.

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* This, the only approach to an actual collision between the two parties, resulted in amusement to many, gain to several, and loss to one. Shortly after the display was seen to be neither strictly loyal nor purely decorative, a truck was rapidly driven down the street, and, a weighted rope being deftly thrown over the obnoxious line, it soon snapped, and amid much laughter the fluttering "reach-me-downs" were appropriated by the more necessitous of the bystanders. An action was brought for the recovery of the goods; but we fancy that, as in many other cases, the litigaion benefited only the lawyers.

Late on the evening of September 18, 1867, the telegraph reported far and wide that in the Nova Scotia Elections the Confederate party had fared badly; and when, next day, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that a "clean sweep" had been made at the polls, that out of 18 members Dr. Tupper alone would plead for Confederation and justify his own policy in the House of Commons, and that in the local House of Assembly two Confederates alone would confront 36 Antis, anxious thoughts everywhere followed the receipt of the news. Not only did the more immediate promoters of the Union feel some anxiety for its safety, not to say for their own positions; but those who had regarded it with some disfavour, and even the Anti-confederates of New Brunswick who had acquiesced in the inevitable, and had had three months' experience of the dreaded change, were hardly prepared for a sudden return to old ways; commerce, already walking in new paths, looked uneasily on the future; and even the victors in Nova Scotia, when the first flush died off their faces, were somewhat embarrassed by their own success. What will they do with it?—was the general and anxious enquiry.

But, some of our younger and our foreign readers will ask, what brought about this state of affairs? Briefly, this:—The approval which the "Quebec Scheme" in its somewhat crude entirety met with from the English Ministry was full and prompt, and Mr. Cardwell lost not a moment in enjoining on the Governors of the B. N. A. Provinces the desirability of taking speedy action upon it. Some of those gentlemen were, for reasons which it was understood they had not hesitated to express, not favourably disposed to the measure. They knew at least as well as the Colonial Office the real motives which had prompted its inception and necessitated its completion. They thought they had reason to distrust its authors and to be sceptical about its ultimate success. They saw lions in the path; the demerits and disadvantages were patent; the gain was, to them, problematical. However, their chief's commandment was urgent. As a matter of fact, we believe that the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (Sir Richard Macdonnell and Mr. Gordon) did suggest that the development of the new policy should be entrusted to hands and heads more impressed with its benefits and more likely earnestly to carry it out than their own. But, if tendered, their resignations were not then accepted.

Action was first taken in New Brunswick. Mr. Gordon and his Government agreed that Parliament should be dissolved and the sense of the country taken upon the question of Union. The result at first was eminently disastrous. The furnace into which the scheme was plunged was exceeding hot, and it and those who plunged it in were alike consumed. Nova Scotia took warning, and pursued a policy of inaction. The Colonial Office took note of events, and whilst it launched against New Brunswick the vials of such wrath as a Mother Country can safely launch against a small colony that runs counter to her wishes, it no longer pressed for an immediate reply from Nova Scotia. Sir R. G. Macdonnell, however, accepted promotion (?) to Hong Kong, and Sir Fenwick Williams brought to Halifax a despatch which, while it passed a doubtful compliment on that gallant officer and his native Province of which he was appointed Governor, left in no doubt the wishes of Her Majesty's Government regarding Confederation. Early in 1866 events, into which it is needless for us to enter, brought on another General Election in New Brunswick; the vote of the previous year was almost exactly reversed; and the Union soon became a fact, constitutionally accomplished and loyally accepted.

How, then, did the Nova Scotia Government propose to bring their Province into line with the new position taken up by New Brunswick? They determined to act upon a vote of the then existing Legislature, if a favourable vote could be obtained, and to disregard the petitions for a dissolution which were pretty numerously signed in the country. A favourable vote *was* obtained—we abstain from any enquiry into the means used or alleged to have been used to obtain it—and the long-desired assent of the people of Nova Scotia to the Quebec Scheme was duly reported to the Colonial Office as having been given. Now, on the face of it, this was a very questionable proceeding, questionable for its policy as well as for its honesty. We do not hold, with Mr. Martin Wilkins and others, that it is necessary that a measure for altering the constitution or for doing anything else *must* be previously submitted to the people at the polls. To bolster up such an opinion we must also maintain that members of the Legislature are not representatives endued with freedom of action, but merely delegates to carry out a predetermined policy—unreasoning machines, wound up in the country and sent into the capital to play set and fixed tunes. It is difficult to see where, if such were the case, a line could be drawn between the permissible and the forbidden: or upon what principle a "delegate" would be able to distinguish between a legal and illegal vote. Technically, we fancy, it must be admitted that the Imperial Government, on receiving the duly authenticated resolution of the Legislature of Nova Scotia giving in the adherence of that Province to the Confederation project, were justified in looking upon it as sufficient. Indeed if the Legislature does not represent the people, who does, or can do so? And it is obviously unfair to impose upon the Colonial Office the task of deciding whether a vote of a Colonial House of Assembly is or is not in accord with the wishes of the numerical majority of the Colonists. In further justification of the action of the Secretary of State, it is not unfair to assume that the Imperial agent at Halifax had reported favourably on the state of public opinion, as it appeared to himself, and on the policy of his Ministers; while it is difficult to conceive that they and he should have deliberately adopted a course based on premises so admittedly rotten as necessarily to involve themselves and possibly their cause in disgrace and disaster. It was probably urged that, if the result of a direct appeal to the people were *even the least* doubtful, a general election would for many reasons at that moment be particularly undesirable; and we may be pretty confident that the assurance was added that the opposition to the measure was merely skin-deep, and would speedily disappear altogether in the face of an accomplished fact. Beguiled by some such assertion, and animated by a strangely strong desire hastily to consummate the Union of the B. N. A. Provinces, the Imperial Government endorsed a doubtful policy, and acquiesced in doing a little wrong that a great good might come. And so matters took their course. On the 1st July, 1867, the provisions of the B. N. A. Act came into force by proclamation, and the Dominion of Canada was created. To the conglomerate Cabinet then first formed Mr. Kenny, a merchant of Halifax and a Senator, contributed, on behalf of Nova Scotia, respectability and Roman Catholicism; Mr. Archibald the experience of an old politician and the education and abilities of a sound lawyer. Dr. Tupper waived his claim to a portfolio. The new constitutional machine, considering that total absence of care and prevision which is characteristic of our present "let-it-slide" policy, ran with remarkable ease and smoothness for several weeks; but on the 18th September a strange light was thrown on that part of the Preamble of the B. N. A. Act which recited that the several Provinces of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, had expressed a desire to be united together. What was to be the upshot of this sudden repudiation of the agreement by one of the (supposed) assenting parties?

The completeness of the success, the utterness of the defeat, was to the outside world rather a source of merriment; and people who wished it to be so soon came to the conclusion that the victors would rest satisfied with having inflicted such condign punishment on their opponents. It was argued that the defeat of a Cabinet Minister, and the winning of 54 out of 57 seats, might satisfy their vindictiveness, especially as the spoils of victory, the political loaves and fishes, and perhaps even a seat or two in the Cabinet, might reasonably be expected to fall to their share.

Immediately after the elections, the few gentlemen who had composed the Provincial Government since July 1st, tendered their resignations to Sir Fenwick Williams, which His Excellency declined to accept on the ground that, as he was to quit the Province in a few weeks, it would be fairer—not to say pleasanter!—to leave the task of forming a new Government to his successor. The selection of Sir Hastings—then Major-General—Doyle for the office of Lieutenant-Governor had been determined upon several months before the September Elections, and, altered as was the aspect of affairs and stormy as the outlook had suddenly become, the choice proved a singularly happy one. If we cannot unhesitatingly acquiesce in the fulsome laudations lately lavished by a distinguished Prelate upon His Honour, nor quite concur in the exaggerated estimate of his statesmanlike qualities and consummate Executive abilities which his friends (if parting addresses ever speak the truth) entertain, we must yet cordially accord to him credit in full measure for what he did achieve; for the rare tact which he showed in handling delicate complications; for his unvarying good humour and considerate courtesy, which baffled quarrelsomeness and disarmed hostility; for his candour, which prevented as well as cured many a grievance; and for the promptitude with which he acted on critical occasions. His constitutional preference for the "policy of inaction;" a Gallio-like indifference to the proceedings of those who quarrelled among themselves before his judgment seat; his natural Celtic geniality; even his sorely-ridden hobby of Loyalty—the key-note and ever-recurring refrain of those portions of the speeches with which he may be supposed to have had more immediate concern—all stood him, as we shall see, in good stead. Placed, by no fault of his own, in a position which, from whichever side you looked at it, appeared utterly untenable if his assailants were only in earnest, and to which, if such were the case, it was almost impossible to afford relief, he held it steadily. Repelling with vigour one or two attacks, he was not beguiled by success into attempting to follow up his victory and leaving his intrenchments. Constitutionally to baffle his constitutional advisers; to support a policy which had been condemned at the polls; to maintain a system which it was the especial function of his Ministers to overturn; and to do this without quarrelling with them—for a quarrel would be fatal—this was the problem which General Doyle had to solve. If we say that the absence, rather than the possession, of high statesmanship and great executive ability enabled him to find the solution of this problem, we do not in the least detract from the credit due to him for having done so. If his opponents were vanquished mostly by time and by themselves, they yet were vanquished, and he remained confessedly master of the situation; for although, when he gave up his position, no formal treaty had been signed and no written surrender testified to their discomfiture, it had long been tacitly acknowledged that hostilities had ceased;

and on his departure showers of addresses and offerings of handsome plate testified that the old soldier possessed the goodwill not only of those whose cause he had served, but also of those whose policy he had baffled and whose designs he had thwarted.

The new Lieutenant-Governor assumed office late in October, 1867, and, accepting at once Messrs. Hill and Blanchard's resignation, requested Hon. R. A. McHeffey, M. L. C., to form a new Ministry. That gentleman seems to have delegated to a "caucus" the task imposed upon him. The field of choice was, numerically, a large one; for 36 out of 38 members of the House of Assembly were by their opinions qualified and by their inclinations anxious to hold office; but intellectually the House was below the average standard. The elections for Ottawa and Halifax having been held on the same day, and the system which is mysteriously named Dual Representation being forbidden, it followed naturally that few but second-rate men on either side were candidates for the Local House. The list, however, of the new Ministry, as finally submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor, was probably the best that could be selected, and contained some names of note and ability. Mr. Annand, who had been defeated by Dr. Tupper in Cumberland, was placed in the Legislative Council, and as Treasurer was recognized as leader of the Government. Mr. Wilkins as Attorney-General, and Mr. Vail as Provincial Secretary, conjointly led the House of Assembly.

The first Session of the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada opened at Ottawa in November, 1867. Some of the Nova Scotian members went and some stayed away; thus manifesting from the very first a want of unity in aim which did not augur well for the future cohesion and success of the party. Signs of active defection were also not wanting. Mr. Howe gave notice of his intention to move such an amendment to the Address in reply to the Governor-General's speech as would have brought up the whole question of Nova Scotia's grievance; but the notice was withdrawn. Under his leadership, however, the Nova Scotian members made a forcible protest on behalf of their Province, and personally created a favourable impression. On the whole, the Session was fruitless of result to the anti-Confederates, whilst at the same time the effect which it produced throughout Nova Scotia was anything but favourable to the cause of Union: for an impression got abroad that the Dominion Parliament displayed an *animus* hostile to the just claims of the recalcitrant Province, and that the Administration seemed, both by speech and policy, inclined to punish in their turn the "Party of Punishment." There does not seem to have been the least cause for such an idea; and policy as well as justice pointed out the necessity of dealing gently with those who honestly opposed the Union. Of the wisdom of the course adopted by the Nova Scotian members there was, and still may be, much difference of opinion. We will not discuss it now. But it must be borne in mind that a general line of action had not at that time been decided upon. A manifesto was put forth in December by the Attorney-General (Wilkins), on the occasion of his re-election for Pictou after accepting office, and in this, for the first time, it was clearly laid down that the ultimate aim of the Anti-confederate party was REPEAL.

This having been decided on, it was of course to be expected, if active measures were to be initiated to "break the hateful bonds of serfdom from the neck of Nova Scotia," that means should be taken to arouse public feeling and to strengthen the hands of the Local Government in dealing with the matter. The agitation was commenced by a meeting held at Dartmouth, followed by one at Halifax, at which Mr. Howe spoke forcibly, yet with moderation. Indeed he seems even then to have felt some hesitation about the future, and to have had some glimmering notion of the awkward dilemma in which the party would eventually find themselves. The more advanced spirits had already compromised themselves with disloyalty, and been tampered with by Americans and Annexationists. Such a course was repugnant both to his feelings and his reason, but he could not afford to do more than mildly deprecate it. "The old flag," he said, "must float above us still, and be revered and respected until we receive our answer from England." And what then? All he could say was that "a Council of War must be called."

It was with much interest that the meeting of the first Nova Scotian Legislature was awaited, and the speech of the Lieutenant-Governor was looked for, both in and outside of the Province, with greater curiosity than is usually excited by such perfunctory orations. Would the Executive Council put forth such pressure as would compel His Honour to endorse words and express opinions at variance with his own ideas, and indicative of hostility to the superior authority of which he was the representative? How could the change in the constitution be alluded to—and it could hardly escape mention—without the expression of an opinion favourable to one side or the other? A cautious, humdrum paragraph, in which the Lieutenant-Governor expressed his conviction that, if the loyal people of Nova Scotia desired any political changes, they would seek to attain them only by constitutional means, showed that at least His Honour had the power *not* to do things that he disliked. The Attorney-General immediately laid on the table of the Lower House a string of Resolutions, in which prolix and somewhat gratuitous assumption did duty largely for logic and law. Mr. Wilkins, judged by his words and deeds anent Confederation, must be a clever and versatile, if a somewhat unsafe, man. There is an evident originality about him, and he has, we believe, the reputation of being a good speaker: but he is obviously careless as to facts, crotchety as to law, and inaccurate as to history. He inserts into a document claiming the dignity of a State Paper arguments that might pass muster in some special —*very* special—pleading, and while speaking as the Law Officer of the Crown, launches out into rhodomontade that might be not much out of place in a hustings speech. His lucubrations about Queen Anne's Charter, and his famous scheme for releasing Nova Scotia from Confederation by the potent agency of a five-cent Bill Stamp, will long be remembered, and the remembrance will always call up a smile. His "Resolutions" betrayed the weakness, not of the case, but of those who were to plead it.

As the Government did not command, and could not quite obtain a majority, in the Legislative Council, the "inevitable Delegation," in which a wearisome debate in the Lower House resulted, went to England, representing only the Commons of Nova Scotia. It consisted of Messrs. Howe, Annand, Troop and Smith. On arrival there it engaged counsel, by whom Mr. Wilkins' historical assertions and legal assumptions were pronounced unsound and untenable, and nothing more was heard of them. Hampered by their instructions, which bound them to accept nothing short of the Repeal of the Act of Union, and finding Repeal to be—as everybody but the House of Assembly knew beforehand—utterly unattainable, the Delegates found themselves in rather an awkward position. However, they obtained Mr. Bright's aid in bringing their case before the House of Commons, while Lord Stratheden ventilated it in the House of Lords. In the former—to cut a long story short—the motion for a Committee of Inquiry was rejected, if we remember right, by a majority of about 90: in the latter the motion was, after a debate, withdrawn. The Delegates fired a parting shot called "Nova Scotia's Protest," a paper which rather sacrificed dignity to pertness, and which obtained far less attention than the grievance—a very true one—of which the Colony complained, merited; and then they returned home in company—and it was probably not, on his part, accidental—with Dr. Tupper, who had been despatched by the Canadian Government to counteract their movements and thwart their application.

A despatch from the Duke of Buckingham conveyed to Lord Monck the official reply of the English Cabinet to the Delegates. The gist of it was that the Act of Union could not be repealed, and that the Dominion Government must do its best to remove the grievances of detail and of policy of which Nova Scotia complained. In fulfilment of the charge thus laid upon them, Sir John Macdonald and other Ministers visited Halifax in September, and, after some preliminary negotiations, attended the Repeal Convention which was then sitting. The Delegates listened to the Ministers' speeches, and complained that no active remedies were proposed. The Ministers inquired what the grievances were, and complained that the Delegates declined to discuss them; and so they parted. In a few days the Conference reported its pledged determination to use every lawful means to obtain Repeal. At a distance, then, the first negotiations seemed to have utterly failed; but those on the spot, judging perhaps from private information, were satisfied that, if due care were exercised by those in authority, the agitation would gradually subside. Perhaps they knew already as a fact the rumoured coolness between Mr. Howe and the more advanced section of the Anti-confederate party. Whispers of his defection had even preceded the return of the Delegates from England, and one trifling event showed at this time the anxiety with which his words and deeds were watched. A suggestion had been made in some disreputable newspaper that Sir John Macdonald and his associates should be pelted or otherwise insulted on their arrival in Halifax. Mr. Howe published a letter which, though outwardly only the letter of a gentleman deprecating a resort to ruffianism, was immediately taken as a proof that he was "coming round." The inference, though not logically deducible from his words, was yet a true one; and when, on the occasion of the Delegates receiving the thanks of the House of Assembly for their services in England, Mr. Howe's chair was conspicuously vacant, the breach between him and his former friends was no longer merely a matter of conjecture. We need not indulge any surmises as to the influence that, either in England or on the return voyage, had been brought to bear upon him. Sufficient reason for his "change of base" may be found in his own assertion that he found his party unmanageable, and that the alternative lay between leaving them altogether or conniving at the extreme measure of a resort to arms which the more ardent spirits advocated, but which to him seemed neither justifiable nor feasible.

It was at this moment of excitement and anxious uncertainty that an incident occurred of which the full importance was not at first generally understood, but which, while it effectually pricked the bubble of bunkum disloyalty, gave also to the credit and influence of the Local Executive a shock from which it never recovered. Newspapers more or less under the influence of the Government were dallying with treason. Their correspondents were openly advocating Annexation, and hinting at the material aid which American "sympathizers" were ready to afford; and, on the whole, things "looked ugly." Such was the opportunity that the Attorney-General seized to conclude an exciting speech in the House of Assembly with the deliberate assertion, that "if Nova Scotia was too weak to free herself from her thraldom, she would appeal to another nation to assist her." Amidst great uproar the Speaker cleared the galleries. The position of the Lieut.-Governor must now have been a perplexing one. If he treated, as he would probably be naturally inclined to treat, his Attorney-General's words as mere froth and claptrap, it would be obviously impossible to take any subsequent notice of disloyalty and treason in other quarters. If, on the other hand, he called his Law Officer to account, and Mr. Wilkins either defended his words or sheltered himself behind the Parliamentary privilege of freedom of speech, the evil would be aggravated instead of cured. His Honour, however, does not seem to have taken long to make up his mind, for the next day he requested "the Attorney-General to inform him whether the disloyal sentiments attributed to him" in the newspaper reports "were really uttered by him." If Sir Hastings was fully aware, as we suppose he was, of the risk he was running, we imagine that it must have been with feelings of no slight relief that he received the Attorney-General's assurance that he was "incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of disloyalty," whilst, so far from repudiating the Lieut.-Governor's interference with the freedom of debate, he seemed glad of the opportunity of airing his devotion to the Crown. His Honour hastened to assure his "dear Attorney-General" of the great satisfaction —no doubt genuine—with which he had received his assurances, &c.; and, with Chesterfieldian politeness and tact, intimated that, on behalf of himself and his Ministry, who might all be compromised by the Attorney-General's utterances, it was desirable to make public his prompt disavowal of disloyalty. This correspondence must have been gall to the Annexationists, for it showed them that the Attorney-General had been only toying with them for his own purposes; and they and all the more advanced section of the Repeal party felt distrust of the Government's intentions; whilst the Government, anxious to shake themselves clear of so dangerous an associate, and not, it may be, so solicitous as the Lieut.-Governor chose to assume them to be, of their own reputation for loyalty, yet could not throw over their Law Officer *because* he had repudiated disloyal sentiments. It was an amusing, if an awkward, situation.

But the matter was not over. The House of Assembly sat with closed doors, rating, it was whispered, the Attorney-General, the Government, and the Governor; and when, at last, it leaked out that they had passed a vote of censure on the latter, it was evident that the crisis had come—that one or other must give way, or that the battle must be fought out *à outrance.* The cause of the censure was said to be His Honour's interference with the liberty of speech of the faithful Commons; and their object in passing it must presumably have been a desire to recover, by a display of vigour, some of the prestige which had been lost to their cause by the Attorney-General's "backing down;" an incident to which the newspapers were never weary of referring. If Sir Hastings' position was now awkward, it strikes us that that occupied by his Ministers was ridiculous in the extreme. They, who were all-powerful in the House of Assembly, had, at least, connived at a vote of censure passed by that body on the Lieut.-Governor, for whose acts they were themselves responsible: and still they showed no wish to evade their responsibility by resigning their offices. So that, in their anger towards him, and their ignorance of constitutional government, they had in fact censured themselves! Whether it was an intimation given to them that they must resign, or the threat of a dissolution, or any other advice or reasons that prevailed, the public never knew, and, as far as we are aware, there is no document that throws any light on the subject (the Government organ said that it had all been a "mistake!"); but, by whatever means the result was brought about, the vote of censure was erased from the Journals before the doors were next opened to the public; and the scorers marked "another one for the Governor."

On the results of this, the first session of the Provincial Legislature, Sir Hastings Doyle at least could look back with complacency. He had more than held his own; he had gained much more for the Confederate cause than time, valuable as that was—he had made his power felt, and had sensibly weakened his adversaries. The Assembly from which so much had been expected, the Ministry whose only policy was Repeal, had not only utterly failed to fulfil their promises, but had come out of the contest decidedly worsted. Their prestige was gone: their credit for honesty of purpose and vigour of execution was irretrievably shaken. Difficulties there might, and probably would, be still to be encountered before the agitation finally subsided, but Unionists from this time felt that, practically, the danger was past.

Soon after the close of the Session all doubts as to Mr. Howe's position were removed by the appearance of a letter from that gentleman, in which he avowed his disapproval of the policy of the Anti-confederate party; expressed his opinion that Repeal was absolutely unattainable, and announced that he was prepared fairly to consider a proposal for "better terms" for the Province, which the Finance Minister of Canada had made to him. This declaration, although long expected by those who were behind the scenes, created, of course, a great sensation, and, acting on the throats and brains of his *quondam* friends much as a dose of sods acts on the great Geyser, was the occasion of an alarming ebullition of mud and hot water. The "traitor's" former services and his old reputation were alike forgotten. From the crest of the wave of popularity he sank into the trough of the sea of abuse; and he found himself holding the key of the situation, and yet almost alone. He maintained that the course which he was adopting was the only feasible one; and he challenged his opponents to prove either the practicability of Repeal, or to suggest anything else that was preferable to the line which he recommended. They could not answer his challenge, but they would not follow his lead; while the Confederate party, some from jealousy and some from fear of perplexing the situation still further, kept aloof from him. Associating with himself Mr. McLellan, a gentleman who had apparently achieved some local reputation as a financier, Mr. Howe had a conference with Sir John Rose, and after a lengthy negotiation an agreement was come to by which Nova Scotia was to be placed, approximately, in the financial relation towards the other members of the Confederation, which the "Antis" maintained was only her due, but which they alleged that the original delegates, in their haste or their ignorance, had failed to obtain for her. Mr. Howe's success in negotiating "better terms" was, of course, to his old associates more unendurable than even his original defection from their side. True, they had themselves no policy to propose beyond a vague suggestion of a second delegation to Downing Street, or a dreamy notion that something might be done towards resuscitating the old plan of a Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces. They had dallied with Annexation, and found that it would not pay. They are even said to have approached General Butler, but "he of the spoons" had failed them. They had always muddled up the question of "better terms" with the cry for Repeal; but now, when they confessedly could not themselves obtain the latter, they turned against the man who had, for them, obtained the former. When Mr. Howe, in order, as it was said, to prove his sincerity, and to aid the Government in carrying through the House of Commons his agreement with Sir John Rose, suddenly accepted office and a seat in the Dominion Cabinet, the whole, or nearly the whole, Anti-confederate party, backed by the influence and resources of the Local Government, opposed his re-election for Hants County. His defeat would, of course, have put some fresh life into their decaying cause, and they would at least have been then in a position to assure the Imperial Government that Nova Scotia had not been conciliated. To secure this result they employed all the means in their power; they strove, tooth and nail, to win the contest; relays of speakers and their *claqueurs* followed Mr. Howe throughout his canvass. They nearly cost him his life, for he was in ill-health at the time; but he won his election by a large majority. Once again—and finally—the Repealers were defeated, and once again they had no alternative policy ready to meet the emergency. It is, perhaps, not in human nature, certainly not in Colonial politicians' nature, candidly to acquiesce in a defeat, and to follow an enemy's lead; but there are occasions on which in honesty either such must be done, or something else must be, at least, attempted. In the present case the Repeal party did neither. They seem to have taken refuge in sulks, and they made their case as bad as they possibly could, by accepting the increased subsidy while they would not accept their defeat. The members of the Local Government, with the exception of Mr. Annand, and of Mr. Vail, the Provincial Secretary, (who, by his manners and evident honesty, made a very favourable impression when he once or twice visited Ottawa,) are entirely unknown in Canada; but we may fairly argue that they were, as a whole, of little ability and vigour. For this was an occasion to which men of political *stamina* or moral courage would certainly have risen. They would have either done something for Repeal, or they would have spent the next two or three years in useful works and needed legislation, instead of (politically) wasting them in discontented apathy, meaningless regrets, and powerless hate.

These, then, are, we think, the main facts, which we have taken some trouble to compile from many sources, oral and written, of the Anti-confederate campaign in Nova Scotia. In small communities it is often a small event that decides a great issue, and a question involving a great principle is frequently settled by the influence of some personal or local association. And so, to some extent, it was with the Repeal movement in Nova Scotia. The result was reached not so much through a calm and dispasionate weighing of the merits of the case, as by the day-by-day effect of thoughts, words and acts, which outwardly made little show, but which sunk into the hearts and ruled the conduct of those who, if not the ostensible leaders, yet supplied the power on which the movement rested. In selecting the chief points, and noting what appear to us the main events, we have omitted much that to others, and especially those on the spot, may seem noteworthy. And into the principle that underlies the Confederation policy we have not entered—for happily that is now a dead issue; neither have we touched on the grievances in detail of which Nova Scotia complained, nor discussed the justice, wisdom or necessity of the "better terms" accorded to her. There are numberless occurrences, endless speeches and infinite propositions which we have not chronicled, and which seemed at the time to be of some moment, and which attracted some attention. But we have recorded all the incidents that materially affected the issue of the contest, and we have brought the narrative down to the practical close of the fight; at the time when the sponge *ought* to have been thrown up. Before closing this article, which has hitherto dealt with what *has been*, we may fairly add a few words on what *might have been*, the result of the Repeal movement.

It is rarely, we imagine, that one party is so completely successful, or that a policy is so unmistakably supported, as was that of the Anticonfederates at the General Election in September, 1867. Why, then, were its objects not attained? Why was the whole movement so entirely devoid of results? In the first place, the party went into action without discipline, without plan, and without preconcerted unity. It was composed of a miscellaneous conglomerate of persons temporarily united for one purpose, and having one grievance in common. There was no other bond which kept them together but that of opposition to the principle or the details of Confederation, and anger—very just anger—at the manner in which it had been carried into effect. Under these circumstances it was obviously necessary at once to mark out a defined line of policy, that the leaders should know exactly whither they were leading, and that the rank and file should all know the aims that were to be held in view. To the cause of Union delay was, above all things, most favourable. Time was on the side of the accomplished fact, and every month and every week that passed made it less necessary, as well as less feasible, to repeal the B. N. A. Act. The dismal vaticinations of unutterable woe and inevitable ruin in which the gloomy and partizan prophets of the Anti-confederate party had indulged, remained unfulfilled, and the consequent reaction, of course, converted many, who distrusted their leaders and despaired of their cause, to at least a tacit acquiescence in the *status quo.* The first Session at Ottawa disclosed a want of unanimity and of cohesion in the Nova Scotian ranks, of which the astute Premier took note and advantage. Repeal was not at that time even accepted as the policy of the whole party. Punishment for their opponents, and "better terms" for the Province, were rather the objects sought after. We see, too, the want of a policy pervading all the documents and manifestoes that were issued from Halifax. Even after the Government were pledged to seek Repeal, and averred that nothing short of it would satisfy them, we find resolutions and minutes of Council wandering vaguely away from the subject, mixing up "better terms" with Repeal, and moaning querulously over the inequality and injustice of the Act which, in the same breath, they denounced as unconstitutional, and, consequently, as not binding upon them.

There seems almost to have been a half-heartedness in the cause from the very first; and looking back now on the contest, contrasting the nominal programme with the actual deeds of the Repealers, their professed intentions with the accomplished results, one sometimes doubts whether any large proportion of the party was ever thoroughly in earnest in its loud-voiced demand for the Repeal, and nothing but the Repeal, of the British North America Act.

It must, indeed, be granted that to have obtained its repeal would have been, under any circumstances, extremely difficult, although, at the same time, the Anti-confederates may be pardoned for believing—such of them as *did* believe—that the English Parliament could not but listen to and remedy the wrongs of which they complained. For, whatever the Confederate party could allege to the contrary, whatever inconsistencies they could point out between Mr. Howe's present and past opinions, however plausible were the insinuations which they made as to the real motives of the "Antis," and the true object of their agitation, still they could not controvert the main facts of the case. They could not deny that petitions had been very extensively signed throughout the Province, in the first place to the Lieut.-Governor, praying for a dissolution, in order that the question of union with Canada might be pronounced upon directly by the people; and, secondly, to the Imperial Parliament, praying that the Act of Union might not pass until the people had had the opportunity of so voting; or that the Lieutenant-Governor and his Ministers, and the Queen and her Ministers, had been fairly warned of the consequences of so passing the Act; nor, by any reference to the influence that side issues and local animosities had possibly exercised upon the elections, could they much lessen the weighty significance of the assertion made in the petition presented by the Delegates to the House of Commons—that "of fifty-seven members returned to both Houses (Ottawa and Halifax) all but four are humble petitioners to your honourable House for the repeal of a law so universally condemned." And so the case which the Delegates went to plead was undeniably a strong one. But it so happened that, owing to a recent change of Government, both parties in England were not only committed to the principle of Canadian Confederation, but had also been concerned in carrying it into effect. That the Delegates, under these circumstances, failed in their mission, and that Parliament refused to reopen the whole question, surprised no one. The surprise is that the Anti-confederate leaders had no policy ready to meet this contingency. The delegation seems to have been the Alpha and Omega of their ideas; and when it failed they were not a whit more ready than Mr. Howe had been six months before to answer the question—*What then?*

It is not a captious or *ex post facto* criticism to say that an answer to that question ought to have been prepared. In the event, which was so probable as to be almost inevitable, of the English Government refusing to accede to the Delegates' demands, it must have been all along obvious that some active measures must be taken, some pressure must be called into play, if Repeal was to be won.

But in truth, the answer to that question had been rendered very difficult, and the next step forward had been much hampered by the disloyal utterances and annexationist proclivities in which, from the very first, many of the rank and file had indulged, and at which the leaders had, either from sympathy or weakness, connived. Speaking now without reference to the veniality of ever holding such views, we deem that their adoption by the Anti-confederates before ever it was known if the English Government would listen to the Delegates' remonstrance, was, in the interests of the cause they were pleading, a grave and fatal mistake. If the intention was to menace and put a pressure upon the mother country by a threat of insurrection, the menace and even the Attorney-General's solemn and affectionate words of warning were alike wasted. In the rest of the Dominion there were many Confederates as well as "Antis" who thoroughly sympathized with Nova Scotia, and heartily disapproved—especially after its failure—of the policy by which the Province had been included in the Confederation, but nine-tenths of them promptly withdrew their sympathy from a cause that seemed tainted with treason. In the Province itself, the same reason operated with no less force. There matters had gone so far, highflown and treasonable language had been used to such an extent, such grand promises had been held out, and so many had been led to believe that an appeal to arms was seriously and honestly contemplated, that, after the return of the Delegates, the leaders found that with a large proportion of their followers the next step was rebellion; and that they must go to that length or forfeit confidence. Mr. Howe distinctly stated that such was the dilemma in which he found himself. By the light of this fact, we can see why the Resolution passed by the Convention at Halifax, in September, 1868, viz., to use *every lawful means* to secure Repeal, was considered by those on the spot as a death-blow to the cause, while to those at a distance it seemed to prolong and give a proper direction to the agitation. It was a distinct repudiation of the policy of the party of action; the only section of the party that had any policy at all. If the same Resolution had been adopted in September, 1867, the results might have been very different.

Again; if Repeal and nothing short of it was aimed at, it was surely a mistake for the Nova Scotia members to present themselves at Ottawa for any other purpose than to make their protest. If Mr. Howe had moved the resolution of which he gave notice, and if after its rejection all his followers had returned to their Province and refused to take a share in any other debate, or participate in any legislative action, great weight would have been added to the remonstrance presented to the Imperial Parliament by the Delegates.

But there was another "lawful and constitutional means" for obtaining Repeal so obvious and so feasible, and apparently so well calculated to ensure success, that it is incomprehensible why it was never at least tried. If you wished to disconnect from a railway train a car which had been wrongfully, illegally, and against the wishes of its owners attached to it, would you upset the train and involve your property in the general smash that would ensue? Would you not rather, if you could, put on the brake, and, locking the wheels of your car, bring the whole train to a standstill until your property was unhitched and restored to you? Mr. Howe found it convenient to allege that, at the Convention in 1868, he suggested that the Provincial Government should all go up to the Lieutenant-Governor and in a body resign their offices; and he said that when he looked at the "Treasury Bench" and saw that not one of its occupants relished the suggestion, he felt that the "game was up." There is good evidence to show that this proposition, if made at all, was only made, and was treated, as a joke, and was heard by but few then present. But it is passing strange that such a course had not from the first suggested itself to the Anti-confederates as being the one most likely to bring about the results which they professed to desire. Had they adopted it, what could the Lieutenant-Governor have done? The Opposition numbered only *two*, and subsequently *but one*, in the House of Assembly, whilst in the Legislative Council there was, at most, a majority of one against the Government. Probably no Confederate of any note would have assumed office and, at the same time, the responsibility of advising His Honour to dissolve Parliament. If the latter had done so *proprio motu*—a questionable but, under the circumstances, a probably necessary proceeding—it is certain that the Anti-confederates would have again been returned in an overwhelming, even if a somewhat reduced, majority; and if they still refused to assume the Government, the dead-lock would have been complete. Purely as a matter of curiosity—a curiosity in which we do not suppose that the Lieutenant-Governor and his confidential advisers in the least participated—we confess to a wish that this step had been taken—not for the sake of a malicious pleasure, but because it would have been interesting to see what solution, if any, could have been found of the difficulty, and how representative institutions would have stood the strain to which they would have been subjected. If the Anti-confederate leaders had possessed the intellect to devise, and the nerve and backbone to carry out some such policy—if the politicians of that day had belonged rather to the vertebrate than to the molluscous order—if the people had, when appealed to a second time, deliberately demanded to have their old constitution restored to them—very different possibly would have been to-day the political configuration of British North America.

Faint mutterings of discontent may even still reach us at times from Nova Scotia, but the storm has long since spent its force. Dark clouds long and obstinately shrouded the landscape, but at last the genial sunshine of cordial acquiescence in Confederation has broken forth. Time the healer has scarred over, if he has not entirely obliterated, all the wounds. In the grave of one of her most distinguished sons, at once the backbone and the marplot of the Anti-confederate cause, Nova Scotia has buried her grievances, and at the present moment is inclined to connect the name of the Dominion less with oppression and ruin than with the sunshiny visit of a genial Governor-General. The turn of the wheel has brought to her and all the Maritime Provinces their full share of political power and influence, and of this she shows no disinclination to avail herself. Entering keenly into the strangely attractive whirl of our Western politics, stepping briskly into that loathsome pool which, if some will stir, others (one would think) might as well leave alone, she is identifying herself unreservedly with the rest of the Dominion, and at last admits the oneness of the present interests and future prospects of all the members of our great confederacy. Other dangers there may be, some already looming above the horizon, which may threaten to mar the harmony, or even to imperil the existence, of the Dominion; but its first, and perhaps its greatest, peril is past. And there are but few of those who, like the writer of this article, cordially sympathized with Nova Scotia in 1866-7, or even of the Anti-confederates themselves, the men who in 1869 would ignore, if not insult, Lord Lisgar, but who in 1873 have fêted Lord Dufferin—there are few, we say, of all these who are not in their inmost hearts glad that things are as they are to-day, that the Union once consummated was not hastily and angrily dissolved, and that these pages, instead of containing a record of the Repealers' victory, are simply entitled

A CRISIS PAST.

A GAME OF CHESS.

(*From the Poems of* MORTIMER COLLINS.)

TERRACE and lawn were white with frost,
  Whose fretwork flowers upon the panes—
A mocking dream of summer, lost
  'Mid winter's icy chains.

White-hot, indoors, the great logs gleam,
  Veiled by a flickering flame of blue:
I see my love as in a dream—
  Her eyes are azure too.

She binds her hair behind her ears
  (Each little ear so like a shell),
Touches her ivory queen, and fears
  She is not playing well.

For me, I think of nothing less;
  I think how these pure pearls become her—
And which is sweetest, winter chess
  Or garden strolls in summer.

O linger, frost, upon the pane!
  O faint blue flame, still softly rise!
O, dear one, thus with me remain,
  That I may watch thine eyes.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GARDEN IN THE ROCK.

SKIRTING the edge of the glen, Matty soon got down into the more level land, and by the time it was broad day reached a farm-house, in which he had for some time found a temporary home, having his meals, when he chose, with the farmer and his men, and his bed in the lodge, as it was called, in which the labourers slept. Here he got his breakfast, and then, having put a bottle of his famous herb-cordial in his pocket, he set out for Dunran. Early hours, for Ireland, were kept there, the family always breakfasting at eight o'clock, and Matty calculated on reaching the house at that hour, when he was most likely to find Mrs. Wingfield at home. Turning again towards the hills, never far distant in that region of mountains, and taking the shortest way across fields and through plantations, he soon reached the great quartz rock behind Dunran. Climbing its side for a short distance, he struck into a path, partly natural, partly formed by art, and turned downwards. Here the scene was wild and solitary, the rock being bare, or only covered with heath and a few scattered blueberry-bushes; but having passed a huge crag, which forced the path to take a sudden turn, a beautiful little garden, filled with bloom and verdure, opened out as suddenly and unexpectedly as if it were the work of some enchanter's hand.

This fairy-like garden was embedded in the rock, and set round with fragments of pure quartz, on which glittered myriads of Irish diamonds. Roses of every hue, tall white lilies, salvias, carnations, fuschias, verbenas, and many another lovely flower, blossomed in that sheltered spot, where no fierce winds or scorching sun could reach them. On every leaf and petal, on shining crystal and moss-grown rock, on the walks strewn with many coloured sea-sand, and on the silver birch and mountain ash trees waving above, the morning dew still lingered; and that exquisite purity, clearness, and freshness of earth and air and sky, never seen except in day's first prime, made it look like an Eden which had just sprung into being.

And this lovely Eden was not without its Eve. A lady, young and beautiful, was gathering flowers, and murmuring to herself as she did so the words of the sweet old song—

> "And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
> I'll deem't a word frae thee."

At that early hour, and in this garden shaded by rock and tree, no sunshade was needed, and her head was only covered by her abundant black tresses, among which, as she moved, rich bronze and purple tints gleamed till their lustrous darkness almost seemed to rival the hue of a Tuscan rose. Her delicate beauty bloomed under the balmy breath of the morning like an opening flower, and her light summer dress of green was a flower-like robe.

> "She looked of kinship with the flowers;"

and as they bowed their heads in the soft June breeze, and sent forth fragrant odours, one might have imagined they were doing homage to some higher existence which yet was allied to their nature,—the culmination of their purity, their sweetness and beauty.

"The top of the morning to you, my lady," said old Matty. "God bless your pretty work and your pretty fingers, and may your roses never have any thorns. Sure you look like the Queen of the Fairies herself this blessed morning."

"Did you ever see the Queen of the Fairies, Matty?" asked the lady, smiling simply and kindly at the weird little figure bowing before her.

"Well no, my lady, I can't say I ever did; but I had an uncle who saw her, and danced with her, too; and, with your ladyship's permission, I'll just tell you the story."

"Pray tell it, Matty. I like to hear fairy stories," said Katharine.

"Musha, then, it's glad I am to be able to please you, my lady," said Matty; "and I'll tell it to you word for word as I heard my uncle tell it himself. He was a fine, tall, straight, strapping young fellow then, with as handsome a face as ever was seen on a poor working boy, though, as your ladyship sees, all his relations did not resemble him. Well, he was coming home one night from a wedding, where he had danced till all was blue, and had just passed Rathnew, and come out on the green bank where the old rath is, when what did he see but more than a hundred fairies, dancing round and round in rings to the sound of music that seemed to set your feet dancing whether you liked it or not, though he couldn't see where the music came from, or who played it. While he was wondering, as well he might, the most beautiful lady he ever saw in his born days stepped out from among them, and came towards him. She was dressed in green, and had shining jewels on her neck and arms, that he supposed were diamonds; but her eyes were far brighter than the jewels, and her yellow hair shone like sunbeams and flowed down to her very feet. She seemed tall enough, too, though the rest of them were weeny little creatures, and altogether like an earthly woman, only a thousand times more beautiful. And what did she do but make my uncle a curtsey; and 'Sir,' said she, 'will you dance a round with me to-night?' Well, my uncle was as bold a boy as ever shook a shillelah, and besides, no doubt, he had taken a glass or two at the wedding. Moreover, as he used to say when he told the story, he couldn't refuse to oblige a lady. 'It's proud I'll be of the honour,' said he; and he took her hand, which was as fine as a lily and as soft as silk—such a hand as he never touched before—and the next minute they were going round in the ring with the rest. And sure it's no wonder if he felt his head going round too, what with the beauty of the lady and the way she smiled at him, and the wonderful witchcraft of the music. Suddenly she clapped her hands, and the music and the dancers stopped. 'Sir,' she said, 'I'm sure a handsome young man like you is a judge of beauty, and I'd like to know what you think of mine?' 'Madam,' said my uncle, 'I think there never was a painted picture came up to it!' He put his hand on his heart as he spoke; and by chance, as one might say, he pressed a piece of holy scapular which the little girl he was courting had got from the priest and sewed up in his waistcoat, and as he did so he fancied that all of a sudden the beauty went out of her face. Her red lips, her pink cheeks, and her golden hair, all looked false and unnatural, and the brightness of her eyes seemed to him poisonous and unholy, like the brightness that comes from wine. 'Have you ever seen a mortal woman as beautiful as I am?' said she again. Now, by the virtue of the blessed cloth that was in his waistcoat, he was beginning to see that all her charms were as hollow and deceitful as the fairy coins, that look like gold guineas at night but turn to slate stones in the morning. But he didn't think it would be either polite or wise to tell her so, and yet he knew that a lie might be still worse for him; so he tried to speak her fair and yet keep to the truth. 'Sure it's making fun of me you are,' said he. 'You don't need a poor boy like me to tell you what you are. If you've no looking-glass, every clear stream you meet must show it to you.' 'Do you love me, then?' said she. 'Oh, my lady,' said my uncle, still keeping his hand on the scapular, and thinking of his own little sweetheart, 'sure I could never be so bold as to say I loved a grand lady like you.' 'But you may say it,' said she; 'and if you do, I'll take you to a country so beautiful that you never dreamed of the like, and I'll give you a palace to live in finer than the Queen of England's, and rich clothes to wear, and servants to wait on you, and you'll never have to do a hand's turn that you don't like from one year's end to another.' 'I'm afraid I wouldn't be fit for that kind of life,' said my uncle. 'I'll make you fit for it,' said she. 'Pluck up your courage, and take the good fortune that's waiting for you. You'll never get such an offer again as long as you live.' 'It's too great an honour for the likes of me,' said my uncle, still trying to put her off civilly. 'No, not a bit,' said she; 'nothing's too great an honour for those that I love; and I love you,' said she, laying her hand on his sleeve, 'and if you come with me I'll be your wife and your slave.' 'Madam,' said he, 'I don't want you to be my slave, and neither do I want to be yours, andso, than king you for your kind offer, I hope you'll forgive me for refusing it.' 'But I never will,' said she; 'it's some miserable mortal woman that's keeping you away from me.' 'Well, madam,' said my uncle, 'I won't deny it. There's a girl that I'm promised to, and I'll never forsake her.' 'What!' said the lady, frowning as black as a starless night, 'would you choose a poor drudge of a girl out of a cabin, her figure made coarse and her hands hard with work, her eyes made dull with toil and trouble, her skin tanned and freckled with the sun and wind, and her dress ragged and old, to my lily fairness and softness, my silken robes and rich jewels?' 'I wouldn't give a hair of her innocent head for all your wicked beauty, and all your fine clothes, and palaces, and jewels besides,' said my uncle, speaking out at last like a man. 'You're a fool,' said she, 'and a mean-spirited creature into the bargain; but for all that, since I have taken the fancy, I must have you, or it will be the worst day for you ever you saw. You haven't said "No" to me yet, and you'd better not; for if you do, it will be the last word you'll ever speak.' 'You'll do what you're permitted to do, and no more,' said my uncle, 'and I'm not a bit afraid of you. If I didn't say "No" before, I say it now, and you may do your worst!' With that, something seemed to hit him a blow on the head, and he fell flat and senseless on the ground. When he wakened it was broad day, and he didn't feel much the matter with him, only a dizziness and soreness of the head, and there wasn't a sign of what had happened in the night only the fairy rings on the green bank. He was married to his sweetheart soon after, and many a time I've heard him joke her about having a husband that might have been married to the Queen of the Fairies. And now, my lady, I hope I haven't tired you with my story."

"No, Matty, it's a very pretty story; but I'm sorry you see any likeness between me and the wicked Fairy Queen."

"Only just the green dress and the beauty, my lady," said Matty; "and there's this difference, that her beauty was false, while yours is true. They say beauty's only skin-deep, and so it is with some; but your beauty's as deep as your heart, and any one may see the heart's sweetness and goodness shining through it. But sure I ought to ask your ladyship's pardon for making so free; but it is just a way I have of speaking my mind, and every one excuses it in old Matty, for they know he means no harm. And how's all up yonder?" and he pointed with his thumb in the direction in which the house of Dunran lay.

"All quite well, Matty."

"Well, indeed I'm glad to hear it. And is Mr. Frank at home?"

"No, he's in Dublin, but I expect him home to-night. Do you want to see him?"

"Well, my lady, I've a message for him—a very particular message; it's from an old friend, but I'm not at liberty to mention his name. And indeed I was charged not to delay a minute in giving it to him."

"Is it anything I ought to know?" asked Katharine.

"To tell you the truth, my lady, I came here with the intention of telling you, but I don't know — I'm not sure if I'd be doing right ——"

"Oh, don't tell me if you think it wouldn't be right," said Katharine, smiling, and perfectly unsuspicious of coming evil.

"I mean right to you, my lady," said Matty. "I can't find it in my heart to make you uneasy."

"*Uneasy!* What do you mean, Matty?" and Katharine turned from the tall, yellow rose-tree from which she had been cutting some perfect blossoms, to look inquiringly at Matty.

"Yes, my lady, uneasy about Mr. Frank."

"Mr. Frank? Why should I be uneasy about Mr. Frank? Tell me at once;" and growing very pale, she let the flowers drop from her hand, their rich blossoms strewing the ground unheeded.

"Well, my lady, I hope there's no cause to be afraid. The message is from one that's a true friend to Mr. Frank. You mustn't be too much frightened, my lady; but it's a message to let Mr. Frank know that there's men watching to take his life."

"To murder him!" said Katharine, pale and trembling, but not losing her self-possession. "Fenians, of course?"

"It's not for me to say who or what they are," said Matty; "all I've got to do is to deliver my message, and I'll just keep to that. He's never to stir out alone, and he's to suspect an enemy in every stranger, and he's always to carry a good revolver; that's the message. And it's best that you should know it, my lady, for you'll be more careful for him than he would be for himself, and you'll see that he takes proper precautions, and if he does he'll be safe."

"But to-night," said Katharine—"the last train comes in late, and he will have only a groom with him coming from the station. They may be watching for him then, and he will not know. But he must know," she added, hurriedly—"he must know at once."

"Yes, my lady, you must contrive to give him warning."

"Matty," said Katharine, "you know who these men are, and where they are to be found. Can you believe it right to screen such wretches from justice—men who deliberately and in cold blood can plan to murder so good a man, so just and liberal a landlord, so kind and generous a master, so true a friend to Ireland and to her best interests; one who cares for neither creeds nor parties, but only for truth and justice?"

"I do believe he is all that, my lady, as far as any Englishman can be," said Matty.

"He's not an Englishman," said Katharine; "he's a true Irishman."

"Oh, my lady," said Matty, "he has the English blood. Sure the first Wingfield that settled in Ireland was one of them Undertakers.* But far be it from me to say aught against Mr. Frank. God knows, Ireland would not be the distracted country she is if all Englishmen had been like him, and long sorry I'd be to see any harm befal him—why else am I bringing this message?"

"I suppose it was Maurice Byrne sent it," said Katharine.

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* Englishmen, to whom were granted the conquered Irish lands on their undertaking to "plant thereupon" so many families—none of the native Irish to be admitted. Among these "Undertakers" were Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser.

"Well, my lady, I'm not at liberty to say who sent it," said Matty.

"How is it," exclaimed Katharine, "that men who, like you, will not commit murder themselves, will yet endure any penalty rather than let those who do meet the justice they deserve? Ireland must always be lawless and distracted while such a state of things exists."

"Well, my lady," said Matty, "the truth is that we Irish don't make much account of English justice. There's been à deal of wrong, and robbery, and worse, done in the name of justice; and so we've just learned to hate the very word."

"Won't you come in and have your breakfast, and speak to Dr. Wingfield?" asked Katharine, though she had little hope of getting any more information from Matty than he had chosen to give already.

"Thank you, my lady, I've had my breakfast," said Matty, "and I wouldn't tell anything more to the Doctor than I've told to you. No, nor to Mr. Frank either, if he was here. I've my own notions of loyalty and honour—loyalty to my country and my religion; honour and good faith to them that put their trust in me—and, right or wrong, I'll stick to them till I die. I'm too old to change now. I can't nor I won't say any more than I've said; but if you and Mr. Frank will act upon my warning, I'll warrant you he'll be safe enough. So good morning to you, my lady, and that God may bless you, and spare your husband to you, is the prayer of old Matty!"

And taking off his hat, and making a low bow, Matty walked quickly away.

As he turned an angle in the path, and was out of sight of the garden, Malachy Bride appeared on the top of an overhanging cliff, and coming down its precipitous face like a cat, dropped at Katharine's feet.

"Miss Katharine," he said—for so he always called her—"I heard all that Matty was saying to you, and I know where the Fenians are; they're in the Phooka's Glen."

"How do you know, Malachy?" asked Katharine.

"I saw them, Miss Katharine, and I'll tell you how it was. Yesterday evening, just at dusk, I was in Rosana rookery, thinking I'd climb up and get a young bird out of one of the nests for a pet. It was pretty nigh pitch dark under them old fir-trees, and two men passed close by without seeing a bit of me. They seemed to have just met, and one said to the other, 'Where are you going so late, Mike?' 'Well,' said Mike, 'not to deceive you, Denis, I'm going to the Phooka's Glen.' 'What to do there?' said Denis. 'I'll go bail you wouldn't be a bit surprised if I told you,' said Mike; 'a good Irishman like you isn't without knowing what's going on there.' 'You mean the Fenians?' said Denis. 'Yes,' said Mike, 'I mean the Fenians.' 'And are you going to join them?' said Denis. 'That's my intention,' said Mike. 'Then you're a fool for your pains,' said Denis, 'and it's mad they are to come here till they have a force strong enough to defy the police or the soldiers; for as soon as Mr. Frank Wingfield comes home, he'll hunt them out just as if they were so many badgers.' 'How will he know they're there?' said the other; 'sure they mean to keep quiet till all the boys of the right sort hereabouts have joined them, and then they'll move on to Glenmalure, and keep moving about that way through all the glens in the county, till they get every man in it that's worth having.' 'How will he know it, do you say?' said Denis. 'Sure hasn't he been keeping close watch night and day with his "peelers" for fear the Fenians should come; and if he hadn't been from home, and the police hadn't been careless because he was away, they'd never have got into the Phooka's Glen without being seen.' That was all I heard, Miss Katharine; but it came into my head just like a flash of lightning that I'd go up to the Glen, and see if it was true the Fenians were there, and what they were like. And sure enough, Miss Katharine, there they were, all camped round about the Devil's Kitchen, and they were eating and drinking, and talking and singing, and full of sport, and it came into my head to give them a fright, and I screeched just like the Banshee of the Glen—I can do it splendid. And when they heard it—and it sounded so wild among the rocks that it almost frightened myself—they jumped up, out of their wits with fear, and some ran down to the river, and some up to the top of the mountain, and some one way, and some another, but they didn't catch me, I'll be bound. And then I got a snug place among the heath, and fell fast asleep, and when I woke I screeched again, and I screeched once more at daybreak, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I have scared them out of the Glen."

"Malachy," said Katharine, "you mustn't tell any one that you saw them, or that you know they are there, till Mr. Frank hears."

"Not a word will I tell, Miss Katharine," said the boy. "Sure you may trust me. Did I ever tell any one about the papers I found in Black Tom's cellars?"

"No; I am sure you are a good, faithful boy; but, Malachy, even Mr. Frank's life may depend on your silence!"

"Ropes and wild horses wouldn't draw it out of me, Miss Katharine," said the boy, passionately. "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, Malachy, I believe you," said Katharine. "Now come with me to the house."

On entering the breakfast room, Katharine found Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy there, wondering at her absence. "Dear Aunt Dicy, dear Dr. Wingfield," she said, speaking as calmly as she could, "I must go to Dublin instantly; I must see Frank before he leaves; no telegram, no messenger would do. I must see him myself. When you have heard all I have to tell you, I know you will agree with me that I ought to go to him without a moment's delay."

CHAPTER XVII.

A FENIAN CAMP.

IT was one of those delicious nights in June when sunset and moonrise meet together, and the silvery rays of the first stars were faintly gleaming through the golden atmosphere in which earth and heaven were wrapped, when Matty the Mouse passed the sentries guarding the Phooka's Glen, and climbed the rocks to the spot selected by McCann for a camp. It was half-way up the northern mountain, where great masses of rock were thrown together in such a manner as to form a chain of caves or grottoes capable of holding several hundred men, and with so many intricate passages and windings that no one ignorant of their mysteries could have traversed them in safety. Here a remnant of the rebels of "Ninety-eight" lay concealed for months, till a spy of Lord Lake's managed to get in among them, and having mastered the secrets of the caves, led the soldiers thither and surprised the fugitives, who, after a desperate defence, were driven out, and nearly all mercilessly slaughtered. One of these caves, with a curious funnel-shaped opening at the top (called the Phooka's Chimney), was traditionally known as the Phooka's Kitchen; and another, in which something like a horse's stall and manger appeared to have been cut in the rock, bore the name of the Phooka's Stable. In front of these caves was a broad ledge or terrace, falling precipitously down more than a hundred feet, where it was broken by a deep dent or hollow, called the Phooka's Footstep, in which lay broken and jagged fragments of rock, a few hazel and holly bushes, and one very old and thickly branched yew tree growing among them. Huge masses of rock, with stunted and twisted oak and birch trees hanging almost horizontally from their crevices, impassable cliffs rising at each side, led from thence to the river and glen below.

In this wild and picturesque spot, the heath-covered mountain opposite which shut in the glen glowing rosy red in the last rays of sunset, and the muffled roar of the waterfall coming up from the dark ravine beneath, the Fenian volunteers were scattered in groups, sitting or lying under the trees which here and there grew on the cliff. They had just finished their evening meal, which had been somewhat scanty, as they had depended on the country people for provisions, and had found the supply fall very far short of the demand. Their drink, too, had been only water, Fenianism enforcing the strictest temperance as an indispensable condition of secrecy and safety. But they were, like all true Irishmen, careless of comfort, patient of privation, and when under the influence of a sentiment or a passion needing no other stimulus, and their meagre fare had not subdued their high spirits and good humour. There seemed to be little order or discipline among them, and long before Matty reached the camp he heard their merry voices raised in laughter and song.

They were evidently picked men—all young, well-made, and active. They were dressed in a plain dark green uniform, and the rifles stacked near proved that they were well provided with arms. Altogether the band looked a formidable nucleus for a military corps—at least as far as the raw material went—and likely enough to attract daring spirits to swell their ranks.

"God save you, boys !" said Matty, as he came near. "Success to the good old cause, and may ye soon pull down the Red, and plant the Green above it."

"God save you kindly, honest man," said the foremost of the group he had addressed, —all Dublin "boys,"—looking with some surprise and amusement at the queer little man who stood grinning before him.

"And where would I see the Colonel ?" asked Matty, "if I may be so bold as to ask."

"He's over there among the caves with Captain McCann and a dozen of the boys, holding a private consultation on the affairs of the army, and can't be disturbed. But what was it you wanted with him ?"

"Oh, sure I can wait," said Matty,—"it's himself I want to see."

"Arrah, be aisy, boys, and mind your manners !" said a merry young fellow ; "it's a fairy man the ould gentleman is, and he's been sent by the 'Good People' to know what it is brings us here, disturbing them in their own grounds without leave given or asked. Or maybe it's the King of the Fairies himself he is, in disguise."

"Hould your whisht, Mick," said another young Fenian ; "sure I wonder you're not afeard to be making game of such things after hearing the Banshee last night."

"Och, what's the Banshee to him?" said a third ; "sure his family's too mean for a Banshee to have any concern with it !"

"My family's as good as yours, Pat Grogan, and a deal better."

"Sure, if it was, they'd have taught you better manners, Mick."

"Never mind him, avick," said Matty; "he must have his joke, and sure I'll just pay him off with a bit of a tune."

Raising his magic stick to his lips, he drew forth such a hideous discord of sounds as made Mick and his companions spring to their feet, half believing that the queer old man who produced them was really a wizard.

"May I never see the Curragh of Kildare again if that isn't Matty the Mouse!" cried a voice from a knot of young men a little way off. "Come here, Matty, and tell us if it's yourself, or only your fetch."

"Oh, faix, it's myself—all that old age and hardship have left of me," said Matty, crossing over to the speaker. "Is that you, Terence ?"

"Who else would it be? Sure you're among friends here, Matty. We're all Kildare boys here, able to handle our pikes and shillelaghs, and up to everything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. You won't frighten us with your stick as you did them Dublin chaps yonder. We all know it well, don't we, boys?"

"Of course we do," said another Kildare boy; "we've known it since we was knee-high to a goose. Sit down, Matty; sit down on this stone. See what an elegant cushion of moss is on the top of it. Sit down on it, and make yourself at home. Wisha! a seat on the rock is all we can offer you, for divil the bit or sup have we got to give you."

"Faix, I'm glad to see you all," said Matty, taking the seat so politely offered to him; "and sure if you're hungry, you're hearty. Bedad, you're all as merry as a lot of magpies."

"It's just the thoughts of the fighting we're going to have keeps up our spirits, Matty. That'll be meat, drink and divarsion all in one for us."

"Indeed, and I believe there's them that finds it so," said Matty; "but it wouldn't be me, for I never was much of a fighter."

"We'll fight for you, Matty, and you'll sing for us. You always were good at a song."

"Give us one now, Matty—give us one now," cried several of the boys.

"Is it a tune on my stick you want?" asked Matty, laughing.

"No, no, keep that for the Dublin boys. We want a song, a real song. You've lots of fine songs, I know. Hasn't he, Terry?"

"True for you, Miles, he has. Sing us a song, Matty, and we'll drink your health in cold water, since that's all the drink we're allowed nowadays. And mighty cold it is too," added Terry with a comical grimace.

"Troth and you might have worse," said Matty. "Water's a good wholesome drink, and never breeds mischief."

"Och, well, it's little of it goes far with me," said Terry; "but I keep up my spirits thinking of the fine times we'll have when Ireland's our own. And in the meantime, Matty, let us have your song."

"It's making game of me you are," said Matty. "Sure I'm too old to sing."

"Not a bit of it. You're as young as ever you were. Come now—we're all waiting on you."

"Troth I'm an old fool to listen to you," said Matty; "but sure you must have your way. And what song will I sing? Will you have the 'Shan Van Vocht?'"

"Och, we've sung the 'Shan Van Vocht' till we're hoarse. Give us something else."

"Will you have 'The Croppy Boy?'"

"No, faix, that 'ud never do; that 'ud make us down-hearted entirely. Sure I never hear the last verse without feeling ready to cry. How's this it goes?"

And Terry crooned over the last words of the mournful ballad which possesses so strong a fascination for the Irish people:

"At Geneva barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid;
Good people, who live in peace and joy,
Give a prayer and a tear to the Croppy Boy."

"Troth, it's a sorrowful ballad," said Matty; "I wonder what put it into my head; but I'm afeard I've forgot all the funny songs I used to sing."

"Give us the 'Rakes of Mallow,' said one of the boys. "That's a fine song, and lots of divilment in it."

"Aye is it," said Matty, "but I'm not able to sing it now; the divilment's all gone out of me; but the days that I *could* sing it—oh, them was the days!"

"Oh, bedad, you'll have better days than ever you had, when Ireland's our own again, and we get back the lands our fathers were robbed of. We're the swallows that show the spring is coming; so keep up your heart, old boy, and sing us that song."

"Well, boys, I'll sing you an old ditty I learned from an old blind piper when I was a boy. He used to play his pipes in all the houses of the gentry, and he had a power of elegant songs. It's many a long day since, but what we learn when we're young we never forget, and faix I think I could sing that same song in my sleep."

"I'll be bound you could, but you'll do it better now you're awake. Attention, boys, all! Matty's going to begin."

Raising a voice that had once possessed some natural melody, but was now cracked and tuneless, Matty commenced his song—

"One day Madam Nature was busy,
Bright Vanus beside her was sated,
She looked till her head was quite dizzy,
And longed till the job was complated.
I'm making a heart, cried the Goddess,
For love and its joys all my trade is;—
Not a heart for a stays or a boddice,
But an Irishman's heart for the ladies.

"She bound it about with goodnature;
'Twas tender and soft as a dove, sir;
She poured in a drop of the cratur,
And creamed it with large lumps of love, sir.
'Twas mild as the waters of Shannon,
'Twas 'softer than roasted potatoes,
And quick as a ball from a cannon—
'Twas an Irishman's heart for the ladies."

Matty's song was warmly applauded and loudly encored; but just as the good-humoured old man was complacently recommencing it, Maurice Byrne rushed out from an opening in the rocks, hastily followed by Colonel McGarvey, while McCann and several other men came hurriedly after. Maurice was evidently in a state of intense excitement, and McGarvey seemed absolutely convulsed with rage.

"I say, you men there!" he shouted fiercely, "don't let him escape! Stop him! Take him! He's a darned traitor!"

Striding on to the very brink of the precipice, Maurice turned there and confronted McGarvey and the Fenian band, all of whom had risen tumultuously. Controlling his agitation, he drew himself firmly up, and spoke in a clear, ringing voice—

"There's no need to stop me," he said, "I'm not going to run away. I've got a few words to say, and I call upon every true man here to listen to them."

"Don't let him speak!" screamed McGarvey, emphasizing his words with frightful oaths. "He's a traitor—false to his country—false to his oath!"

"You lie!" exclaimed Maurice.

"You're a scoundrel," cried McGarvey, "and if you say another word I'll send you to kingdom come!"

"What is it he's done?" asked a tall, powerful, determined looking young man, stepping forward.

"He has refused to obey the commands of his officers. For half his insolence and insubordination a man in the American army would have been shot dead on the spot."

"No officer has a right to command his soldiers to commit murder," said Maurice.

"Stop his throat—take him prisoner—I command you to arrest him!" cried McGarvey.

"The first man that touches me till I've said what I want to say, I'll fling over the rock!" said Maurice.

The men, in doubt what to do, looked at each other.

"Musha, then, fair play's a jewel!" said old Matty, raising his cracked voice now far louder than he had raised it in his song. "Give the poor boy a chance to say what he can for himself. Sure you're all gentlemen volunteers, and not to be treated like them poor devils that sell themselves for the Queen's shillings."

Matty had struck a chord to which all the wild, lawless nature of the Fenian boys responded.

"Aye! aye! we're all gentlemen volunteeers!" "The poor boy musn't be shot down like a dog, anyway!" "We'll give him fair play!" "Speak out now, and defend yourself!" "We'll hear what you have to say!" and similar cries resounded on every side.

McGarvey in vain attempted to enforce order and discipline; his words were overwhelmed by a perfect tempest of voices; shouts for fair play, and reiterated asseverations that they were all gentlemen volunteers!

"Why, what madness is this?" exclaimed McCann, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, and springing on a rock that he might have a better chance of commanding attention. "How can men be held together if they refuse to obey their superior officers?"

"We've no superior officers here," said the tall young Fenian who had spoken before, "except so long as we choose to make them so. Speak, Maurice Byrne, and let me see the man, Colonel or Captain, or General either, that'll dare to stop you!"

The cheers which rang out in answer to this speech clearly showed that the speaker had a large majority on his side, and McCann, thinking that before long his conspicuous situation might not be a very safe one, stepped down and drew a little back; while McGarvey, silently pressing his hand on a revolver in his pocket, seemed to wait with eager, savage looks, like a tiger watching for an opportunity to spring.

"I haven't much to say," said Maurice, speaking quickly and clearly; "only this. I and some others were summoned this evening by our two leaders yonder to a private conference. We were told that one of us was to be appointed to perform an important secret service, and we were made to draw lots to decide which of us it was to be. The lot fell on me. And what do you think the secret service was, boys? To murder a man that has been all my life long the same to me as a brother!"

A murmur ran through the listeners, and then there were cries of—"His name? His name? Give his name."

"Mr. Frank Wingfield," said Maurice, "well known through all Leinster as the poor man's best friend."

"I guess he's one of the friends that's worse than any enemy," said McGarvey. "If things were as they ought to be, and as we'll make them when Ireland is our own, there would be no poor man. He'll throw us a bit of bread to keep us from starving, just as he would to his dogs, but he'll take darned good care not to let us have the lands we've a right to, and that would make us rich. He's a darned aristocrat, and a supporter of English rule, and it's all owing to him that Fenianism has never got a footing in this county."

"He was the man that drove me out of it when I came down to organize Circles and enlist recruits," said McCann. "He is a greater enemy to the cause than the most bloody-minded Orangeman."

"It's no matter what he is," said Maurice; "I don't even want to make my friendship for him any excuse. I'll take no man's life in cold blood. I joined the army of the Irish Republic, and swore to be true to it; but then I thought it was to be an army of soldiers, not of assassins."

"What do you mean by assassins?" cried McGarvey. "How else are tyrants and despots in high places to be reached? Every true patriot ought to strike down his country's oppressors wherever he can find them; and such means of liberation have always been permitted to enslaved peoples. This Wingfield, as I said before, is a determined enemy of the Irish Republic—an open foe to Fenianism. Would any one of you have refused to put him out of the way if the lot had fallen on you, instead of on that traitor? Will any of you now support him in his treason to his country?"

McGarvey's appeal was not without some response from his impressionable hearers. "Faix, the Colonel's right enough," said one. "What's the life of a cursed Sassenach compared to the freedom of Ireland?" "Bedad," cried another, "I'd think no more of taking it than if he was a rat!" "Why didn't you give the job to me, Colonel? I'd soon have done his business." "Sure it was his duty, and he ought to have done it," and similar exclamations were heard.

"It *was* his duty," repeated McGarvey;

"but will I tell you why he didn't do it? I'm ashamed to say it of a sworn Fenian and a born Irishman, but it was because he was afraid!"

But here the young man who had before taken Maurice's part interposed. "Maurice Byrne's not the man to be afraid of anything. Not one of his name ever was!" he called out; and his supporters quickly chimed in—"No! no! faix! Maurice Byrne's no coward." "We'll not see him trampled on." "If he doesn't want to do it, can't some one else be chosen?" "The Colonel mustn't be carrying too high a hand over us—sure we're all gentlemen volunteers." "Yes, all volunteers, free and equal; not like the Queen's paid beggars of soldiers." "Faix, it's we that have given our money instead of receiving it; and nothing to show for it but Fenian bonds, and God only knows when they'll be due, let alone paid!" said one truculent-looking fellow.

At this McCann once more came forward. "Maurice Byrne is no coward," he said, "I'll answer for that. Let me speak to him quietly, and I'll undertake to bring him to reason."

"It's no use your speaking to me, Captain McCann," said Maurice; "I'll never fire a shot or strike a blow at Frank Wingfield, nor let any one else do it while I'm by. I'll harm no man except in fair fight; and I'll tell you what, boys—if you had any honour or manhood in you, you wouldn't follow that man an hour longer, but send him back to America, or wherever it was he came from."

"I'll do for you first, anyway, you everlasting scoundred!" shouted McGarvey, and, drawing his revolver, he fired at Maurice before McCann could stop him. Maurice reeled and fell, grasping a fragment of rock which hung loosely over the cliff; it gave way, and after a desperate effort to regain his footing, he plunged into the gulf below, the broken rock following with a crash that awakened all the echoes in the Glen.

Some of the men rushed to the edge of the precipice and looked over, but from where they stood the hollow beneath looked dark and shadowy, and nothing could be seen.

"Ochone! ochone! that was a cruel murder on a brave boy!" said old Matty, raising his hands to heaven in the helpless passion of impotent old age.

Fierce murmurs of anger and indignation were heard among the Fenians, gradually growing louder. Many of the men drew close together, looking ominously at McGarvey, who stood his ground, grasping his revolver. "If any darned idiot says I did what I'd no right to do, I've another shot ready for him—and more behind!" he said savagely.

McCann and a few others grouped themselves about McGarvey, and a fight seemed impending, when a voice rose high above all the tumult and noise—

"Run for your lives, boys—run! Wingfield's coming straight to the Glen with a whole regiment of soldiers!"

The effect was like magic. The defiant attitudes, fierce glances and menacing gestures disappeared, and every one looked from tree to tree and rock to rock, where, however, there was nothing to be seen.

In the midst of their surprise and confusion, McCann, who had disappeared for a minute, came forward again, after whispering a word or two to McGarvey, who stood quietly looking on, though still holding his revolver.

"A messenger was sent down from Dublin by the Central Committee to warn us," said McCann, "but the soldiers came quicker than they expected, and he was nearly too late. They're not a hundred yards from the lower pass into the Glen."

At first a few fierce spirits proposed that as they held so strong a position they should stand their ground and sell their lives as dearly as they could, but they were but a small minority, and were soon silenced. Hiding in the caves was next suggested, but the want of provisions seemed to negative that.

"Besides," said McCann, "Wingfield knows the caves better than any one here. I have heard since I came down that he has a regular plan of them drawn out."

"Arrah, wisha!" said one of the boys, "sure there's no place secret now. It isn't as it used to be in the good old times. What with the miners hunting for gold, and them that go knocking the stones about to find out how long they were made before the creation of the world, there isn't a hole or corner left for a fellow to hide in when he wants it."

"We might have stayed here as long as we liked if Wingfield had been put out of the way," said McCann.

"Oh, by the mortial! it's a pity he wasn't then!" said the Fenians with one voice. "If we had him here it's little mercy we'd show him, or any one that 'ud dare to take his part. It's plain to be seen now the Colonel only gave Byrne what he deserved! No doubt it was he sent Wingfield word we were in the Glen."

"Just so," said McGarvey, coming triumphantly to the front on the favouring tide. "Stick to me, boys, and you'll never find yourselves in the wrong box. Darned if I ever was euchred yet! Keep cool and steady, men, and I'll take you right through. I guess the upper pass to the Glen is clear, or the sentries would have come in. We'll go out that way, and make tracks for Lugnaquillia Mountain. I guess it will be a while before the soldiers get there. Now, boys, shoulder arms, and fall into line the best way you can."

His air of easy assurance and tone of habitual command gave courage and confidence to the wavering Fenians, and they obeyed his orders with alacrity. Just as they were ready to move off, he caught sight of old Matty kneeling on the rock, beating his breast and praying audibly.

"Bring the old beggar along," he said; "it's as well to keep him from chattering about us. Two of you take him between you and help him along. Now, boys, quick march!" And with as much order and rapidity as the rocky path they had to traverse permitted, the Fenians filed out of the Glen.

(To be continued.)

SHATTERED IDOLS.

Oh, shattered idols, framed of fragile glass,
We thought were jewels! Yet the day may come
When every fragment which lies shattered now
May turn to sapphires in the land of rest.
We raise a palace through a waste of years,
And think its walls are crystal in the sun
Of this world's glory, flashing for an hour.
We look again, and see it was but ice
Which we have dwelt in, thawing fast away—
At every burning grasp it melts the more.
Blessed be he who leaves the treacherous hope,
And into heavenly crystal turns the thaw.

MONRO.

MUNICIPAL TAXATION.

BY ECONOMIST.

WITHIN the last few weeks the question of subjecting to an exceptional tax, for municipal purposes, one particular form of capital, has been unpleasantly obtruded on public notice. The materials of which Municipal Councils are ordinarily composed are not such as to lead us to expect in these bodies any profound knowledge of political economy ; yet we should probably find in the most insignificant of them all members who believe themselves greater authorities on taxation than Bentham or Mill, Ricardo or Sismondi, and who would think themselves making a poor bargain if they bartered their "practical knowledge" for the speculations of Adam Smith and the multitude of eminent disciples by whom his doctrines have been promulgated during the last century. Men do not set up for mathematicians without making the acquaintance of Euclid, or for navigators without being initiated into the mysteries of latitude and longitude, or for anatomists without having studied the structure of animal bodies ; but of political economy the number is infinite who profess to know everything without having studied anything. If we blunder on with our eyes shut, and grope in the dark of our own self-sufficiency, the best of us will certainly fall into the ditch.

That is where some of our municipal rulers have already arrived. Bank Stock has been seized upon as the lawful prey of partial confiscation, under the name of local taxation. The question of the right of Municipal Councils to tax bank stock, in its capital form, has been before three different County Judges, two of whom have given affirmative decisions, the third a negative decision. From these inferior courts there is no appeal, although the amount of this form of capital is counted by many millions. For the present, therefore, there seems to be nothing but submission to an impost which attacks not the income but the capital, in a way which is at once exceptional, partial and arbitrary.

Formerly there existed a tax of one per cent. on the issue of bank notes, levied by the general Legislature for the benefit of the public treasury. We can understand the implied theory on which this tax was grounded : the theory that Government has a right to provide the national currency, and that, if it parts with any portion of that right, it may fairly claim compensation for the concession to a private corporation. The time came when the Government found it convenient to make a partial resumption of this concession ; a tempting form of extending the public credit having been found in the issue of legal tender notes. The combined influence of the banks is formidable in the Legislature ; and at least one Government found its plans thwarted by the exercise of that influence. When another Government wished to withdraw the concession of the right to issue bank notes below the denomination of four dollars, and to fill the void to be made in the currency with notes of its own, it agreed, as an equivalent, to repeal the tax on issues. If a Municipal Corporation can step in and tax bank stock, the security of the convention entered into by the highest authority in the land becomes valueless. This untoward incident must cause an enquiry into the necessary limits of the multiform powers of taxation under our federal and sub-federal system of Government. It will be necessary to ensure that these powers do not clash ; to guard against duplications and triplications of taxation that would operate unequally and unjustly. It will probably then be found, on a full investigation, that municipalities must confine themselves to local rates, and drop all pretensions to use complicated and extensive powers of general taxation.

The tax on bank stock is a tax on capital, not on the annual produce of the capital, and in this particular violates one of the essential and universally recognized principles of taxation. "Every tax," says Sismondi, and the great body of economists are in accord with him, "should be levied on the revenue, and not on the capital. In the former case, the State spends only what private persons ought to spend; in the second case, it destroys that on which both private persons and the State alike depend." An annual tax of one and a half per cent. on the capital, if it were made perpetual, would be equal to a destruction of about twenty per cent. of that capital; as it would take away for ever that proportion of its earning power. The capital being in a mobile form, and capable of relieving itself from the burthen, would soon emigrate. In the case of bank stock not only is the facility of transfer great: the temptation to escape would be overpowering. The municipalities that try to mulct capital, in this form, will soon find themselves deprived of it: they will not only lose the revenue anticipated from this source, but also the presence of the capital on which it was attempted to be levied. The trade of the place would languish, and in general the local prosperity would decline, through the check given to reproductive industry. The partial nature of the tax—its being confined in practice to Ontario and to the banks of Ontario—would be sufficient to insure the emigration of the capital attainted. The Ontario banks have no exclusive monopoly privileges which would enable them to bear this pressure of exceptional taxation. Holders of the stock would gradually transfer their capital to other employments, to obtain the average profits yielded by similar forms of investment. Unless the holders submitted to a sacrifice of about twenty per cent. on the price of their stock, the time would come when the towns and cities in which this impost was enforced would be dependent for banking facilities on banks having their headquarters outside the Province of Ontario; or if the stockholders were willing to submit to the confiscation of twenty-five per cent. of their capital by making this sacrifice, the local banks might continue to languish, under this deduction. But the aid they could lend to reproduction would be diminished in a degree corresponding to the destruction of this portion of the national capital, and the whole community would suffer; the greatest sufferer would be the municipality in which the tax had been attempted to be enforced. These would be the inevitable results of a tax that would operate as an arbitrary interference with the natural distribution of capital.

The difference between a tax on bank stock and a tax on incomes derived from other sources would be something like this: One and a half per cent. on a thousand dollars of bank stock would be fifteen dollars a year; on the income derived from a thousand dollars, in another form, at eight per cent., one dollar and twenty cents. It would hardly be possible to sin more conspicuously against the rule that taxation ought to be equal. Other stocks are not taxed in their capital form—an additional aggravation of the wrong.

The municipal tax exempts all incomes under £50 a year; but to secure this exception in the case of bank stock a vexatious appeal would frequently be necessary. The excepting of small incomes is traceable originally to a suggestion of Bentham, elaborated by Sismondi, accepted by Mill without repeating the reasons which form its strongest support, interwoven in the law of England by Peel, and then copied, with a reduction of two-thirds the amount, by the Legislature of

Canada. But this exemption does not rest on authority alone. The great reason in its support is, that he who has barely enough to support that existence to which he is entitled, has nothing to give to the State. Holders of small amounts of bank stock must often be in this position or on the border of it. While the head of the family lives to derive an income from his exertions, he can afford to let a part of his property lie in a state in which the annual revenue is confounded with and consists of the annual increase in the value—a state from which no immediate return is obtained. But when the income dies with him, this non-productive property—we give it this name for want of a better, not that it quite expresses the truth—must be exchanged for something productive, something from which the means of daily existence can be obtained. Bank stock is a common resort for this class of investors; but this will no longer be the case if one-fifth of the income is to be swallowed up in the gulf of local taxation.

Even as between one bank and another, the tax, from the way in which it is in some cases levied, presents crying instances of inequality and injustice. All bank stock is assessed at par; while in point of fact the market or intrinsic value of the stock of one bank is more than double that of another. The result is that the force of the tax falls with double weight on the stock least able to bear it. In one case, the assessment covers an amount beyond the actual capital, as tested by the current value of the stock; and this assumption of fictitious capital leads to a further confiscation of real capital. It would be possible to calculate the time when this process would eat up all the capital; in which respect it would outrival Say's scheme of graduated taxation, and match that of Paine, which, at a given point in the ascending scale, ended in avowed and absolute confiscation. In the other case, where the par value of the stock is less than half the real or market value, one-half of the capital escapes untaxed. The high current rate of some bank stocks is explained by the fact that these banks have in fact two capitals, while nominally they have only one: the subscribed capital and a capital derived from undistributed profits, held under the name of a "rest." The original theory of the "rest" is, that it is a prudential reserve of undistributed profits, held to meet the contingency of possible future losses; or as a means of ensuring an average of dividends in a series of years—a principle necessary to be observed in all commercial undertakings. But in point of fact, the "rest" has, in some cases, become practically a second capital, which can never be wanted to cover average losses. If the capital stock of a bank were properly taxable, the assessing of all such stocks at an uniform figure, without regard to their real value, would produce inequalities of taxation equal to the real difference in the values. Bank stock does not represent a fixed quantity, as the equal assessment of unequal values assumes; and in this respect the local tax is more objectionable than the late tax on the note issue, which was measured by the circulation—one of the main sources of a bank's profit—and which it was felt could no longer be equitably retained after the withdrawal of the right to issue small notes. Before then there was a reason for its existence.

In considering the most equitable modes of municipal taxation we must circumscribe the view to the actual situation, and not reason as though we had great national interests to deal with. In our tripartite form of government, the municipality occupies the narrowest sphere, and derives its right of taxation, or levying local rates, entirely from a higher authority. It has not, like the Commons of England, the inherent right of taxation. Material interests are what it most takes cognizance of; and these interests are largely represented by real estate, comprising both houses and land. It is these forms of property which receive the most benefit from the improvements on which a large part of the revenue is spent. If a comparatively small sum is spent, in the average of years, on public works, the heavy interest account which forms so large a drain on the resources of most cities will generally be found to have been mainly incurred for works of that character. Even under a national Government, it is true, as Sismondi remarks, "the greatest part of the public works, the greatest portion of the cost of defence, and of the administration of justice, has for its object territorial rather than moveable property; it is, therefore," he adds, "just that landed proprietors should bear a larger proportion of the taxes than others." As a matter of fact, he shows that this rule was carried into effect; the estimate being that land in Europe, at the time when he wrote, paid three times as much taxes as personal property. This is the more notable, since the legislative power was exercised by the landed class; and they would take good care not to place on their own shoulders an undue share of the public burthens.

Real estate benefits through public improvements made by local rates in a much greater degree than through the national revenue. To such an extent is this true that many cities, both in England and America, throw the cost of several kinds of improvements wholly on real estate. In Manchester, whenever a proprietor of land lying contiguous to the built-up parts of the city wishes to bring it into the market for building sites, it is a condition precedent that he drain every street, cover the centre with stone and the side-walks with flags. In the cities of the United States, it is a very general rule to make all such improvements by means of a special frontage tax; it is natural and certain that improvements made by this means are far more thorough than under any system where the direct benefit of the expenditure to the payer is less apparent. The corporation prescribes the character of the work; and sometimes individual proprietors have the option of doing the work themselves, according to the pattern given; but if they neglect to do so within the prescribed time it is done for them under the direction of the city engineer, and they are charged with the cost. The direct benefit derived from the improvements gives a great impetus to their extension. They are found to pay. It is stated that in every instance where wooden block pavement has been put down in Chicago, the value of the property on the street where it was laid has been doubled. In that city, the assessment for this kind of improvement is not confined to the streets on which it is made; the holders of property on contiguous streets are required to contribute in the ratio of the benefit they receive. This is the correct principle: a direct payment for a direct benefit, and though far from being of universal application, it should be enforced wherever it is applicable. Canadian cities have made only very partial attempts to act upon it. In Toronto, the public sewer is about the only thing paid for by a frontage tax. Where a different system prevails, the contributor has no guarantee that he will benefit in proportion to what he pays; and he often goes on paying for years without receiving the equivalent to which he is entitled. Where the public works are left to the management of a committee, each member attempts to get as much as he can for his own ward, which may mean, to a considerable extent, for himself and his friends. On every such committee there is a small ring, comprising the majority, and if the rest do not fall in with its plans, they get next to nothing. If improvements were made by a frontage rate, the abuses of the present system would be reduced to a minimum. On a thorough investigation, it would certainly prove that nothing so much requires improvement as our municipal system of assessment.

Real estate within the limits of cities is of two kinds: that on which buildings have been erected, and that on which there are yet no buildings. They are sometimes distinguished as improved and unimproved, sometimes as productive and unproductive. But neither of these distinctions contains a true definition. No land from which the roots of trees have been removed is wholly unimproved. There are various degrees of improvement which land may undergo without being built upon. Much of such land may be wholly unproductive, in the sense of yielding a direct return; but when this is the case, it will generally be found to be the fault of the owner. There is another sense in which this land is productive: the profit lies in the progressive, or what has been called—as the basis of an ominous proposal—the "unearned increment" of value. From a few dollars an acre the value of land rises in the principal streets of our cities to many hundreds of dollars for each foot of frontage. The rapidity of the rise in value depends on the growth of the city; but the rise is certain. The argument is not at all affected by the occasional occurrence of land panics and the ruin of speculators whose movements were guided by ignorance and based on miscalculation; many of whom founded almost their whole operations on credit, of which the too great expansion produced an inevitable collapse. The wealth of a Street may show how profitable the holding of land may be under good management.

Land held under these conditions is a fair subject of taxation; but the tax should bear some proportion to the improvements. The tax takes nothing from the capital, but only a small portion of the "unearned increment." What is necessary is that the tax should be levied in an equitable manner. In practice, monstrous inequalities crop up. Numerous distinctions are made, some or all of which are necessary, between the different purposes for which land is held: as farm, garden, paddock, land in immediate demand, and land not in immediate demand, for building purposes. The categories get confused; and one proprietor, who has for years been able to sell for building purposes, is assessed at only seven hundred dollars an acre, while others whose properties are more remote are mulct in three times that amount. It requires much conscientious painstaking to arrive at an equitable assessment in all the different classes of cases; and justice can never be done if the assessors be under the malign influence of Ward politicians. The existence of a Board of Assessors, with a supervisor at their head, may be very useful, provided it is not led by an excess of new-born zeal to overact its part.

A tax on buildings is of a different character. It is a tax on consumption. Rent is not altogether a fair criterion of the annual value, since it is the gross product, while only the net revenue should be taxed. From the rent should be deducted the average cost of repairs, and an annual amount that will suffice to form a rebuilding fund by the time the house is worn out. What is left after these deductions are made is the whole net revenue. Still, although the assessment should be below the gross income, the rent will generally form a good criterion of value; but it should be taken subject to the necessary deductions. There are some exceptions to this rule. It may be that a very expensively built house would fail to bring a rent at all proportionate to the cost; but if the practice, so dear to the heart of Shoddy, of erecting palatial residences as a means of sensuous display, is to be adopted here, there is no form of enjoyment on which it would be more appropriate to lay the full tax rate current. The improvident locking up of unnecessary amounts of capital in this way is nearly equivalent to its destruction, and it is not a thing to be encouraged by any partial exceptions; rather the contrary.

In estimating the amount of the annual contribution necessary to form a rebuilding fund, reference must be had to the difference in the perishable qualities of the material used in the construction. Wooden buildings have a comparatively short existence, but they generally yield an exceptionally large revenue on their cost. The annual value of the ground connected with buildings represents a ground-rent; this part of the property, instead of decreasing, is generally increasing in value, and is not properly subject to any deduction in the assessment. What is requisite is that no part of the capital necessary to the preservation of the whole should be taken by the tax-gatherer.

Mill contends that houses of a certain value, as well as incomes below a certain amount, should be exempted "on the universal principle of sparing from all taxation the absolute necessaries of healthful existence." Objections to all exemptions have been raised by writers of less or of no authority, but it does seem on insufficient grounds; for to take away part of what is absolutely necessary to an individual's existence, supposing him to make a full exertion of all his powers, is to make an attack on his life. The exemption from the income tax, levied for purposes of State, reaches as high as £150 in England; here the maximum in our municipalities is only $200. But the exemption of any class of houses, in cities, must be nearly or altogether impossible; nor, on the assumption that the $200 limit is the one which, on the whole, it is fairest to adhere to, would it be necessary. It would hardly be possible to keep up any sort of a house on $200 a year; and where the income exceeds the maximum amount of the exemption, which it is necessary to make uniform, there the line must be drawn.

The expediency or the fairness of allowing municipalities to tax incomes at all is far from being above question. It is a primary principle of taxation that "the subjects of every State ought to contribute to the support of the Government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State." This principle, formulated more than a century ago, has now, in the words of a recent writer, by almost universal adoption become classical. As applied to general taxation, hardly any one would now think of denying its justice. But the municipality is not the State, and it does not afford the national protection which the national taxation secures. It supports a police force, and is at some expense in connection with the lower forms of the administration of justice, including the support of prisoners for petty crimes. The school-rate may, in one sense, be regarded as a means of reducing the cost of the administration of justice, but that is levied on real estate. The social duties of the municipality are not carried much farther; and the cost of these items is a very small part of the whole expenditure. Against the expense connected with the police administration may be set off the amount received from tavern licenses: as the drinking which taverns invite and facilitate considerably increases the cost, there was a manifest propriety in handing over this source of revenue to the municipalities. On similar grounds, if there were no other, cab licenses are justifiable: they return, in whole or in part, the expense which the use of cabs makes necessary in keeping up the streets. But, if we are to adopt this principle, and base the cab license on this ground, it would be necessary to extend it in other directions. If cabs wear the streets, much more do drays, which should pay proportionately higher; and a rigid adherence to the rule would not allow even private carriages to escape. In local taxation, the more frequently the benefits and the expenditure are brought into juxtaposition—the more frequently the one can be made a consequence of the other—the greater will be the satisfaction in paying taxes, and the greater the progress of improvement. But many things to be dealt with are too indefinite to be reduced to a rigid rule of equivalent values, and if such a rule could be found it would be too narrow to cover the social aspects of the question.

But though every one should contribute to the support of the government of the nation according to his means, it does not follow that, even then, this contribution should frequently take the form of an income tax. This tax, even when levied for this purpose, is open to many and grave objections. In England it has always been considered an extra or supplementary tax; a thing for emergencies, and which ought not to become perpetual. But few people really know what their incomes are; and from many of those who do know it is impossible to extract the truth. Whatever may be the merits of the respective theories on which an income tax ought to be levied for national purposes; whether the scale ought to be graduated upwards; whether incomes derived from individual exertion and terminable with the life of the individual should be assessed at a lower rate than incomes derived from capital; whether the difference between the two ought to be adjusted by a deduction from the perishable income to pay a premium on life assurance; however these questions may be settled, when the principles on which an income tax for national purposes have to be settled, there could scarcely be a more monstrous proposition than that all incomes, of whatever amount, above a conventional maximum, and from whatever source derived, should equally become the prey of municipal taxation. We are quite aware that it is absolutely impossible exactly to adjust the sacrifice made to the benefit received, where we have to deal with a thing presenting so many social aspects as a city government presents; but the attempt to tax all property alike for city purposes, without regard to the benefit or the protection it receives, would practically destroy the equality of taxation, and thereby contravene a fundamental maxim which ought ever to be observed in its enforcement.

One man's property, consisting of real estate, is quadrupled in value by lighting, paving and draining; another's, consisting of stock in a bank or a woollen factory, carrying on its business in a different municipality from that in which the owner lives, and taxed there on its real estate and fixed capital, does not receive the least benefit from the expenditure of the taxes levied in the city where he resides. In this case, there is no pretence of protection; and if the bank or the factory had an agency in the city, it would pay its quota of taxes on real estate or fixed capital, and having done that it would have borne its equal share of taxation. To meet the social aspects of the case, the resident owner of the stock might be taxed on that portion of his personal property which consists of furniture and works of art, which he keeps to minister to his enjoyment. They represent an expenditure on objects of consumption—slow, indeed, but still consumption—and as they receive the same police protection that other visible forms of property receive from the municipality, they are fairly liable to be taxed. But in any case it is necessary to guard against the duplication or triplication of a tax, previously levied by higher authority in virtue of a prior or superior right.

The expediency of going beyond local rates on real property, in any case is open to question. In these days of excessive competition, the trade of one city cannot be weighted with exceptional burthens, from which its rivals are free, without the greatest danger of losing in the race. The difference might prove sufficient to close the old channels of trade and open new ones. The spectacle of a city granting bonuses by the million to railroads, in the hope of attracting trade, while special local burthens are thrown upon that trade, is that which of all others represents failure as purchased at the greatest cost and folly in its most conspicuous form. Non-traders who, besides real estate, have much which the expanding forms of municipal taxes can be made to embrace, have few temptations to set up private residences amidst the floating dust, the unconsumed smoke, the noxious exhalations of an ill-governed city. The counter-temptation of pure country air and pleasant scenery is strong enough, in most American cities, to dot their suburbs with costly residences. Cincinnati, a city of the fourth class, scatters its wealthier population over a radius having a circumference of ninety miles—that is fifteen miles from the centre. Twenty years hence it is probable that no wealthy citizen will think of building his dwelling-house within the present limits of the city of Toronto, the superficial extent of which may be three times as great as the district swept by the great fire of Chicago. Every year the facilities for gratifying the desire for suburban domiciles increase; and though cities may extend their bounds, they will always find themselves distanced by the out-spreading population. The railroad gives a time measure in lieu of the old measure of distance. The defective government of our cities will act as a repellant to population. London, with its teeming millions outnumbering the entire population of this young nation, has become healthier than mere townlets of which the appearance is not less tempting than deceptive; but with us sanitary questions have not yet forced themselves on public attention, and it is not probable that anything less than a plague, decimating our urban population, will be strong enough to produce any vigorous sanitary reform. The population doing business in the city and living in the country can set off doctors' bills against the cost of the daily railroad ride; and the per centage of life saved is net gain to which no measure of money value can be applied. The rate of taxation is much lower in the country, even if the objects of taxation were as extensive, which is not the case. Let city rulers consider whether it is wise to drive rich men rom their midst, by attempts at exceptional taxation, which in the end must defeat themselves. We do not desire to elevate unproductive expenditure above its true rank in the economic scale; but though its benefits are inferior to those of productive expenditure, it must not be forgotten that if there were no consumption there would be no production.

To depend entirely on their own proper resources—local rates on real property—is the lesson which of all others, the municipalities require to learn. The proceeds of the Clergy Reserves have been flung to them; the tavern licenses have (not unreasonably) been flung to them; a large part of the surplus of Ontario has been flung to them; and all these various amounts, swelling to an immense aggregate, might nearly as well have been thrown into the sea. The part of the surplus which they got they had anticipated, before it existed as a surplus, by an irregular and unjust distribution, enforced by something scarcely distinguishable from repudiation; and the Adjustment Act of last session of the Ontario Legislature was a sad but inevitable necessity. The absorption of these various amounts of national capital was nearly equal to its destruction: as a capital nearly all of it has ceased to exist, even in a fixed form. The dependence on their own resources will, in the end, be the best thing for the municipalities themselves; for the time will come when the fixed subsidies payable out of the consolidated revenue of the Dominion to the several Provinces will become inadequate to the wants of a greatly increased population, and when that time comes the only resource of the Provinces will be direct taxation, and all extraordinary sources of revenue will have to be taken from the municipalities. Some of the Province scannot be many years distant from direct taxation; and though the time will not come so soon in the Provinces where the municipal principle is most fully developed, it will one day inevitably come. For that day it is the part of wisdom to be prepared. The danger is that, in the meantime, obligations will be assumed on the strength of extraordinary resources which will be cut off before the obligations are cancelled.

In the meantime, if any extraordinary sources of local taxation are to be allowed, it will be necessary to provide that they do not, when drawn upon, involve glaring inequality and flagrant injustice; that it shall not be permissible arbitrarily to select particular forms of capital on which to lay exceptional burthens, impressed with the hideous features of partial confiscation. Against attempts to contravene this principle it will be necessary to provide for a final appeal to some higher tribunal than a County Court. If pressure be brought upon the Legislature, by municipalities, to continue the right to levy other than local rates, it must be met by a demonstration on the part of the people which will effectually settle the question. To win a victory in such a contest, a resort to the right of petition, will, when the question is once understood, prove sufficient.

LOVE'S QUESTIONINGS.

IF questioned why I love thee I must pause
And count thy charms, as misers count their stores
Of treasures rare;
And mental calculation make, to see
Wherein consists the subtle witchery
That doth me snare.

It may be in thy soft and gentle tones,
Which like a purling rill breaks over stones
In cadence sweet.
It may dwell in those pure and holy eyes,
Within whose depths one dreams of azure skies
Where Angels meet.

Perchance it lieth in thy gift of mind,
Which yields an ore prolific and refined,
From its rich beds;
It may be in thy gentleness and grace,
Or in thy purity, which round thy face
A halo sheds.

Mayhap 'tis one or all these charms combined,
That form the chain which Fate hath closely twined,
Love-linked to thee.
But it were futile task to analyse
Each spell, for any single one were prize
Enough for me.

ST. CATHARINES. H. M. GILES.

SILVÉRIA.

SCENES FROM MEXICAN LIFE.

(*From the French of M. Lucien Biart.*)

CHAPTER I.

ON leaving the valley of Ahuilitzapatl, an Aztec name signifying "place full of water," which the Spaniards converted first into Arizahuatl and thence into Orizava, the *Rio Blanco*, here but a mountain torrent, falls down a height of one hundred and twenty feet between two steep cliffs. The tumultuous stream rushes through its bed of black rocks, some of which, rising above the surface, form a striking contrast to the white foaming waters with their frothy spray. Five hundred yards further on the left bank decreases in height, and the little river, which, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Alvarado, is navigable for large vessels, here flows peacefully amid ferns, mosses and all sorts of plants belonging to the orchis family. The right bank of the *Rio Blanco* is covered with trees of many centuries' growth, and has never yet been desecrated by the hand of man, the clearings being arrested by the tumultuous waters of the torrent and its steep and rugged banks. On one side are vast prairies, wherein graze semi-wild cattle, —sugar canes, bamboo cabins, the white walls of a farm-house and the spire of a little church emerging from a clump of trees; on the other rise the woody slopes of a mountain, whence issue every evening, towards sunset, sounds proclaiming that the deer, the boar, and the tiger, hold sway in this wild and unsettled domain, facing and overlooking the civilized world.

At different times I have been seized with a passion for this wilderness, so rich in productions of every description, and whence several of my entomological discoveries have proceeded. Whenever fate and my patients left me a free afternoon I had my old horse saddled, and, armed with pincers, bottles, boxes and pins, directed my steps towards the waterfall. I would trot through the village with as much appearance of business as I could assume in order to keep off importunate persons, and when once in the outskirts I accelerated the pace of my nag still more to avoid open-air consultations. Children, who swarm on the threshold of every Mexican dwelling, often revealed my presence: "Mother, here is Doctor Bernaguis!" these little demons would exclaim while hanging on to the window bars, and I would lower my head, vexed at not being able to pull the ears of some of the indiscreet youngsters to enforce their silence. Grandfather, father, mother, and grown-up sister would hasten to greet me, in chorus, with the habitual "God protect you, Doctor!" to which I replied according to the usual form: "And may he make saints of you, my children!"

Sometimes, willing or not, I was compelled to halt, to feel a pulse or apply the stethoscope; sometimes, too, at sight of a pale and wan countenance on the threshold of a poor dwelling, I reined up "Cosaque," my faithful horse, and alighted to inquire, scold or remind that every morning I was to be found in my surgery, and that an illness which the simplest julep might cure if taken in time, might become fatal if neglected.

When I reached the plain without too great a delay, "Cosaque," as if thoroughly aware of my delight, ventured upon a gallop.

The sight of the fine pastures in the midst of which he made his way enlivened the brave animal, who took me of his own accord to the old widow Lopez' cottage. There I left him to be petted and caressed while I wended my way to the waterfall, opening a path for myself among the underbrush. Thanks to a ford, known only to myself, I was soon on the right bank of the torrent; I climbed about fifty yards over uneven, broken ground, and rested only on reaching the shelter of a large rock shadowed by gigantic branches. Here I was free! Above my head the dense, unexplored forest, full of mysterious sounds; around me rare plants, stones covered with fossil impressions; while through a vista I beheld the valley of Ahuilitzapatl, bounded by the buttresses of the sierra of Saint Cristophe. At my feet the river rippled and sparkled, and within gun-shot the white path leading from Orizava to the domain of Tuspango was visible through a thick carpet of verdure. I enjoy society, yet, however pleasant it is to exchange thoughts, feelings and hopes with one's fellow-beings, the desert and solitude possess powerful attractions for those who have once tasted them. It is certainly agreeable to me after a day's work to receive the learned licentiate Tornel and the venerable *curé* Bermudez in my study. For many years these old friends have their easy-chairs immovably fixed in my surgery, close to my study table. Before taking their seats both invariably assure themselves, first, that their chairs form the correct angle with mine; the *curé* generally opens proceedings by consulting me about his asthma, of which he persists in wishing to be cured, and by degrees the licentiate begins to talk. He has read the Mexican papers, and we argue about matters relating to the Government; gradually we become excited, and it would soon be a difficult matter for Government to satisfy us, as we naturally express three different opinions. However, upon one point my guests invariably agree—that everything was better managed thirty years ago, when they were young—an assertion to which I decidedly object. Presently my old servant brings in the chocolate, and by the time our cups are empty politics have been discarded. The licentiate is learned, and the *curé* knows the Aztec, Totonaque and Mistéque languages, and assists me to decipher old text. Then I either read one of my memoirs, or else we discuss some point in the history of Netzahuacoyotl, the celebrated Emperor of Tescuco, one of the greatest monarchs who ever sat upon a throne. The *curé* compares him to Charlemagne; the licentiate (I know not for what reason) makes an Augustus of him; and in my opinion the Indian monarch should be compared to Francis I. At nine o'clock my friends take their departure and I resume my studies. This is happiness! But far above these delightful hours spent in the company of my friends, I place the moments of solitary reverie which fly so swiftly on the right bank of the *Rio Blanco.*

This afternoon—July 15th, 1852—about three o'clock, I reached the foot of my favourite rock; the sky was clear and bright; the hawks, more numerous even than usual, soared almost without moving their wings; the still air seemed on fire. Yielding to the weariness which paralysed even the very plants, that seemed to bend their boughs to the dry ground, I went down to the banks of the stream. A tatou, evidently under the belief that he was alone, slowly left his burrow and allowed me to witness the details of his toilet; then, darting on to the moss, the animal undertook a series of gambols, of which I made careful notes. Unfortunately both for him and myself, the rodent was closely watched by a wild-cat; the carnivorous animal attacked and devoured the herbivorous one, and ere I had recovered from my surprise the assassin had disappeared.

At the turning of the road, discernible from my position, I beheld an Indian family passing along. The bare-headed women, with their matted hair, sheltered themselves from the rays of the sun with large leaves, and followed the chief in single file. It was by this road that my friend Lucio Dominguez was to return from the tapir hunt. If the young man has been successful, I shall be able definitely to describe the characteristics which distinguish the tapirs of the new world from those of the old; but I dare not hope, for, as I well know by experience, not every one can catch a tapir.

I was suddenly recalled from a fit of day-dreaming on beholding in front of me, about twenty paces from the bend of the road to Tuspango, a man, armed with a musket, gliding stealthily behind the bushes. He was attired in the buckskin trowsers and vest usually worn by horse-trainers, while a broad-brimmed hat concealed his features. What game was this huntsman pursuing? In vain did my questioning glance roam over the landscape: all was silent, solitary, motionless. On reaching the trunk of an old tree the cavalier knelt down and carefully examined the road to Tuspango; then he kept perfectly still. This hunter was evidently in pursuit of men; but for whom could he be on the watch on this lonely path? What should I do? explain, shout, reveal my presence? That is what I should have done at once, but now, taken in the very act, the huntsman would doubtless salute me with a discharge from his rifle. I am a witness, which means an enemy who must be kept silent, and, as regards that, in Mexico people only believe in the silence of the dead. The man pulls off his cap. Good Heavens! it is Diégo Lara! There will soon be bloodshed on this quiet path!

To whom does this scoundrel, whose misconduct has in turn caused the death of his father and mother, now bear malice? This road is only traversed by Indians, and their purse is assuredly not worth a shot. This scamp and unmitigated gambler is young, handsome and brave; he regards neither law nor gospel, cheats at play, plunders stage-coaches, and defies the gallows by some unknown privilege, considering that he has killed Ciudaréal with sword thrusts, Barrenos with his knife, and Caldéron no one knows how. He was imprisoned, but he always found twenty witnesses to assert that he had only used lawful means of defence. Should I now likewise have to testify in his favour? What should I do? Cross the ford in haste and arrive as if accidentally beside Diégo, and thus baffle his intentions? But it would require at least a quarter of an hour to reach the opposite bank, and what might not take place during this interval? Besides, Diégo is an excellent shot, and were he to perceive me . . I seemed to feel already the ball of his rifle piercing my chest, and the sensation, though imaginary, was none the less disagreeable. However, I must not allow this ambush to succeed, even if the target at which Diégo proposes to aim should prove to be my most cruel enemy. While reasoning thus I advanced through the trees until on a line with the bandit—he shoulders his musket—a horseman appears. Acting on a sudden impulse, I struck up the Mexican national anthem with all my might. The rider was walking his horse. It is the Texan Warren, the guardian of Silvéria Martinez. I show myself openly, fully persuaded that a musket ball will be the reward of my music; but Diégo has lowered his weapon and concealed himself in the grass. Warren appears thoughtful, and his horse, whose usual pace is a gallop, is walking leisurely: I raise my arms to attract the rider's attention, who, however, instead of putting spurs to his nag, stops, undecided, in order to listen. Terrified at the result of my manœuvre, I remain silent; Warren resumes his way and passes over the angle of the road, and I stretch myself on the ground, feeling stifled.

Behold me master of a dreadful secret. Why does Diégo bear malice to Warren?

How is it possible to warn the latter to be on his guard without denouncing Diégo? I must speak to the young man and explain myself clearly, and that immediately. I arise; the plain is deserted; the setting sun has tinged with a fiery glow the mountain crest of Saint Cristophe; the birds warble, and the *Rio Blanco* murmurs placidly along; the bulls slowly approach the hedges which enclose them, and bellow as if to greet the breeze, which comes to them laden with saline odours. A cloud of yellow butterflies flutters where a moment ago Diégo's musket glittered. Have I been dreaming?

CHAPTER II.

MY injunctions are useless. Under pretext that on some previous occasion I had cured her of pneumonia, the widow Lopez insists on cramming "Cosaque" with the tops of sugar-canes, and consequently I find on my return to the widow's cottage, in place of the inoffensive, steady animal I had committed to her charge, a wilful, dull and stupefied one, exceedingly loath to retrace his steps.

"Have you seen any one to-day?" I inquired of the good woman while in the act of mounting.

"Not a soul, Doctor; with the exception of your honour, who ever thinks of turning aside from the road to come here?"

It was only after several invitations, backed by an application of my riding-whip, that "Cosaque" consented to take his departure, frisking and neighing. I am in nowise deceived by these brilliant starts: once fairly on the road, the jolly fellow lays back his ears, stretches his neck and slackens his pace. I endeavour to make him hasten a little, for I am anxious to see Diégo; but my steed halts, bends his head and prepares to kick and rear. I am on the alert, however, determined, by use of whip and spur, to prove that I am master; but the animal is more obstinate than his rider, and I am at last compelled to yield. The horse takes the path to the right, lulls me with his slow and gentle motion, and thus borne onward without fatigue I see Saint Cristophe looming nearer and nearer. Buffon is certainly right—the horse is the noblest conquest of man.

Why on earth is Diégo seeking to kill Warren? All along the road I vainly rack my brain without discovering a key to this mystery. Had it been some time since, I might have attributed it to a quarrel at the gaming-table, or some rivalry in love affairs; but it is more than half a score of years since Warren has renounced all these pomps and vanities of Satan, as the *curé* has it, and he is now occupied only with the interests of his ward Silvéria—interests with which Diégo has nothing in common. What a mysterious affair that conversion of Warren's was! On his arrival in Orizava he gave me considerable work by breaking several arms and heads; he was a gambler and very quarrelsome, scarcely better than Diégo, although he was more learned, more brave and generous—for the arms and heads he broke were invariably injured in broad daylight, and by blows with his fist. He rarely took either knife or revolver from his belt; these, he said, were only to be used by a gentleman in defence of his honour or his life.

From January, 1841, to July, 1852—almost twelve years ago—is it really so long since the death of Silvéria Martinez' father?—Martinez, whose family had been banished from Mexico at the time of the war of independence, possessed claims to an immense property alienated by faithless major-domos or parcelled out by the Indians, these greedy lovers of the soil. He had to commence endless lawsuits and brave terrible hatred to substantiate his title. Although of a delicate constitution, Martinez was patient and tenacious, and he progressed slowly, though surely, in his undertaking. He became a widower at an early age, and settled down with his daughter in his ancestral halls, the restoration of which had proved his first judicial conquest.

Constantly occupied in poring over old papers, Martinez left home only to go either to the court-house or to study the boundaries of the domain the Indians were contending about. He met Warren several times in the camp of the spoilers (whose counsellor he was), expecting to receive one of the beautiful properties in litigation as a reward for his services.

One afternoon I was summoned in haste: Martinez, a wretched rider, had been thrown from his horse, and his thigh severely crushed. I found him bleeding and unconscious, and was able to examine his wound leisurely. So soon as the unfortunate man regained consciousness I told him it would be necessary to amputate the mutilated limb, but he indignantly rejected this measure. When I assured him it was a matter of life and death, he clasped his hands and began to pray.

"My choice is made, Doctor," he said after a minute's silence; "I deliver myself up into the hands of God. He will heal me if such be His will."

"But your daughter?" said I, taking the little Silvéria to his bedside; "she has no other stay save you. Come, Martinez, it is not the pain which frightens you, and as a Christian it is your duty to live."

The wounded man took hold of the young girl's curly head, pressed a lingering kiss upon her brow, and pushed her from him.

"Take her away," he said; "God takes special care of orphans." Then he recommenced praying.

"I want to know the truth, Doctor," he resumed after a few moments' interval, "how many hours have I yet to live?"

"Before sundown," I replied sadly, "you will be seized with fever and delirium."

"Then I have still two hours before me?"

"Rather less than more. Pray reflect that two hours hence it will still be in your power to get rid of this inert member; later, the operation will be utterly useless."

"Do not let us speak further on that subject, Doctor."

The *curé*, who arrived just then, likewise urged Martinez to submit to the amputation. He pressed their hands and shook his head.

"Grant me one favour, Doctor," he said, turning towards me. "I must set my temporal as well as spiritual affairs in order, and for this double care it is absolutely necessary for me to see Warren. I beseech you bring him here, and after having seen him it is possible I may give myself up into your hands; but rest assured that by granting my request you will have done as much for me as by saving my life."

I leaped on "Cosaque," then less wilful than now, and one by one I traversed every gaming-house in the city. At length I found the Texan, with a red face and eyes betraying want of sleep; he waddled towards me smiling, blinking, and endeavouring to arrange the tangled locks of his neglected hair. He shook his head while listening to my request, and flatly refused to accompany me.

"Martinez is a cunning old fox," he said; "he doubtless wishes me to abandon the cause of the Indians of Téquila, who have plundered him; but they hold the property, and possession is nine-tenths of the law. Dying do you say, Doctor? Oh, I know myself too well. I might become affected and yield, and thus lose a fortune at a single blow. Old age is coming on, Doctor, and it is high time for me to think of my future. Let us drink a glass of grog together—thanks to me the people in this house know how to prepare it—and then we will have a game of *monté*. Surely you are not offended at my proposal."

I stood in front of the door of the gaming saloon so as to bar his passage: I was indignant, and spoke vehemently.

"You are very obstinate," he replied, "but I wish to be agreeable; so let us play, and if you win I will accompany you to your friend's house; if you lose, you must drink a glass of grog. That is surely a fair arrangement."

I was extremely annoyed, and made a last appeal to every sentiment of humanity which might possibly vibrate in the soul of this hard-hearted man. Warren listened silently: by degrees he knit his brows and began to lash his boots with his riding-whip. I spoke to him frankly, without disguising any of my opinions, and he gazed at me surprised and bewildered, while the blood rushed to his face.

"You doubtless think I am raving, and imagine me mad thus to brave the riding-whip you flourish so nervously. Well then, Warren, strike me if you like. I will submit silently to the insult on one condition, that you follow me to the Martinez' house."

The Texan gazed at me as if in a stupor. "Do you judge me so ill?" he exclaimed, throwing aside his whip; "you surely never for one moment thought I would strike you?"

He went to the fountain with which the yard of every Mexican dwelling is provided, plunged his head into the running water, and returning—

"So true as my name is Warren, Doctor," he said, "you are a deuce of a fellow. What powerful arguments you have used! Honour and humanity are all very well, but I am a hawk, and you ought to speak to me of prey. However, let that pass: I will follow you, Doctor."

On arriving at Martinez' house, we met Silvéria in the entrance. She gazed inquiringly at Warren, whose long beard, red shirt and large boots puzzled her.

The Texan took the child in his arms and kissed her. "I wish she were mine!" he said.

I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Oh! I like children," he said, "at least pretty ones."

I found Martinez perfectly conscious: he pressed my hand gratefully on seeing my clumsy companion.

"Do you suffer much?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "all sensation of pain seems to have left me. Send for Silvéria."

The licentiate was seated at a little table, writing busily; the *curé*, with his arms crossed on his chest, sat near the wounded man. On her entrance Silvéria rushed towards her father, whose pale features frightened her; she did not utter a word, but her large, liquid, black eyes questioned us in turn.

"I have only this child, Warren," said Martinez with a great effort; "her mother, as you know, died long ago; I have neither brother nor sister, and when I am gone Silvéria will be left alone,—quite alone."

"You will not die, señor," stammered the Texan. "The Doctor"...

"Let me speak, Warren," said Martinez, "for my moments are numbered. I am about to die, Warren; I feel it; and in this my last hour, in the full possession of all my faculties, I have selected one man to take my place—a man to whom I can depute all my authority, so that he may protect my child. The licentiate has just drawn up the necessary documents. Remember, Warren, it is a dying man who speaks—and the name about to be inscribed on the papers, which I have already signed, is yours, if you consent to it." The Texan stepped forward, the *curé* rose, and the licentiate ceased to write. "He is delirious," I thought.

Night was coming on. But one last ray of sunlight still lingered in the large room where we were assembled. Warren went to the dying man's bed, and turned abruptly towards me.

"Am I dreaming," he inquired, "or have I misunderstood?"

"I require from you neither promise nor oath," pursued Martinez, with his hand on Silvéria's head; "I know you, Warren, and a simple 'yes' from your lips will suffice."

In vain the Texan endeavoured to conceal his emotion by pulling his beard and hair, while a tear rolled down his cheeks. He stood erect, stretched out his hand towards Silvéria's head, muttered some unintelligible words, and then sat down. The *curé* and I had to witness the deed by which Martinez constituted Warren guardian of his daughter and manager of all his property. The *viaticum* was now brought, and every one knelt down except Warren and myself. Martinez seemed to sleep; his calmness surprised me. When lights were brought he opened his eyes:

"Cut, cut!" he said wildly.

He breathed his last at break of day. Warren, silent and grave, had never left his bedside: he wished to watch and preside over the burial himself, and once more pressed the hand of Martinez ere the gravedigger accomplished his work.

It is now twelve years since these events have taken place. Twelve years! Life is indeed a dream. Martinez knew mankind; he was wise, and we were fools to blame him, for God knows we did blame him. Silvéria, who is just about entering her eighteenth year, is, thanks to the tender care of her guardian, the most charming little fairy that could be met. She owes to Warren's activity, energy and probity, the entire possession of her ancestors' domains, which make her one of the richest heiresses in the province. Since Martinez' death there is no man to be found more economical, humane, generous, sober and steady, than Warren. Three months ago, when one evening the *curé* Bermudez brought the licentiate and myself back in a very gay humour from the fête of Ingénio, my old housekeeper sternly cited the Texan as a model for me to follow. Warren is now almost fifty years of age; he has but one joy, one thought, one pride—Silvéria—whom he adores, and who returns his love.

But, once again, why does Diégo Lara wish to kill Warren?

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT was falling when I reached the entrance of the town, and I found it necessary to stimulate "Cosaque" to exertion, for he, profiting by my fit of absent-mindedness, was taking his ease. I spurred him on straight to Diégo's dwelling, and finding the latter had not yet returned, left a message to say I should expect him at my house until midnight; then went to visit some patients. When in the act of passing out of the *Place de la Paroisse*, I heard behind me the sound of galloping, and turning round beheld Lucio Dominguez. The young engineer was covered with dust, and his nag appeared worn out with fatigue. "An unsuccessful expedition, Doctor," said he, grasping my hand; "the tapir whose fur I promised you is still browsing in the forest."

"Did you not follow my instructions?"

"It was necessary first to see the animal, and I lay on the watch for six nights without even hearing him."

"I am not surprised at that, for, thanks to the successful war waged by the Indians against these representatives of the antediluvian world, the species has almost entirely disappeared from the American continent. The tapir which Pliny . . ."

"Can I see you to-morrow, Doctor?"

"Certainly. Do you wish to consult me?"

"I have a favour to ask of you."

"Speak; what can I do for you?" I inquired, reining up "Cosaque."

"I will tell you to-morrow."

"As you please. By the way, did you come through Tuspango?"

"Yes, Doctor, and I galloped my horse to overtake you, for I knew you were in advance of me."

"Who told you? The widow Lopez?"

"No. Diégo Lara."

"Your friend Diégo!" I exclaimed. "Is this a . . . Goodbye."

"Diégo is not my friend, Doctor; you are well aware of that," replied Lucio, eagerly. "But what were you going to add?"

"Nothing. Goodbye until to-morrow."

Lucio watched me disappear. What a contrast between this gentle, industrious, shy youth, and Diégo, to whom I was preparing to tell more than one of his faults. Whenever my old friends maintain that the present generation is not equal to the last, I cite Lucio, and they are forced to give in.

A horse was pawing the ground in front of my house. "Thank Heaven, Doctor!" said Warren, emerging out of the shadow to assist me to alight; "I began to fear I should not see you to-night." Not only did I press his hand warmly, but I embraced him Mexican fashion; for the knowledge that I had, unknown to him, saved his life, affected me strangely.

"What is the matter with you?" he inquired, curiously.

"Nothing; nothing at all, except that I am pleased to see you safe and sound."

While speaking, I felt the chest and arms of the Texan, who looked at me with increasing astonishment.

"I would bet," said he, "that you have just returned from a convalescent patient."

"One entirely cured, I trust," was my reply. "But what good wind brings you here? For some time past you and your ward have singularly neglected me."

We had just entered my surgery, and I was struck with the sorrowful expression of Warren's features.

"Surely Silvéria is not ill!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Doctor, she is very ill. It is on her account I am here to consult you."

Seizing my hat, which I had flung aside, I hastened towards the door; for the little Silvéria, whom I had known and watched from childhood, was very dear to me.

"Where are you going, Doctor?" said Warren, who had thrown himself into the *curé's* arm-chair; "Silvéria is not suffering from any bodily ailment; it is her mind for which I have come to claim your assistance, for I am half mad. My beautiful butterfly has singed her wings; she is in love."

"That child? What nonsense."

"You forget, Doctor, as I myself forgot, that the little girl will soon be eighteen years old."

"But with whom is she in love?"

"With Diégo Lara," said Warren, vigorously lashing his boots with his riding whip.

I threw down my hat.

"You must be joking. Silvéria in love with Diégo! Where could she have spoken to him? Surely this is mere fancy on your part."

"It is the sad truth. Ever since that bull-hunt organized by Sevane, in which Diégo carried off the prize, Silvéria has become dreamy and absent-minded. Nothing which concerns her escapes my notice, and it was wrong of me not at once to investigate the cause of this change. A month ago she told me simply, with her arms around my neck, that she loved Diégo, and wished to be his wife."

"And what was your answer?"

"I laughed, and endeavoured to turn the matter into ridicule, thinking it mere caprice on her part. I pictured Diégo's life to her. 'You yourself were not very wise at the age of twenty,' she replied, 'and yet I converted you into an excellent father and the best of men. If I possessed so much power when only six years old, what may I not accomplish now that I am eighteen?'"

I could not repress a smile, for I knew the little lady, and fancied I heard herself.

"Every day since then the refractory little creature comes to me, and, throwing her arms around my neck, coaxes and beseeches in turns, and with her head upon my breast artlessly confesses her love for Diégo, because, she says, he is brave, bold and venturesome; because he resembles *me*. Doctor, do you understand what chastisement . . ."

"You must explain to her . . ."

"What? If she were a boy—and now I wish she were a boy. Meanwhile I sought Maître Diégo, and signified to him that if he so much as approached Silvéria close enough to be recognized by her, he would have to deal with me."

"And you thus revealed to the villain what you should have concealed from him at any price."

"By no means, Doctor; for he quietly answered that he loved my ward, that he had every reason to believe himself loved by her, and that he had been thinking of commissioning you to ask her hand in marriage from me. At this declaration the old Adam awoke in me once more, and I took the scoundrel by the throat with the intention of strangling him; unfortunately, yielding to an emotion which I have since regretted, I released my grasp, and contented myself with swearing that, so long as I lived, Diégo Lara should never marry Silvéria Martinez."

"That means that you have simply signed your own death-warrant."

Warren looked at me with a provoking air, and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Be on your guard," I said, "Diégo is more to be feared than you seem to think. You were within reach of his gun this evening, and I will not always be present to sing the national anthem."

"What do you mean?"

"That the air of Orizava is equally pernicious to you and your ward, and you must both leave."

"I have thought of that, Doctor, but she refuses to leave the city."

"Has the evil already reached so great a height that Silvéria dares to disobey you or set you at defiance?"

"She does not set me at defiance; she weeps, sighs, kisses me, and I relent."

"But her future is at stake—the happiness of her whole life; firmness is a duty."

"How could I have the courage to do violence to a woman—a child?"

I remembered "Cosaque," and hung my head.

The Angelus bell rang, and according to custom the *curé* and licentiate now entered my surgery: they had a right to share the confidence of Warren, and in order to insure their attention I waited until they were seated ere making them acquainted with the circumstances under discussion. We discussed the matter at great length, and finally came to the conclusion that, as Silvéria's oldest friends, we should severally and with all possible tact explain to her the disastrous consequences of her passion.

"I rely especially upon you, Doctor," said Warren in an undertone as I was seeing him out, "Silvéria is so fond of you."

"I will see her to-morrow; meanwhile remember that Diégo's ill-will is not to be trifled with."

The Texan shrugged his shoulders, sprang into the saddle and disappeared. On returning into the room I found the licentiate expounding the laws of Alphonse le Sage—laws still in use in Mexico—to the *curé*, which gave Warren full control over his ward. He was at liberty to send Silvéria to a convent and leave her there in trust. The *curé*, who had implicit confidence in the wisdom of the lady abbess of the Ursulines, was greatly in favour of this proceeding. I allowed my two friends to talk unrestrainedly: I too had a plan in view, but first of all it was necessary to know the enemy's tactics. About eleven o'clock I heard some one tapping gently at my window, and on opening it beheld Diégo. "Come in," said I.

"No, thanks, it is late; and besides, you would read me a lecture."

"You have been lying in ambush to kill Warren."

"And yourself along with him, to teach you to sing in better tune."

"No nonsense. I want you to give me your word of honour to give up your project, for if you do not I mean to go to the military governor, and will have you imprisoned or banished from town."

"That idea pleases me," responded Diégo, ironically. "I just happen to have a little *pronunciamento* in my head, and only lack a pretext; furnish me with one, Doctor, and I will thank you with all my heart."

"Well," I replied in a conciliatory tone of voice, "what do you want to do?"

"To marry Doña Silvéria, whom her guardian keeps sequestered, and who would like a little liberty."

"And you think she loves you?"

"Her looks seem to say as much; at all events she is rich, and I intend to become so; I want to live happily."

"And do you believe for one single moment that Doña Silvéria would consent to marry Warren's murderer?"

"No; I well know how dearly she loves that confounded Yankee, consequently I spared you both to-day. Your anthem was of some use, Doctor, for it gave me time to reflect; but, between ourselves, why do you wish to meddle with this business? You are a Frenchman, and I like the French. As to Warren, he is an American and a Protestant—that means a heretic; he has not, like us, a soul to save, consequently may be killed at a moment's notice. Counsel for counsel, Doctor; don't meddle with Doña Silvéria and my fortune."

"Do you promise me not to set any snare for Warren?"

"I give you my word only to strike him face to face, and then only in self-defence."

"Are you serious?"

"I swear it by the memory of my mother."

In the name of the poor woman I endeavoured to impress upon Diégo that one of the means of achieving his end was to amend his life.

"I know a better method," he replied, and took himself off.

What would Jean Jacques Rousseau have said to such a creature as this? He who, never having visited the country of the Apaches, founded all his paradoxes on the idea that man is born good, and that civilization alone perverts him.

I slept badly, being only half reassured on the subject of Warren's fate, whom the slightest accident might bring into Diégo's hands, who was as ready to employ either knife or revolver as the Texan was opposed to their use. Neither could I fathom Silvéria's passion for a scoundrel from whom her education alone should have sufficed to alienate her; but it is a well-known fact that women have always been, and ever will be, swayed by sentiment rather than logic.

In spite of Diégo's reasoning, my esteem for Warren, respect for the memory of Martinez, and friendship for his daughter, combined to make me interfere and warn Silvéria; consequently, being at liberty about one o'clock the following afternoon, I prepared to pay her a visit. Ere I left the house Lucio entered.

"Good morning, Doctor," said the young man; then added, "If you are in a hurry just now, I will return later."

"Not at all, my friend. I recollect you wanted to ask me a favour; pray be seated, and let me hear what I can do for you."

My visitor turned towards the door. "I have evidently come at an inconvenient hour, and will return some other time," he muttered in embarrassed tones.

"Confound it!" I said, compelling him to be seated, "can you not come to the point at once? You are surely not going to ask me for the moon! Speak, then."

"Perhaps my request may appear indiscreet, Doctor: I would like to see the nail . . . the tapir's hoof in your possession. Although I was unfortunate enough not to be able to add to it the animal itself, I yet saw the impression of its footsteps, and I should like to compare . . ."

"Surely your request need not have been

accompanied by so many ceremonies," I exclaimed. "Will you never get over this stupid bashfulness, which makes you appear wanting in courage and frankness? I would excuse your stammering in presence of a woman—I have done so myself; but where a man is concerned . . ."

While speaking, I opened one of the compartments of my cupboard and took out the tapir's hoof which I had brought back from one of my excursions to the banks of the Papaloapam. I handed it to Lucio, who took it with a trembling hand and turned pale.

"What is the matter with you?" I inquired, greatly surprised.

"Nothing, Doctor; at least I would like you to lend me the hoof, if only for a week."

I gazed at the speaker, who seemed ready to faint, and could not refrain from laughing. The hoof in my possession came from a young animal, and looked like the tiny foot of a hind, the black horn shining as if polished. I divined Lucio's thought.

"So that is the secret of your enthusiasm, and I felt so grateful for all your efforts and fatigues while endeavouring to enrich my collection with this herbivorous animal, when, after all, you only intended presenting me with a lame one. You deceitful boy! How," I continued, reproachfully, "can you give credence to such absurd tales, and believe that the hoof of a tapir is a talisman? The only talismen in the world, my dear Lucio, are virtue, science, labour and goodwill. Come, what new idea is in your head? Are you tired of honourable poverty, and do you desire to acquire wealth?"

"By no means."

"What virtue do you believe my tapir's hoof possessed of? Ruiz wished to borrow it in order to learn to play upon the guitar, Ibarra to acquire strength to tame bulls, Manuel Gomez to make himself beloved . . You blush! By the soul of your mother, my boy, there must be a woman in question. Who is she?"

Never was man more ill at ease than Lucio just then; he came up to me.

"Do not question me, Doctor," he said beseechingly; "be kind, and lend me the talisman without exacting conditions."

"No," I replied, replacing the hoof, "I will not be accessory to such absurd superstition."

"You are not aware of my reason for wishing to become possessed for a short period of the object you despise."

"You believe most implicitly in its power, and it would be absurd to give it to you. Who knows in what ridiculous adventure you might engage. Come, let us talk rationally; you are surely able to acknowledge what you want, Lucio?"

The young man remained silent.

"Good morning," I said, taking up my hat.

"You are usually good and kind," he exclaimed, clasping his hands.

"I good?" I repeated; "certainly not, at least to the extent of countenancing prejudice and superstition. Thanks to my efforts, no one in this town believes that the entrails of a black hen can cure phthisis, and that the slimy skin of a toad is a sovereign remedy for burns; and yet you wish me to become the apostle of the untrue qualities of the nail of a pachyderm! Don't mention the subject again unless you wish to annoy me. Good day."

I left the surgery, and Lucio followed me slowly. Once in the street we took different directions, and I soon reached Silvéria's dwelling. "Is your mistress at home?" I inquired of the Indian who opened the door.

"Yes, señor, she is waiting for you in the garden."

Warren must have apprised her of my visit, I thought. Walking along the Moorish hall I beheld Silvéria approach, and waited while she advanced slowly, with her peculiarly graceful, undulating motion. She was of medium height, slender, her complexion exquisitely delicate, and her head adorned with masses of brown curls of a rich golden tint. Silvéria was singularly lovely, and watching her approach I was charmed by her lively and at the same time gentle look, by her smile and her airy gait. She came up to me, and placed her little hands upon my shoulders : " Good morning, Doctor," she said in her musical voice ; " it seems I require to be ill ere you condescend to come and see me."

" Ill, Silvéria ! with your rosy colour, bright eyes and red lips ! "

" That is my style of being ill, as you ought to know," she replied. " Pray give me your arm, for I can hardly drag myself along in this heat, and it was with difficulty I summoned up sufficient energy to leave my hammock and come to see you."

Then, with her beautiful hand on my arm, we walked into the garden, where, near an immense aviary, under the shade of large orange trees, and about ten feet from a pretty fountain, was the hammock of the lovely girl. She extended herself on her silken couch, then stretching out her hand and glancing at me out of the corners of her eyes inquired:

" Am I very feverish, Doctor ? "

" Very feverish indeed," I replied ; " but I have undertaken to cure you, Silvéria, and will succeed if you are the same docile and reasonable child you used to be."

" I am still reasonable and docile, but no longer a child."

" What are you then, Silvéria ? "

" A very unhappy woman," she replied.

She became serious, and a sombre light passed into her eyes.

" Do you know what brings me here, Silvéria ? "

" I saw your friends the *padre* Bermudez and the licentiate Tornel this morning."

" And what did they say to you ? "

" That I was mad, and driving my guardian to despair ; and they threatened to send me to a convent."

" Did that annoy you ? "

" Not much, for they spoke at the same time of Don Diégo Lara, and I am always interested when people speak of him."

Silvéria uttered these words naturally, and in gentle tones, without lowering her eyes, making me feel embarrassed, for I had counted on a timid enemy who would be disturbed by hearing Diégo's name. Instead of that, I found myself face to face with a resolute antagonist, who fired the first shot.

" Is it a crime to love ? " queried the young girl, whose eyes were fastened on mine.

" No," I replied, " but it is a crime to bestow one's affections on the wrong person. Consider, my child, whether Diégo Lara is a suitable husband for Silvéria Martinez ? "

" Why not, Doctor, if he loves me and is loved by me ? "

" But he is a bandit," I exclaimed—" a highway robber. . ."

Silvéria started up, and darted at me a lightning glance ; she shook her pretty head negatively, then replaced it slowly on the pillow.

" What else ? " she inquired.

" He is neither your equal in rank, nor," I continued more courageously, " in education, and does not understand the care and consideration required by a sensitive girl like yourself."

" Do you consider women powerless, Doctor ? Don Diégo will be whatever I like."

" Perhaps so—for six months ; but afterwards ? "

" Well, I am forewarned. My guardian and the *curé* have told me all this and everything else you could possibly say ; if I am mistaken I will only have myself to blame, and I believe I possess sufficient pride never to complain."

It was evidently necessary to strike a decisive blow, and I was firm and resolute.

" Do you know, Silvéria, that your guardian has sworn solemnly that you shall never be the wife of Diégo Lara, and that you will be the cause of some catastrophe ? "

"How so?" she inquired, coming to seat herself near me.

Frankly and without evasion I related the events of the preceding day. When depicting Diégo's cowardly attitude behind the brushwood she made a superb gesture of disdain: my stratagem to put Warren on his guard made her laugh. She pressed my hand warmly, and remained thoughtful for some time.

"Well, Silvéria?"

"Do you know a secret for wresting a beloved image out of one's heart?"

"Absence. Leave the city."

"No, not that."

"There is argument or reasoning."

"They are powerless."

"Then Warren will kill Diégo, or Diégo Warren."

"You make me nervous, Doctor; that is enough for to-day."

"Will you promise me at least to reflect?"

"I promise."

She shivered and drew a scarf round her. Not wishing to leave the charming girl under the painful impression I had just caused her, I took advantage of her mentioning Lucio's name in connection with the plans of the domain of Tuspango, and related to her the episode of the young engineer's visit. The story of the hoof cheered her, and she at once regained her usual animation; she made me repeat all the young man's words, and made me promise to show her the wonderful talisman.

"I love you," she said, as I was taking leave of her.

"As much as you do Diégo?" I inquired gayly.

She knit her dark brows. "More, Doctor," she replied, "but not in the same way. You will not cease to watch over my guardian?"

"Certainly not, if you will assist me to render the truce lasting."

"You will not let them send me to a convent?"

"No, though that depends more upon yourself than me."

"Then *au revoir*."

Just as I was entering the passage I turned round. Silvéria, with her head leaning on her arm, and her face buried in her brown curls, was gazing at me smilingly. In truth, I think I would sooner go and fight Diégo myself than see him get possession of this charming child.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT evening, when the Angelus bell rang, the *curé* and licentiate were already in their easy-chairs. I had left word that no one else was to be admitted except Silvéria's guardian, and he did not let us wait long for him. He took his seat and listened silently; the *curé*, during his visit to Silvéria, had naturally enough spoken in the name of religion and morality, while the licentiate invoked reason, the mother of justice. The penitent, as the *curé* called her, had listened to them calmly and patiently with lowered eyes, approving their every word, and yet, when asked to speak out, she declared that her feelings were more powerful than her will, and that she could not help thinking of Diégo.

When my turn came I related the result of my undertaking. Then Warren spoke. At dinner-time, shortly after my departure, he had been overwhelmed with caresses by his ward, who was unusually gracious. In short, we were unanimous in the praise of Silvéria's amiable character, but were no further advanced than on the previous day.

"I wish she would resist me," said Warren, "for then I would speedily find energy enough to take her out of the city and withdraw her from Diégo. But her resignation disarms me."

Again the *curé* and the licentiate proposed the convent, an expedient which was rejected by Warren and myself. It was time enough to see about that when all other means had failed: it should be only a last resource. The *curé* feared an elopement; the licentiate an abduction, which would for ever compromise Silvéria. From Diégo anything might be expected, but nothing in her guardian's behaviour could give the young girl cause to do anything hasty. Warren was satisfied to implore without ever invoking the authority with which he was invested. He behaved altogether like a father, and even disguised his ardent desire to strangle Diégo.

The following day, on returning from my usual morning visits to my patients, I was astonished to find Silvéria quietly seated on the couch in my study.

"For a patient," I said, pressing the little hands she held out to me, "this is rather a longer walk than is prudent in the hot sun."

"It is your fault, Doctor; you prevented me from sleeping by your story yesterday."

"Have you reflected on what I said?"

"Yes, very seriously, and you cannot imagine how greatly poor Don Diégo's affection touches me. How passionately he must love to give way to such ideas!"

"Do you believe, Silvéria," I exclaimed indignantly, "that yesterday's proceeding was this bandit's first attempt at murder?"

"Hush!" said the young girl, putting her fingers on my mouth. "For shame, my old friend; I can hardly believe that it is you who are maligning any one."

"Not maligning, Silvéria; it is the sad truth." Have you confidence in me?" I inquired, after a long interval of silence.

"Yes, I know you are my friend."

"But Warren, the *curé* and licentiate are also your friends. They only desire your happiness and welfare."

"Theirs is an easy task. They have only to let me marry Diégo."

"It were better for you to be dead, my poor child."

"Then cure me, Doctor, lest I die. They have enlisted you on their side; let me win you over to mine. We two united can accomplish a great deal."

I again pleaded in favour of good sense and reason, and Silvéria listened to me attentively, gazing at me from under her long lashes. I spoke of Diégo, and thus unwittingly played into her hands; for had she not declared that she forgave everything gladly provided she was entertained about him? Remembering this I became silent.

"'Tis true, Doctor, that you are very good, and it grieves me to vex you. I can listen to you without the slightest impatience, and feel that you are right in spite of myself. If any one were to convert me it would certainly be you. But let us talk of something else now. Come, show me your talisman."

"Remember, my child, that a matter of life and death is at issue. If you forget it, I at least cannot do so."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the young girl; "am I at liberty to love or not to love? Once again, let us leave it to God and time, two agents which, according to you, must bring all things to a favourable issue."

I had to give in to the wilful maiden and show her the tapir's hoof. She examined it from every side, but only touched it with the tips of her dainty fingers.

"Are you quite sure, Doctor," she inquired, "that it is not a real talisman?"

"If it had the slightest power," I replied, "Silvéria Martinez would ere this have renounced her folly."

"And you do not know why Don Lucio wished to possess this little paw?"

"No; neither do I care to know."

"What a blessing it is for men that they are not inquisitive! Doctor, will you lend me your talisman? I promise not to make a bad use of it."

"Little scoffer," I replied, taking the hoof to replace it in its compartment.

Silvéria burst out laughing, then proceeded to examine my collection. Just then I received a summons from the hospital.

"Do you wish me to escort you home?" I inquired of my fair visitor.

"If you have no objection, Doctor, I will amuse myself here looking at your animals until the sun is a little lower in the horizon."

"You will reflect?"

"As if I ever did anything else! I think I shall lie down on your couch and reflect until I fall asleep; you can wake me on your return."

On coming in I learned that Silvéria, in spite of the heat, had set out with her attendant almost immediately after my departure. That evening there was another consultation with Warren, my friends and myself, and matters continued thus unaltered for a fortnight without the slightest result. The young girl, however, became pale and thin. Instead of being indolent, as was her custom, she now exhibited a strange restlessness, and seemed to be attracted towards Lucio by some strange sympathy. Occasionally she took long rides with her guardian, and if accidentally they met Diégo, Silvéria approached closely to Warren, as if to protect him—a circumstance which deeply affected the Texan.

"She is losing her appetite, Doctor," said he one day, "and her resignation distresses me. Must she be sacrificed, after all?"

I had no words to reply.

One morning, as I was returning on horseback from Santa Anna, my mind occupied with thoughts of Lucio's credulity, I was suddenly reminded of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. My friends and I were turning in a circle, and in order to get out of it we must, like the celebrated English philosopher, courageously wipe out all our trials—our fruitless attempts. This was a ray of light. Neither the *curé*, licentiate, nor myself were experienced in love affairs; we were more blind even than the enemy we wished to conquer. Silvéria lived much alone, and in such cases a girl easily takes a fancy to the first man who pays her any attention. That she did not lack admirers, however, was evident by the group of young men who were ever on the watch for her on leaving the church, and it was from among this number that we must seek the antidote.

Full of this new light I started off on a brisk trot, and reached my dwelling in high spirits. I had mentally passed in review the young men in town, and in spite of the demoralization which was such a grief to the *curé*, I managed to select three who would doubtless prove excellent husbands.

At this point of my meditations, who should enter but Lucio—a strange coincidence, as it was especially with him that my imagination had just been busy.

"So you are not offended with me?" I inquired, shaking hands with the engineer. "Have you returned to your tapir hunt yet?"

"No, Doctor. I am busy at present with the plans of Tuspango and Téquila, which Warren and Doña Silvéria are urging me to finish."

"Can I be of any service to you?"

"Indeed you can. I have just come to you for some geological details."

Whilst Lucio explained I listened in a preoccupied manner, thinking meanwhile of Bacon's method. By birth, if not by fortune, Lucio was Silvéria's equal, and in Mexico, thanks to the gaps of civilization on certain primitive and patriarchal points, the matter of money plays but a secondary part in matrimonial alliances. Lucio, although perhaps not so handsome as Diégo, was none the less a good-looking fellow. If Warren gave his consent, would it not be possible by some means to bring these young people together? Completely absorbed by this idea, I began rubbing my hands, while my interlocutor gazed at me in amazement.

"Go on, go on," I finally said. "I am more interested in your affairs than you imagine. By the way, why don't you get married?"

"Get married! Where should I find the

lady?" said Lucio, crimsoning to the roots of his hair.

"There are no end of ladies in town."

"That is very true; but it is necessary to love, and, above all, to be loved in return."

"And do you love nobody?"

"Oh yes, Doctor, I love."

"And, pray, whom do you love?"

"You would know that by this time had you consented to lend me the tapir's hoof."

"Oh, that was to have made you beloved. I know your weakness."

"She I love . . ."

"Keep your secret; I don't want to know it," I said, vexed at seeing my grand project counteracted as soon as formed. "Good Heavens! what a rage for love! Let us speak about geology."

At our usual hour of meeting I opened the conference by quoting the proverb, *un clou chasse l'autre.* Silvéria, as already mentioned, had no lack of admirers, and at my request Warren enumerated the chief among them. These were subjected to a very critical examination, but none of them appeared worthy of the fairy with whom we wished to endow them. Lucio's name, which I mentioned, was received with entire approbation; Warren alone shook his head.

"About ten months ago," he said, "Lucio asked me for Silvéria's hand in marriage."

"He!" I exclaimed; "whence did he derive his courage?"

"His embarrassment and awkwardness were partly the cause of my refusal, for I like a man to be bold and frank; and you know, Doctor, that Silvéria, being of an energetic and decided disposition, could not well agree with a husband lacking these characteristics."

"And so you refused the poor boy?"

"Yes, rather harshly I am sorry to say, although rendering full justice to the loyalty of his behaviour. Perhaps I was wrong; but then Lucio was the first who had the misfortune to enlighten me as to the prospects of my soon losing my ward, and fathers are egotistical."

I pressed Warren's hand silently. He seemed to appreciate Lucio better since he was more intimate with him, and gave us *carte blanche* as regarded him; but we agreed not to come to any definite conclusion until the morrow.

About ten o'clock that same evening I went to see Lucio, and found him bending eagerly over his plans.

"I hear nice stories about you, sir," said I. "Are we quite alone?"

"Yes, Doctor; but you frighten me. What is the matter?"

"You are an honourable man, Lucio, and if we do not agree, do you promise me to forget my communication as soon as I am gone?"

"I swear it, Doctor."

"If you had the chance of marrying Silvéria Martinez, would you do so?"

He threw himself into my arms exclaiming, with tears in his eyes: "It is she I love, Doctor! A year ago I asked her hand . . ."

"I am aware of that, my poor boy; but do you love her still?"

For a full hour I had to listen to his praises of Silvéria. He escorted me home, and I spoke of Diégo as a rival whom he had to contest with. For sole reply he began to sing first my praises, then Warren's, which naturally led him on to Silvéria's. Bewildered by his talk, I finally shut the door in his face; never before had I known him to be so loquacious. The following day his request was formally made and granted. When Warren acquainted the lover as delicately as possible with the situation, he was a good deal agitated, and had it not been for my authority there would soon have been bloodshed between the rivals. I found it necessary to exact a solemn promise of patience from the young man, and never was promise more difficult to obtain. Our various parts were soon portioned out to us. Warren, who had formerly been inimical to Lucio, was to keep up his coldness, and treat him with his customary indifference; the *curé* and licentiate, in their daily visits, were to praise the engineer on every possible occasion, and after this course had been pursued for some days, it was to be my duty to probe the heart of the little beauty, who had succeeded in throwing us all into such a state of excitement, and if needful give the finishing stroke to the affair. The licentiate built upon his eloquence, the *curé* trusted in Providence, and I relied on the good looks of my protegé. After all, this was but a castle in the air; but we were, at all events, about to take a bold step of some kind, and to fight Love with its own weapons. We were full of hope, and hope makes people happy: it is the blessing of the unfortunate.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK later, encouraged by the reports of the *curé* and licentiate, I directed my steps towards the dwelling of Silvéria. The young girl had given up her rambles, and now rarely left the house. She endeavoured often to make the bandit the topic of conversation, but did not evince any impatience when Lucio was the theme under discussion. Warren, who felt anxious at seeing her so dreamy and listless, was surprised, when one day he complained of the young engineer's slowness, to find Silvéria taking his part with much vivacity, and displaying such unusual interest in him that I considered it an excellent omen. In the midst of so many preoccupations I thought of Diégo only as one does of the absent, that is to say, incidentally. You can therefore judge of my surprise when I found myself actually face to face with the enemy in the street inhabited by Silvéria.

Draped in a large cloak he appeared to be doing sentinel duty—expecting some one.

" I know, Doctor, that you are not exactly enlisted on my side," said he, addressing me, " but let me tell you that you will regret it some day."

" Indeed! Pray since when have I lost the right of acting according to my own inclination? Have the goodness to explain what you mean."

" I only wish to warn you, Doctor, that this will end by a massacre, and that you will come in for your share of trouble."

My patience is proverbial, but Diégo's ironical tone roused me, and with a weakness which is unfortunately only too common, I entirely forgot to profit by the sage advice I was constantly giving to Warren and Lucio.

" See here, young man," I exclaimed, seizing him by the wrist, " if you are anxious for a duel, my eyesight is still good enough to send either a bullet or a blade into your body, and I am free to cure you afterwards —but if, as is more likely, you are thinking of assassination, I hold myself forewarned."

A quarrel in the public street would not have suited my adversary, for the Indians would doubtless take my part; consequently he was content with casting a sullen look at me and taking himself off. The scene had ruffled me, and my pulse was still beating rapidly when I appeared before Silvéria, whom I found installed in front of a table, examining the plan of one of her properties.

" You only visit your patients when you feel so disposed," she said, offering me her hand; " come and sit down beside me. Please explain to me the meaning of all these various little signs on the plan. Here are woods, meadows, and streams, but what are these pale green patches?"

" They are marshes."

" Is it on the banks of these that your friend Lucio hunts tapirs?"

This spiteful question embarrassed me not a little. I regretted my indiscretion in placing Lucio in a ridiculous light while relating the little episode, fearing it might prove prejudicial to my project. To change the subject I spoke of my meeting with Diégo, without, however, revealing the subject of our conversation.

"He is always on the watch, and never loses sight of the house, Doctor," said Silvéria.

"Do you still think of him?"

"So much so that I am fast becoming ugly and emaciated. You have no idea of the amount of self-control necessary to prevent my being continually at the window or going out. The night before last, at midnight, I was serenaded, but I never stirred—I thought of my guardian and of you, whom I do not wish to grieve; but seeing me so unhappy, you will surely take pity on me at last."

She drew me into the garden, and during the half hour spent in her company I came to the conclusion that the *curé* and licentiate had been grievously mistaken.

Two days later Silvéria entered my study abruptly; she was dressed in black, and her face had a weary expression.

"What are they all driving at?" she said without preamble, "and what have I to do with that Lucio whom your friends seem determined to inflict upon me? Am I their child or plaything?"

I took her hands to compel her to be seated.

"Even my guardian persecutes me," she continued; "he is frightened at the idea of my getting married; he is an egotist."

"You wrong him, my child; you can never be too grateful to Warren, who sacrificed his tastes and very life for you: egotists are incapable of such sacrifices."

"Why then does he persist in making a crime of love? In my heart I do not doubt my guardian's friendship any more than I do yours, Doctor. He does not mean to be egotistical, but in his opinion no one is worthy to marry me. Your friends only amuse me by their endeavours to make a match between me and Lucio; they are not aware that my guardian refused him a year ago, thinking him unworthy of me. Doctor, he appears to love and esteem you; suppose you ask my hand in marriage, he will refuse you also, I am convinced."

"If the idea of marrying you ever crossed my old brain," I said, unable to repress a smile, "Warren would be mad not to send me back to my dissecting table. You wish to prove too much, and end by proving nothing, my dear Silvéria."

"Do you know whom my guardian wants me to marry?"

"He has no choice, and Lucio, whom you have just mentioned, seems to suit him admirably."

"Oh no, he would say Lucio wanted my fortune; he said so once before."

"Authorize me to plead his cause, and I promise to gain it."

Silvéria stretched herself on my couch, and I took a seat by her side.

"Do you really believe that my guardian will always oppose my union with Don Diégo?"

"Yes, should he even see you in despair."

She closed her eyes, rose abruptly, walked to the table, then returned to my side. "I have only enemies!" she exclaimed. "What do you think my guardian dared tell me yesterday? That Don Diégo coveted only my fortune, and that he loves another woman."

"Your guardian spoke the truth, my child."

Silvéria covered her face with her hands.

"Would you swear that?" she inquired.

"Without a moment's hesitation," I replied.

"Forgive me, my friend; your word is sufficient; but this is very cruel. I surrender now," she added mournfully; "do with me what you like."

"You must act neither from motives of spite nor jealousy, my child."

"Jealousy, Doctor!" exclaimed the

young girl, disdainfully; "certainly not; but I am in nowise compromised, for my guardian will no more accept Don Lucio than he did Don Diégo—you will see."

That same evening I brought to Silvéria her guardian's consent, which she received silently, hiding her face in her hands.

"It is a solemn matter," said I, "to bind one's self for life, and should only be done after due reflection. Lucio is a worthy man, and he adores you, and in time, I doubt not, you will love him likewise. In any case, you will in him have a husband upon whose arm you can lean with pride."

When Silvéria raised her head her face was bathed in tears, though a smile hovered on her lips.

"I always said you would be the one to convert me, and you see it has proved so," she said, taking my arm.

The young girl's calm resignation affected me, for I understood the bitterness of her delusion. "I believe you will be happy," I said; "but yet, if your repugnance to Lucio . . ."

"Neither he, nor you, nor my guardian can expect me to worship him all at once," she interrupted. "Doctor, you and your friends have conquered; let everything be arranged at once."

CHAPTER VI.

MY news caused numerous exclamations of joy in our little guest-chamber. I alone was rather saddened by the victory. Unknown to my friends, who deemed my scruples exaggerated, I offered Silvéria her freedom on several occasions, but she invariably met my offer with a request to hurry matters.

The *curé*, the licentiate and Warren acted with so much activity that twelve days later we were on the eve of the ceremony. The news, which had been kept a secret on Diégo's account, burst upon the town like a clap of thunder. Lucio, rendered egotistical by love, seemed to care but little for the secret griefs of his affianced bride, and never dreamt of dissembling his own joy and rapture. The young girl behaved better than I had dared to hope, and although slightly nervous—rather pensive than sad—I often succeeded in making her smile. We made it our business never to leave her alone, and herein Lucio rendered us valuable assistance.

"I console myself with the reflection that you are all so happy," she said one evening to me.

I embraced her silently, praying Heaven the while to grant her all the happiness she deserved; and I had strong faith that Lucio's pure and fervent love would meet with its reward.

The afternoon preceding the wedding day I met the banker Lopez.

"How is the wounded man getting on?" he inquired, ere greeting me.

"What wounded man?"

"Is it not true that Lucio got a sword-thrust through his chest?"

"Where—how—by whom?"

"By Diégo Lara. They fought a duel this morning."

I set off at a run, and entered Lucio's dwelling like a bomb-shell. On seeing him standing up, in the act of trying on some article of attire, I let myself fall into a chair. His right hand was bound in linen rags.

"It is nothing, Doctor; absolutely nothing," he repeated, as I took off the miserable bandages with which his wound had been dressed; "the point of a knife has scratched me; that is all."

"Did you fight with knives?"

"No; once again I repeat, it is nothing."

It was truly but a slight gash. I heard then that, being provoked by Diégo, Lucio had knocked him down, disarmed him, and compelled him to acknowledge himself beaten.

"I will hasten to him," I exclaimed,

seizing my hat. "If the Criminal Judge wishes to arrest you, offer me as security."

"Arrest me, Doctor! why should he wish to arrest me?"

"Is not Diégo wounded?"

"He is more whole than I am myself. I had his life in my hand, and granted it him in Silvéria's name."

I could not help approving his generous action, though fearful of the consequences; and cordially embracing the youth took my leave, though not ere he had exacted a promise that I should not mention the subject to Silvéria.

It was a difficult matter to restrain Warren, he was so full of the engineer's generous and heroic conduct.

"This Lucio is truly a trump of a man; how much anguish might I not have spared myself had I discovered this sooner!"

He wished to tell Silvéria of the event, which caused no end of talk in town, but I thought that the young girl who loved Diégo would not look with favourable eyes on this adventure, and persuaded him to keep silent on the subject. On going to Diégo's house I heard that he intended starting for Mexico the following day. I went in quest of him, fearing some sinister motive was at the bottom of this departure, and wishing to get a full explanation. In no wise did I share Lucio's confidence, who declared we had nothing to fear, but spent the whole day in searching after Diégo, and retired feeling very uneasy that all my efforts had proved fruitless.

The following morning I was up at three o'clock, for according to Mexican custom the ceremony was to take place at four. I was one of the first to reach the church; the *curé* had donned his most gorgeous stole, and the chapel of the Blessed Virgin was a perfect blaze of light. Silvéria appeared radiant in her white toilet, and wondrously beautiful. She smiled on perceiving me, and held out her hand; Warren seemed deeply affected. Lucio's gaiety formed a striking contrast to our gravity, and the licentiate endeavoured to restrain his demonstrations of joy. The church was crowded in spite of the early hour, the organ struck up a joyful melody, and the ceremony began. At this moment I perceived Diégo, and the blood rushed to my face; he was endeavouring to get near the altar, and I on my part was manœuvring to get close to him. Soon we were side by side, and he saluted me with a nod. While the *curé* was officiating, and the crowd kneeling in prayer on the flags, I watched my enemy's every movement. What had been his intention in approaching the altar? What victim had he selected? I trembled for Warren, for Lucio and for Silvéria. Who knows but what he was determined to strike the innocent child? Among the hours of anguish spent in the course of my life, the mass at Silvéria's wedding holds the first rank. So soon as the *curé* left the altar a line was formed to watch the procession file off, and I passed my arm through Diégo's as if for support. In this way I was master of him, and ready at the slightest equivocal motion to demand the assistance of the friends surrounding us. Silvéria and Lucio returned Diégo's greeting, and presently a crowd of inquisitive people separated us from the newly wedded couple, and when we reached the square in front of the church the carriage was already at a distance. In Mexico the wedded pair receive the congratulations of friends at their home—not in church.

"Have you any orders for Mexico, Doctor?" inquired Diégo, calmly as if nothing peculiar had ever occurred between us.

"Do you set off soon?"

This very minute."

"To be gone a long time?"

"Yes, I mean to enter the army. Lucio has put me in a position to purchase a colonelcy; this has always been my dream;" and Diégo gave my hand so cordial a squeeze that, in surprise at seeing him so resigned, I mechanically returned his pressure. He directed his steps toward the upper town, and, quite unable to explain to myself this sudden transformation of a wolf into a lamb, I hastily repaired to Silvéria's house. I found her engaged in a warm discussion with her guardian.

"Come to my assistance, Doctor !" she exclaimed; "he wants to go away."

"Is my work not accomplished?" inquired the Texan. "All that is left for me to do is to give an account of ——"

"An account!" interrupted Silvéria; "if you should ever attempt to hand me a paper of this description—a single paper—even so much as the title to the properties I owe to your devotion—I warn you I shall burn it. Everything here is yours, and if it pleases you, you shall continue to increase my riches. Such is my wish," said the lovely child, tapping her little foot upon the floor, "and if my wish is not sufficient, I implore you." Instead of replying, Warren stepped forward as if to examine a plant more minutely, but in reality to be able to shed unobserved the tears that were rising to his eyes..

The air was oppressive, and we repaired to the garden to wait until the breakfast should be served, of which a hundred guests were to partake. Silvéria stretched herself indolently on her hammock whilst I questioned Lucio about Diégo. Suddenly I perceived two little hands being laid on the engineer's shoulders, and a smiling, arch head appear close to his. Silvéria's familiarity rather surprised me ; as for Lucio, he turned round to embrace his wife, who, to my utter amazement, did not shrink from him.

"Well, Doctor," said she in her harmonious voice, "will you still deny the virtue of your talisman ? "

I gazed with wide open eyes and gaping mouth at the tapir's hoof which the happy, triumphant husband and wife held out to my view.

Scales seemed to fall from my eyes.

"Were you two agreed ? Did you love each other ? " I inquired.

Silvéria bowed her head and blushed in the most bewitching manner.

"But what about Diégo ?"

The young wife bridled up. "Hush," she said, putting her fingers on her lips, "*he* withheld his consent, and it was that we wished for."

The "he" referred to was Warren, who approached at this moment, and whose dislike to Lucio had been exaggerated by Silvéria. I hid away the talisman, which had in truth given patience and confidence to the two children.

"It was I who stole it, Doctor ; will you forgive me ? "

I embraced the guilty one so cordially that her husband might almost have become jealous.

On evenings when the *curé*, the licentiate and I, meeting for our wonted discussions, chance to mention Lucio and his wife, and my old friends boast of having made two people happy, I smile modestly and gaze at the compartment in which lies the tapir's hoof of which we have all been the sport. However, no one must be deceived : the *curé* knows Aztec like Guatimotzin, and the licentiate is the most learned man in the two hemispheres on the subject of Netzahuacoyotl.

CATHERINE—DYING.

I LIE in this quiet room,
Waking the livelong night,
Counting the hours on the far-away bells,
Watching the lamp's dull light.

How many nights to wake,
How many days to weep—
Before they will take me out in the winds
And lay me down to sleep?

If they would take me now
Out 'neath the August skies,
That I might watch the stars grow dim
And see the dawn arise;

If they would leave me there
In the twilight of the morn,
When low, low down, the eastern moon
Hangs her pale silver horn;

That I might see the world
Lie in the dawning dim,
Before the footsteps of the day
Have passed heaven's brightening rim.

That I might feel the cool
Wind-fingers on my brow,
Thrill like the blessed touch of a hand
That is dust and ashes now.

Oh! if they'd take me out
Under the cool grey skies,
I would not ask for the sunlit day,
Nor care to see it arise.

I would rather die in the morn,
And pass with the night away—
For all my Life has been so dark,
And Death will begin my day.

Woodstock.

MARY ST. LEDGER.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN the interval, probably, between our going to press and the appearance of this number, the great national question will be formally decided in the Parliament House at Ottawa. Formally it will be decided in the Parliament House at Ottawa; that is, if Lord Dufferin has determined to leave the matter to Parliament, and not himself to call to account the Privy Councillors who have confessed an act at variance with their oath. Practically it will have been decided elsewhere, and has in fact already been decided by personal influence and intrigue, not, it is to be feared, unmingled with corruption. Before the pretended inquiry of the Royal Commission had been brought to a close, Ministerialists were boasting of an assured majority of twenty-six. We shall be surprised, we own, if their actual majority amounts to more than half that number; but we shall not be surprised if they have a majority. No inconsiderable section of the House of Commons must be bound to their fortunes by complicity in their guilt; thus much even the investigations of the Royal Commission have sufficed to prove. The eyes of all who are seeking to cast our political horoscope are anxiously turned towards Prince Edward's Island, which, though the smallest as well as the youngest member of the Confederation, finds, immediately upon its entrance, the balance of power committed to its hands. We rejoice in the completion of the Federal edifice; but the accession of the remaining Colonies was merely a question of time; and it is of less importance that they should come in at once than that they should come in as additions of strength to a sound Government, not as successive reinforcements to a system of corruption. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, however, there appears to be the normal uncertainty as to the course which their representatives will take; and the scale will probably be inclined, as usual, by influences far from identical with the general interests of the Dominion. This, advocates of party government tell us, is because the party lines have not been drawn in the Maritime Provinces. Will they also tell us on what question or questions the party lines are to be drawn? Will they tell us what general principles there are which, in the case of the Maritime Provinces, can be permanently adopted as the distinctive creed of the one side or the other? Are people always to profess themselves Reformers where there is nothing of importance to reform? And if one organization is to inscribe "Reform" upon its banner, is the other to inscribe "Corruption?"

Party, desperately struggling to maintain itself in power against the attacks of its rival, has plunged us into these calamities. Party prevents, or threatens to prevent, our escape. Party goads respectable men in public life to the defence of acts which in private life every one with a vestige of moral sense would heartily condemn, and causes principle, truth, the honour, and the interest of the country, to be immolated to the passionate desire of sustaining in power a Minister whose personal leadership, since great questions have ceased to divide us, has become the keystone of the organization. Party confuses the national judgment, and opens a door for the escape of guilt, by placing the Opposition in the attitude, not of patriots vindicating the purity of Government, but of a greedy coterie, ready to clamber into power over the ruins of national honour, so that good citizens hesitate to take part in overthrowing the Government, tainted as they believe it to be, from aversion to its probable successors. If no government is possible but party government, there can be no Government in this country but one of Pacific Scandals, with their moral and political results.

What strokes of strategy the Minister may yet have in store, the opening of the session only will reveal. But supposing matters to take their natural course in Parliament, the constitutional question will, we presume, come first, and will be settled before these pages meet the eyes of our readers. We find ourselves apparently at issue upon one part of it with certain organs of the English press. We say apparently, because even the best informed of the English journals are still so imperfectly informed—they fall into so many errors of fact, in addition to their general ignorance of the men and the situation—that it is difficult to say what their opinion would be if the case were placed accurately before them. They seem inclined to justify the appointment of a Royal Commission. We agree with them so far that, as we have said throughout, we should decidedly prefer a Royal Commission appointed with the sanction of Parliament, and selected under impartial advice, to a Committee of the House of Commons composed of delegates from the two factions. But they evidently are under the impression that the Governor-General selected the Commissioners himself, without taking the counsel of the inculpated Ministers; whereas we know that he took their counsel, and that a packed Commission has been the inevitable result. What is of still more importance, the English journalists do not see the connection between the two parts of the Ministerial policy—the appointment of the Commission and the abrupt prorogation of Parliament—which together evidently constitute an attempt to wrest the inquiry into the delinquencies of Ministers out of the hands of Parliament, already seized of the case, and transfer it to a tribunal appointed by the Ministers themselves. When Parliament meets, if the partisans of the Minister are ready to sustain him upon the case as disclosed in the report, the report will be pressed upon the House by a party vote, directly or indirectly, in bar of further inquiry. Viewing the case in this, which is the true light, an English constitutionalist could not hesitate to pronounce that the Opposition, whether its motives were high or low, in resisting the Ministerial policy, was practically defending the safeguards of the Constitution. If he did hesitate, it could only be because he tacitly assumed that Colonial rights and liberties were not of the same quality as his own. We believe that such an assumption does, in fact, more or less underlie a great deal that is said and written by Imperial critics on Colonial questions. But Canada could be guilty of no greater treason to her mother country, or to herself, than by admitting that the constitutional rights of England are not hers.

Not the English press only, but certain critics among ourselves also, need, it appears, to be reminded that the objection is not to a Royal Commission in itself, nor to a prorogation in itself, the power of the Crown in both cases being indisputable, but to the misuse of both prerogatives by an accused Minister for the purpose of defeating the ends of national justice. Those who are inclined to believe that there has been any inconsistency on our part with regard to this, or, indeed, to any portion of the question, if they wish to do us justice, will refer to the text of our articles, not merely to quotations, which sometimes remind us of the misbeliever who proved the New Testament to be contrary to the Old by quoting "Hang all the Law and Prophets." Nothing can stand against a resolute quoter. A Commission appointed under proper conditions, for the purpose of furthering the ends of justice, we have always advocated, and do still advocate, as preferable to a Committee of the House of Commons, provided that the Commission can be armed with sufficient powers, for which it now appears the aid of Parliament is required. A Commission appointed under improper conditions, and for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice, we have never advocated any more than we advocate it now. While, therefore, we see our liability to error, our inconsistency we do not see. Moreover, there are Commissions and Commissions; we do not object to the Court of King's Bench, but we object to a Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys or a Lord Chief Justice Scroggs; we do not object to trial by jury, but we object to the juryman who assured a friend, on the eve of a trial in which the latter had the misfortune to be personally interested, that he would sit a hole in his new leather breeches before he found against him. But we must also beg leave to remind our candid critics that the appearance, in the shape of the documents published by Mr. McMullen, of proof, morally conclusive, that the Ministers had taken money from Sir Hugh Allan, having altered the case, the case thenceforth was altered. Our own opinion since that time has avowedly been, and still is, that it was the duty of the Governor-General to demand an explanation from the Ministers personally inculpated; and in default of an explanation satisfactory in his judgment, to take measures for placing the Executive Government of the country in untainted hands. We have, no doubt, been very inconsistent in finding that some of the charges against the Government had not been proved while others had; and we feel how little the opinion of persons who thus differ from themselves must be worth in the eyes of a good partisan. We have also modified our views on some points in accordance with the changes in the evidence, which is another manifest proof of instability of mind.

It is alleged that the Governor-General, as a separate branch of the Legislature, has a right to an inquiry for his own information, distinct from that of the House of Commons. But, according to the same authorities, the Governor-General can act only by the advice of his Ministers; in which case you might as well have a Commission to inform the mercury in a barometer or the hands of a clock. The Ministers, on the other hand, can hardly need a Commission to inform themselves, except upon a very literal version of the hypothesis that their right hands had not known what their left hands were doing.

The praise, faint as it is, bestowed by English journals on the results accomplished by the Commission, seems also to proceed from a misapprehension. The McMullen documents had been made public before; their genuineness was not disputed; and a single question put to the Ministers would have formally established it. As to the Cartier-Allan letter, which clinches the case, its existence was known through the double reference to it in one of the published documents, and though anxiously withheld, it must in any case have been dragged to light. What else the Commission has been instrumental in disclosing, with all its paraphernalia and all the public expense attending it, its advocates would, we believe, find it difficult to say. It wandered at last into hearsay evidence, or rather gossip, respecting the election expenditure of the Opposition—a subject not included in its instructions, and by meddling with which, as names were mentioned, it laid itself open to merited rebuke. There was one purpose, and one only, we repeat, which it could subserve—that of furnishing the Ministers with a pretext to present to their party for voting down further inquiry in Parliament.

In the minds of some whose opinions are entitled to respect, we believe a notion still lingers that the members of the Parliamentary Committee might have accepted the Royal Commission. But such a view cannot be maintained without overturning, not only mere forms, but the most indispensable rules of business. That a Committee shall confine itself to carrying out the instructions of the body by which it is appointed, is a principle without the observance of which Committees could not with safety be employed at all; and its force is only enhanced when it is applied to so high a case as that of a Committee of either House of Parliament. Least of all could a Committee of Inquiry permit itself to be meddled with by the accused Minister. The House would, among other things, have practically lost the power of discharging its own Committee, and it would have been compelled to retain Mr. Hillyard Cameron as Chairman, when he had himself fallen under strong suspicion of participation in the offence which formed the subject of inquiry. A reference to the House for further instructions was the obvious and the only tenable course; and those who prevented this course from being adopted by abruptly proroguing Parliament have no right to complain of their opponents for refusing to cut, by a gross irregularity, the knot which it was easy by regular means to untie. Who, in any legal case of an ordinary kind, would listen to proposals of irregular action when there was a ready access to the regular courts of law? The Prime Minister of England instinctively assumed that upon the disallowance of the Oaths Bill there would be a reference to Parliament; and it is remarkable that, in his reply to the ninety-six remonstrant members, the Governor-General made no reference to the refusal of the Royal Commission.

To the theory that the Governor-General is a moral nullity, bound to do whatever he is bidden by his Ministers, till they have been actually deposed by a vote of the House of Commons, and precluded from even testing their claim to Parliamentary confidence by requiring them to meet Parliament except with their own consent, an answer has been given by an authority at least sufficiently punctilious in questions of constitutional law. "Lord Dufferin," says the *Saturday Review*, "were he personally satisfied of the guilt of the accused persons, might well have insisted that the facts which were known to himself should be at once submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons. It will now be his duty to dismiss his Ministers unless they anticipate his interference by resignation; and he will necessarily select their successors." Where there is room for two opinions it is useless to dogmatize; and as to the exact limits of the duty of so dimly defined a personage as the constitutional Governor of a Colony, there is certainly room for two opinions. But we maintain, as we have always maintained, the position the correctness of which is tacitly assumed by the *Saturday Review*. We maintain that in certain cases it devolves upon the Governor-General himself to preserve, by his own remedial action, the purity and integrity of Government. We maintain, as we have said before, that upon the appearance of such evidence against the Ministers as the McMullen documents, the Governor-General might well have called for an explanation; and if an explanation consistent with the position of an adviser of the Crown was not forthcoming, he might have declined to be further advised by the inculpated Ministers in that matter, and have signified his intention of availing himself at once of the counsel and support of Parliament. If the Ministers had thereupon resigned, the Governor-General would have had no difficulty in providing himself with other advisers; for it is not likely that the Canadian people, when appealed to, would have insisted on his taking back Ministers who had been guilty of a pecuniary fraud upon the public. The character of the country would then at once have been redeemed, and the nation would have been rescued from the boiling cesspool of insane faction, mutual slander, confusion and shame, in which it has been weltering for the last four months, and from which it is yet far from having finally emerged; as well as from the effects, already serious, of seeing men as to whose guilt no one—

not even their most unscrupulous defenders in the press—entertains any serious doubt, occupying high places of honour, guiding the councils of the state, and standing forth as the representatives of Canada. The change of Government which would then have ensued, as it would have been brought about by the interposition of the Governor-General, on a question of personal integrity, not by a victory of the Opposition in Parliament, would have been an act of national justice, not the triumph of a faction; and in place of the narrow clique which, in case the Government should fall, will now, in all probability, come into power, we might have had a broad Administration composed of the untainted elements of both parties, and capable of rallying in its support all who hate faction and love the country.

The *Saturday Reviewer's* statement of the case is somewhat abstrusely legal. "In general it may be said that the Governor-General is bound to act on the advice of his Ministry; but fraud, which vitiates all contracts, may also be regarded as introducing an exception of constitutional maxims." We do not see why we should not accept the broader and simpler principle that no man, not even the man whose moral being is legally reduced to a minimum, the *roi qui regne et ne gouverne pas*, can possibly be bound in any position—in that of a king any more than in that of a shoeblack—to be a party to that which is morally wrong. He may be required by the Constitution to acquiesce in what he deems impolitic, and perhaps even to recommend it in language put into his mouth by his Ministers; in what is morally wrong and dishonourable he can never be required to acquiesce. When George III. refused to assent to Catholic Emancipation because it would be a breach of his coronation oath, the answer was not that he was bound to break his oath whenever he was told to do so by his constitutional advisers, but that he had not in fact taken the oath which he imagined himself to have taken; he had sworn, not, as he supposed, to resist the alteration of the law, but to maintain it till it was altered by the proper authority. It can never be the duty of the Governor-General to admit a lie into the Speech from the Throne; and as little can it be his duty to retain in the service of the Crown, and in his personal confidence, Ministers who have taken money from an applicant for a public contract.

A Privy Councillor's oath is a pledge of his personal integrity given to the representative of the Crown: the Governor-General is bound, we conceive, by his duty to the nation, to see that the pledge is redeemed. If a technical ground of action is preferred to those furnished by the simple dictates of broad morality, the soundest, we apprehend, is that suggested by the duty incumbent on the Governor-General of enforcing the Privy Councillor's oath, which was unquestionably violated when the Governor-General was advised to assent to a Charter from the applicant for which money had been secretly taken by the Privy Councillor tendering the advice; and upon this ground, we believe, the Governor-General might safely and constitutionally have proceeded, with the best results to the country.

We should be sorry to encourage the habit of deferring too much to the opinions of the English press: it is humiliating to see the two parties here scrambling like hungry spaniels for the bones carelessly flung, now to one side, now to the other, by London journalists, generally ill-informed, and who are often the merest Bohemians. But a plain question of morality and honour is the same, and equally intelligible, at Ottawa, London and Timbuctoo. When the fact that the money was taken from Sir Hugh Allan has been proved and is confessed by the Ministers, the case, in the opinion of the best authorities in the English press, is at an end; and the opinion of all men of sense and honour is the same. The English press is perfectly in the right, too, in saying that when the act is proved it is enough: we cannot be called upon to pass from the domain of public justice into that of psychology, and to make our proceedings against public offenders dependent on our discovery of their motives. Their motives are locked in their own breasts, and may be painted by them as suits their purpose. Possibly the applicant for a public contract who gives money to a Minister, and the Minister who takes that money and uses it in electoral corruption, may both be actuated by the highest moral aspirations; but they must keep their moral aspirations within the bounds of official integrity on the one side and of commercial integrity on the other. The *Saturday Review* calls attention to the fact that the effect of the corrupt expenditure was to keep the Ministers themselves in lucrative offices. Without unduly pressing this point, we may observe that the line which separates the more refined from the coarser kinds of corruption is soon passed. The Fenian Claim, and the honour of the country with it, are sold for the Pacific Guarantee; next, money is taken by the Ministers from the contractor for a party purpose; before long, money will be taken by Ministers for themselves.

We remarked that the words "or your Company," in the Cartier-Allan letter, shut out all doubt as to the character of the transaction. The argument is not essential to the case; nothing is essential but that which we undeniably possess — positive proof that the money was given on one side and taken on the other. But it undoubtedly is clinching, and extraordinary efforts have accordingly been made to escape from its fatal pressure. It is actually contended that "company" is used for "firm," and means, not the railway company which was the subject of all the negotiations between Sir George Cartier and Sir Hugh Allan, but the private steamship firm of Allan, to the funds of which it seems the owner of six millions thought he might possibly be driven to resort by his personal inability to provide $160,000. The use of "company" for "firm," we are told, is to be accounted for by Sir George Cartier's imperfect acquaintance with English. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the letter was drafted, not by Sir George Cartier, but by Mr. Abbott. In no part of the correspondence, in no part of the evidence, documentary or oral, is there the faintest indication that the firm of Allan was ever present to the mind of any one of the parties to the transaction; nor is it alleged that there is any entry on the books of the firm, or that the subject was ever mentioned in conversation or in correspondence between the partners. Mr. Andrew Allan, Sir Hugh's only Canadian partner in the firm, is treated by him in the railway matter as a separate interest, and set down among those to be propitiated by a gratuity. But Mr. Andrew Allan has denied any knowledge of the matter. And on whom did the Ministers draw? On the firm of Allan? They drew on Mr. Abbott, solicitor to the railway company, whose intervention as assistant in the negotiations, as framer of the letter, as holder of the fund, is in itself sufficient proof that the relations of the Government were with Sir Hugh Allan in his capacity as the head of the railway company. But the singularity even of this explanation is transcended by that offered of the colourable stipulation for repayment which appears, with sinister aspect, in the same letter. We are desired to believe that when Sir George Cartier undertakes that any amount which Sir Hugh Allan advances for the assistance of government candidates in the elections shall be recouped to him, his meaning is that Sir Hugh shall largely benefit by the general policy of the administration. Selling the general policy of the administration would hardly be less culpable than selling the Pacific contract. But why not say at once that the meaning was that Sir Hugh's beneficence should be recouped to him by the blessings of heaven, and that he wanted the letter as a voucher to be produced to Providence? Had Sir Hugh Allan been strictly examined before the Commission as to his conduct at previous elections, his motive for spending $160,000 on this particular occasion would, we believe, have been placed beyond the possibility of question. Such expedients, like the brazen assertions of Ministerial organs that nothing has been proved against the Ministers, merely show that the case is desperately black, and that the only question is now how many people can be found to vote it white.

Another new point point for the defence, which seems to be thought very telling, is that the contract cannot have been sold to Sir Hugh Allan because he did not get it. No doubt it was given, not to him, but to him and the Company. Sir Hugh Allan was satisfied with his bargain. He told his friends that he had got, on certain monetary conditions, what he wanted. He got the Presidency and the chief conduct of the enterprise. He got the exclusion of his great commercial rival. But more than this, he got a hold upon the Government which, so long as Sir George Cartier's letter was in his possession, never could be relaxed; and his habits, as disclosed by his letters, show that as his grasp closed upon this pledge he must have known its value well. Had he, however, been bilked of his object by those with whom he bargained, this would not improve the case. Once more, the fact of payment, clearly proved, is enough. It may be aggravated, it may be extenuated; but by itself it is enough. Poll the British Privy Council on that question, and there will be only one dissentient voice.

In blindly defending, against overwhelming evidence and the plainest rules of public life, the cause of their immediate patrons, the leading Ministerial journals are sacrificing the larger interests as well as the moral character of their party. At the outset, as we have said, there was no reason why the removal of the Ministers personally proved to have been implicated in corruption should have been an Opposition triumph, or have resulted in the formation of an exclusively Grit Government. The Opposition was still in a minority—there had been no decision of Parliament or of the nation in favour of its policy against that of the Government, either generally or on any particular question. The charge which brought on the crisis was entirely personal, and it affected two members of the Cabinet only, the rest remaining, so far as we know at present, unaffected, at least by any specific impeachment, though there are general imputations yet to be sifted. Had not the Prime Minister happened himself to be one of the two, the Cabinet might have gone on after the dismissal of its inculpated members as the English Cabinet went on after the dismissal, on a personal charge, of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and in more recent times of Lord Chancellor Westbury. The Governor-General was not bound in such a case, by the spirit of the constitution, to send for the leader of the Opposition, as he would have been if the Ministry had been outvoted in Parliament, or had resigned upon any question of public policy. Negotiations might have been opened between the remaining members of the Government and the Opposition; some leader acceptable to moderate men of both parties might have been found; and the result might have been the formation of a Government comprehending honourable men of all sections, national in its character, and strong in national support, such as commerce needs and the country in its heart desires. But if a party vote is taken at the opening of the Session upon the constitutional question now raised, and the Government falls, such a solution will no longer be practicable: the Grits will ride into power on the wings of a

Parliamentary victory, and their real chief will become the irresponsible master of the Dominion. Should this be the result, we beg Conservative journals, which have made themselves the personal organs of the Prime Minister, to take note that, so far as journalism may have had any influence in the matter, the calamity will be due to their efforts, not ours. We have behaved just as English journals occupying a neutral position, or generally favourable to the Government of the day, behaved in the case of Lord Westbury, or in that of the scandalous appointment of Lord Clanricarde. As we have said before, we had not the slightest wish for a change of Government, and still less for a narrow Grit Administration. But we refuse to be accomplices in an attempt to drag down public morality to the level of a corrupt Minister's need; we decline to lend a hand in putting the national honour under the feet of any human being. This will not satisfy fanatical partisans, who cannot conceive it possible that fault can be found with any act of the head of their party except from party motives; but it will satisfy reasonable and patriotic men. The better class of Conservatives will also see that no service, but a most fatal disservice, has been rendered to their party by identifying its principles with conduct on the part of public men which they cannot doubt, when the storm is over and the hour of calm reflection arrives, will be generally regarded, and represented by every writer of our political history, as having dishonoured the nation. Once more we say, if in this new world, where society is essentially and unchangeably democratic, you wish to be conservative, conserve Honour.

Should the day go against the nation at Ottawa, the only course left will be to petition the Governor-General for a dissolution of Parliament. The ground for such a petition would be one which it would be difficult to disregard. Under a Commission directing them to inquire into the alleged payment of a large sum of money "for the purpose of aiding the election of Ministers and their supporters at the ensuing general election," it was apparently competent for the Commissioners to trace the application of the money, and let us know what elections were purchased or aided out of the fund. This, however, they forbore to do, though, as we have already mentioned, they took evidence as to the employment of money in the election of Mr. Jetté, an Opposition candidate for Montreal. We are consequently in the dark as to the names and the number of the members of Parliament whose elections are tainted with corruption. It is pretty certain, however, from the largeness of the sum and the manner in which it was distributed over the provinces, that the number is considerable; and the members, whoever they are, have no more right to be sitting or voting in the House of Commons than the door-keepers of the House. To allow such a Parliament to uphold in office for the next four years a Government the leaders of which have actually confessed themselves guilty of corruption, and of corruption the avowed object of which was to influence the elections, would be to destroy all confidence in Parliamentary institutions. The Home Government is, naturally and properly, unwilling to interfere in any way with the working of Canadian liberties; but if any power of remedial interposition in extreme cases is reserved, it might surely be exercised to prevent the complete and open nullification of the very charter of our freedom. "Parliaments without Parliamentary liberties are but a fair and plausible way to bondage," were the well-known words of one of the great historic champions of English rights; and what he said of a Parliament whose liberties had been destroyed by coercion, may be said with equal truth of a Parliament whose liberties have been destroyed by corruption.

The members of Parliament who received a part of the fund would have been themselves corrupted, whether they spent the money in bribing the constituencies or not. But that the money was spent in bribery, not merely in organization, as is pretended, is proved by Sir John Macdonald's urgent call for $10,000 at the crisis of the elections. It is proved still more clearly and more disgracefully by his too provident refusal to amend the Election Law.

Unhappily, to get rid of a Government supported by a corrupt Parliament and wielding the prerogative at its will, there is need of a vigorous and sustained effort on the part of the people. Are the people of this country capable of such an effort? It is a question which few will venture to answer confidently in the affirmative. There is too much ground for the disappointment felt in England at the state of moral sentiment among us indicated by the tone of a large portion of our press. Nor is it in the party press alone that want of loyalty to principle is to be found. A demagogue could hardly desire better materials for an invective against the higher classes of society than have been furnished by the conduct of some of our commercial and social leaders on the present occasion. Not only has loose language, and language worse than loose, been held on questions of public morality: actual homage has been paid, by men of wealth and high position, to politicians stained with offences against honour and their country, which would contaminate an honest peasant's home. Here, not among the obscure conspirators of the International, are the enemies who really menace the social fabric with subversion. Here are our truly dangerous classes.

Corruption has done its work through all grades of the community. That the corruptionist should plead that the work was necessary, and challenge gratitude for having performed it, is intolerable. Canada might have been governed without corruption by statesmen, though mere tricksters and intriguers could not do it. There is not a community in the world to which an honest Administration might more surely look for support than the yeomen and merchants of this country. The moral material for a popular Government is, we do not hesitate to say, far better on the whole here than it is in England, with her vast masses of dependent, needy and ignorant population. But the work of corruption has been done, and it may be the lot of those who love the country to see her for the present hopelessly succumb, and to find nothing left for them but to use such influence as they possess in preventing the contagion of dishonour from descending to future generations.

We have been sarcastically told that the Pacific Scandal is a godsend to the opponents of party government. We take the sarcasm in good part, and profit by the suggestion. Assuredly no general arguments of ours, no precedents drawn from the history of other countries or of the past, could be half so impressive, or appeal half so directly to the understanding and the heart of the people, as the spectacle of the nation brought to its present condition by party. Bad is party corruption, as the voices of our sorrowing friends and of our exulting enemies alike declare. But not less bad are party envy, hatred and malice, party assassination of character, party demoralization of the press, party diversion of the energies of Government and of public men from public objects to personal rivalries and mutual defamation, party ostracism of all statesmen who will not become abject slaves of the party whip, party destruction of the unity of the nation. If people believe that the national character will bear much more of this without breaking down, their confidence in its soundness must be great indeed. It is a test which the most famous nations in history have failed to stand.

Of course party politicians tell us that the idea of government without party is a dream. Equally chimerical to their minds appears the idea of government without corruption.

In our judiciary, in our public departments, in our municipal councils, in our railway and commercial management, it is thought reasonable to expect ordinary integrity; but the central administration of the country is by some inscrutable necessity the fated appanage of rogues, the most unscrupulous of whom must be the head of the nation. It is natural that those who subsist by a system—who in it live and move and have their unbeneficent being—should regard it as a part of the immutable nature of things. No doubt tigers regard as visionary enthusiasts those who propose to clear away the jungle, and meat-flies are satisfied that the indispensable basis of society is tainted meat. So the party journalist tells you that venomous personalities, such as he is in the habit of purveying, are the only things that can possibly please the taste of the people, and that to imagine that breadth, candour, good humour and geniality can be popular, is to show yourself ignorant at once of journalism and of the world. Unfortunately, when a nation has long been under the influence of such leaders and such teachers, the vicious state of public opinion which they imagined to exist, begins to exist indeed.

We can afford to smile at such a piece of claptrap as the charge that in deprecating the continuance of party government we are decrying Canadian institutions. Party government is not a Canadian institution. It is not of native growth. It is a travesty of the institutions of another country formally incorporated in ours by constitution-builders who knew just enough of political history to suggest to them false analogies and misleading precedents. Party, in the proper and the only moral sense of the term, as a combination founded on distinctive principle, has in truth no existence here. It has not existed here since the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. Our combinations since that time have not been parties but factions, personal in their aims, personal in their bonds of connexion, personal in their animosities, and rancorous in proportion to their personality. To the assertion that any government but party government is an impossibility, the answer is that party government is itself an impossibility in this country, and that only the government of faction is possible. Great questions there are still in abundance: the liquor question, the emigration question, the question of municipal government, the education question, and a variety of questions arising out of the crude state of democracy among us, and the dangers attending the first advent of the masses to power. But these are questions which ought not to divide but to unite us; and the united strength of all good citizens will not be more than sufficient to conduct them to a right issue.

To say that there is no alternative to making the executive the prize of such faction fights as we now witness is absurd. There is a very simple alternative, which we have more than once pointed out. It is to have the executive elected by the legislature, with provisions for a proper rotation, and a minority clause to prevent sectional ascendancy. This arrangement would not shut out human nature; no political mechanism will. But the constitution would no longer be faction; and as there would no longer be any motive for bribery, at least on the part of Government, it seems not very visionary to suppose that bribery on the part of Government might cease.

Scarcely less important or less urgent than the reform of the mode of appointing the executive is the enactment of a proper law, and the creation of a proper tribunal, for the repression of political corruption. The extortion of money by a trusted servant of the Crown from an applicant for a public contract is as distinct a crime, and as capable of proof, as embezzlement or stealing trust securities; and it might be repressed by the same means. The existence of a definite law will, at all events, save us a good deal of ethical discussion; and experience shows that when one or two offenders have been visited, not with moral reprobation, for which no criminal cares, but with sharp and condign punishment, the rest are apt to become tired of the game.

By the abandonment of the Pacific Charter, now officially announced, a heavy stone is taken at once from the neck of the Government, as the Government is at this moment circumstanced, and from that of the nation. Ministerial journals, of course, cry out that a great national enterprise has been killed by the factious malignity of the Opposition. We should be very unwilling to detract from the force of the lesson which has been taught us by the spectacle of a public work, of such magnitude as to seriously involve both the political and commercial destinies of the nation, thus exposed to the fury of contending factions, and made the mark of animosity on one side and the stalking-horse of corruption on the other. There has been more than one instance, even in English history, of military operations frustrated by the spirit of party, which saw in its political rival an enemy more hateful than the public foe. But the enterprise of Sir Hugh Allan would have failed, even if we had been a united nation of self-denying patriots. Sir Hugh, though an energetic operator, is a bad negotiator, as his published letters sufficiently prove. There being no accurate surveys or estimates of the line, what he had to offer to the wary English capitalist was a great leap in the dark, not rendered more attractive by previous experience of Canadian investments; and he had himself proclaimed that his scheme was one which promised more glory than profit to its supporters. His own position as a capitalist is, undoubtedly, the highest in Canada; but the immense magnitude of his concerns would probably have prevented him from paying sufficient attention to a work which could not fail to demand the concentrated energies of the most powerful mind. The railway will now, we trust, be undertaken as a national enterprise—and one of which the expense must be mainly defrayed by the nation—should be, under national auspices, by a public commission, and under the permanent control of Parliament. But first, common prudence requires that a complete survey should be made and accurate estimates obtained. In the meantime, there seems to be no reason why we should not construct the shorter and easier lines, which, linking together the water communications, would form a system, inferior of course to a through railroad, but still most useful to the territories in their present stage of development. The people of British Columbia will have the good sense to give us time; they could gain nothing by a precipitation which would end in failure.

As though to bring all possible troubles upon the nation at once, the murderer Riel has been elected by acclamation for Provencher, and, it is to be presumed, will attempt to take his seat in the Dominion Parliament; and this at the very time when his subordinate accomplice, Lepine, is being proceeded against for the murder. Had Sir Garnet Wolseley been entrusted with proper powers, which he would, no doubt, have used temperately as well as vigorously; had Governor Archibald acted with firmness; had the Dominion Government, in short, looked before it to see what was right, instead of looking behind it to see how the French Canadians would vote, the question would long ago have been settled; nothing extreme, we may be sure, would have been done, and the honour of the country would be safe. A duty weakly evaded has come back, as usual, with the difficulty multiplied tenfold. It would, indeed, puzzle any statesman, however intrepid, and however free from the trammels of faction, to find a safe and dignified way out of the dilemma; much less can we look with confidence for a satisfactory solution to the leaders of factions comprehending both Orangemen and French Catholics at such a political juncture as the present. We shall be fortunate if we are not condemned to see the two parties bidding against each other for a murderer's vote. Three things, however, seem to us clear. In the first place a general amnesty, under the present circumstances, as it would be a transparent subterfuge, could only aggravate the national humiliation; it would be better frankly to acknowledge the necessity, if it is one, and avowedly to abandon the proceedings against Riel and Lepine. In the second place, the Provincial Government of Ontario, to whatever it may have apparently committed itself, is not called upon, nor has it any business, to meddle with a member of the Dominion Parliament in the seat of the Dominion Legislature—at all events in such a case as this. The question belongs to the Dominion Government and Parliament. Ottawa ought to have been federalized, and on the present occasion it must be regarded morally as if it had been. In the third place, the Riel affair, however important and pressing, must stand over till the question immediately before Parliament is settled, and it is determined under what Government the country is to be. Beyond this we do not pretend to see, especially as the real relations between the Government and Riel are still a matter of mystery and conjecture.

Mr. Joseph Arch merits the honourable reception which he has met with both from the Governor-General and from the Ontario Government, which has wisely availed itself of his presence for the promotion of emigration. To the most suffering and down-trodden class in Europe he has been an industrial liberator, without being a social agitator; he has given them the organization, and infused into them the spirit necessary to the assertion of their rights as labourers, without resorting to the evil acts of a demagogue; and the result has been that a movement which might easily have been attended with violence, has been marked, on the whole, by singular calmness and moderation, the proceedings of the peasantry having, in fact, been more temperate than those of some among their better educated opponents. Those who remember the disturbances among the English peasantry engendered by the general excitement which accompanied the Reform movement of 1830–4, and who then saw night in the disturbed counties illumined with incendiary fires, can appreciate the influence exercised for good by Mr. Arch. It would be an unwise parsimony of honour to withhold from such a man the tribute which is lavishly paid to the victors in the ordinary wrestle of Greek with Trojan for place and pelf.

Of the beneficence of Mr. Arch's present mission there can be no doubt. But we may be permitted to speak with more hesitation of the particular scheme of emigration which he proposes, and which is, in effect, a scheme for a special colony of British farm labourers, to be planted on a tract of land set apart by Government for the purpose, the emigrants becoming at once owners of the soil, and receiving aid from Government to enable them to clear, make roads and provide themselves with houses. This plan seems to us to be tinctured with two sentiments, natural in the case of the peasant in the Old Country, but which would be misleading if imported into Canada—a passionate desire to become the owner of land, and an aversion to the condition of a farm labourer. Mere ownership of land has not in this country the value, either economical or social, which attaches to it in a country still imbued with the territorial ideas of feudalism, and engrossed by so small a number of proprietors that proprietorship is a rarity, and almost makes a man a member of a privileged class. A land owner is not here, as perhaps an English peasant might imagine, a little squire. Nor is owning uncleared or even cleared land in a back settlement by any means the same thing as owning land in a country cultivated like a garden, and within a mile or two of a good market. On the other hand, the farm-labourer here is not, as he too commonly is in the Old Country, a down-trodden and half-starved helot, bowed through life with servility as well as toil, and doomed to end his days in penal pauperism. His wages are so large that he is to all intents and purposes part owner of the land, and the value of his services is so great that, combined with the comparative freedom of our community from class distinctions, it effectually secures him against anything offensive to his self-respect. He lives with his employer upon terms of social equality. In a few years he saves enough to buy a farm. The sons of English gentlemen are not ashamed to undergo in this manner a training in Canadian farming. Such a training, if it is necessary in their case, is still more necessary in the case of the English peasant. The English peasant gives a better day's work for his wages probably than any other labourer in the world; nor is he wanting in native shrewdness; but his intelligence has been little cultivated either by education or by variety of employment, and he does not easily adapt himself to new circumstances and new conditions of life. Even the English artisan, though his intelligence is far quicker and his power of self-adaptation far greater than that of the labourer, is often depressed to a surprising degree on finding himself taken out of his old industrial groove. The English farm hand is little accustomed to the use of the axe, and would very likely be disconcerted at finding himself, instead of raising crops, set to felling timber. He is in the habit of looking to mechanics, who are always close at hand, for a number of little jobs which a farmer in a back settlement must learn to do for himself. He has always been used to obey orders, and the guidance of his master, though often tyrannical, becomes a necessity with which he can only by degrees learn to dispense. To manage and conduct to prosperous results a separate settlement of English farm-labourers would appear to us rather a formidable undertaking. The history of such separate settlements generally is one of failure, except in the peculiar case of religious settlements, such as that of New England, where enthusiasm supplied the place of discipline, and rendered hardship almost welcome. It is, however, well that the attention of our farmers should be called to the necessity of providing dwellings for married labourers on their farms.

In England there is a continuance of the Conservative reaction, marked by the signal defeat of the Government candidate at Dover. The causes remain the same. The deepest of them are those which are not merely English but European, and which will gain or lose strength according to the course taken by the European movement. The Home Rule movement, with its attendant Fenian demonstrations, appears to be advancing with unabated force. In the next Parliament a large majority of the Irish members will no doubt be of the Home Rule stripe, and form a flying squadron of malcontents between the two great British parties. The increasing prosperity of Ireland, however, which is undoubted, is a strong guarantee against insurrection.

In the order for the execution of the Modocs we seemed to hear the death knell of the Red Man. That the extermination, which will soon be complete in the territories of the Republic, was either righteous or a necessity we cannot admit. That it was not a necessity the success of a different policy in Canada is a sufficient proof. The Indians have been treated by the American frontiersmen as none but a man without mercy would treat a beast. They have not only been butchered wholesale, man, woman and child, in frontier war, but in time of peace and when perfectly unoffending, they have been shot—even women have been shot—for mere sport. The very language used in regard to them has been such as to show that they were considered out of the pale of humanity. Of course they have turned to bay, and committed atrocities in their turn. The Modocs after their treacherous murder of the negotiators could not have been spared. Yet there is reason to believe that even in their case the Red man was not the original aggressor, but that he was wreaking, in accordance with the tribesman's law, an ancient wrong upon the white man's tribe. On one occasion a frontiersman was tortured to death by the Indians, in the presence of his horror stricken companions; but he had wantonly and in mere bravado shot an Indian woman with a child at her breast; for this he suffered the ferocious vengeance of her kindred, while, with a justice which perhaps the white man would scarcely have shown, his comparatively guiltless companions, after having been made to witness his punishment, were allowed to go free. Unhappily the American treatment of the Indian is only one chapter in the dark volume in which, beside the name of the ruthless and bigoted Spaniard, appear those of nations which make the highest pretensions to Christianity and enlightenment. It is true, we fear, that Caffirs were stalked by British officers like wild beasts, and that natives were poisoned by settlers in Australia. The Maoris experienced not much better treatment, and being savages of unusual vigour and intelligence, resented their wrongs with terrible effect. The waste of British treasure in Maori wars has been enormous; yet it is less to be deplored than the waste of gallant lives, laid down not on the bright field of honour, but in obscure and murderous warfare against the savage lurking in his pathless woods, with disease as his ally. Of late years the defiance of humanity has extended from practise to theory. In the last century men, though often unmerciful, were Christians by profession; they acknowledged, at least with their lips, the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and paid deference to that cardinal maxim of all Christian civilisation, the sanctity of human life. But Materialism and Anthropology have changed all that. An American can propose, with general approval, to put an end to nuisances, and issue general orders "to hunt and shoot down every Indian from the Colorado to the Clamath." Mr. Roebuck can say, in the Parliament of Pitt, Wilberforce and Romilly, that new countries ought to be cleared of wild animals, and that of all the wild animals the most noxious is the wild man. Professor Tyndall, a man of the highest scientific gifts, but at the same time a perfect incarnation of the materializing tendencies of science, can boldly aver before the nation which once gloried in the abolition of slavery, that to kill a Jamaica negro is in his opinion a very different thing from killing an Englishman. A German anthropologist, with perfect consistency went further, and declared that a community did not deserve to be called scientific in which a physiologist was not at liberty to go out and shoot for the purposes of his science a specimen of the genus man. Of course he would shoot a fine specimen—a Göethe, a Humboldt or a Bismarck.

No doubt the case had been put too high on behalf of the savage by Rousseauists and by ultra-humanitarians in general. The savage is not pure and innocent humanity, as Rousseau dreamed, but a degraded being, and must be treated as what he is. He must be kept in subjection, tamed, and gradually broken into the habits of civilization, which, if forced upon him all at once, immediately prove his corruption and his ruin. It is equally absurd to treat him as invested with a sacred ownership of the vast tracts over which, as a hunter, he ranges, and from which he but yesterday ousted by violence some weaker tribe. A fair provision for his wants being offered him, he must give place and allow the earth to be tilled; had this necessity been looked in the face, what are styled treaties with the Indians would have been less hypocritical, and, being less hypocritical, perhaps they would have been better observed. But to avoid overstrained sentimentality is one thing; to rob, butcher, and revel in robbery and butchery, is another. The Indian had his use and an important one. His habits as a hunter and a warrior naturally fitted him to become the pioneer of colonization; and in fact, when well used he has done good service in exploring and surveying as well as in connection with the fur trade. In the same employment, pursued under the personal government of his white superior, he finds the aptest training-school for a savage in a transition state, and his best safeguard in his passage over that perilous bridge which leads from barbarism to civilization, and from which so many races, not ungifted or unpromising, have fallen into the dark gulf below. To say that the Indian is inherently incapable of civilization is absurd; his condition is that of the Teutonic and Celtic founders of the European nations. The root of civilization is morality; and it has been practically proved that the Indian can be made a Christian. He cannot at once be made a model Christian, but he can be made much better than a heathen and put in a way to become better still. The character of the converted Indian is probably as great an improvement on that of the heathen members of the same tribe, as the character of the converted Saxon in the time of Ethelbert was upon that of the heathen comrades of Hengeist and Horsa. Of course whiskey is not civilizing, but whiskey is an excrescence on Christianity.

It is due to the American Government to say that its edicts, and probably its intentions, have been good, though its edicts have been set at nought and its intentions frustrated by corrupt agents and bloodthirsty frontiersmen. It is due also to the Society of Friends to say that, though it has fallen short of its usual measure of success, yet in this as in so many works of mercy it has left a memorable record. The end of Quakerism is evidently near; not only is it doffing its outward garb: its faith in the cardinal doctrine of the Inner Light waxes faint; its religious services are growing more like those of other churches; to all appearances it will soon merge in the general body of society and Christendom. In the past, the church of Fox has not been without its aberrations, its chimeras, its absurdities, perhaps even its hypocrisies. But it has so embodied the spirit of Christian beneficence as to extort heartfelt homage even from the mocking spirit of Voltaire. Its services to humanity have been immense, and its epitaph will be a grand *circumspice.*

The treatment of the financial panic, which at first threw Wall Street into a state of paralysis, consisted of the application of new stimulants to the high pressure inflation by which prices had long been kept abnormally high. The Treasury threw greenbacks on the market, as if an addition to the paper currency could be made a substitute for confidence. The banks, sparing in the issue of greenbacks, substituted certified checks, on the security of unsaleable stocks. Confidence had been carried to the extreme of self-deception, involving the ruin of thousands. Jay Cooke and Co. were caught in the trap they baited for others. In trying to float Northern Pacific Railway Bonds by means of representations deliberately deceptive, they anticipated sales that were never made by ruinous advances. If they became the dupes of their own strategy, it was because they rated too highly the complicated machinery of deception they had set in motion. If the withdrawal of confidence had been confined to objects in which no confidence should ever have been placed, nothing but unmixed good would have come of the crash. But it is the nature of all panics to weaken the popular faculty of discrimination; and stocks yielding a good revenue underwent an unnatural depression. The results of the war expenditure and a double currency —one currency for the Government and another for the people—were to turn Wall Street into a financial Bedlam; and the character of the chief operators, as illustrated by the Black Friday and other memorable occasions, forbids confidence in a time of financial perturbation. In spite of opiates and stimulants, a fitful, feverish anxiety, has continued visible. The germ of the malady will not be reached by such remedies. Till the normal condition of a gold basis be restored, abnormally high prices, with ruinous tendencies to fluctuation, will continue. The vast volume of currency afloat is not necessary for the purposes of trade; it is only kept in existence—for some time it has scarcely been in motion—as a fulcrum for forcing prices above the natural standard, and from the fear which speculators have of the consequences of a sudden fall to the solid earth. The destruction of this artificial condition of things will be a happy event for the nation.

A Conservative Republic has not done badly for the French people. It has rid the country of the enemy; it has paid the war indemnity; it has quelled the Commune; it has restored order in the political and social chaos left by the war. Under it the country has been recovering material prosperity as rapidly as could reasonably have been expected. If it has not yet made society feel secure, this is due to the incessant machinations of the Pretenders. The last elections in the departments show that the feeling of the people is in favour of making the best of the Republic rather than of embarking in a Monarchical counter-revolution, itself to be followed, in all probability, by the collapse of another dynasty and another series of convulsions. The Provisional Republic, in a word, is tending to become permanent. This the Monarchists see, and, as we write, they are evidently on the point of making a dead-lift effort to kill that which will not die. Some sort of arrangement appears to have been patched up between the Legitimist and Orleanist candidates, though how the question of the flag has been settled we are not told. The Legitimist and Ultramontane clergy have been exerting themselves with a zeal which seems even to overshoot the mark in stimulating enthusiasm for the candidate of the Papacy by pilgrimages and every kind of religious excitement. All is prepared for a blow, which, though it may be dealt with the forms of Parliamentary voting, will be morally a *coup d'état*, since the Assembly, elected merely to make peace and free the country from the presence of the enemy, has no constituent powers, and cannot, without an act of usurpation, dispose of the political rights of its constituents. The Republicans, on the other side, are endeavouring to close their ranks, broken for a time by the discord which ensued upon the election of the Red Republican Barodet for Paris, and to present a united front under Thiers, who now casts in his lot thoroughly with the Republican cause. The Bonapartists have prepared their amendment, decreeing that the form of government shall be Monarchical, but that, instead of proclaiming Henri V., the choice of the Monarch shall be left to the people, who, they feel confident, will elect Napoleon IV. It is not unlikely that the people would do so were not the bigotry of the priest-ridden Empress Regent at least as much an object of fear and aversion as the bigotry of the priest-ridden Henri V. The nervous disclaimers of the Duke de Broglie attest the manifest unwillingness of the great body of the nation to be ruled by priests. When Napoleon I. restored the Roman Catholic Church, the mental emancipation of the mass of the people, in spite of the ostentatious antics of a small body of extreme freethinkers, had not gone far; it has gone much farther, notwithstanding the pilgrimages, now.

If Henri V. becomes king, there will be intervention in favour of the Pope, a quarrel with Italy, and war in Europe, whatever flattering hopes of peace the Pretender may think it politic to whisper while he is courting the suffrages of the nation. Paray-le-Monial does not mean peace; it means a crusade against heretics for the restoration of the temporal dominion. Victor Emmanuel sees this clearly; and that he does so his visit to the German Emperor shows.

So evenly balanced are the parties in France that prediction would be more than usually unsafe. If there were only one Pretender we should deem the chances greatly in his favour; as there are two, and one of them is the candidate of a most inharmonious coalition, it is at least as likely that the Republic will survive; and if it does, authority sufficient to maintain order will have been definitively established on an elective basis, and a critical point will have been passed in the progress of France and of Europe. A survey of the movement from the beginning of the first Revolution, and of the relative strength of the various forces developed in it, will show, we apprehend, that its natural result is neither Jacobinism nor Imperialism, much less a revival of the *Ancien Regime*, but a Conservative Republic.

Of one thing we feel pretty sure—that a constitutional monarchy after the British model will never succeed in France. Constitutional monarchy is the special offspring of British character and British history, and though it has often been transplanted, can hardly be said to have taken deep root or greatly flourished in any soil but its own. But to the political temperament of the French it is singularly unsuited. A Frenchman cannot help pushing every principle to its extreme logical conclusion, and exerting every legal power to the uttermost. He lacks the enthusiasm of compromise, by which the Briton is animated in a high degree. But constitutional monarchy depends for its existence on compromise, or forbearance to push principles to extremes or to exercise powers to the uttermost. It is the least logical of all systems; at the same time it is the least sentimental, and in both respects it is most unsuited to the French. Monarchy in France will be despotism.

Nations of robust character, when they have been beaten, say, "We have betrayed ourselves; let us search out our fault and cure it." The French always say "We have been betrayed." Bazaine, we take it, is the victim of this national infirmity, as Custine and other unfortunate generals were before him. He is one of the most unscrupulous and sanguinary satellites of the Empire, and has well merited any fate that can befal him by the atrocities which he committed against Mexican patriots, guilty of no crime but that of daring to defend their country against a rapacious invader, and of which the gallant and hapless Maximilian in fact paid the penalty. But the treatment which the Marshal is suffering from the mortified vanity of his countrymen is, we can hardly doubt, unjust. The conduct of the Duke d'Aumale, the President of the tribunal, towards the prisoner, exceeds even the usual iniquity of French judges, and derives a still worse complexion from the political antagonism existing between the head of the Orleans party and the favourite Marshal of the Empire. Nothing more has appeared against the Marshal, so far, than that when the Government had collapsed and everything had fallen into utter confusion, he, cut off at Metz, did not know to whom to look or what to do, and amidst the general uncertainty was inclined to preserve his army. So far from treasonably allowing himself to be shut up in Metz, he, in attempting to escape from it, fought against very superior numbers the most desperate battle, and the one which was nearest being a French victory in the whole war. Von Moltke, the greatest master of war in this and perhaps in any age, invested Metz in the conviction that it must fall; and it did fall. That seems to be the whole account of the matter.

In the case of Spain our anticipations seem likely to be fulfilled. The nation, doubly imperilled, has rallied round the National Government: Carlism is still confined to its mountains, where its reduction is only a question of time, and Anarchy is dying (hard enough, thanks to its ironclads) in its last ditch at Carthagena.

With the garrison of Carthagena perishes probably the International, that great bugbear of Conservative society in Europe. The shadow of the International was always far greater than the substance. It never wielded the forces which it was supposed to wield; nor could it have done anything very serious of itself. But it applied the match to the vast mines of explosive misery and discontent which had accumulated in the great cities of overpeopled or ill-governed countries. Having used up its aliment in France, it found a new store in the pauperism, ignorance and brutality which had collected amidst the crumbling ruins of despotic and ecclesiastical Spain. Its only remaining field is now Russia, the parent of one of its two present leaders, Bahounin, a type of the extravagant and almost delirious Communism which alternates with the abject Imperialism and Ecclesiasticism of the half barbarous Slave. The other leader, and the chief contriver of the conspiracy, is the Jew, Karl Marx, who has had the cunning, while always pulling the trigger, himself to keep out of range. Since the society lost sight of its original objects, which were purely industrial, and may be summed up, in fact, as a universal raising of wages by means of a European strike, many of its earlier promoters, especially those from practical England, have abandoned it. It is said, and all analogy would lead us to believe the statement, that the intelligence of these men has led not a few of them to high industrial success. A workman addicted to Utopian schemes must at least be a thinker, and is not likely to be given to drink.

If Castelar succeeds, it will be absurd to say, as his detractors are evidently preparing to do, that he has only brought Spain back, after a sanguinary revolution, to the point at which she was before. Spain will have been finally wrested from the Papacy and Philip the Second. She will have definitively entered on a new career as a partaker of modern civilization. The change may be for good or evil, but there will have been a great change.

In Germany a great event has taken place, though without the thunder of cannon. Bishop Reinhens, the first prelate of the Old Catholic Church, has been recognized by the State without being required to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. Prussia hereby renounces the Concordat; and the act is probably significant of the general tendency of the secular power, whether Protestant or Catholic, in Germany. There was more than one element in the Reformation. It was partly a revolt of reason and conscience against superstition; partly a revolt of the laity against priestly domination; partly a revolt of the nations, especially the Teutonic nations, against Rome. The two latter elements were combined in the English Parliament, which heartily followed Henry VIII. in his defiance of the Papacy, and in his reduction of the power and wealth of the clergy; while it not only did not sympathize with the Lollards, but actually made it a ground of complaint against the hierarchy that it did not persecute them enough. The revolt of the Old-Catholics against Infallibility and the Syllabus, their attempt to create a national Church, Catholic in its doctrine and organization, but independent of the Papacy, and the recognition of that Church by the Prussian Government, may be regarded as a prolongation of the Reformation movement in the two latter respects. In fact, the Catholics of the Teutonic race generally are manifesting their native love of independence in opposition to the overweening pretensions recently put forward by Rome. To found an authoritative Church with a fixed creed out of communion with Rome, will, however, not be so easy in the present day as it was when the progress of doctrinal reform could be arrested at a given point by the will of a king. It will be difficult to cast anchor in the restless and shifting elements of modern German thought. The impulse of change, once given, is likely to continue without defined limit. In his letter to the Evangelical Alliance, Bishop Reinhens distinctly fraternizes with the Protestant Churches; and Old-Catholicism will soon stand confessed, at all events, as a secession from the Church of the Middle Ages, not, what it at first professed to be, a reform of that Church from within. It will be identified, in fact, with the movement of Luther, not with that of the Councils of Constance and Basle.

The Pope has addressed a strong remonstrance to the German Emperor on his general treatment of the Church. But an Emperor has not much difficulty in answering a Pope whose *syllabus* threatens all civil government with subversion or subjection to priestly will, and whose emissaries not only excite disaffection and disunion, but court, and have once brought on, foreign invasion. An immense loss again threatens the Papacy, but it has gained the Marquis of Bute.

AUTUMN.

'TIS the golden gleam of an autumn day,
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel-grey river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh,
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

BLACKWOOD. W. W. S.

SELECTIONS.

DRESS.

(*From "French Home Life."*) *

THERE was a time when men used to dress; when high hats, black coats and trousers, were not invented; when velvet, lace and satin, feathers, curls and ruffles, were masculine adornments; when women had no monopoly of the more delicate materials of costume; when colour, shape, and substance were at the equal disposition of both sexes. The Revolution of 1789, its consequences throughout Europe, the levelling tendencies which resulted from it, brought about equality in men's clothes, and gradually led us to the hideousness of covering which now distinguishes male humanity, and to the apathy which induces us to support it without revolt. The slavery of habit, the tyranny of our neighbours, the terror of opinion, have thus far kept us where we are, and have rendered change impossible; but, for our children's sake, it is indeed to be fondly hoped that a resolute reformer will soon appear, and will deliver us from our bondage. Our period is great in trade, in newspapers, in preserved meat, in war; but it strangles individuality, it chokes all aspirations which lie outside the adopted groove; it has no sympathy with social innovators. We live in such constant need of each other's aid that we dare not offend each other's prejudices; so that even those amongst us who most keenly feel that a radical change in the dress of men is absolutely necessary, and that its originator would be a benefactor to the universe, do not venture to offer an example. Yet surely we all must recognise that the nineteenth century is an epoch of appalling frightfulness; that the gentlemen who now have their portraits proudly painted in tail-coats and white cravats will be objects of contumely to their grandsons; and that their successors will be utterly unable to comprehend that a generation which was so inventive in politics, in science, and in the details of material progress—which was seemingly so full of liberty of thought—should have had no liberty of action, and should have silently supported the outrageous despotism of ugliness.

We shrink from change because we pretend that it would indicate vanity and affectation, and that the frank adoption of external ornament would be unworthy of the manly natures of our time. But we overlook two facts: the first that, with all our fancied manliness, we Europeans of to-day do pay singular attention to our vestments, abominable as they are; the second, that when men did dress well, they were quite as much men as we are, and perhaps a little more so. The Mousquetaires of Louis Treize wore the most perfect clothes which the world has ever seen; Condé, Raleigh, Henri Quatre, the Cavaliers, were models of costume; but it would be difficult to pretend that they were not gallant soldiers and real men. There is no necessary connexity between effeminacy and graceful dress; there is no inherent unworthiness in the pursuit of outward charm by men; and though so many of us proclaim that the adornment of male bodies is an object beneath our care, there is no argument to be found in history or in morals in favour of that pretension. Still, however false the theory, there it is. It holds us and it binds us. Its first result is to make men odious to contemplate; its second consequence is to limit the application of the word "dress." In considering the influence and the *rôle* of dress in France, we can speak of women only; men are outside the question for the present.

But though we are thus obliged to eliminate half a people from our field of observation, there still remains enough—too much, indeed—to talk about. Women's dress has become of late years one of the great questions of our time: it ranks with poor-laws, emigration, separation between Church and State, and universal suffrage. It has not yet assumed, as those subjects have, the character of a national or political problem; the attention of Governments has not yet been avowedly directed to it; but its effects have been enormous, its influence has been all-pervading, its importance is really graver than that of many measures which Parliaments discuss. The absolute exclusion of the male half of the community from direct participation in outside ornament has led the men to gratify their pent-up vanity, their unsatisfied ideas of taste, by excessive adornment of their women. Vanity must come out somehow; taste—be it good or bad—must have its say; so, as men are limited to the eminently insufficient satisfactions which modern tailors offer them—to the choice between two buttons or one button on their sleeves, to trousers rather loose or very loose—they burst out in their wives and daughters, and seek in them what they are forbidden to enjoy in their own proper persons. The women have no objection to this system—on the contrary, their monopoly is peculiarly agreeable to them; but it would be unjust to attribute to them the whole blame of the excesses which actual Europe, from France downwards, offers to our eye. Men have asked for these excesses, have stimulated them, have admired them; for the theory that women dress for women, and men for men, is an illusion: women dress to please, and to please men more than women. They have used their opportunity with audacious recklessness, but the opportunity was created for them, they did not invent it all alone; men have helped them eagerly, and cannot escape the responsibility of their acts. They may, however, reasonably invoke extenuating circumstances; they may point to their own miserable condition, and ask if their eyes are to receive no satisfaction anywhere; they may say that they are poor weak creatures, full of frailties, and that they find enjoyment in the contemplation of smart clothes on women, because they cannot admire them on themselves. They do deserve some excuse, in the origin of their action at all events. Their longing for a pleasanter sight than they present themselves was natural and even praiseworthy; but when once they had pushed women on the road, hey lost all control over them; women got away and culminated in the mad elegance, the wild extravagance which distinguished the Second Empire, and which aided in some degree to bring about the rottenness of France.

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* Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers, Edinburgh and London.

We should not, however, forget that the dressing of Frenchwomen has a good many aspects. We see the more riotous elements which compose it, because, by their very nature, by the publicity which they seek, they are visible to all spectators; and because the harm which they have done is the talk of Europe. But there are other sides to this large subject: it is not all vanity, frivolity, and expense; it contains intelligence, and tact, and economy, and sense, and art, in their most curious developments; it is a mixture of good and bad, of foolishness and wisdom, in all their varying shades. But its action, whatever be its form and consequences, is omnipresent; scarcely any Frenchwoman escapes from it. Dress, in some way, is generally her main preoccupation, and that is why the matter has grown so big; why it has risen to the front rank amongst the questions of the moment. This sort of language is not exaggerated, though it looks so, and it is applicable more or less to other countries besides France. The desire to be admired, to produce personal effect through the covering of their bodies, is a prevalent disposition amongst women of European origin. In England it has attacked the lower classes with singular ferocity and with the most deplorable results; in France and elsewhere its manifestations have occurred mainly in the higher strata of society. The feeling which prompts it is, however, identical in all cases—the satisfaction of individual vanity and the longing to attract men—but its practical working out in France has a character of its own which we discover nowhere else.

The Frenchwoman has a sentiment of shape and colour, of varieties and fitnesses, which is proper to herself, and which women of other races do not attain, unless by rare exception. She has an instinct of singular precision in everything which relates to dress; her faculty of comparison is marvellously rapid; her innate sense of the laws of harmony in outward things rises to the level of a science. And the word science is employed here in its purest meaning, as significative of knowledge which has been controlled and systematised by the application of method. It is not a haphazard feeling ; it is a resolute conviction. It is not an accident of momentary experience ; it is an infused faith, matured and verified by patient study, thought, and observation. Readiness of decision, facility of execution, are the first consequences of this state of mind ; there is no hesitation about choice, no uncertainty in selection ; the thought is so well prepared beforehand that the most complicated difficulties are disposed of with unerring sureness, and that apparently impossible solutions are attained as if by instinct. And these solutions are aided by a handiness of fingering, a dexterity of touch, which also are peculiar to the race, and which render possible the incarnation of fantastic fancies which heavier manipulators could never realise. Starting with weapons such as these, served by both head and hand, the Frenchwoman has reached a type of dress which others may strive to imitate but which they do not realise. It is not enough to copy ; possession of the self-same objects does not suffice ; they must be put on, they must be worn, as their inventors wear them. Here, again, comes in a local virtue which cannot be transplanted : the art of carrying dress is almost purely French ; not one Englishwoman in a hundred thousand can disguise her nationality behind foreign clothes; the indefinable peculiarities which early teaching gives are beyond her reach. She may struggle, but she fails ; and although she may be quite convinced that she looks the part she wants to play, the least practised eye detects the sham.

But the mere fact of her would-be imitation involves a conscious recognition of the superiority of the type imitated ; we only copy what we really like and what we are desirous to resemble. There are Englishwomen who pretend to repel with scorn the notion that they wish their dress to be mistaken for that of Frenchwomen ; but if their assumed denial were real and honest, they would not expose themselves to the necessity of making it ; they would say that Englishwomen are themselves, not other people ; they would create a model for their own use, peculiar to the land, and though they would gain nothing by the process —for nationally they have no idea of dress—they would at all events escape the charge of counterfeiting. It would be no joy to men if hey were to do so ; the eye would receive no contentment ; our women would be more abominably got up than they are at present ; but we should have the virtuous satisfaction of independence, whatever that may be. Another and a far more practical solution would be to candidly avow that though we long to dress our wives well, we have not the faintest conception how to set about it, and that, consequently, we openly and frankly follow the most perfect type we can discover, acknowledging our incapacity of both production and imitation, but doing our little best to atone for our self-recognised inferiority, by the humble avowal of its existence, and by the obedient acceptance of a pattern. That pattern exists in France, not amongst the rapid people who have made for themselves so unenviable a reputation, but in another and a larger category of true women, who regard their toilet as a legitimate source of charm, as a natural indication of their individual sentiment of art. Those are the women who are good to look at and to follow ; for though they do love *chiffons*—though they do devote to their discussion a considerable portion of their time and thoughts—though they, too, like the rest, lift up dress to the altitude of a great question,—they do it well and wisely, in a form and with a result that others may be proud to emulate. It is only by dividing the subject into two distinct parts, that the truth can be arrived at ; fast dressing makes up one side of it, good dressing makes up the other : in their moral consequences, as well as in their material aspects, the two are entirely different.

Not very long ago nearly all Frenchwomen were *distinguées* ; the social influences of the Restoration, and of Louis Philippe's reign, were mainly pure and honest, and they showed out in women's dress with singular completeness. There was something in the air then which led the French to put grace and charm above all other attributes. On the one hand there was no rowdiness ; on the other, there was nothing of what we understand by aristocracy—indeed that peculiar denomination seems to belong exclusively to what are called the fair-haired races, particularly to the English, the Austrians, and the Swedes—but there was something quite as good, there was distinction. The women knew it, and they cherished their rare merit with infinite care and fondness. To look *comme il faut* was their one dream ;

and though the exact form of realisation of the phrase varied naturally from year to year with the fluctuations of passing fashion, the object and the result remained the same. And both were reached without expense; simplicity was the rule, and simplicity means economy. That was the time when nearly everybody wore merinos in winter, and plain muslin in the summer; when the only extravagance which women perpetrated was in their *chaussure*, their linen and their gloves; and, delicate as was the dressing of the hands and feet, it did not cost much then. The revival of Imperial Government brought in abundant money, easy pleasures, and all the excitement and need of stimulants which are proper to periods of moral decadence. Distinction ceased to satisfy the ambitions of a society which wanted glare, which had grown beyond the calm of moderate and purely feminine contentments, which claimed to show its wealth and its bad taste in action, no matter how. So a new type arose; the woman of the Second Empire replaced the quiet elegant Parisienne who was identified with the Monarchy of July; in came *toilettes tapageuses*, and high-heeled boots, and nakedness, and riotous expenditure. Art-lovers and wise men stood by and mourned.

Not that Frenchwomen's love of dress sprang up in 1852—it was an old, long-cherished worship, deep and faithful; it simply changed its gods with the new master. Its intensity did not grow, for it was already so profound and real that it could scarcely gather farther strength, but it modified its ends and ways; from a winning perfectness made up of true female graces and of intelligent applications of the most ordinary means, it swelled into "*Benoitonism.*" That one word marked the period; it signified the abandonment of simplicity and of tranquil elegance; it indicated the pursuit of loud effects, in which eccentricities of form and colour were the sole elements; it implied an interior moral state in harmony with outside manifestations of such a nature. The change was not, however, universal; it was met by indignant protests, by heart-rending lamentations, by bitter criticisms, by satire, mockery, and organized opposition. And yet it rolled along, augmenting from year to year, gaining always fresh adherents, but never conquering a majority. It shocked too many old convictions, and it cost too much to become a nationally accepted movement; it was but an accident of the epoch, born of evanescent causes, and destined to fade away with them. It was limited to certain classes and to certain places, it never stained out on to the entire population; but in its relatively restricted sphere of action it did prodigious harm, and exercised a corrupting influence which has never been exactly measured.

A certain set of women, who, though not numerous, occupied positions so conspicuous and so influential that everything they did was seen and much of it copied, organised their diversions, their manners, and their dress in a way which, till their time, had never been practised either in or out of France. The peculiar circumstances of the moment rendered their proceedings possible, and not only disposed but materially enabled a good many other women, of lower social rank, to imitate them. The outlay which their extravagance entailed was good for trade; a special category of manufacturers sprang up to minister to their needs, and to earn large profits by their folly. So far their doings had a use, for it would be absurd to complain that rich people spend their money and so contribute to general prosperity. If Mr. Worth, for instance, has made a fortune out of the wants which he supplied, he deserves the credit of having intelligently understood his time, and of having been the first to satisfy a new demand. He has no responsibility in the matter; he happened to possess certain natural gifts of a peculiar kind; he was able to invent prodigious dresses with a fertility, a variety, an audacity, and a skill which no one else possessed in the same degree; so the women who wanted dresses of that description came to him. Finding that the current had set his way, he asked prices which represented two separate sorts of goods, material and invention: his rivals could only execute, he was able to create; he naturally claimed to be paid for both, and the world he served accepted his conditions. It is correct to say "the world," for two-thirds of all Worth's productions have been absorbed by foreigners. The Americans especially have been his largest customers. It is necessary to state this, so that the blame of giving £50 for a plain costume or £200 for a ball-dress may not be attributed to Frenchwomen alone. The truth is, as may easily be ascertained by a little inquiry in the right places, that the great providers of the various details of toilet who cluster round the Rue de la Paix—the makers not only of inconceivable gowns, but of fairy bonnets, admirable jewels, dreamy *chaussures*, and the other thousand delicacies which contribute to make up the modern woman—all work more for the United States and Russia than for France. There are ladies at St. Petersburg who spend £120 a year in shoes alone—whose annual outlay for gloves and stockings would keep six families of weavers—who think it quite natural to pay the journey of their favourite author from the Boulevard to the Newsky Prospect, in order that he may exactly take their measure for a corset. In abusing Frenchwomen for their extravagance—as we all do so willingly—let us be honest enough to remember that not one of them attains the height of folly which is reached by certain ladies whose names it is not necessary to mention, but who are well known on the borders of the Neva and the Hudson, and of whose bills in Paris curious stories might be told if discretion did not bar the way.

The sin of France lies in the fact that she sets the example : her imitators—some of them at least—go beyond the pattern which she offers ; but the original fault is hers. The defect is, however, rather ancient : it was not a product of the Second Empire. Europe has appropriated French fashions for so many centuries that it is difficult to determine when she began to do so. Furthermore, France is so prodigiously indifferent on the subject, her women care so little whether other women copy them or not, that they cannot be accused of any wilful desire to lead astray the nations around them. Frenchwomen dress for France alone ; if others follow them, that is their own affair ; the fact scarcely constitutes in itself a ground for blame against the original models. But still, if extravagance and bad taste are applied amongst the French, the harm they do is all the more extensive because of the vast field of action which they influence, and that is why their indirect responsibility is great and real. Of course they repudiate it with indignation ; of course they say that as they impose their will on no one, as all the women of the earth are free to cover themselves as they like, it is most unfair to impute to them the tumultuous dressing which has grown up in so many countries during the last twenty years. The objection is specious, but insufficient ; whether they like it or not, monarchs must accept the consequences of their position. France is the acknowledged Queen of dress, and, as such, she cannot escape from the duties and the charges which surround all crowns. That her outlying subjects are voluntary slaves is true—that she claims no authority over them is perfectly exact ; but those facts do not efface the moral responsibility which attaches to all those who stand in high places, and have thereby become accepted models. So long as Frenchwomen were what they used to be thirty years ago, they did their duty to themselves and to humanity—they offered an example of perfect dress, and so bore usefully the burden of their royalty ; but when they began to fling aside the wise precepts of their mothers, when they introduced mere money into the composition of their effects, when grace and charm were regarded as inferior ends, when their one object was to dazzle and bewilder, then they ceased to deserve the place which they had so long held ; they became a danger, and ought to have been dethroned. But they held their sceptre by divine right ; their vassals never thought of getting up a revolution to depose them ; the slaves continued to obey—they followed on with unfatigued servility, as the populace of Rome bowed down before the Cæsars.

It is, however, in its French results rather than in its outside bearings that the movement of women's clothes since 1852 interests us here. It is its influence on France that we have to consider. It may at once be said that that influence was infinitely less extensive and less serious than has generally been supposed. The outbreak of exaggeration was so violent in certain classes of society that, by its mere glitter, it seemed to be vastly more important and more widespread than it was in fact. Its vivid glare gave it a character of universality which it never really possessed ; its appearance of omnipresence was deceptive, and was brought about solely by the excessive publicity of the goings-on of its promoters. If the women who resolutely adopted fast dressing could have been counted, it is probable that not fifty thousand of them would have been found in the whole of France. But they made noise enough for five millions, and so misled the lookers-on, who fancied that such a *tapage* could not possibly be the work of a small set of people, and who therefore, not unnaturally perhaps, ascribed its production to the entire nation. The truth is, as has been already said, that the example was first given by a few ladies who liked strong amusements, whose rank and social power enabled them externally to defy opinion and to rely on being obsequiously imitated by the group immediately around them. But the real women of France resisted the attempt at its outset; they saw no gain to taste or charm in the ways which the Second Empire inaugurated; they persistently opposed them; and when, ten years afterwards, the evil had reached its climax, they who had in no way contributed to it shook their heads and sadly said, "A curious book will some day be written on the harm which Madame A. and her belongings have done to France." They expressed this opinion with conviction, for they thought the ill laid deep: they, like all the rest of the spectators, believed that the contagion had laid hold of the majority, and that its consequences would be durable. This, however, was an illusion; rapid dresses and rowdy ways (which seemed to have become a system) disappeared with the state of things which caused them; their life was ephemeral; they did much damage while they lasted, but their time is over: Frenchwomen are becoming themselves once more.

And yet the movement was accompanied by features which gave it an appearance of vitality and force, and contributed to deceive even the most experienced judges of social follies. It had a literature of its own; it had Feydeau's novels, Sardou's plays, and that peculiar newspaper the "Vie Parisienne." It was backed up by money, by Court favour, by the most exciting forms of pleasure, by a good deal of sharp writing, by the personal action of men and women of position. It succeeded in thoroughly depraving public taste within the limit of its action. The toilets of the actresses of the Gymnase, the Variétés, and the Vaudeville, were accepted topics of conversation; Jules Janin—the critic, the judge, the thinker—wrote *feuilletons* upon them in the grave "Débats," and did not seem to recognise that he thereby degraded his pen and his reputation. The fancy balls at the Affaires Etrangères and the Ministry of Marine were such big events that they absorbed attention a month before and afterwards; stories were eagerly told and listened to about duchesses and princesses who took tea with Mr. Worth at five o'clock to discuss the last details of the composition of their costumes, and who drove back to him at 10 P.M., on their road to the entertainment, in order to submit their adornments to one final touch from his skilful hand. As skirts grew longer bodies grew shorter; and the first half of Levassor's description of a ballet girl's dress, "Une robe qui ne commence qu'à peine et qui finit tout-de-suite," became exactly applicable to the upper part of what was called an evening toilet. Some people, indeed, were inclined to think that it was an exaggeration to pretend that it "scarcely began," and that it would have been far more exact to assert that it did not begin at all.

It was a curious period. The pursuit of material satisfactions, of the glorification of vanity, was the main object of the women who dressed and of the men who hung about them. The women spent all they had, and a good many got copiously into debt: faces were laboriously and pinctorially prepared for the day's work: the stinginesses of nature were more than ever compensated by various devices adapted to various parts of the body—before, behind, above, below; somebody else's hair, added to wadding and heels, composed a charming creature. The clothes which were put over these under preparations were violent in form and colour; all the ordinary theories and rules of art were wilfully disregarded; velvet was worn in summer—green, yellow, and red were resolutely mixed. Luxury reached so furious a development that even M. Dupin —who, after serving thirteen governments with unvarying fidelity, might have been supposed to be able to stand a good deal—burst out in the Senate with a moral speech against the women of his time: but the ladies it was meant for read it in the "Moniteur" next morning laughed, and said, "Poor old Dupin!" That was what he got for his trouble. It needed a stronger hand than his to stop the wave. And yet, with all this noise and splashing, the wave did not really hold much water; it was made up of surface foam. It seemed to cover almost the entire sea of society, but it had no depth, and even its superficial area was vastly less than was supposed. The majority of women are good and innocent, and are more inclined to the discharge of quiet duties than to the pursuit of reckless pleasure; it was but a minority—a small minority—which went in for joy and dress, and adopted them as the sole object of existence. Of course a good many of the quiet wives and mothers were a little tempted by the glitter round them; they would not have been Frenchwomen if they had been quite insensible to the glory of other people's clothes: but their good sense and their innate love of honesty protected them from danger; they stood by in safety; they went on dressing mildly, and limited their outlay to what their husbands gave them. There are, however, enough "frisky matrons" and foolish virgins on this earth to supply material for any madness which fashion may set going. There are abundant asses among the men that modern civilization has produced who are always ready to applaud excesses, even if they have to pay for them. So, with example from above and imitation from below, rowdy dressing and rowdy manners became typical of the period, and will be long remembered as having constituted one of its worst social aspects.

Not that the members of the group who dressed immensely were morally much worse than the people who live for pleasure in other lands. There is a singular equality in the dissemination of vice and virtue. The accidents of exterior development which come and go with every generation affect but little more than mere externals; they do not exercise any real influence on the inner condition of a nation, unless, indeed, they last long enough to acquire a permanent hold of its thought and action. Women who seek solely for diversion are not likely anywhere to do their duty to their children; and whether they be English, French or Russian, their neglect of home duties is probably everywhere the same. Worldliness, whatever be its form, is not a peculiarity of a race or of an epoch; frivolity, vanity, and lust of the eyes have been pretty general since the world was made, and it would be untrue and unjust to describe them as monopolies of the women of the Second Empire. But, however founded this reservation may be, those women did go singularly far in the pursuit of contemptible enjoyments; they did their very utmost to damage their generation by destroying the higher objects of society; and if women of other countries do the same in varying degree, that fact does not excuse the Parisians for setting the example.

Perhaps, however, the men merit more blame than the women, for the latter are only what the former make them. It is a question of supply and demand: when men want ladies round them, women become ladies; when men want the other thing, women become the other thing. They model themselves according to the requirements of their masters, and the fluctuations of their type and manners may always be taken as a tolerably safe indication of the male tendencies of the period. Men have therefore but small right to complain if the result be bad; it is mainly their own work: they deserve credit if the end is worthy; they must take the greater part of the responsibility if it be the contrary. It is they who have lifted up *cocottes* into the detestable prominence which they occupy in Paris; it is they who have led other women to suppose that the *cocotte* aspect is the one which pleases men, and which all women whose desire is to please must necessarily pursue. We foreigners may attribute all this folly to the women who perpetrate it; but that is unfair: the greatest sinners are the men who ask for it. Women follow and obey far more than they originate. Of course this argument applies to the principle alone, and does not reach the details: there men are outside the question; they have no hand in the compilation of grotesque adornments; they like them, but they do not invent them. They may not wish their wives to spend £4,000 a-year apiece on clothes, but they pay the bill because its very bigness flatters them; it is a merit in their eyes to have a wife who costs so much. This is a consequence, exaggerated and absurd, but still a consequence of the ugliness to which they are themselves condemned: when men become able to dress themselves with freedom they will feel less pride in over-dressing the women around them.

The effect of these extravagances has necessarily been to almost destroy family life for the people who have indulged in them. There are women in France—a good many, too—who dress only for their husbands and their firesides, who think that they do their duty to God and themselves in trying to make their homes attractive to their proprietors, and who imagine rightly that they serve that purpose by adorning their own persons for the greater delectation of legitimate spectators. But the quick-living ladies, who, until a short time ago, existed for the world at large, did not content themselves with any such restricted field of action. One admirer did not satisfy their eager minds; they went in for multitude, and adopted means which were as large as the end they had in view. That some of them really liked their husbands, and had a sort of tenderness for their children, is not at all impossible; but as it is extremely difficult to associate indoor love with outside vanities, the former was pretty often abandoned in order to be better able to attend to the latter. It would be particularly useless to draw harrowing pictures of worldliness, and of the damage which it has done to family joys in France, for its effects are pretty much the same in all the capitals of Europe. Piccadilly can tell us as much about it as we can learn in the Champs Elysées. We all perfectly well know what it looks like and what it produces, only it is infinitely pleasanter to abuse it in the French than in ourselves. It is very soothing to discuss the mote in our brother's eye: so we go in at the iniquities of France, as if we were all purity and virtue on this side. It is true that the Parisiennes do encourage us to this sort of action, for they have always exposed their faults to the universe with a frankness and a completeness of which we can discover no example elsewhere. Other people cover themselves with hypocrisies and sham; but as the "nation de trop de paroles" does not seem, in this respect at least, to care what its neighbours think, it shows itself as it is. Socially there is very little humbug and scarcely any snobbishness in France. There is no recognised upper class to struggle after or to imitate. Great as are the demerits of the country in its politico-moral developments, it is singularly free from the disposition either to revere and copy rank, or to veil its own passing tendencies. We see the French pretty nearly as they are; the good and the bad in them come out with full distinctness; and that is one of the reasons why it is so delightfully easy for us superior people to call them hard names.

The bad, however, was so terribly prominent amongst the riotous society of the ante-Sedan period, that there is really some excuse for insisting on it. Since the Regency the world has not seen such a wilful apotheosis of pleasure as those twenty years produced; and of all the external forms which the movement assumed, women's dress was the most marked and the most evident. Whether that dress was a cause or a result is rather difficult to determine; but its action, though limited to a certain set, was as great, within its sphere, as that of any other of the deleterious springs which were at work. It is true that there was an amusing side to the question; but so there is to the history of a good many other of the damaging influences to which life is exposed. It is true that the pictures of contemporaneous society with which the "Vie Parisienne" stimulated every Saturday the appetites of its readers were extremely clever and abundantly diverting. It is true that the realities, the actualities, of daily talk and daily ways, were often provocative of much laughter (more than France hears now); but, after all, laughter may be bought at too high a price—and so it was in those times. Brightness and gaiety are cheering and tempting ends to follow, especially when life is young; but they are none the less real if they are innocent and not too dear. The Second Empire, however, was not particularly innocent, and no one will accuse it of having led to cheapness. It broke down the honest and wise social traditions which preceded it; it enthroned extravagance; it lowered both men and women; and one of its active agents towards these results was the style of dress which it inaugurated.

But whatever may have been the degree of moral harm which was thus generated, it was, relatively, less conspicuous than the odious corruption of taste and type which grew up during those twenty years. Regarded as a form of art—and it certainly ought to be so considered—women's dress is a manifest indication of current ideas on form and colour. It does not constitute a mere accidental ornament of the body. It is not limited to the expression of personal conceptions, or sentiments of fitness (though that is the very best development which it can assume in individual cases); it is, or ought to be, taken as a whole, an outward sign of the art tendencies of an epoch. Not of art in the restricted sense which so many of us attribute to the word—the narrow art of pictures, and of statues, and of sculpture—but the art of universal harmonies of shapes and tints which nature shows us how to realise, and which, at many periods of the world's history, men and women have felt and followed. This is the art which so disposes objects round us that each presents the highest form which it is susceptible of attaining, and produces in us the keenest satisfactions which the eye can convey. This is the art through which home adornment in furniture, in dress, achieves the end of rendering life pleasanter, and of showing us how great results can be obtained by little means, how truth and delicacy and taste can be insensibly inculcated by the daily sight of the things we live with. The fashions of the Empire offered no such teaching; glare and eccentricity were their distinguishing characteristics; they did not contain one sign of the higher views which the choice of dress ought always to pursue; they were excessive in every detail, especially in cost. The caricatures of the period will hand down to posterity a tolerably correct knowledge of what the streets and drawing-rooms of Paris looked like between December 1851 and September 1870. French grandchildren will indeed mock at the aspect of the women we have known, at their crinolines four yards round, replaced, five years later, by narrow skirts clinging round their legs. They will recognise in them what they really were, " des femmes remplies de bijoux et d'ellesmêmes," with small room for love of other people, and with a permanent disposition to disobey all the rules which ought to guide the choice of feminine costume. When all possible varieties of form had been exhausted, the ladies of the period took up colour, and if Germany had not intervened, they would soon have worn out colour too, and have had nothing left to choose from. The reaction which has now set in is against all colour; women are wearing tints which have no name, which never were real or fresh or true, but which still do not quite reach the tone which we design by "faded;" they are essentially " des couleurs provisoires," as Paris calls them, in sympathy with the sort of government which France just now possesses, neither Monarchy nor Republic, neither reality nor fiction, neither seed nor flower. It really is amusing to see dress thus fit itself to the accidents of politics. From respectable under Louis Philippe, it became turbulent under the Empire, and has now turned to "provisional" under M. Thiers. Whatever be its next stage, we may, at all events, be sure that it will never grow "definitive." Its essence is to change, not only with dynasties, but with all the passing fancies which caprice may set afloat. It is as well that it should be so, for if the fashions of the Empire had lasted, there would have been an end of all elevated taste in France; such treatment would have suffocated it. Let us remember, however, that an exact measure of the style of a period can scarcely be arrived at by contemporaries; prejudice and habit blind us too much to allow us to exercise discriminating judgment on objects which surround us all day long. We can recognise the superiority of the toilet of both men and women during the epoch which stretched from the thirteenth to the sixteenth Louis; we can all see how ungraceful dress was under the Valois, the Directory, and the First Empire; but we cannot form an equally sure opinion with reference to ourselves, partly because we are accustomed to what we live with, partly because the differences which arise from year to year involve only modifications of mere detail, with no marked change of character or type. As yet, although we can only compare together the trifling contrasts which we have witnessed at different moments of our generation, we can, at all events, give a verdict on them as between themselves, and can, within that limit, assign to the ephemeral fashions of the reign of Napoleon III. their little place in history. A detestably bad one it is. Rarely has the theory of dress assumed a less satisfactory expression than during those twenty years amongst the women who, whether we like it or not, we must take as typical of the time. Rarely has a momentary rush of extravagance, in all its forms, exercised a worse influence, artistically, on those who were subjected to it.

It is scarcely necessary to offer any arguments in proof of this; but if there should still be people who, by long custom (they can have no better motive), should wish to defend the piece in which they have played a part, let them explain—if they can—the merit of a system which was based on nothing but the deification of money. Since the Byzantines put gold and silver into pictures, and called the product art, we have had no similar example of the adoration of mere glitter. Happily it is over; and if the Empire should get back—

which is an eventuality not to be disregarded—we may presume that it will not repeat the error, but will offer another model to its restored subjects.

But even the Empire did not crush out the true Frenchwoman; she lived through it, unaffected by bad examples; she maintained the old tradition in silent corners; she is now coming out again in her ancient wisdom; she is once more showing Europe what a woman's dress ought to symbolise. Her principle always has been that the brightest forms, the most admirable results, are attainable by the simplest means, and that they are utterly independent of the fictitious splendours which bank-notes pay for. She has not abandoned the great theory that women should be women always; that when they drift to rowdiness they lose their charm; that distinction is the one end worth struggling for. And here it should be noticed that distinction is not, necessarily, a pure gift of nature. Its highest manifestations are, of course, dependent on physical conditions which no employment of intelligence, however cunning, can thoroughly replace; but intelligence can do a vast deal to atone for corporeal insufficiencies, and, as regards dress alone, it is the one guide to perfectness. But intelligence, in this case, means wisdom, tact, and common sense, as well as the able manipulation of form and colour. It means suitableness in everything—in the choice of substances and shapes and tints which fit the social condition of the wearer as well as her personal aspect. It means not only the pursuit of a harmonious whole, but the diligent appropriation of all the smaller delicacies of detail which true women ought to practise, so that every element of their dress may support critical examination, so that no "faults of spelling" may be discovered by an investigating eye. And it means the realisation of all this with little money. This was what most Frenchwomen used to reach; this is what many of them have never forgotten; it is to this they are coming back. When they have done so thoroughly, the world may safely copy them once more.

Our society is, however, so blind to art, so generally devoid of all perception of the immense results which may be produced by the will to please, that the highest forms of coquetry in dress are appreciated only by the few who have really studied the delicate science of attraction. Even amongst women there are not many who know their power, who recognise the influence they can wield by outward stimulants, who measure the true value and extent of the physical effects they can induce, who see within themselves how thoroughly they can rule the men around them by the mere strength of charm. And yet, of the many forces by which we act upon each other, the well-applied coquetry of woman is perhaps the most insidious. Not the miserable coquetry of idle vanity; not the unintelligent display of purposeless, senseless ornament; not the paltry effort to attract by means which everybody else employs,—but the thoughtful handling of well-calculated adornment, the scientific development of natural beauties, the skilful *mise en évidence* of each winning detail, so as to arouse in lookers-on the utmost admiration they can give. Talent such as this is seldom found. But, here and there, as years go by, one meets a woman who merits memory, whose knowledge of profound subtleties and sweet seductions is complete, whose every movement is a charm, whose beauty seems almost perfect, because of the perfect frame she sets it in. In cases such as these—too rare, alas!—the hair, the feet, the hands, like all the rest, are used for the part they have to play; they live, and speak, and aid. Loveliness does not lie in the face alone, as we Islanders imagine; grace does not depend on features; charm is not a special property of eyes, mouth, and chin. The true woman thinks of every detail of her effect; nothing is too small for her attention. It is because the French recognise this principle of action that they excel so singularly in the grand art of pleasing, of which their dressing is an element.

But results so perfect cost some money; the average types of France do not attain them. It must not be forgotten that to a Frenchwoman of the middle class dress involves an expenditure of only £60 a-year: within that limit she can let her imagination travel; beyond it lie forbidden things. Now, considering that £60 is the price of one ordinary gown for certain other people, it is not easy to understand how Madame Somebody, whose husband is a small barrister or a Government clerk, who owns two children, and whose entire annual income is £440, can be got up as she is. And yet she does it, and a vast number of her sort do it too, with identical success. The result is seemingly out of all proportion with the means, but that is only an optical illusion. The £60 form but one detail in the means; we do not see the rest unless we look very closely for it; but when we have discovered the supplementary sources of action which contribute to the end produced, we are almost inclined to think that the £60 are a superfluity, and that the whole thing might just as well be managed without any money at all. Amongst the many employments of human ingenuity it would be difficult to select one in which inventiveness, resolute purpose, dexterity of treatment, and especially utilisation of the very smallest chances, are set to work with more persistence or more craftiness. There is assuredly no similar example of the victory which cleverness can win in battle against poverty. But triumph is attainable solely by personal action; in such a struggle nothing can be delegated to others; the author must do everything herself—not, perhaps the sewing, which is a merely mechanical act, but the devising, the arranging, the fitting, the ordaining, and more than all, the organising of the whole, so that it may present unity of effect. Furthermore, as Frenchwomen of the class we are talking of are perpetually restoring their old clothes, and adapting them to new necessities, it is clear that no one else can serve them, for no one else knows what they possess. Their habit of directly governing their dress is not, however, peculiar to this or any other class. No Frenchwoman who respects her own opinion allows herself to be guided by a *couturière* or a *femme-de-chambre*. She lets them cut and sew, but she originates, knowing, by her instinct, that in no other way can she make her toilet what it ought to be—representative of herself. The main features of the dressing of the true Parisienne—of the woman who is always charming, despite her empty purse—are individuality, harmony, and finished detail.

It is very easy to talk about the process in this loose way; but it is almost impossible to describe it accurately, especially so as to enable others to try their hand at it. Both means and end are peculiar to France. The result is unattainable unless it be realised by the imagination before it is produced materially. To say "I will have a black silk dress" is an abstract proposition, containing no sort of specific meaning beyond that which strictly belongs to the words which form it. But to the true female mind, the phrase a "black silk dress" is susceptible of a thousand senses, particularly to women who, both by pecuniary necessity and by personal disposition, do not stumble, haphazard, into their clothes, but carefully weigh them out beforehand, and use much comparison. Their work is essentially one of choice and calculation, restricted, of course, in execution, by economy and by the accidents of individual talent, but absolutely limitless in general theory and idea. A black silk dress may assume almost as many forms as sunset clouds can offer. It is in selection between these forms—it is in the character and expression given to the product—that the idiosyncrasies of the wearer come to light, that the woman shows out herself, that the Parisienne stands alone. The gown is, however, but one element of the whole—the largest and most apparent, it is true, but far from the most important, for a cotton dress worth fifteen francs may speak up with equal power, and may proclaim with as loud a voice, the merit of its author. The gloves, the sash, the hat, the parasol, the *chaussure*, and the linen above all, subscribe more largely still to the tone and type of a well-dressed woman: it is to them that the experienced eye turns curiously in order to determine the exact degree of her perfection in this branch of merit. No one who really knows and feels what dress ought to imply will limit observation to a skirt; the dissection will be rapid but complete; it will extend to every detail—hands, feet, hair, and under-garments will each receive a scrutinising glance, and opinion will be formed on the assemblage of them all, not on any single element. In Paris, and elsewhere in France, there are crowds of women who come out reproachless from these ruthless examinations, the reason being that they know beforehand that they will be subjected to them, and prepare accordingly. It is not amongst cunning artists such as these that one sees jewels worn in the early morning, or gloves with holes at the finger-ends like full-blown tulips, or stockings dangling round the ankles, twisted like the 'screw of a music-stool,' or hanging helplessly like Turkish trousers. It is not they whose linen ever shows a stain, or who add coarse embroidery to their hidden vestments, or who pile on all they have, solely to show their property. Delicacy and fitness are their immediate means, harmony their object, perfection their final end; and they reach it.

These are true women in one of the most feminine senses of the title: it is they who brighten up so many homes in France—it is they who of late years have angrily resisted the barbarian onslaughts of money and bad taste—it is they who have preserved unweakened the traditions of their mothers—it is to them that we now should look for teaching and example. But they do not think of us; their field of action is indoors. They do not care for foreign imitators; their work is done for themselves and their own children. Their girls grow up in contact with sound theories on dress, in constant practice of the intricate science of self-adornment, but with the conviction that its highest truths lie in simplicity, in the resolute avoidance of all violence, of all waste, of all unnecessary outlay. At fourteen years old, those girls can cut out their own dresses; at ten they could trim bonnets, and hold forth learnedly on the theory exhibited in their mother's practice. Education such as this makes wonderfully handy women; they know how to use their fingers for pretty nearly everything. Skill in dress leads on to other skills; the sentiment of art in its personal applications opens out the mind to its larger teachings. Regarded from this point of view—which, though it may seem exaggerated to persons who hear of it for the first time, is incontestably sound—Dress acquires a new use; it ceases to be an exhibition of vanity, or of low-class ability; it takes its place amongst the useful elements of instruction; it helps women along the road to art-knowledge.

But, alas! this pretty picture does not apply to everybody. It is so pleasant that it is particularly disagreeable to turn away from it to the crowds of utterly incompetent, blind-eyed, ordinary people, who are so terribly abundant in French departments, who are incapable of comprehending the most elementary of the laws of fitness; who wear leather boots with a muslin dress; stick cameo brooches in the middle of their chests, and accumulate feathers, flowers, and lace in resolute confusion—really just like Englishwomen. Sins of this kind do not shock them: the poor creatures do not see them; they suppose it is all right, and have no qualms of conscience. And yet, next door to them, there may be one of those perfect models we were talking of just now—a model with no students and no admirers, like that rose we heard of in our youth, which wasted its sweetness on the desert air. This seems to show that the faculty of rightly appreciating dress is either a natural gift or a result of early teaching; anyhow, it is probable that it is difficult to acquire in after-life, unless in rare cases and under special circumstances of example and assistance. It shows, also, that though the highest types of dressing are to be found in France, they are not a necessary property of the entire nation. They must be regarded as developments of a special capacity under favourable conditions rather than as an inherent right. The better class of Frenchwomen have grown slowly, with each other's help, to the height which they have now attained; their talent has become transmissible to their children (Mr. Darwin has not thought of that example of natural selection), but unequally and capriciously; they have not communicated it to the whole crowd round them, and the crowd remains incapable of imitation, or even of comprehension. It does not know how much a woman augments her power by a well-calculated use of carefully-selected ornament, or how a mother can help her child to acquire the appreciation of shape and colour by the study of her daily dress.

Regarded as one of the occupations which ought to fill up women's time at home, the preparation of well-chosen clothes is natural and legitimate. All the world cannot be rich enough to pass its time in pleasure or in intellectual pastimes; the mass of us spend our lives with less money than we should like to have, and in a consequent constant effort to diminish our impecuniosity by our labour. Men trade and speculate, and do various other things for this end; women, who, unless exceptionally, have no direct power of earning cash, can only try to satisfy their longings by indoor work for their own account. Foolish people, who think it beneath their grandeur to make their own gowns and bonnets, are rare in France; there, even the richer classes generally consider it to be a duty to help themselves in some degree, and to know, at all events, how to sew.

But whether or not it be admitted that the subject is susceptible of these accessory merits, most of us will own that a well-dressed woman is an agreeable thing to look at. We do not all agree as to what a well-dressed woman is, and there is room for a pretty quarrel between the advocates of French and English views of the matter; but the principle remains unimpaired, even though its forms of realisation are open to discussion. Even in France itself, as we have seen, there has been a fight between two types; one of them is nearly suppressed at last, and the other one is slowly regaining its old supremacy: but we English people, after all, can regard the model only as an admirable curiosity; we are incapable of imitating it, for the same reason which prevents our learning how to cook—our women cannot do it.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

ONE of the most important industries of the present, and likely to become enormously more important in the future, is that connected with the manufacture of what may be called "Modern Steel." It is not yet twenty years since Mr. Bessemer read before the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association, his celebrated paper "On the Manufacture of Iron and Steel without Fuel." Now "Bessemer Steel" has achieved a world-wide reputation, and it is still but in its infancy. The discovery of Mr. Bessemer was supplemented by the invention of what is known as the "Siemen's Regenerative Furnace," and finally a process has been perfected by which steel can be made directly from the ore. What the future of the steel industry will be, no one may dare to predict; but it is clear that this substance is likely to supplant iron in many large engineering works, such as railway bridges. According to the returns published by the Jury of the International Exhibition of 1852, the total annual produce of steel in Great Britain at that time was fifty thousand tons. At the present moment more than half a million of tons of steel are annually produced in Great Britain by the Bessemer process alone, whilst the Siemen's Works at Landore turn out two hundred thousand tons more, and large additional quantities are manufactured in other works. Unless this continent should soon assume the position, for which it is undoubtedly qualified, of one of the great iron-producing countries of the world, it seems probable that in the year 1892 the above returns may be quadrupled.

The manufacture of artificial butter has long been a problem which has occupied the attention of practical chemists. The first attempt to solve this problem failed, as might have been expected, owing to the fact that though the natural product was fairly enough imitated, as regards its chemical composition, it was found impossible to produce the flavour and odour of good natural butter. Some years ago M. Mouriez, a Frenchman, invented a process of manufacturing butter from beef suet, which, after modification by subsequent inventors, is now believed to be nearly perfect, and is said to yield a product fully equal to second-rate natural butter. This process has found its way into this country, and it is at the present moment being carried out on a large scale in the City of New York, at the establishment of the "Oleo-Margarine Manufacturing Company." Here something like a ton of artificial butter is daily manufactured, and finds a ready market. The proprietors intend to increase the amount to twelve tons a day, which is about a tenth of the total amount used per diem in the City of New York and its environs. The butter is said to be undistinguishable in appearance, taste or smell, from ordinary firkin butter, and it is stated to bear exportation much better than natural butter.

Lake dwellings, somewhat similar to those of Switzerland, have, it appears, been recently detected in the vicinity of Leipsic, as the result of certain engineering operations undertaken with a view of regulating the course of the river Elster. After passing through a series of superficial deposits, the workmen found a number of oaken piles, pointed below, and decomposed above, and supporting a number of oak trunks placed horizontally. On the same level with these were found the lower jaws and teeth of oxen, fragments of the antlers of deer, broken bones of various kinds of quadrupeds, shells of river-mussels, fragments of pottery, two polished stone hatchets, and other objects of interest.

One of the most interesting of the various addresses delivered by the Presidents of the Sections at the recent meeting of the British Association at Bradford, was that of Mr. W. J. Russell, who presided over the Chemical Section; though it should be added that its character was most severely technical, and that it bristled with the terribly long compound names in which the soul of the modern chemist delights. The address is a practically exhaustive memoir and history of the common and important dye, Madder, from the time of its first mention by classical writers up to the present day, when Madder—as such—appears to be on the point of being finally superseded. Modern chemists, in fact, as the result of a long series of most elaborate researches in abstract chemistry, have succeeded at last not only in making artificially the colouring principle of Madder, but in discovering a process by which this principle can be manufactured much more cheaply than it can be obtained from the plant itself—the substance out of which it is made being a hitherto useless bye-product in the manufacture of coal-gas. The cultivation of Madder would thus appear to have received its death-blow, and Mr. Russell concludes that "there is growing up a great industry, which far and wide must exercise most important effects; old and cumbersome processes must give way to better, cheaper, and newer ones; and lastly, thousands of acres of land in many different parts of the world will be relieved from the necessity of growing Madder, and be ready to receive some new crop. In this sense may the theoretical chemist be said even to have increased the boundaries of the globe."

A very praiseworthy association has been formed at Cincinnati for the purpose of introducing and permanently acclimatising such foreign birds as are either valuable to the agriculturist or gardener, or are specially noteworthy for their powers of song. Last spring the Society expended no less than five thousand dollars in the introduction of fifteen new species of birds. Amongst these was the European sky-lark, the acclimatisation of which had been successfully effected. Next year it is proposed to introduce, amongst other novelties, the European titmouse, which has a high reputation as a destroyer of insects injurious to vegetation.

It is far from creditable to England, and speaks ill for the position which science occupies at home, that, alone of all the European powers, Britain still holds aloof from the Association originally formed for the purpose of determining a standard European metre, and now devoting itself to the ascertainment of the dimensions of the globe. This Association was founded at first in connection with the Berlin Geographical Society, and its primary object, as above stated, was to determine a standard metre by the accurate determination of the meridian between Christiana and Palermo. All the chief European powers, except France and England, joined the Association at once, and now France has just given in her adhesion also. Thus Britain alone declines to take part in a work which has now assumed a cosmopolitan importance. It is to be presumed that economy is the motive of this abstention, but even the present Chancellor of the Exchequer can hardly think that we are too poor to engage in work for which even impoverished France finds herself equal.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH it does not usually fall within our province to record the proceedings of religious bodies, the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at New York ought not to be passed over in silence. From the large number of delegates assembled, the full representation of sects and nationalities, the grave importance of the subjects discussed, the great unanimity and brotherly feeling which prevailed, and the interest displayed by the religious public of America—the meeting of the great Protestant Council was an event of deep significance.

The problem which the Alliance has undertaken to solve may be stated in a few words. Given the denominational divisions of "evangelical" Christendom, as the inevitable outcome of free thought and free discussion, to find a common ground upon which Protestants may meet in fellowship and organize for defence. A satisfactory basis of action was found in what are called the essential truths of religion—truth acknowledged by all the churches, though usually supplemented by particular views of doctrine, practice or discipline, in each denomination. The Apostles' Creed is accepted as the symbol of the faith, and, as such, was recited, after the Dean of Canterbury, by the delegates and visitors at the New York Conference. Though sufficiently broad for the purposes in view, the platform of the Alliance is sufficiently definite to exclude the Catholic by the adoption of Chillingworth's axiom, that "the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the rule of faith of Protestants;" and the Unitarian by the assertion, in clear terms, of the Divinity and vicarious atonement of Christ. The aims of the evangelical movement are, therefore, two-fold:—first, to soften the differences which separate Protestant denominations, and thus to ensure a vital and spiritual unity, as distinguished from an organic fusion of the churches; and, secondly, to form a united front against the solid phalanx of the Catholic forces on the one hand, and the guerilla warfare of rationalism and materialism on the other. It is also claimed that the Alliance has already, by the moral force it can bring to bear upon Governments, interposed with effect in Spain, Roumania, the Baltic Provinces of Russia, Turkey, and other countries, as a powerful protector of the weak and the oppressed. Now that the State, in most countries, has adopted the *laissez-faire* principle in international matters, the intervention of a powerful body like the Alliance will not be without effect. The New York Conference is the sixth the Alliance has held since its organization—the preceding five having met successively in London (1851), Paris (1855), Berlin (1857), Geneva (1861), and Amsterdam (1867). Six years had elapsed since the last meeting. Meanwhile the Franco-German war had taken place, and the meeting in the American Metropolis, originally fixed for the autumn of 1870, was postponed for three years.

Although it can hardly be said that so many Protestant nations or missions were represented last month as on previous occasions, yet, allowance being made for the great distance to be travelled, the delegation was much more varied than the most sanguine friends of the Alliance had any right to anticipate. From the mother country—especially from England—the various denominations were very fully represented both by ministers and laymen. Scotland had only one prominent spokesman, Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, to whom, perhaps, ought properly to be added Dr. Cairns, Dr. McCosh, and other American and English delegates. Germany came over in full force—Drs. Dorner and Christlieb and their colleagues, by their learning and eloquence, and in spite of the difficulty they had to encounter in speakin a foreign tongue, occupying, perhaps, the foremost place in the Conference. The French and Swiss Protestants were well represented, chiefly, of course, from the great centres, Paris and Geneva. The former, unfortunately, were unable to induce the Monods or Préssensé to cross the ocean. From Italy the only delegate who took part in the proceedings was the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of Genoa. Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples, which are peculiarly the objects of religious anxiety and hope, did not appear by their representatives. Two Protestant clergymen attended from Spain. China, Jamaica, Syria, Greece and Denmark had each one delegate. Holland, strange to say, had also but one, the Rev. Dr. Cohen Stuart, of Rotterdam. The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri and the Rev. Mr. Woods represented India. Of the laymen who took a prominent part in the Conference we mention Count Andreas von Bernstorff, Lord Alfred Churchill, Chas. Reed, M.P. for Hackney; Messrs. Girdlestone and Williams of Engand; Gen. Fisk of St. Louis; Hon. P. Cooper, of New York; Hon. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia; Henry Bergh, of New York; and Hon. W. H. Allen, of Girard College, Philadelphia. It would be impossible within our limits to give even a partial list of the American clergy present; it must suffice to say that they represented every Protestant denomination throughout the Union. Coming nearer home, we may name the Rev. Dr. Wilkes and Principal Dawson, of Montreal, as having taken a prominent part in the proceedings of the Conference.

The addresses of welcome may be passed over without remark; as fraternal greetings they were, of course, pleasantly complimentary, but they contain no matter of permanent value. The first paper read was, very appropriately, one transmitted through Dr. Witte, by the venerable Dr. Tholuck of the University of Halle. It is now fifty-seven years since the Nestor of German orthodoxy entered college, tinged, as he laments, with the prevailing rationalism of the time. His history of religious life in Germany was appropriately cast in an autobiographical form. A sketch of the religious and political struggles of sixty years is to Dr. Tholuck the record of his earnest and useful life. From the French war of 1813 to that of 1870, the Halle professor has been an actor upon the scene. In the rapid sketch of the religious contests of the century nothing is omitted down even to the dismissal of Mühler and the expulsion of the Jesuits. A member of the "mediation" school, he is an admirer of Schleiermacher and Hegel, although neither of them was, strictly speaking, orthodox. They both aided in the spiritual reaction; but both also had a negative, if not a destructive side, which paved the way for new developements of rationalism and heterodoxy. It is only the former phase of their influence that Prof. Tholuck notices in his brief paper. Those who wish to have a more extended view of the divisions in the German Church and the influence of rationalism both without and within it, should consult Hagenbach's Christian Doctrine in the 18th and 19th centuries, and Dorners's recent work on Protestant Theology. From Italy and Spain the reports of the delegates were not promising. In the former, according to Mr. Prochet, Ultramontanism is triumphant in the Church. Moreover, "there is an enormous proportion of the population which, while it remains outwardly Roman Catholic, belongs really to the religion of "I don't care," that is no religion at all. . . They are Roman Catholics by birth, and consider it their duty to belong to the church of their fathers." In Spain the prospect is somewhat similar; their adherence to the old religion in name is made a matter of patriotism, even by those who have made shipwreck of faith altogether. Castelar has said that Protestantism is not suited to the genius of the Latin race. This the delegates to the Alliance think a premature conclusion; meanwhile they pray for a continuance of the toleration they enjoy under the Republic, and dread, like their French brethren, the return of the Bourbons. We must pass briefly over the admirable papers of Dr. Stuart, Dr. Krummacher and Dr. Coulin on Holland, Germany and Switzerland respectively. In all of them, the foe is not Catholicism but rationalism, in divers forms, degenerating into the now outspoken pantheism of Strauss. In Germany, the pessimism of Schopenhauser has been reproduced by Ernest—it is the philosophy of sensuality, ill-temper and despair—the antipodes of Straussian idealism and yet equally the foe of orthodox religion. The bad side of Schleiermacher's Platonism has found a place in the semi-Arianism of the Gröningen school of Holland. Of Switzerland Dr. Coulin speaks in almost a despairing tone. In France, the sturdy Huguenot faith, which has passed so often through the fire, maintains its ground in spite of rationalistic defections. Under the guidance of M. Guizot, it has driven the heterodox from the fold. As in Spain and Italy, however, its progress among the masses is slower than ever. The Catholic re-action, described admirably by Dr. Fisch of Paris, has set in, for the present, with irresistible power. Like their Spanish brethren, the French Protestants pray that Ultramontanism may not be stimulated into further extravagance by the extinction of the Republic and the restoration of the Bourbon.

We pass over likewise the papers on the Infallibility question—a subject discussed *ad nauseam* during the last three or four years. The most noticeable were that of Dr. Dorner, of Berlin—an exhaustive account of the history and bearings of the subject—and an able view of the Old Catholic movement by Dr. Kraft, of Bonn. On the subject of vital religion, there was occasionally, as might be expected, an apparent contradiction in the deliverances of some of the speakers, from the different standpoints taken. Dr. Arnot, for example, ridiculed the modern idea that charity, or, perhaps we ought to say, morality, is religion. He regarded this as a short cut to truth through a quagmire. With him doctrine, or, as he has no objection to call it, "dogma," is everything. We quote a short extract, chiefly for its pungency. It seems to be aimed at Dean Stanley, and we must say the *argumentum ad hominem* is unfair, and perhaps might be retorted on the learned doctor:—

"A class of men is springing and pressing to the front in our day, who laud charity at the expense of truth. Doctrine, as truth fixed and independent, they seem to think a hindrance rather than a help toward their expected millennium of charity. Their creed is that a man may attain the one grand object of life—practical goodness—equally well, with or without belief in the Christian system. That there may be no mistake in the transmission of their opinion, they take care to illustrate it by notable examples. John Bunyan, who received all the doctrines of the Gospel, and Spinoza, who rejected them all, attain equally to the odour of sanctity in this modern church of charity. This representation is publicly made by men who hold influential ecclesiastical positions in England. Our latest reformers, I suppose, came easily by their discoveries. I am not aware that they passed through any preparatory agonies, like those which Luther endured at Erfurt. Your philosophic regenerator of the world dispenses with a long search and a hard battle. When he brings forward for my acceptance his savoury dish, like poor old blind Isaac when his slippery son presented the forged venison, I am disposed to ask, 'How hast thou found it so quickly, my son?'"

Papers of more or less merit were read on Personal Religion, Missions, Sabbath Schools and charities. Amongst the latter was one prepared for 1870, by the lamented Count Agenor de Gasparin, on the Care of the Sick. We should not forget to mention also, that the indefatigable Henry Bergh put in a plea for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We are compelled to reserve our remarks on the aspects of infidelity for another occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND, illustrating the Changes of the Laws in the Progress of Civilization, written from the Public Records and other Contemporary Evidence. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, author of "The English and their Origin," &c. Vol. I. From the Roman Invasion to the Accession of Henry VIII. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This is a work evidently of great research, and we should say of considerable merit. Its merit is not unalloyed. Mr. Pike is strongly prejudiced in favour of Roman law and of Roman civilization. He represents Roman law as far in advance of anything which the Teutonic races produced, both in point of enlightenment and in point of humanity. So, no doubt, viewed in a certain aspect, it was, besides being the only law in the world at all systematic and capable of codification; and, no doubt, under a tolerable Emperor, it did guard pretty well the legal rights of the small governing class. But we are convinced that Mr. Pike greatly underrates the legal evil of slavery, and we suspect that he greatly underrates the legal incapacities and wrongs of the conquered populations. He forgets that under the Empire four hundred slaves were once legally put to death merely because they had been in the house at the time when their master was murdered, and had failed to prevent the murder—a state of the law indicative at once of the most inhuman disregard of all principles of justice, and of the unsoundness of a state of society which could demand such fearful safeguards for the lives of the master class. In estimating the condition of the Provincials, Mr. Pike lays too little stress on the evidence afforded by insurrections, and by such occurences as the war of the Bagandæ, or Peasants' War, in Gaul. Nor does he satisfactorily explain the collapse of a society which he depicts as so sound and flourishing before the bands, whose numbers we have every reason to believe were very small, of the northern barbarians. His picture of the luxury and refinement enjoyed by a Roman gentleman in a Province is a learned vision: in describing the comforts of the household, he forgets to say that there was no glass and no linen; in describing the comforts of travelling, he forgets to tell us that there were no springs to the carriages. In proportion to his undue partiality to Rome is his undue severity to the Teutonic successors of Rome and to the feudal communities of the Middle Ages. Feudal law was, of course, rude and unsystematic, but there can surely be no question that it practically proved itself a better guardian than the Roman law of personal liberty. In penal cruelty and brutality it could not possibly exceed the amphitheatre, and Mr. Pike has not read the Histories of Tacitus if he does not know that judicial torture, which was repudiated by the feudal judges in England, as we learn from the memorable case of the Templars, was practised at Rome, with hideous barbarity, even upon freemen. It was Theocracy, not Teutonism or Feudalism, that burned heretics alive. The crime of the Middle Ages is recorded, though imperfectly; that of the Roman Empire, especially of the Provinces, is almost unrecorded. The crime of the Middle Ages was the open crime of turbulent freemen, that of the Roman Empire was probably the secret crime of slaves. If the truth could be known, we should not be surprised to find poisoning as common in a Roman Province as ever homicide and forcible entry were among the rude Teutonic heroes of Crecy and Agincourt. In speaking of the expulsion of the Jews from England as the most enormous of crimes, again Mr. Pike seems to us to overlook the extenuating circumstances—the fact that the Jews were not merely foreign to the national creed, but foreign to the soil, and that they appeared to the people as intrusive aliens eating the nation alive with their ruthless and oppressive usury. This prejudice, however, in favour of Roman and against Teutonic institutions, though it detracts from the value of the book, does not destroy it. The connection between the general state of society and the progress of the criminal law, is carefully, and in general, we believe, correctly traced. We may say this especially with regard to the critical reign of Henry II. The part of the work relating to the period of the Wars of the Roses is less full and satisfactory; nor are we sure that full justice has been done to the legal reforms of Edward I. Students of history will, however, find Mr. Pike's work throughout full of information not easily to be obtained elsewhere, while there is not a little to interest the general reader. We shall look with interest for the remaining volumes.

A First Sketch of English Literature. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, and Examiner in English Language, Literature and History to the University of London. Cassell, Petter & Galpin : London, Paris and New York.

The number of books of this class which have ssued of late from the English and American press, afford a gratifying evidence of the increasing attention now devoted to our own language and literature. The English language has at length come to be recognized as a no less useful means of intellectual culture than the dead languages in which ancient classical literature survives ; while it is at last universally admitted that in the writings of Chaucer are materials invaluable for philological study ; and in those of the great Elizabethan writers a literature unsurpassed by anything in ancient or modern times.

Two special characteristics distinguish Professor Morley's "Sketch of English Literature." He clearly recognizes that the language and literature of a people are inseparable from its history. "The literature of a people tells its life. History records its deeds ; but literature brings to us, warm with their first heat, the appetites and passions, the keen intellectual debate, the higher promptings of the soul, whose blended energies produced the substance of the record." Starting with this conviction, he begins with a history of the people : first Celts, including the Britons and the Gaels ; then the Teutons from beyond the German Ocean ; and the obscure strifes of Celt and Saxon, in the era of King Arthur and his race. Next comes the true Anglo-Saxon era, with its great King Alfred, with the rude Pagan Dane, and the Norseman, transformed by their abode in later centuries on the banks of the Seine, into the Norman and Plantagenet of English history.

The element of race thus made clear, Celtic and Saxon influences are next traced, alike in rivalry and in combination. The older Celtic literature, with legends of its Cymric bards, out of which have been framed the Idylls of our own living Laureate ; and those of the Gaels, which Macpherson wrought into the Ossian poems. Then follow the literature of the Saxons, including not only Beowulf, the poems of Caedmon, and other examples of the native Teutonic language ; but also the Latin writings of Saxon scholars, and especially the ecclesiastical history of the venerable Bede. Such points have, of course, received due attention before ; and by none more so than by Professor Spalding, in his admirable "History of English Literature." But Professor Morley recognises, more clearly than any previous writer, the intimate relations between the political history and the contemporary literature of each period. The reigns of the Edwards, followed by the troubled transitional era of Richard II., abound with incidents all-important for a clear understanding of the writings of Langland and Wyckliffe, of Mandeville, Gower, and Chaucer. So is it with the later eras of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth ; of James I. and Queen Anne. The history cannot be separated from the literature of the times, without the latter losing much of its original significance. All this Professor Morley clearly recognises ; and he has skilfully compressed into the briefest space an admirable epitome of those historical events best calculated to illustrate the literature which came into being under their influence.

The fact that the author of this work is one of the Examiners of the University of London will doubtless contribute to the popularity of his work at home. Nor is it a slight recommendation even here. The experience of an examiner is admirable training for clearly understanding the difficulties and the requirements of the student ; and we can confidently recommend this volume as an admirably condensed summary of useful knowledge.

One novel feature must not be overlooked. Compressed into the very smallest compass is a minute record of the chronological details of English literature, from the close of the eighteenth century, under the title of Annals. Beginning with Henry Mackenzie, it follows down the long list of poets, essayists, historians, &c., to Lord Lytton, who has just closed his long and brilliant literary career. From all this it is obvious that Professor Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature" is a welcome addition to the available materials of our modern manuals for higher education.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Proctor, author of "Light Science for Leisure Hours," &c., has a new work in press, entitled "The Border-land of Science."

Mr. Vizetelly, the journalist, is preparing a volume on "Berlin under the New Empire," treating of its institutions, industries and amusements, and of its inhabitants—their manners, misery and vice.

Mr. Sheldon Amos, Professor of Jurisprudence to the London Inns of Court, has nearly ready a "Primer of the English Constitution and Government."

Messrs. Longman have published Mr. Lester's book, "The Atlantic to the Pacific; What to See, and How to See it."

A new illustrated library edition of the novels of Charles Dickens, to be completed in thirty monthly volumes, at ten shillings sterling each, is about to be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Rev. Dr. Cumming is again in the field of prophetic literature with a volume entitled "From Patmos to Paradise; or, Light on the Past, the Present and the Future."

Prof. Flint, of St. Andrews' University, is preparing a work on "The Philosophy of History in Europe," to be published by Messrs. W. Blackwood & Son in periodical volumes.

The second volume of Mr. Hosack's "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers," is announced; embracing a narrative of events from the death of James V., in 1542, until the death of Queen Mary, in 1587.

The fifth volume of the English edition of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," making the third of the American reprint, is now in press. The volume will be known as the "Inkermann Volume."

A work compiled from the private journal of eral Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., of "Incidents in Sepoy War of 1857-8," will shortly appear.

Edward Freeman's recent Lectures at the Institution, London, on "Comparative Poli- in the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

American humourists, Mark Twain and Dudley Warner, have made the experiment Erckmann-Chatrian, of jointly writing a s entitled "The Gilded Age," and will Messrs. Routledge & Son, in the con- e-volume form.

The same publishers announce Dr. Russell, the *Times*' Correspondent's "My Diary in the Last Great War;" and a "Book of African Travel," by W. H. Kingston.

Mr. F. H. Robinson's new novel, "Her Face was Her Fortune," is being highly praised by English critics.

"I go a-Fishing," by a modern Izaak Walton, Mr. W. C. Prime, is meeting with an extensive sale on both sides the Atlantic.

The author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. Charles, has ready her new book, "Against the Stream; a Story of an Heroic Age in England." The novel is said to present a vivid picture of the great struggle in which Wilberforce and Macaulay the elder bore such a noble part.

Miss Mayo, writing under her *nom de plume* of Edward Garrett, is again before the public with a new story entitled "Crooked Places; a Family Chronicle."

Mr. S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly Library of Ontario, has prepared for press a Work on the Constitutional History of Canada, from the Conquest in 1760, to the passing of the Constitutional Act in 1791 and embracing the period occupied by the three forms of Government which extended over this period. The Author has paid considerable attention, in the preparation of the work, to the social phenomena of the time, and the political development of Upper Canada. A subsequent volume, covering the period to Confederation, may be looked for at no distant day. The volume is now in the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., at the price of one dollar.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have issued a Canadian edition, by arrangement with the author's New York publishers, of Miss Hesba Stretton's new novel, "Hester Morley's Promise."

The first issue, on St. John's Gospel, of M. Bida's superbly illustrated work, "Les Saintes Evangiles," will be shortly published in an English dress.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, has, before setting out as correspondent for the *Times* in Ashantee Land, written a story for youths, entitled "My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave."

A new novel, entitled "Nancy," comes from the pen of Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," &c.

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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC AND ITS RAILWAY RIVALS.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR.

LATE events at home and abroad warn us to think twice before embarking rashly in this enterprise. The faith of the Dominion is certainly pledged to British Columbia for the construction of a Pacific Railway, but should it, after mature consideration, seem to Parliament that the road, if built from end to end in four years, would, for a generation or more, be to the country a costly superfluity, surely British Columbia could be appeased with a less ruinous sacrifice. The change in the *personnel* of an executive does not warrant a breach of promise; but altered financial circumstances, and the discovery of various engineering difficulties in the way of a desirable route, entitle Parliament to re-consider its decision.

Its success as a trans-continental road must depend on advantages it may possess over its southern rivals. Its influences on the future of Canada will depend mainly on the character of country through which it will run,—the adaptability of some parts for agricultural settlement, the value of others in mineral wealth.

Its southern rivals, built and building, are four. The first road, which united the Atlantic with the Pacific, was that across the Isthmus of Panama, where the high mountain chain of the Andes sinks to a low ridge, 268 feet high, and the wide Continents of North and South America contract to a narrow neck of land, only 37 miles across. The engineering problem was here, not how to surmount a towering mountain range, but how to build a road through the reeking lagoons which stretch for 13 miles inland from the Atlantic. A line, starting from Navy Bay on the Carribean Sea, running along the east bank of the Chagres River for 23½ miles to Barbacaos, and thence for 24 miles further over the ridge to Panama, was surveyed in 1848. In 1850 the first clearance was made on the Island of Manzanilla, where Aspinwall now stands: in 1855 the road was opened from end to end. But the mortality which attended its construction through the morasses of the Atlantic coast was such that a life, it is said, was sacrificed to every pile driven into the treacherous bog. The cost of the road was nevertheless only $7,407,553, somewhat under the average cost of a good English road of the same length, and not much more than the cost of the "Victoria Bridge," over the St. Lawrence at Montreal,—which was $6,300,000.

Until the Union Pacific R. R. was built, which tapped the Californian and the Asiatic trade, and until, almost contemporaneously, the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. put on a line of boats to run direct from Peru and Chili to England by the straits of Magellan, and thus diverted from the Isthmus all the freight of the west coast of South America, south of Callao, the enterprise was remunerative, paying from 12–15 per cent. Unfortunately in order to maintain a monopoly of railroad traffic across the Isthmus, the Company obtained, just previous to the occurrence of the two above-mentioned untoward causes of decline, an extension of their privilege from the New Grenada Government, but on terms so onerous that the road is probably now returning small profits to its owners. Under the old contract the Company paid the Government, in return for the exclusive right of spanning the Isthmus by a road, for abolishing all custom dues, and for the large and useless land grant, 3½ per cent. of the net revenue. Under the new contract the Company pays a fixed sum of $250,000, but the traffic has so fallen off that 3½ per cent. of the present receipts would now not much exceed $18,000, or a little less than 7 per cent. of the stipulated tax. The road would have the Chinese freight, brought by the U. S. Pacific Mail S. S. Company to San Francisco, and which would be sent by the same Company's boats to New York, via Panama, did not the Central and Union Pacific R. R. take it almost forcibly at San Francisco, by threatening to establish an opposition line to Japan unless allowed to carry the steamship company's through freight thence to the Atlantic. But, at any rate, Panama lies too far south of the circle that runs through Yokohama to expect to compete successfully with more northern roads. Yet the Isthmus road will never cease to be a line of great importance, for it carries to the west coast of South America the freight of no less than four lines of large Atlantic steamers, and carries back, to freight them on their return voyages, well nigh the whole of the productions of New Grenada, Equador, and the Isthmian Republics.

Another railroad, to be built across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is even less likely to obtain a share in the eastern trade than that of Panama, as the Atlantic terminus is so inaccessible, in the hollow of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific terminus little better than an open roadstead.

But the next road, as we proceed northward, if built, will be a more formidable antagonist to rival competitors, viz.: the Texas and Pacific R. R. Before the Confederate war, it was proposed to build a road from sea to sea, in the almost tropical zone of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Lower California: where, beside enjoying freedom from severe frost and heavy snow, the road would have to ascend, in spanning the Rocky Mountains, a much lower and gentler slope than that which interrupts the Union Pacific. Before the war and since its close the rivalries of contending applicants have prevented the realization of the design: but last year, Congress passed an Act granting the necessary powers to the Texas and Pacific R. R. Company to build and equip a line of railway between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast, and, until the existing panic wrought havoc with all railway returns alike, there was a fair prospect of the plan being consummated, for it was the keystone of the Southern Construction Company's vast design.

The eastern terminus of the main line is at Fort Worth in Texas, but branches diverge thence to connect with roads running north, east, and south, and with the navigable waters of the Red River, a large tributary of the Mississippi. From Fort Worth the line is to run westward across the continent to San Diego on the Pacific, at first rising through the forest and prairie lands of Eastern Texas, by a series of terraces, to an elevation of about 3000 ft., ere it enters the dreary region of the *Llano Stocado.* While still in this, the southern extension of the great American Desert, the road will enter New Mexico and cross the Rio Grande. This, like other similarly situated rivers further north, represents a ribbon of fertile land, capable of supplying the wants of a mining population, and whose waters, if land should ever become scarce on this continent, may be utilized to irrigate artificially large districts of adjoining desert. At this point the road will connect with the Denver, Santa Fé, and Rio Grande railroad, a 3 ft. 6 in. line, which, starting from Denver, Colorado, almost on the 40° parallel, runs due south along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains for nearly 500 miles, and by means of its extension the Denver Pacific R. R. will form a binding link between the Southern and Union Pacific roads. And here also will commence the passage of the mountains. But the task will be an easy one, for the Sierra Madre of Mexico has already broken up into a number of insignificant ridges, and not yet reformed into the great coast range or Sierra Nevada of California: and it is north of Santa Fé that the great eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, when viewed from the Plains, opposes such an apparently impassable barrier to the Union Pacific, abruptly begins. It is therefore claimed that the parallel of 32° really offers a natural highway, with easy grades, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Throughout New Mexico and Arizona the road will run for 700 miles close to the Mexican frontier, and thus, while passing through the heretofore inaccessible mining regions of the southern territories, will afford the readiest outlet for the mineral and vegetable products of the Mexican provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua. Strange to say, the road will traverse a country with a past human history, amidst ruined cities and abandoned mines, memorials of the conquered Aztec races which inhabited the country before the arrival of the Spaniards, and of the conquerors who so ruthlessly swept it from the earth, but who in turn have disappeared before the knife and firebrand of the Apache and the Mohave. Over alternate stretches of desert and the fertile valleys of the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, the road will reach the confines of California, only a few miles north of the line which divides the upper from the lower section of that state, at Fort Juma. Here it will meet the South Pacific road, whose northern terminus; 300 miles north, is San Francisco; but the Texas road will proceed straight onwards, and strike the sea at San Diego, said to be a harbour rivalling in size and safety the Bay of San Francisco.

The length of the road, from Shreveport on the Red River to San Diego, will be 1472 miles, and Shreveport is about 300 miles distant by rail or river from New Orleans. Sixty-six miles of the eastern section have been running for more than a year; two hundred miles more are ready for the rail, and work was being pressed forward simultaneously from both ends when the panic involved its chief promoter—Tom Scott—in ruin. The calculated cost is $40,000 U. S. currency per mile, to meet which the road has been endowed with land grants by the Federal and State

Governments to the extent of 34,040,320 acres.

Parallel with the Texas Pacific, but following for most of the way the 41° parallel of latitude, so that about 540 miles of prairie, desert and mountain divide them, runs from Omaha on the Missouri to San Francisco on the Pacific, the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad, owned by two companies, which, however, act in harmony. The road was opened from end to end more than three years ago, and is unquestionably a marvellous feat of engineering skill, but like many another first attempt, it cost too much. Dishonesty reigned at headquarters, and extravagance along the line, so that the cost of construction and equipment appears to have been, though it did not reach, the enormous figure of $125,386 per mile. Difficult and costly assuredly was the task of building the road; as for the first 500 miles it runs across the uninhabited, and, at least for 300 of the 500 miles, sterile plains of Nebraska to Cheyenne, at an elevation of 6,041 feet above the sea, and 5,075 above Omaha. There it begins to scale the eastern wall of the Rocky Mountains, and rising 2,201 feet in 33 miles, crosses Sherman Summit at an elevation of 8,241 feet. From Sherman Summit, for 1,122 miles, to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, the western range of the Mountains, the road traverses an elevated table land, broken by two high cross ranges. The average altitude of 109 stations on this lofty plateau is 5,705 feet; but this fact is not so significant of the difficulties in the way of the construction as the further fact that within these 1,122 miles the road, four times, after declining to a lower level, crosses ridges of over 7,000 feet elevation, and at one point, between Leroy and Aspen, in 16 miles ascends 583 feet, and descends again 1,295 feet. From the summit of the Sierra Nevada it declines 6,986 feet in 105 miles to Sacramento, only 56 feet above the sea level.

In proportion to the obstacles to be overcome must, of course, be the cost of a road; but even supposing the frauds perpetrated by the *Credit Mobilier* had not been unearthed, the indebtedness of the "Union and Central Pacific" is so enormous as to create suspicion of foul dealing on a gigantic scale. Had the road been economically constructed, and the funds honestly administered, despite the necessarily great cost of construction the road would have been financially a success. The debt of the two companies, in bonds and stocks, seems to be about $240,000,000 or $125,386 per mile, while the bonded indebtedness alone, which is said to represent the actual cost of the road, is $156,794,644, or at the rate of $81,920 for each of the 1,914 miles of road. But even this last figure is probably 33 per cent. higher than it ought to be; and, therefore, the land grant of 25,000,000 acres with which this road was subsidized by the Federal Government, and of which a large tract has already been sold at an average price of $4 25 per acre, should have gone far towards building and equipping it. As the net profits for the two years past have exceeded $8,000,000 annually, had the road been honestly built and managed, this profit would have been a good dividend to the bondholders for having advanced money against the lands, and would have fallen to the company in proportion as the lands were sold and the bonds redeemed; the Government would have been saved its contribution, on second mortgage bonds, of $55,092,192, on which the company can pay no interest, and the nation the disgrace of the imputation of having had perpetrated in its midst the most stupendous and disgraceful swindle of the age.

The gross earnings for the year 1872 were $17,335,935, and for 1871, $17,250,000. Of these large sums 65 per cent. was from local business, and 45 per cent. from through passengers and freight. The extent of the local business must surprise any one who has travelled over the road, more than does that of the through traffic; for no road could traverse a more unpropitious region. The fertile prairie stretches westward from the Missouri for only about 150 miles; but this past, the train hurries for hundreds of miles through a wilderness of stunted grass, which heretofore has supported only buffalo herds and antelopes, and is still so solitary that the timid little deer stand and gaze wonderingly at the passing trains. But the road is developing an industry for its own support even in this the American Desert; for the herbage sufficient to nourish a baffalo will support an ox or a sheep; and now, therefore, that transport is offered for the cattle, graziers and sheep-farmers are replacing the wild by tame kine. After crossing the plains the scene for over a thousand miles is even more desolate; high and bare mountain ridges and bleak plateaux, abandoned to the antelope, are traversed. But at the base of the mountains, a road from the South brings up from Denver the gold and silver ores and furnace stuff of Colorado, and in the mountain another branch supplies the main line with the mineral treasures of Utah; while, ere the road reaches the Pacific slope it has obtained for transport the bulk of the $16,000,000 of the precious metals mined annually in Nevada, as well as contributions from Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon. Altogether, 10,000 tons of ore pass monthly over the line, and yet its full effects on the mining interests of the region are only beginning to be felt; for it takes many a year for the full development of that class of mines, whose success, owing to the low price of the metals they yield, or the low percentage of their ore, depends on cheap carriage.

About as far north of the Union and Central line as it is north of the Texas, is being surveyed and constructed the Northern Pacific R.R.; and it, moreover, will run almost as near the Canadian border as the Southern will approach the Mexican frontier.

The eastern terminus of the road is Duluth,—a town springing up at the extreme west end of Lake Superior; but from Duluth a road is under construction along the south shore of Lake Superior to connect at Sault Ste. Marie with the railway system of Canada, whenever that shall be extended so far; and another is built to St. Paul on the Mississippi, to incorporate the Northern Pacific with the entire circle of southern and eastern roads. Duluth is, however, the natural terminus, as thence, during the summer months, water transport to many parts of the States, to the sea and all parts of Canada, may be effected through the chain of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the canals connecting the great water thoroughfare with the Ohio and the Hudson.

From Duluth the road runs for 100 miles or so through the forest of Minnesota before it enters the fertile prairie which skirts the Red River. It crosses this river at the prospective city of Fargo, 242 miles from Duluth, and 150 miles south of Pembina, on the Canadian frontier. Here it was intended by the Pembina branch to tap the trade of the Canadian North-west Territory and of the Hudson Bay. Onward from Fargo the line will run through the prairie of Dakota, land somewhat more fertile than the arid plains to the south; over the coteau of the Missouri; across the northern tributaries of that apparently interminable stream, traversing the main river near Fort Rice; and, after crossing several of the smaller southern tributaries of the Missouri in the next 150 miles, it will enter the valley of the Yellowstone. This valley it will ascend for several hundred miles into the recesses of the mountains of Montana, where a favourable pass, only 4950 feet high, approachable by easy grades from the east, is said to give access, on the western slope of the mountain, to the valley of the Columbia, which it will follow to the Pacific at Portland, a branch running north to the better harbour of Bellingham on Puget Sound.

Though its financial success is not regarded favourably, the road is an important undertaking, as it throughout opens a country which, though far from productive, is not so barren as many a large section of the southern routes, and is in parts of surpassing fertility. For so tempting are the inaccessible valleys of Montana, that population is even now braving every danger and difficulty to reach them. Great benefit the portion already constructed has conferred by affording carriage to the already overcrowded granaries of Minnesota, a State whose climate is as severe as that of much of our own North-west, and into which, nevertheless, because it has the same prolific soil as the Fertile Belt, emigrants have poured before there was transport for the fruit of their labour. How deeply it may affect mining it is presumptuous to predict; but, as without the means of any but the most dangerous and difficult transport for self or effects, and without the aid of adequate machinery, the hardy miner of the West extracts from the mountains of Montana, Idaho and Washington, (through the midst of which the line will pass,) no less than $20,000,000 of treasure annually, there can be little doubt but that a road offering cheap rates and speedy carriage will so stimulate production as to draw from the mines ere long as heavy a freight as that carried by the Union Road from the more developed regions of Colorado, Southern Idaho, Utah and Nevada.

Two main sources of traffic, which the promoters have always placed in the foreground of their prospectus, and from which evidently they counted on deriving more profit than from any others, were the wheat of the Saskatchewan and the furs of Hudson Bay. But if the Canadian Pacific be built it will rob them of these.

The road was being constructed with a speed not inconsistent with economy and excellence; but Jay Cooke & Co.'s failure proves that other more cogent causes than prudential reasons account for the slowness with which work has progressed. Captain Butler, in his amusing book, "The Great Lone Land," tells how navvies, who had idled on the Union Pacific, were groaning at being obliged to work when engaged upon the Northern road.

The estimated cost of the whole road of 2000 miles, built and equipped on the standard of the Union Pacific, is $85,277,000, or $42,638 per mile,—an outlay the Company expects will be met by the sale of the 50,000,000 acres of land ceded by the United States Government in aid of the undertaking.

The branch of this road terminating at Pembina brings us in contact with the Canadian Pacific, through its Red River branch.

A country without railroad communication between its provinces is as lifeless and certain to remain so as a body without arteries to carry vitality throughout its members. Consequently, when the Confederation of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was effected in 1866, the Intercolonial R. R. was at once proposed to unite the sea-board with the inland Provinces; and when, subsequently, the North-West was purchased from the Hudson Bay Co., giving Canada control of the only extensive fertile zone in the interior of North America; and, later still, when British Columbia, lying isolated beyond the Rocky Mountains on the Pacific shore, was incorporated into the Dominion, it was argued that these acquisitions, instead of being acquisitions of power, would be but sources of weakness unless brought within easy reach of the centres of government and wealth. The Dominion Government consequently yielded without reluctance to the demand of British Columbia, as a condition of its entrance into the Confederation, that a Pacific R. R. should be built. Very few months elapsed, therefore, after the admission of that Province, before parties were in the field laying out a road between some point near the Ottawa, accessible by the existing railroads of Quebec and Ontario, and the Pacific.

The survey thus begun has been proceeded with ever since; but still there are sections of the road on which definite information is much needed. In 1872 there was published a Progress Report of the Exploratory Survey by Sandford Fleming, the Engineer-in-chief—a mere pamphlet containing cursory narratives of the several heads of parties, and a sketch map drawn to a very small scale and disgracefully executed. An appeal in the London market for over $100,000,000 was not likely to be successful when backed by such ambiguous reports, and a map almost as bare as a chart of the Arctic Regions.

Any railroad from ocean to ocean in Canada will naturally comprise three sections: the first terminating at Fort Garry; the second traversing the plains to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the third crossing the mountains to the Pacific. The physical features of each section determine its limits, its importance, and its adaptability for railroad communication.

The existing railway systems of Quebec and Ontario will centre near Lake Nipissing. A spot on its south shore will, therefore, be the starting-point of the Canada Pacific. Thence the road, if it could take the course where it is most needed, would run to Sault Ste. Marie, skirt the north shore of Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, and, after crossing the low watershed between Lakes Superior and Shebandowan, follow the chain of lakes and rivers which extends uninterruptedly to Winnipeg. Such a road would open up the portion of Ontario north of Georgian Bay, greatly aid the mining enterprises already initiated on Lake Superior, and certainly afford the readiest outlet to navigable water from the interior. But the conformation of the country between the Ottawa and Winnipeg seems to render the adoption of such a route impossible. The Laurentian Mountains, which flank the river St. Lawrence, confine the north bank of the Ottawa for about 100 miles from its confluence with the St. Lawrence, and after that river has cut through them, sweep away in the same general westerly direction, forming the shore of the Georgian Bay, and rolling onward along and beyond the north shore of Lake Superior in great waves whose troughs abut upon the Lake. The mountains skirt the lake so closely that their cliffs dip into its waters; refusing passage along its shore to any road. Beyond Lake Superior they stretch into American territory before sweeping round Hudson's Bay, and form the watershed between that sea and the Mackenzie. The range from end to end, though not averaging 1,500 feet high, is corrugated deeply, and the corrugations run across its longitudinal axis, and therefore across the course of any railroad traversing the continent from east to west. So serious an impediment do these transverse folds offer to the passage of a road along the shores of Lake Superior, that it has been deemed more advisable to run a line far north of the lake, along the level ridge that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence system from those flowing into Hudson's Bay, than to go to the great expense of levelling a track across a country rough as a saw's edge. The proposal is to follow the heights of land between Hudson's Bay and Lake Superior; to send off branches from Nipissing to Sault Ste. Marie, and from the north shore of Lake Nepigon to some convenient points on Lake Superior; and after leaving Nepigon to run down in a south-westerly direction to the east end of Lake Winnipeg.

This long stretch of 900 miles of road, through a country quite uninhabited and likely to remain so, clad with forests so scanty and of such poor quality as to be comparatively valueless for lumbering purposes, is the great drawback to the whole enterprise. It is true, if a road be run there it will give access to the vast territory which would otherwise remain for long or for ever an unpenetrated wilderness; and that mineral wealth, such as the present appearances indicate to extend inland from the borders of Lake Superior, may by its agency be exposed, which would otherwise have for ever remained concealed. The road will also cross the head waters of the Moose and Albany Rivers, by which canoe routes exist to and from the Hudson's Bay Factory on James' Bay; and the lumber along the road may some day or other find profitable sale when the almost treeless prairie beyond is stript entirely of its wood. Even already the forests of Michigan and Minnesota are being exhausted to supply the scattered population of the Prairie States, and lumber is taken to Iowa and Nebraska from distances greater than from Nepigon to Manitoba. These considerations, however, do not begin to outweigh the disadvantage of having to run a road for 900 miles through a region so valueless, except in a few river bottoms, to the agriculturist, and to keep open, without the aid of casual labour, a road certain to be blocked with snow during a long and severe winter. A road by the lake shore would, for reasons already pointed out, be vastly preferable. But if a shore route is impracticable, it only remains to leave our shore at Sault Ste. Marie, use the American railroad lines of the south shore to Duluth, and then return to our own territory, striking the Dawson chain of lakes as speedily as possible, say at some point on Rainy Lake or River. If this plan, or that of using the U. S. lines still further, and making the connection with our own at Pembina, should be adopted, it would, nevertheless, be necessary to open up direct steam communication between Fort Garry and Thunder Bay—for Thunder Bay is open earlier in the season than Duluth, and the distance is shorter to Lake Superior at Fort William than to Duluth via Pembina. As such a route would be useful only during the summer months, after the opening of navigation it might be effected partly by steamers and partly by rail. For, though the distance between Fort Garry and Fort William is over 450 miles, by using the navigable waters of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, 450 feet of lockage and 150 miles of railway will suffice to unite them for steam communication. From Sir Hugh Allan's evidence it appears that the scheme, planned by him and his friends of the Northern Pacific R. R., contemplated the abandonment of Canadian soil at the Sault and a return to it at some point beyond Duluth; and were it not for the advisability of having railroad communication within our own limits, the plan would not be a bad one. It is not possible to foretell the course of events on either side of the line, but it is easy to imagine contingencies in which the possession of a through land route of our own might be of the greatest moment; and, therefore, if we go to the enormous cost of building the road at all, it may as well be made to serve a political as well as a commercial purpose, even if it cost a little more. The country north of Lake Superior is still such a *terra incognita* that we can only hope the fear entertained of insuperable difficulties in the way of a shore line may be found not to exist, and that yet a route may be discovered that will bring the copper mines of the Sault, the silver mines of Thunder Bay, the gold of Lake Shebandowan, and the good lumber and farm lands along the Dawson Route, within range of our transcontinental road.

The Laurentian formation, with its succession of low ridges, lakes and swamps, ends at about 500 miles west of Lake Superior in a cluster of large lakes, the most prominent of which, Lake Winnipeg, receives at its south east corner the waters of the Winnipeg River, fed by the chain of lakes above described, which take their origin in the watershed not forty miles distant from Lake Superior. Into the extreme south end of this same Lake Winnipeg, there flows the Red River which rises in Dakota and Minnesota, and on which steamers ply from Pembina on the United States frontier to the Lake itself; and into its north-west extension flows the mighty stream of the Saskatchewan, which, as a navigable river, rolls from the very base of the Rocky Mountains through 1,000 miles of prairie, at first divided, then united, into this great reservoir. Rich prairie skirts the Red River and its no less important tributary, the Assiniboine, as well as the Saskatchewan, to its very source, and though there are tracts of land intervening between the streams unfit for settlement, the proportion of good land far exceeds the waste. From Winnipeg, therefore, as a centre, steamboat communication can, with but occasional interruptions, be opened by the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake for nearly 500 miles to the east; by the Red River southward into the United States; by the Assiniboine for 400 miles to the south-west; by the Saskatchewan as far as Fort Edmonton —only 200 miles from the summit of the mountains—and about 1,000 miles west of the river's mouth.

A more glorious river system no country in the world can boast of, and the question at once suggests itself: With such facilities for steam navigation, what need of a railroad in the present infantile state of our North West? Why not remove the impediments to unbroken navigation—if they can be removed, give access by water to every section of this vast region, and confine the railroad scheme for the present to giving egress by means of a line to Pembina, and for summer traffic one from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior?

Along the Red River, and abutting on the south ends of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, has been laid out the Province of Manitoba, with the town of Winnipeg, the old Red River Settlement, as its capital.

Thither, as now proposed, the road will bear down out of the Laurentian Hills to the east, and after crossing the Red River at Lower Fort Garry, fairly enter the so-called *Fertile Belt*, and its middle section.

It is difficult to convey a correct impression of the vastness of this great productive region. Its superficial extent is about 480,000 square miles, or equal to that of France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland: the proportion of cultivable land to barren is probably as great as in those fertile countries, while the natural system of water communication is even more perfect and extensive. It forms a huge basin, sloping from the coteaux of the Missouri in the south, from the Rocky Mountains in the west, and from the Laurentian Hills, which skirt Hudson's Bay, in the east, while to the north it sinks into the Arctic Ocean. The least fertile is its southern extension, viz: that lying nearest the United States frontier, and forming the confines of the American desert; but even here, on the Souris and the Qu'appelle rivers, Hind allows that 25 per cent. of the land is of the richest quality. North of the north branch of the Saskatchewan occurs a zone of timber, and thence northward to the limit of the region of the profitable culture of wheat, about the parallel 57°, forest alternates with good open pasture land. The road is laid down diagonally across the southern and western edges of this basin, and runs for about 1,000 miles from Fort Garry in lat. 50° n., long. 97° w., to Fort Edmonton, in lat. 53°·30′ n., and long. 103° w., for a distance therefore as great as that which separates London from Naples. These points, distant as they are, lie in what was once a great lake bottom, where an enormous depth of alluvium collected, through which the present rivers have cut deep, precipitous troughs—so deep and so wide as to oppose the only engineering difficulties which the construction of a road will meet with in this section. The tract of country, fertile enough to attract emigration, drained by the Winnipeg River system, and through which the road will run, is as large as the following States:—

Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which contain well nigh the whole of the famous prairie lands of the West.

Without predicting as rapid a progress for the prairie land of our North-west as has attended those of the United States, it is yet legitimate to anticipate that, with facilities of transport, the influx of population into the Fertile Belt will bear some proportion to that which has swept over the more southern prairie. And this has been without parallel in the history of the world; for in 1850 the population of the following States was:

Missouri	682,044	Total, 2,036,196.
Illinois	851,470	
Iowa	191,214	
Wisconsin	305,391	
Minnesota	6,077	

While by the census of 1870 they are returned at—

Missouri	1,721,295	Total, 6,949,582.
Illinois	2,539,891	
Iowa	1,194,020	
Wisconsin	1,054,670	
Minnesota	439,706	

And the increase in the productions of these States has been in even higher ratio than that of population. But these marvellous results have been attained only by the aid of railways. In 1850 there were in the whole United States only 7,475 miles of railroad, and except in Illinois hardly a length of track had been laid upon the prairie. In 1872 there were, of road built, surveyed, and under contract, in

Missouri	5,102 miles	25,276 miles.
Illinois	9,017 "	
Iowa	4,201 "	
Wisconsin	3,513 "	
Minnesota	3,443 "	

The manner of the Americans has been to run a road through every habitable district, not waiting till settlers enter, demand the road and offer to pay for it; but building the road first, certain that settlement will rapidly invade the country lying on either side of it, and thus not only give value to the land grant with which the road has been endowed, but quickly make a paying freight. The plan has succeeded to the benefit of the country; but with the further result of flooding the market with railroad stocks, many of which cannot possibly have any present value.

Whatever benefit has attended the system south of the line of 49°, should follow its adoption north of it; and, with the example of our neighbours' mistakes before us, we should improve upon their practice. The institutions of Canada are as liberal as those of the States, and the advantages it can offer to the emigrant in some respects are greater: for, while the farmers on both sides of the line must sell in the same market, he to the south must buy in a dear market, while he to the north has the advantage of a cheap one.

But not only will the markets of Europe be open to the farmer in the Fertile Belt—a large demand may some day or other grow up for the products of his farm in the mining districts of the Saskatchewan Valley, along the same meridian of longitude. For should the population of the territories from Montana to Arizona continue to increase as rapidly as it has for some years past, these comparatively barren tracts must draw their supplies from abroad, and it will be easier to supply some of them from the banks of the Saskatchewan than from the prairie to the east or California to the west.

And from the opposite direction might a road not look for some support? The water system of the Winnipeg is trifling in extent compared with that of the Mackenzie. We have adopted the parallel of 57° as limiting the region of profitable wheat production. This line runs to the south of Arthabaska Lake, into which flows, after a course of nearly 1,000 miles, the Arthabaska River. It takes its rise in that birth-place of mighty streams, the mountains around Mounts Brown and Hooker. From Arthabaska Lake issues Slave River, which is joined by the still larger Peace River, ere the united streams swell into Great Slave Lake. Thence flows the Mackenzie River, navigable for large ships for about 1,000 miles from its discharge into the Arctic Ocean. Upon its banks coal in boundless quantities exists, and within Behring Straits, at its mouth, the richest whale fisheries known. These fisheries are now reached by a 16,000 mile voyage. When only 2,000 miles of inland navigation separates them from railway communication with the Atlantic, may there not spring up on the Mackenzie a town as large as any on the Dwina, the centre of a fishing trade which will be carried on more profitably from a port near at hand than from depots at the distance almost of the earth's circumference? Thus the Canadian road may help and be helped in return by these dreary regions of ice and snow, which yet supply their quota to the store of the earth's products.

The third section commences at Fort Edmonton, and there the road will cross from the Valley of the Saskatchewan into that of the Arthabaska. The scenery here changes, and the road commences to ascend toward the summit of the Yellow Head Pass. It is, however, a misnomer to call this pass a mountain summit; for although high hills and steep cliffs close around the valley of the Arthabaska and the Upper Arthabaska Lake, by which the road will penetrate the mountains, the summit is reached so imperceptibly that, not till the traveller recognises the fact of his having crossed the watershed by the flow westward of the sources of the Fraser, is he aware that the dreadful Rocky Mountains have been passed. Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, who followed very nearly the same route from Fort Garry to Kamloops, as the railway, were here taken by surprise:—

"The path proved easier the next day after leaving Jasper House, and in the course of our morning journey we were surprised by coming upon a stream flowing to the westward. We had unconsciously passed the Height of Land and gained the watershed of the Pacific. The ascent had been so gradual and imperceptible that, until we had the evidence of the water flow, we had no suspicion that we were even near the directing ridge."

Yellow Head Pass is only 3,760 feet above the sea, and so much lower than any to the south, that the Northern Pacific promoters, according to Sir Hugh Allan, proposed to deviate far from their direct course in order to avail themselves of it. The same mountain range (the eastern) is crossed by the Union Pacific at the height of 8,235 feet; but what is perhaps more indicative of the advantage of the Canadian route is the fact that the highest point is 2,300 feet lower than Cheyenne, where the Union Pacific only commences to scale the mountains. All the elements of the Rocky Mountains, as seen in their grandest development along the line of the Union Pacific, exist where they are crossed by the Canadian, but on a reduced scale. The plains which in the one case rise from Omaha to Cheyenne, from 1,450 feet to 6,062 feet, in the other rise from only 640 feet at Fort Garry to 2,650 feet at Jasper House. Beyond Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific, the steep slope of the Eastern Range is ascended, and the summits reached in 33 miles, at 2,201 feet above that station: whereas at Jasper House, where the mountain grades may be said to begin, the ascent on the Canadian road is so easy that, in 120 miles, the rise is only 1,100 feet, or 9 feet to the mile. The Wasatch and Nevada ranges of the central route have their continuations in the Gold, Selkirk and Cascade ranges of British Columbia; and, had the Canadian road to pursue a straight course from east to west, over range after range of high, steep hills, the difficulties of the undertaking would be as great or greater than those which beset the engineers of the Central. Nature, however, seems to have come to our assistance, to judge by the somewhat scanty information we possess; for, almost interlocking with the sources of the Saskatchewan and Arthabaska, flowing east, are the sources of the north branch of the Columbia and of the Fraser, flowing west. The Fraser cuts through the coast range, and discharges into the sea at a point not more than 175 miles south of its source. One of its tributaries, the north branch of the Thompson, can be struck at a few miles from the summit of the pass; but, as to follow its sinuosities would be a long and tedious task, this may be avoided by a feasible passage from the Thompson valley to the valley of the north branch of the Fraser itself; and the main river may then be followed to the magnificent harbour of New Westminster. The existing surveys indicate that a road of a regular grade (with but one trifling variation) of 50 feet to the mile, can be built from Yellow Head Pass to Kamloops, a distance of 267½ miles, and continued to the sea, 243 miles further, with a grade of only 3 feet to the mile.

A road descending the densely wooded Pacific slope of British Columbia, would be probably well supplied with down freight. Oregon pine is the staple lumber used from north to south of the west coast, and with the rapid growth of California and the South American Republics, the demand will grow more rapidly than facilities for its supply can be provided. Besides which, the road crosses the same ranges, composed of the same rocks, and known to carry the same minerals as does the Union Pacific, and we have seen that the carriage of ore is the chief local traffic of that line. Gold has been found on the eastern slope of the mountains in Canadian territory, and in very large quantities on the western. Silver mines are being worked, and others, less favourably situated, are waiting to be opened. The progress of mining industry will necessarily be slower than it has been further south, for the discovery of mineral deposits is easy when the hill-sides are so bare and barren that lodes can be traced by their colour or protrusion, but difficult and slow when the explorer has to cut his way through dense forests—through swamps strewn with fallen trees—and over country deep covered with soil or carpeted with moss. Still the ore is there. We have good earnest of that in the annual extraction from the alluvium of the Caribou district of 1½ millions of gold; and there is little likelihood of the arbitrary line of 49° cutting off the uninterrupted belts of precious metals which stretch from Arizona north to Montana. How vast is the treasure production of the Rocky Mountains (the growth, be it remembered, of only 23 years of enterprise) may be gathered from the following estimate for 1870, taken from the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Mines:—

California....	$25,000,000
Montana—adjoining Canada.......	9,100,000
Idaho—adjoining Canada	6,000,000
Utah	1,300,000
Arizona..................................	800,000
Colorado	3,675,000
Oregon and Washington—the latter adjoining Canada............	3,000,000
Wyoming	100,000
Nevada	16,000,000
New Mexico..........................	500,000
Other sources...........	525,000
	$66,000,000

A comparison of the lengths of the lines built, building or projected, across the continent, does certainly not redound to the discredit of the Canadian route. From ocean to ocean the Texas Pacific will afford the shortest transit, as from San Diego to New Orleans will be only about 1,800 miles, but to New Orleans there are so many objections as a shipping port, that it will be, perhaps, fairer to take New York as the Atlantic terminus of all the lines.

Then the order as to length in which the roads stand will be—

1. New Westminster to New York (Canadian Pacific)... 3,058 miles.

2. Bellingham to New York (Northern Pacific)..........	3,135 "
3. San Diego to New York (Texas Pacific)...............	3,213 "
4. San Francisco to New York (Central and Union Pacific)	3,410 "

But though New York will be the terminus of the Union Pacific, Montreal would probably be that at which both the Northern and Canadian roads would discharge most of their freight; and when the distance between their termini is taken, the advantage is sure to be largely in favour of the northern routes; and again, the Canadian stands first:—

1. New Westminster to Montreal (Canadian Pacific)...........	2,730 miles.
2. Bellingham to Montreal (Northern Pacific).................	2,950 "
3. San Francisco to New York (Central and Union Pacific)	3,410 "

The problem which Columbus set himself to solve in the 15th century, to discover the most expeditious road from Europe to the East, the engineer of the Canadian Pacific claims to have solved—for the distance of the principal ports of China and Japan from Liverpool is, by the Canadian route, from 1,000 to 1,200 miles less than by way of San Francisco, and 1,500 miles shorter than by San Diego and New Orleans.

The severity of the winter, and the depth of snow, from end to end of the Canadian route, will be the greatest disadvantage under which it will labour. The Northern Pacific, lying so little to the south, will be almost as much inconvenienced; and how serious this inconvenience will be may be judged of from the blockade which beset the trains of the Union Pacific the winter before last on the plains, and not upon the mountains.

The summer heat along the line of the railroad from Fort Garry to Edmonton is that of Chicago and Philadelphia, and the winter, though the thermometer often indicates as low a degree of cold, is not so long as that of Quebec, nor does the snow lie so deep. In no part of Quebec can horses and cattle find sustenance for themselves in the open country from December to May, and yet over the prairie and forest lands of the North-West the snow lies so scantily, and the summer herbage retains so much nutrition beneath the snow, that horses and (except in the spring) horned cattle can reach it and thrive. The climate does not appear to be more unfavourable to agriculture than that of Northern Minnesota, which is progressing, though not so rapidly as the South-Western States; but yet snow, especially in open prairie country, is so terrible an impediment to railway traffic that, if it be decided to build our road, the first work done should be to plant a belt of trees on each side the proposed line. The low elevation at which our road will cross the mountains is, of course, in its favour; but how early snow falls, and that in quantities not slight, Mr. Selwyn's account of his excursion up the Fraser River in 1871 testifies.

Should the road be built? is the question which, despite its having been already decided in the affirmative, will probably again come up for discussion. To settle it will not be easy, for the advantages are so great, and the difficulties so enormous and many, that one can hardly balance them, and avoid saying *yea* decisively, while looking at one side of the argument, and as decisively reversing one's opinion when turning to the other.

That railroad access must be given to Manitoba as speedily as possible, hardly admits of question; but whether from political motives we should at once build 900 miles of useless road to attain that object, when it might be achieved by a useful road of about 65 miles, uniting with the Northern Pacific at Pembina, is very doubtful. The cost of building the road from Nipissing to Manitoba will be great, and unless used for the carriage of through freight during the winter, or in case of a political emergency, not a whit more useful than would be connecting railroad links between the stretches of navigable waters along the Dawson route. If practicable, both branches of the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine should be made navigable for steamboats as near their sources as possible. This is necessary, whether a railroad be built or not.

Once able to reach our North-West by railroad, the plains should become so rapidly peopled as to require the gradual extension of the road from east to west. The prudent course, therefore, would seem to be, to build at once the Pembina branch, and to open steam communication, by boat and rail, for summer traffic between Fort Garry and Fort William on Lake Superior. Then the Fertile Belt will be accessible by steam at all seasons of the year, and every facility will be offered that can tempt emigration thither. If emigration does not then set in, it will be the fault of the country, and all Canada will be disappointed; but not as deeply so as if one or two hundred millions had been wasted on the experiment. Steamers on the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine will aid the settlement of the prairie, and prepare traffic for the railroad, which can be, as required, advanced towards the Rocky Mountains. For the eastern extension from Fort William to Lake Nipissing, if it cannot be built along the Lake Shore, a better route may be discovered than the very objectionable one proposed; and the western extension over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, can be completed when, the rest of the road being opened, it will be worth our while competing for the trade of Asia: though in advance of that day—and perhaps at once—a Fraser River R.R. might with advantage be built by the Dominion to aid in developing the internal resources of British Columbia.

The cost of building and equipping the road would be not under $100,000,000. This is at the estimated cost per mile of the Texas Pacific, viz., $40,000. Consequently, the interest on the initial outlay would be $5,000,000, and may not as much more be allowed for many years for the loss in running it and keeping it in repair. Is the road sure to be of such advantage to the country as to tempt it to saddle itself with such a frightful debt? I suspect not. All the assistance the road would immediately render towards the development of the interior might be obtained much more cheaply in the manner pointed out. When the stream of population has set in towards the North-West, the sale of Government lands will supply the funds to complete the road. We go upon the assumption that the road will be built by the Government and not by a subsidized company. Sir Hugh Allan having failed, under most favourable circumstances, to raise the money, no one else is likely to succeed, even if foolish enough to attempt it in the present most adverse position of the money market. The financial crisis in the States shows unmistakeably that however beneficial to the districts invaded by new railroads may have been the system of running roads through uninhabited tracts in the hope of future remuneration, the results to the shareholders in the road have been so disastrous that the money-lending public has decided they will lend no more. Jay Cooke & Co.'s failure, and that of Tom Scott, have shown that, despite their high reputation as financiers, and the wide-cast plan of advertising adopted by the former, they could not tempt subscription to Pacific bonds. If so, no one is likely to subscribe to Canada Pacific bonds, unless principal and interest be guaranteed by Government; and if Government guarantees the whole cost in cash, Government may as well enjoy what little chance there is of profit. The present railroad stock crash proves, moreover, that, although the subsidy offered by Government seemed too liberal, it would have required a much more tempting bait to have overcome the wide-spread distrust of the fair promises of railway builders. Jay Cooke & Co. offered subscribers to the Northern Pacific bonds a good slice out of the continent, and this in a region, they pretended, of salubrious climate, rich soil, and mines of wondrous richness; but as the result shows, there were hardly found a hundred among the millions who read the glowing descriptions, that believed a word of them, and showed themselves sincere by investing in the enterprise. Their failure further throws a flood of light upon the meaning of the American endeavour to share in the Canadian Pacific scheme, and to amalgamate it with the Northern road.

The intention of the American R. R. President and his friends was not so much, by gaining control of the subsidy, to use this control for the purpose of keeping the 50,000,000 acres of our land out of the market while they sold their own, as to obtain possession of the $30,000,000 cash, which, by judicious manipulation, even though spent upon the Canadian portion of the amalgamated road, would have enabled them, if not to bridge over their financial difficulties altogether, at any rate to ward off the evil day. In fine, it is evident that undertakings of such magnitude as the Pacific railroads are not to be hastily embarked in. Shrewd men, with more at stake than Cabinet ministers and Members of Parliament, have been so blinded with the dazzling brilliancy of the bright side of the picture, that when they turned it round the dark side seemed to glow with all the brightness of the reverse; just as when, after looking at the sun, its image becomes so impressed upon the retina that we see it gleaming through the darkness for hours afterwards. And where there is doubt of ultimate success, as there undoubtedly is doubt of the rapid peopling of our North-West, if it be possible to resolve the doubt at a trifling outlay instead of at a ruinous cost, it is evidently prudent to do so. This we can do by affording cheap and rapid transport from the North-West, thus determining whether the tide of emigration can be turned thither. When assured that our prairies will teem with populations as thriving as those of Illinois and Iowa, then it will be high time to continue our road eastward and westward to the Atlantic and the Pacific. Our engagments to British Columbia may stand in the way of such tentative measures: but surely such an anomaly is possible as the Dominion pleading with one of its Provinces for "better terms."

CANADA.

FROM ocean to ocean, by gulf and rock,
By Niagara's roar, and plunge and shock
Up the grand, broad river, clear and cold,
'Mid island on island a thousand-fold,
Where the world's navies might freely ride,
Rock'd on the cradle of its tide:
To lakes that widen in shoreless sweep
Of horizons mating the mighty deep;
Inland oceans, and strange their craft,
Islanded with the lumberer's raft:
A town adrift with lodge and ward,
Captain, pilot, and burgher-guard,

Afloat with a care for the fickle guile
That lurks 'neath the broad lake's sunniest smile.
Storm-swept, land-locked, tideless seas,
Rippling idly in the July breeze,
That has welcome wherever it fares its way,
Through widening clearings that greet the day.
The pine-tops sway in the sweep of its wind;
The grape-vine tendrils, tremulous, bind
The rich festoons of the bass-wood tree;
The hickory sways its gnarled limbs free,
And waves its nut-laden boughs, leaf-fringed.
The elm lifts her graceful head, fan-ranged;
While the hemlock steadies its bald, spiked top,
And the birch on the creek-side is all aslope.
The abele turns up its white-lined rims,
And the cedar quivers through all its limbs
To welcome a stir of the July air.

For the tropics have come to their snowy lair,
Where the stars gleam'd down so clear and cold
Ere winter pined, and grew faint and old,
While the keen north frost and the jovial sun
Wrestled and strove till the fight was won.
Snow-land and sun-land wed together:
First comes the gay, bright wintry weather,
The cheery sleigh-bells, the snow-shoe race,
And toboggan swift as the lightning's pace;
The ice-boat, the rink, and the roaring stone:
Then, presto! and lo! the winter's gone.
The leaves are out, hepaticas bloom,
Trillium and orchid outvie the loom,
Pyrola with its fragrant dower,
Liver-leaf, bellwort, and moccasin flower;
While the ploughed land heaves in its living mould
To ripen the grain a thousand-fold.

Rest, and then haste: the busy hand
Toiling to reap from the bounteous land
The lavish harvest, that freely pours
Such plenteous hoard in this lap of ours.
'Tis hands we want for willing toil,
To gather the harvest and share the spoil.
Come and welcome; the merrier still,
The more the hungry mouths to fill.

Come o'er the ocean's thousand miles,
Where the first ripe grain of the clearing smiles;
Haste, from the gloom of the city lane,
To the laughing fields of our wide domain;
To its peace and plenty—its boundless west,
Where the sun goes in search of new ocean rest,
As he climbs from the prairie-plain at last,
And looks, from the rocky steep, o'er the vast,
Far-spread, isle-wed Pacific sea,
Like another broad, green prairie lea,
Which he gilds as gay as the tassel'd corn
When its cobs are gold, and its broad leaves turn
Their ocean of green to a dusky brown;
Till the day-bringer, wearied, plunges down—
Far-sped in his westering course, way-worn—
From Atlantic's surf to Pacific's bourne,
On our young Dominion's broad highway,
With the dawn of an ever-renewing day.

A land of promise fair, and meet
For the Old-World wanderers' weary feet;
A virgin soil for our young world's seeds
To quicken and ripen to glorious deeds:
A golden legend to rehearse
In unborn poets' glowing verse,
When the fragrance of heroic deeds,
The harvest of life's elder seeds,
Shall give its glory to the scroll
Which the growing years unroll—
When the world shall reach its prime
In the golden age of the coming time.

D. W.

SPIRITS AND WATER.

A GHOST STORY.

BY EVENLY.

IT was the twentieth of August of the hottest summer within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." All the world had left London and were shooting grouse in Scotland, or yachting at Cowes, or climbing mountains in Switzerland. Every one had gone; not a soul was to be seen except those stray thousands who are in London in season and out of season, and who are, therefore, counted as nobodies. At four o'clock on that twentieth of August, I, John Haseldean, junior partner of the well-known Lincoln's Inn firm, Sharp, Smooth and Haseldean, was sitting disconsolate in my residence chambers in Gray's Inn Square. There was a press of business at our place—purchases and other matters that had to be settled up before quarter day. Sharp had got a moor in Scotland that year, and no power on earth could keep him in London after the 12th; Smooth was doing his best to drown himself in a friend's yacht off the Channel Islands, where the waters do not, by any means, correspond with his name; so I, unlucky mortal, had to stay to support the burden and heat of the day, and to curse my unhappy fate and all mankind. I had left the office earlier that day, and had betaken myself to my rooms in Gray's Inn, in the hope of finding them a shade less hot, close and intolerable than my office. They were more dusty and untidy than usual, and I was informed by a slatternly girl who met me on the stairs that "Pleasir, Mrs. Icks is gone down to Margate, sir, and she've left me to do for you sir, pleasir,"—the said Mrs. Icks being my laundress. My prospect was not cheering in front—for there lay the arid waste of Gray's Inn Square, baked and double-baked in the sun. The very porter had gone out of town and left a deputy who ill supplied his place, and could not inspire with proper awe the youthful population of the neighbourhood, some of whom had established a very successful game of hop-scotch on the opposite pavement, in defiance of the rules. Besides these unlawful intruders, not a soul passed in sight except a stray cat, who stole cautiously and furtively to an appointment in the gardens. The view from my back windows into Gray's Inn Lane was more lively; but the life was not of an agreeable description, and the smells still less so. Truck after truck of soft yellow pears and hard shiny plums passed along or stopped by the pavement, holding out liberal promises of cholera to any amount of purchasers at a very trifling cost, and two barrel-organs at equal distances, one playing "Tommy Dodd" and the other "The Grecian Bend," made madness more than a possibility. I had just settled down to despondency and a cigar when the unaccustomed sound of a hansom rattling under the archway into the square drew me to the front window, and I beheld the vehicle in question draw up before the house, and to my amazement out stepped Lorrimer, of the Red Tape and Foolscap Office. I had not imagined that any of my friends were sharing the miseries of my existence in London; but the sight of him recalled our last meeting at the club, when he told me that he did not see any chance of being off to his people in Devonshire for some weeks. He and I were of the same year at Cambridge, had been at old Trinity together and lived on the same staircase; besides, the sight of a fellow-sufferer is refreshing to poor humanity. He did not leave me long in suspense as to his purpose, for he was out of the cab, up the stairs and into my room before I could turn round.

"I thought I should catch you," he said. "Come, put up your togs and come along with me. We've only just time to catch the train; so sharp's the word."

"Togs?" I said, bewildered; "train? Are you mad?"

"Not a bit," was his answer; "are you? I can't stand the heat in this horrid old Babel, so I'm going to turn amphibious, and I want you to do the same. Do you know Bargrave? Jolliest little place on the Thames; get down there in an hour; jolly little inn; have a row in the evening and a bathe in the morning and business all day. What do you say?"

"Done," was my answer; and in five minutes I had thrown some things into a bag, and Lorrimer and I were in the hansom.

"Paddington as fast as you can," Lorrimer said, and off we started. Just in time—tickets—smoking carriage, cigars—*Pall Mall*, *Punch*—doors banged, whistle, and we are off.

"What put this into your head?" I asked when the rows of dingy houses were left behind, and we were steaming along at a good rate between green fields and hedges.

"Inspiration," Lorrimer answered. "The smells and the heat were beginning, like a worm in the bud, to prey on my damask cheek. A more than usually unsavoury reminder from Father Thames, through the windows of Somerset House, was the last straw that broke the back of any possibility of staying in London, and at the same time suggested a remedy; and I made up my mind to take a hair of the dog that bit me, and try Thames air and water, only 50 miles or so nearer its source."

A quick journey of about an hour, and the train stopped at a small station.

"Here we are already, by Jove," exclaimed Lorrimer, and out we got.

We were at once besieged by half-a-dozen flymen, who were anxious to take our bodies and bags to any destination in one of their mouldy-looking vehicles, but we left them to fight for the prey that had already escaped their clutches, and, bag in hand, set off in the direction of Bargrave. A mile and a half of dusty road took us there—not an interesting road, but enlivened by fresh air, the sight of distant willows, and by a covey of partridges rising in a turnip field across the hedge, and suggesting thoughts of September and old shooting adventures. These beguiled the way till we reached Bargrave, and found ourselves in a long straggling village street. That is the parsonage on the left, grey brick, faced with red, and just beyond it you get a glimpse of the church, with a square brick tower nearly covered with ivy. Then cottages and small houses, and the village shop; then garden walls and glimpses of pretty river-side houses and trim gardens; and between the garden walls we got our first sight of the river, dancing and sparkling.

"Here is the Ferry Inn, where we will put up if we can," said Lorrimer, when we had nearly reached the end of the village. A bright, cheerful-looking little inn it is, with the road to the ferry leading down by it; the front gives on the road, and there is a porch covered with honeysuckles, and a bar to tempt thirsty souls from the dusty way to Penleigh; behind, it looks full on the river, only divided from it by a little strip of bright garden and a yard, where boats drawn up and oars and fishing tackle lie about in picturesque confusion. No cadaverous waiter, with a grimy napkin over his arm, receives us, but a rosy-cheeked, smiling country girl.

"Can we have two bed-rooms and a sitting-room?"

"Bed-rooms? yes; sitting-room? doubtful. Mr. Pigment, a sketching gent, has took the best parlour for the season." Then appears mine host, old and obliging. "Very sorry; but if the gentlemen would not mind making use of a little room he generally kept for himself, it was quite at their service. He was afraid it was not very comfortable, but," etc., etc.

"All right;" the gentlemen had no objection; and so we were established in what Lorrimer called "our diggings."

"Now, then," said I, "for dinner." "Dinner? not a bit of it. My teeth won't stand country chops," said Lorrimer. "If you happen to be at Newcastle, don't order up a yule log. No, leave ordering to me, and I'll undertake to please you. Here, Mary, let's have tea at once, do you hear? and bread and butter, and broiled ham and eggs—plenty of them, and hot—and look sharp about it. And look here," he shouted after her, "tell them to have a nice light boat ready for us directly we have done tea."

Off went Mary, and a minute or two after a frizzling sound and a savoury smell saluted our ears and noses, and we saw the little rosy-cheeked maid in close confabulation with the ferryman, who immediately began putting cushions and oars into as neat a little craft as heart of boating man could desire. I must not linger over the description of our tea as we did over the consumption of it; for our appetites were keen and the supply unlimited—indeed, our waitress seemed quite surprised when we cried "Hold, enough!" Suffice it to say that we felt ourselves wiser and better men when we turned out afterwards into the yard.

"Hang training," said Lorrimer, shooting out his arms on either side of him, as if he had the biceps of a prize-fighter. "I never felt in better trim for a row than I do now. Come on, Jack, we will astonish the natives. But you can do what you like here; they don't know much of good rowing."

"Right." Off we go, and were soon gliding at a decent pace down the river, leaving pretty Bargrave behind us. Smooth, green fields on one side, where sleek, ruminative cows looked up at us as we passed from the fresh, thick grass; on the other side, higher ground with thick woods, sometimes coming down to the water's edge, and dipping their branches into the stream, sometimes standing back to give us a glimpse of some pretty country-house with smooth lawns and bright flower gardens and young ladies at croquet. The towing-path kept us company, now on one side, now on the other, with that sad want of decision of character common to towing-paths, not knowing which side of the river it liked best. There were water-lilies, white and yellow, and a few late forget-me-nots, and purple-spilsed flowers, and bushes with bright scarlet berries. Moor hens peeped shyly out at us from the green rushes and startled water; rats dived out of sight or whisked into snug holes, and once a kingfisher flashed down the stream like a tropical creature. Cockneys that we were, we noticed it all.

After all, there is something in training. Did we astonish the natives? Not exactly in the way we meant. A four went by belonging to one of the boating clubs, and we were obliged to confess that we did not quite come up to their form. A randau of three young ladies, with a young Eton brother steering, looked at us, I am sorry to say, with amusement rather than admiration, and Lorrimer was so overcome by their derision that he, as nearly as possible, caught a crab, the duffer! The young ladies, whom we saw frequently afterwards, and christened the Randau Girls, rowed very tidily. They used to put on a spurt when they saw us coming, and would go by in style, while Lorrimer and I would rest on our oars and put our heads on one side, and look critically at their rowing, and our criticism was never lost on them. There was a young man who, as we soon found out, was a great admirer of one of the Randau Girls. We called him Young Pugghery, for hot or cold, wet or fine, he wore a pugghery on his hat. Thought it suited his delicate complexion, I have no doubt. He was regularly "spoons" and no mistake. He used to paddle about in a canoe, and thought himself no end of a swell at boating. He seemed rather inclined to cotton up to us at first, but one evening he came to grief in his canoe, and got spilt, and Lorrimer with unnecessary zeal (for the beggar could swim) fished him out with a boat-hook, and landed him on the bank like a great eel, with the Randau Girls looking on and laughing at him. He could not get over this affront to his dignity; he hated us like poison ever after, and would not have been sorry to pay us off, but he never got a chance. I am wandering away from that first row down the river, but for the next week every evening passed in the same way, and there is little enough to describe. Sometimes we went up the river past Boatland, with its pretty church on a hill, and Stonning, a snug little place with trees all round it, to red-brick, sensible Medington, or down the river to dear old Penleigh, well known to boating men. We grew to know a good many people by sight, and to give them names according to their various peculiarities, but luckily there was no one we knew, and being away all day saved us from callers, so we had a very jolly, free-and-easy sort of a life, and sacrificed very little to the little god of appearances. A swim in the river and an eight o'clock breakfast, then off to the train, and a morning paper and a cigar took us to London and to business; and by four o'clock we were shaking the dust from our feet, and turning our faces to Bargrave.

One evening, as we were setting off, Lorrimer said, "I say, Jack, let's have a punt one day and bob for gudgeon, with a man to stick on worms and take off fish. Look at those two fellows there; how jolly quiet and comfortable they look; only they don't go in for a man to do the dirty work."

"That must be a pretty good place for something or other," said I, "for I've seen them there once or twice before. What does one catch out of a punt besides gudgeon? I'm not knowing in these matters; would it be perch or roach?

"Oh, I fancy it's all fish that comes to their net; but we'll have a try at it and see."

When we got in, we asked mine host whether we could have a punt some evening.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've plenty of tackle, and several punts handy too, but gents don't seem to care for punting as much as they used. My man hasn't been out with any one this month or so, and we've little enough use for them punts, except that the boys has 'em sometimes to go about in."

"Then that was not one of your punts that we saw as we went down the river?"

"Whereabouts, sir?"

"Oh, half a mile or so down, with two gentlemen in it."

"No, it weren't none of mine, and I didn't see any go down neither. It must have come up from Penleigh. I wish as they'd keep their side of the lock and not come fishing up here; it aint fair."

"I don't think," said Lorrimer, "that they could have come from Penleigh. We went down there ourselves, and we didn't see them coming back."

"You must have missed them by the island or in some of them backwaters, sir."

Our punting was put off from day to day, now from one reason, now from another. We had good weather for the first fortnight, and got quite accustomed to our new mode of life, and liked it amazingly. But then the weather changed, and two or three thoroughly wet days were a great trial to our feelings. We had to jog over from the station in a mouldy fly, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and spend the evening boxed up in our little den, with the rain dashing on the window, and nothing to beguile the time but each other's intellectual conversation, the already exhausted evening paper, and the landlord's small but select library. I remember one night looking up from Bunyan's Holy War, and seeing

Lorrimer deep in the study of a volume of the Tract Magazine. He was reading a story called "Susan's First Place," or "Tender Words to Young Lambs," or something of that kind; but he caught me looking at him, and laughed fit to kill himself. One evening we invited our landlord, Hardy, in *pour passer le temps*. He indulged us with all the choicest gossip of the neighbourhood, with a good deal of highly-spiced scandal. Lorrimer got so bored that I thought he would have yawned his head off, but there was no stopping our host when he had once begun, and I puffed away philosophically, and said "Ah," or "Quite so," when something seemed expected of me. He told us all the love affairs of the Randau Girls, and of young Pugghery being sent down from Oxford for some idiotic freak. He had pretty nearly run down when Lorrimer, who, the minute before, had woke up with a snort from a very sound nap, set him off with fresh energy by asking who a deserted-looking house belonged to that we had noticed about a mile down the river.

"That with the green verandah, on the right hand side going down? Oh, that's Mrs. Egmont's, the mother of the poor young gent as was murdered so shocking three years ago this month. She can't abear the place now, and hardly ever comes there; and no wonder neither, poor lady."

"Murdered, eh?" said Lorrimer.

"Yes; sure now you gents 'll have heard tell of it; it made a deal of talk at the time, and the *Medington Mercury* had ever so many columns full of nothing else."

"Egmont? Ah, I think I remember something of it; but I thought it was a suicide."

"Ay, ay! they brought it in so—temporary insanity—and he *were* a bit soft in the head, poor young chap, but as kind-hearted a gent as ever were. But I say it was murder, and God have mercy on the black-hearted man as did it, tho' he be a gent and as rich as a lord, for he carries about with him that as don't make his pillow soft nor his sleep sweet."

Mine host was quite excited, and emphasized his words by thumps on the table that made the glasses jingle.

"I forget the facts," said I; "how was it?"

"Well, you see, sir, Captain Moss was lodging down at Penleigh, but he was always up here with young Mr. Egmont, so I see a good deal of him; and if ever a man had the devil's own temper written on his face, the captain had. He was one of them dark faces as turn white with all their dark skins if anything crosses 'em, and his lips would turn blue and show his teeth. He were a quiet sort of gent, and never swore as some of them milingtary captains do, but I'd rather have had a round of oaths any day than one of them looks as he gave, if the boat cushions wasn't quite as he fancied, or I'd forgot the boat-hook. And then he'd two veins on his forehead as come up like whipcord when he was riled, and it have crossed my mind, gents, as that might be something like the mark as was set on Cain's forehead—begging your pardon, sirs."

"Well, drive on," said Lorrimer.

"Captain Moss and Mr. Egmont were always together, and were great friends, leastways so people thought. I never could quite make out the captain's object in being so mighty thick with young Mr. Egmont. Some folks say as he won a good deal from him at billiards, for the captain was as poor as a rat then (he's come into a fine property since, I've heard tell), but I can't say anything about that of my own knowledge.

"Some summers Mr. Egmont would have down a boat from Oxford, and some years have one of mine. He never had one of his own, as he liked to change about and have different sorts, but he was almost always on the river rowing or fishing. He had a punt of his own; you'll see it now, I fancy, fastened up near their house, and rotting away by now, I should guess. Well, as I was saying, he and Captain Moss were first-rate friends, and so folks thought they was to the end, but I know better. I see for a day or two there was something wrong; there was a nasty look about the captain, and I more than once heard high words between them as they passed thro' the yard or crossed at the ferry. I couldn't make out what it was, and didn't care to neither; but there seemed to be summat as the captain wanted the other to do, which he wouldn't, and I see the captain give him an ugly look as put me in mind of a day when I see him do as cruel and nasty a trick as ever were. I'll tell it you, gents, to show you what sort of customer he was. He had a dog given him, a retriever pup, not near full grown—one of them awkward, playful beasts as is always bouncing about and getting into mischief. He took a terrible fancy to the captain, did Shag, and was as faithful and loving to him as a Christian, ay, and more too, in spite of all the cuffs and kicks he got, poor brute. Well, one day Shag had followed them down to the landing-place, and he'd set his heart on going in the boat with them, and the captain wouldn't have it. The poor beast was quite wild like, and kept jumping up and bouncing about, splashing the captain's dandy velvet coat. He ordered him off more than once, and struck him, and at last the dog went away; but before the boat was well off, back he came preparing to jump in and swim after them. Then the captain turned, and I heard him give a whistle, and I thought as he'd come round and would take the dog, till I saw the look of his face, and then I'd have kept back the dog if I could, but it leapt forward at the whistle, and made after the boat like a fish. The captain waited till it was close to the boat, and then he up with his oar and struck the poor brute a great blow on the head, which put an end to poor Shag's mischief and bouncing play, ay, and his life too, all in a moment. Well, how I do keep a-wandering off. 'Twas just such another look as he gave that dog, that I see him give Mr. Egmont one morning, and it struck me so that I stood and watched them as they walked up the road together. 'We shan't want the boat again to-day,' Mr. Egmont said, 'so good-day to you, Hardy,' says he, for he was always a civil spoken young gent, he were, and then they walked off together, and I heard the captain say something in a low voice, and Mr. Egmont answered sharp and quick like —'I tell you I'd rather die first, Moss, so there's an end of it.'

"Them were the last words as I ever heard him speak, and it was an end of it, whatever it was; and he did die first, for the next morning, as soon as it was light, there was a row in the road, and I heard as how young Mr. Egmont had been found with his throat cut, in his own punt, and the constables had gone off with a warrant to Penleigh to take Captain Moss for his murder. I hear tell as there was a great scene when they took him—that he seemed quite overcome like with sorrow and surprise, and that sort of thing. He acted his part well, he did; but to my thinking, first thoughts is often best. He was discharged at the inquest; not the slightest evidence against him—without a stain on his character; them was the words; and then they talked of the poor young gent's being rather gone in the head, of his father's having died mad, of his being gloomy and out of sorts, and of his having spoken of making away with himself. The knife it was done with was in his hand too; 'twas the knife as they always took with their fishing-tackle. 'Twas more of a cut than a stab as killed him, right through what they calls the jugular vein. Well, sirs, they brought it in 'temporary insanity,' and his mother's heart was pretty nigh broken, and she went away after they had laid him in the churchyard yonder, for he was her only one. They made a deal of the Captain after this; they thought as he'd been so hardly used in being even suspected of the murder; but tho' I'm a poor man, and he a gent and a rich one too, I'd rather cut off my hand than take his—and that's a fact."

There was a good deal of dramatic force in the man's way of telling the story, and I found my pipe had gone out, and that Lorrimer was very wide awake and had not yawned for at least ten minutes. It seemed strange to think of so sad a tragedy in that jolly little village, and we wondered we had never guessed at a secret lurking round that pretty, deserted house by the river-side. However, next day the weather changed, and it was a lovely evening when we came down from London, and we made up our minds for a good long row down the river, taking it easy as we should have moonlight coming back.

"By Jove," Lorrimer said soon after we had started, "there are those fellows in the punt again. Pull a little nearer and let's have a look at them."

We did not go too close for fear of interfering with their fishing, but we took a good look at them. Neither of them did we remember having seen before about Bargrave. One of them was in boating togs—white flannels and a straw hat, with some boating club ribbon round it. He seemed very intent on his fishing, and leant forward watching his float. The other was dark, with a moustache; he did not seem so intent as his companion, for he had laid down his rod against the edge of the punt, and was leaning back in his chair with both hands in the pockets of his velvet coat. They both of them treated us with the most sublime indifference, and did not even look up at us as we went by.

"Queer lot, that," said Lorrimer. "I should uncommonly like to find out who they are."

A turn of the river took us out of sight of them and brought us opposite the deserted house. There, at the steps leading down to the river, was the punt which Hardy had spoken of. It was fastened to a post by a chain; both chain and padlock were thick with rust; the punt was half full of water, and the timbers were rotting and splitting in all directions. As we were looking at it, a four from Stunning passed down the river. We knew the man rowing stroke a little, and Lorrimer, full of curiosity about the two fishers, shouted out, "Hullo there, Jones, did you see two men fishing out of a punt, just now?"

"No," was the answer.

"The other side of this bend, left hand side going down. You must have seen them."

"No, we didn't. Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know who they are. They were close by that great willow split down the middle."

"Then they weren't there," sang out the coxswain, "for it was just there such a jolly big rat came out that we stopped to look at it."

"Didn't you meet them then going up the river?"

"No," shouted out another man, "for I was on the look-out for a boat going up, as I wanted to send back a message to the lock about the coat I left there."

And then the four moved on.

"By Jove, said Lorrimer, "this is the very queerest thing."

"Look here," said I, "let's go back and find out where they leave their punt. They may draw it up among the bushes somewhere, so that we don't notice it."

So back we went. True enough, the punt was gone. The moon was just coming up and the river looked beautiful, though rather strange and weird, and the blades of our oars shone like silver when they rose out of the water, as we slowly went up by one bank, down by the other, and up a backwater, looking carefully among the bushes and deep shadows; but the object of our search was nowhere to be found. It was all so still that we both spoke low as if we were afraid to break the silence. Far off we could hear some farm-house dog barking, and the sound of the trotting of a horse on the Penleigh road, going on for miles, I should think. I remember this evening distinctly in all its details, for I have never been on the river in the moonlight since.

The next day Lorrimer was seedy. Whether he caught cold on the river I don't know, but he was altogether out of sorts, and he did not go up to town, but did a good deal of bed, I fancy, at Bargrave. So I went up alone, and was kept late at the office, and did not get down to Bargrave till late. I found Lorrimer better, and a jolly little supper ready for me.

"Well," I said, laughing, "have you seen any more of our mysterious friends in the punt?"

"Yes, that I have," said Lorrimer, "and it gets queerer and queerer. I sculled down to the lock to stretch my muscles a bit, and did not see anything of them going down; but as I came back, there was the punt, only there was only one of the men there, the one in the flannels, and he was lying at the end of the punt, taking as comfortable a nap as anything. Now, look here, Jack, another day shall not pass without our finding out who they are and all about them."

"You're as bad as a girl, Lorrimer, with your curiosity."

"Come now, don't you want to know, Jack?"

"Well, I shouldn't object."

So we settled our plan of action for the next day, and made up our minds at any cost to solve the mystery.

Lorrimer was not at all up to the mark again next day, but he went up to town as usual. He was heavy and listless sometimes, sometimes excited and restless, and the idea of the mysterious punt seemed quite to have taken possession of his mind, for he could talk and think of nothing else. We drank success to our plans at dinner, and started in good spirits. Our plan was to pass them first, and then come back and speak to them on some excuse.

It was a beautiful evening when we started; the sun was setting and the sky was crimson all over, all but a bank of dark clouds in the east, which only caught some of the gold on its edges. The water was as smooth as glass, and did not seem to stir except where a fish jumped after a fly and made circle beyond circle on the still river. There was not a breath of wind. I sculled the boat and Lorrimer steered. It seemed quite absurd the excitement that we both felt.

"This is the effect of vegetating," I said, as we came in sight of the punt; "it certainly is not elevating to the mind. Why shouldn't two fellows fish in the evening without our going into a fever to find out who they are and where they come from?"

As we passed down the river, I pulled across, so that we passed so close that I had to ship my oar to avoid striking against the punt. Lorrimer coughed supernaturally loud, but not a look or movement did the two mysterious fishers vouchsafe us. There they were, just the same as I had seen them last, and apparently in the very same positions,—the one absorbed in his fishing, the other leaning back with his hands in his pockets. The sunset was flaming behind them in all its splendour, making the hills in the distance of a deep intense blue, and the split willow black, while the water reflected back the crimson sky and every branch of the battered old tree; but—I rubbed my eyes and looked again—what queer things reflections are, to be sure—while every leaf and twig of the tree and a swallow flying across, was reflected clearly, of neither punt or men, rods or floats, was any reflection to be seen in the ruddy water. I fancy Lorrimer also noticed this strange effect, for he bent forward looking steadily at the sharp, hard line where the punt cut the water, and then glanced up at me. That glance set me going again and I pulled on down the river, saying with a laugh, "Well, we haven't made much by that move. An ugly customer that dark man looks, and yet I seem to know his face somehow." And I thought to myself, in that confused, misty way we explain things sometimes against our own reason, "Oh, of course one would not see any reflections—depends on the angle and that sort of thing."

I rowed down past the turn of the river that took us out of sight. We stopped about at the other side of the bend some time. There was something wrong with one of the rowlocks, and I stopped to set it right. Lorrimer meanwhile had changed from gloomy silence to excitement, and talked and laughed away like anything. "I tell you what," he said, when we turned to go back, "I want a smoke, and I'll ask those fellows to give me a light. That will make a first-rate excuse for speaking to them." "Well!" he exclaimed, "I never did! As our little slavey would say, if that fellow is not taking a nap again, and the dark one is gone. Queer habit to have forty winks on the river."

The sun had set, and the purple and orange were fading out of the sky; the moon had not come up yet, and there was a thick mist rising from the river, hanging in wreaths and strange straight lines, and magnifying objects and increasing or lessening distances in an unaccountable way. It made the old split willow look gigantic; one great bare branch, scathed by some storm, looked like a huge arm stretched up to Heaven, as if invoking its power, while another twisted branch was pointing down to the boat where the man lay asleep. I rowed up to within easy speaking distance of the boat, and Lorrimer half rose and put one knee on the seat, holding with one hand to the iron rail behind him and with the other raising his hat.

"Excuse my disturbing you, sir," he said, "but if you have such a thing as a fusee with you, I should be much obliged for one. Sound as a trout, by Jove!" he added, as no answer followed his polite remark. The man was lying at the end of the punt, with his back turned to us, but one arm was thrown back and the hand hung over the edge of the punt. There was a handsome signet ring on the third finger.

"I never would go out fishing," said Lorrimer, "without a man to unhitch the fish. Look what a mess that fellow's hand is in with the fishes' blood,"—and so it was.

The tackle lay about in the boat; one line was dragging in the water, a fish-can stood on one of the chairs, and on the back of the other hung a thick pea-jacket with a handkerchief hanging out of the pocket.

"It's awfully bad for a chap to be sleeping out in this mist," Lorrimer went on, "but if he chooses such a shocking, unhealthy berth, we'll give him a good rocking, for wake him up I will. Now then, Jack, give a good hard pull that will send us right into the punt and give our sleeping beauty a good shaking, and I'll be ready to apologize for our bad steering and my friend's accidental awkwardness." He raised himself higher on his knee and took a firmer hold of the rail, so as to get a good look into the punt. I gave one long pull and then shipped my sculls quickly, then bent forward waiting for the slight collision, and looking up into Lorrimer's laughing face, and listening for the elaborate apology which his lips were already forming.

Sometimes when I wake in the night now, I fancy I am waiting and listening still, for that collision never came, those laughing words of apology were never spoken.——What did he see? I do not know; I never shall know. All *I* saw was Lorrimer's face, from which the smile and the brightness and the curiosity and the colour seemed to drop away before my very eyes, leaving a white, drawn face, with livid lips and staring, straining eyes—expressive only of sickening, ghastly horror. What did he see? Something that made a gurgling cry burst from his dry lips, and that sent him falling senseless forward on to my knees, making the boat rock and reel with his fall, as it grounded on the soft mud among the weeds under the split willow; for the collision never came. The punt wasgone, and where but a minute before the punt and the man's form and all the fishing tackle had stood, was only the water troubled by our passing, but still reflecting dimly the last red streaks of the sunset, and the mist creeping up over land and water.

How I got back to the inn I hardly know, but I remember helping to carry Lorrimer's insensible form up stairs and sending off for the doctor, who pronounced him to be labouring under an attack of brain fever. For three weeks he lay dangerously ill at that little inn at Bargrave. His mother came up from Devonshire to nurse him, and, as soon as he could be moved, took him home with her. As he gradually grew better, I was almost relieved to find that our strange adventure seemed to be clean wiped away from his memory, and when, by chance, I have referred to that time at Bargrave, he only recalls our pleasant rowing excursions and the severe chill he took there.

I have never spoken of that evening to any one except the old doctor, and I told it to him one evening as we sat together waiting for Lorrimer to wake from a sleep that proved the turning-point of his illness. He heard me patiently to the end and then said, "I'll not say stuff and nonsense, or talk of young men's heated imaginations, or after-dinner adventures, or curious effects of mist, for I believe that there *are* more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy; but I advise you to keep it to yourself—for if people believe you, it won't do them any good, and if they don't, they'll only laugh at you. And, above all, never speak of it to your friend up stairs. It is a curious story—more curious, perhaps, than you think, for it was that very evening three years ago that young Egmont lost his life. But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, as he mixed himself a steaming glass of grog, "though I don't disbelieve in your ghost on the river, this is the sort of SPIRITS AND WATER I prefer."

DISSEMBLING.

ARE we happy? Yes, you think so,
Seeing scanty signs of sadness.
How you judge us! Would you have us
Advertise our lack of gladness?

Do the weary always, think you,
Speak in tones that lag and languish?
Is it then the loudest weepers
Who have known the real anguish?

Learn, O friend, that not in this wise
We, poor women, bear our crosses;
Never in our faces read you
Our most desolating losses.

We can hide a hope and crush it,
Smile, almost, to see it die;
Feel that life is dust and ashes,
And then—look up laughingly.

ALICE HORTON.

UNORTHODOX LONDON.*

A CHAPTER ON RELIGIOUS SECTS.

THE work bearing this title may be considered a contribution to the sensation literature of Theology. It is at the same time a really curious picture of the process of disintegration now going on in the religious world—a disintegration which we trust has its limits, and is destined, when all that is really unessential shall have been thrown off, and all things shall have been proved, to give place to union in holding fast that which is for ever good.

Rev. Dr. Davies, a clergyman of the Church of England and formerly Fellow of the Anglican University of Durham, makes a theological tour in the metropolis, and presents us with its fruits. He is evidently a liberal-minded and discerning man. His route seems to have been determined on principles rather geographical than ecclesiastical, for he begins with the very bottom of the theological scale—the part at least most remote from Orthodoxy. His first visit is to the chapel of the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, in South Place, Finsbury, whom he finds preaching in praise of Voltaire and of the distinctive powers, the sivahs, so to speak, of theology in general. Afterwards he hears Mr. Conway on Mazzini, whom the preacher described as the most religious man he ever knew; an exaggeration unquestionably, but less wide of the truth than would be commonly supposed, for Mazzini was an intense believer in God, and abhorred the Atheism as well as the Terrorism of the French Revolution. Mr. Conway is described as a bearded and by no means clerical-looking gentleman, who mounts the rostrum in the garb of every-day life, and commences by giving out a hymn from Fox's Collection, which is well sung by a good choir. Religious belief and worship, in the ordinary sense, seem here near the vanishing point.

Next in the theological diorama comes another American, Col. Wentworth Higginson, the Boston advocate of Negrophilism, Female Suffrage, Co-education, and Radicalism of all kinds. The service here commenced by reading the Beatitudes of St. Matthew, followed by an extract on "Excellences," from the writings of Buddha. The sermon, or oration, was an exposition of the teaching of Buddha, which was stated to be summed up in the apophthegm: "If a man does me wrong and I respond with love, the fragrance redounds to me; the harm returns to him."

From Voltairism and Buddhism we reascend the scale of Orthodoxy to Unitarianism, represented by Mr. Martineau in Little Portland Street. Mr. Martineau is (or rather was, for he has since retired on account of failing health) quite a Ritualist, calling himself reverend, preaching in gown and bands, and using a set form of prayer. The preaching is for the educated, and it aims at a rather singular ideal. "In virtue," says Mr. Martineau, "of the close affinity, perhaps ultimate identity, between religion and poetry, preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul—an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations. In proportion as we quit this view, and prominently introduce the idea of a preceptive and monitory function, we retreat from the true prophetic interpretation of the office, back into the old sacerdotal, or—what is not, perhaps, so different a distinction as it may appear —from the properly religious to the simply moral." There are two parties among the Unitarians, the more Conservative and the more Liberal, the latter party—to which Mr. Martineau belongs—wishing even to give up Unitarian and substitute Free Christian. Though a church of the educated, Unitarianism, we are told, is feeling the impulse of the revival spirit, and pushing its way both in religious and educational forms among the poor.

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* Unorthodox London; or Phases of Religious Life in the Metropolis. By the Rev. Maurice Davies, D. D., formerly Fellow of the University of Durham. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Rev. Mr. Voysey whose appearance in "Sunday Evenings for the People," at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, is the subject of the next chapter, is well known as the Church of England clergyman who, when many had tried in vain, at last succeeded in being guilty of a punishable heresy, and was accordingly deprived of his benefice. He may be taken as representing that Rationalizing element in the Established Church which seems to be held to the High Church and Evangelical elements only by the ligaments of the legal system and the endowments. At the close of his discourse on "A New Religious Epoch," he declared his intention of remaining for the present unattached to any church or sect, hoping that this would be no bar to an interchange of pulpits. He intended, however, to establish a weekly service, with the aid of music, and "without superstition or idolatry." He hoped his own expulsion would speedily lead to that of the Thirty-nine Articles. His audience listened attentively for over two hours, and interrupted by frequent bursts of applause.

A Sunday lecture by Professor Huxley well represents the Church of Science. Though highly heterodox, Professor Huxley is, in his cast of mind, essentially religious, and would be an exemplary adherent of any creed of the truth of which he was sincerely convinced. He always shows, to moral principles and to any cause in which they are involved, a chivalrous attachment which in fact implies a strong belief in "something which is not ourselves, and which makes for righteousness." In this respect he presents a strong contrast to his rival in scientific eminence, Professor Tyndall, who is a thorough materialist. Professor Huxley's discourse was ethnological, but with a humanitarian view, its object being to obliterate the distinction of race between Celt and Saxon. Unfortunately, ethnological unification will not, politically and industrially, identify the Teaque of the nineteenth century with his contemporary John Bull. The Sunday lectures are professedly non-theological. They are for people who have given up hearing sermons, and will hardly be got to listen to them again, till preaching becomes different from what it is.

"Tabernacles" are organs of religious enthusiasm doctrinally orthodox, but avoiding the trammels of Establishments. Mr. Varley, formerly a butcher, has built the Free Tabernacle in St. James's Square, Notting Hill, with accommodation for 1,200 worshippers. The account given of him is favourable: he seems to preach to the people's hearts, without "preaching down" to the level of the uneducated—the greatest triumph of a preacher. But of all Tabernacles, the most renowned is that of Mr. Spurgeon, which is not only a colossal preaching-house, but a general religious establishment, with schools, a college for pastors, an orphanage and an alms-house. All seem to be thoroughly well managed and liberally maintained by a bounty which Mr. Spurgeon ascribes to the power of prayer. On more than one occasion, £2,000 have been dropped into his letter-box; and on one evening, when he was desponding from illness, a lady left £500, and £1,000 came in soon afterwards. So religious motives are still at work. There are 4,200 church members, and the discipline is very strict. So it seems is the surveillance; for Mr. Spurgeon averred that if a member of his church got tipsy he should hear of it before the week was out. He gently pleads guilty to the impeachment of being Pope and King. Dr. Davies describes him as in private life the most modest, unassuming and genial of men. He, however, pointed to his bookshelves, loaded with translations of his own sermons into many tongues.

A good description of a service at the Tabernacle may not be unwelcome. We abridge from Dr. Davies. The building holds 3,000, double the accommodation of Exeter Hall. It is filled in every nook and corner. Service begins at a quarter to eleven, long before which hour an eager crowd assembles outside. Five minutes before service time the doors are thrown open and no seats reserved, which ensures regularity among seat-holders. The congregation, unlike that in a French church, is equally divided among males and females. It is exclusively middle-class. There is no symptom of the very poor or of the very rich; and except a few old ladies round the bema, there appeared no possible source for the thousands of pounds. The service consists of a prayer of about five minutes—a hymn sung in unison by the whole congregation—reading and exposition of Scripture—then a longer prayer—then another hymn. The visitor was much struck by the effect of the simple tunes sung by so vast a body of voices. Then followed the sermon, on the text (Coloss. I. 29), "Whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily." It was a sound, practical discourse, of upwards of an hour in length, delivered without note of any kind, with all the preacher's old earnestness, but without a single trace of his former eccentricity. There was not a single "Spurgeonism" from beginning to end, or at least the only approach thereto was an assurance that we "couldn't go to heaven on a feather-bed." Though Mr. Spurgeon professes to be no scholar, he made constant and copious references to such authorities as Augustine, Chrysostom and Gregory of Nazianzen. He retains his fertility of illustration. The position that the work of the Holy Spirit in a man does not destroy individual action or reduce the man to a mere machine was thus illustrated:—"In the Square of St. Mark, at Venice, there is a clock, and two bronze figures of men strike the hour on a bell. Nobody dreams of thanking the bronze men for doing so. One day an inquisitive stranger put his head between the hammer and the bell, and the bronze men knocked his brains out; but nobody suggested that the bronze men should be hanged. We don't want bronze men and women for Christian work."

The service and sermon together lasted over two hours, and all was done by one man. Yet when it was over Mr. Spurgeon was as fresh and full-voiced as ever. He tossed Dr. Davies half a sheet of note paper, asking him if he would like to have his sermon. On the paper was a clearly written and logically divided skeleton of the discourse.

The Tabernacle service struck Dr. Davies as like the old institution of prophecy in contradistinction to the priesthood of the Jewish Church, an institution which, as he remarks, we used to look upon as simply irregular and enthusiastic, but which we now know to have been formulated in schools, and almost as elaborately disciplined as the regular priesthood itself.

The scene now shifts to "Tabernacle Ranters." This is a great meeting, ostensibly a missionary meeting, of Primitive Methodists. The rant which Dr. Davies heard that evening from the preachers, he describes as rant of a high order, and approaching in one instance very near to such natural eloquence as only required cultivation to make it acceptable in any assembly. The accompaniments, however, seem to have been somewhat orgiastic. There was an old lady just behind Dr. Davies who fired off her hallelujahs like pistol shots; and these interjections constantly went round the vast assembly like an irregular discharge of musketry, often bursting into a regular volley when something very telling was said, as for instance about "Church parsons," or the futility of receiving orders "through the soft fat palm of a bishop." Dr. Davies tells a story in relation to those exclamatory habits. A lady sat at a Primitive Methodist Chapel close by a poor man who was remarkably ill shod, and whose exclamations were in inverse proportion to his shoe-leather. He kept crying out "Glory be to God!" until he quite annoyed her; and on leaving chapel she told him so, promising him a new pair of boots if he would restrain himself. He did so for a time, but at last something very exciting was said, and he started up, shouting, "*Boots or no boots*, Glory be to God!" We are not surprised to hear that Tabernacle ranting is not favourable to the conventional use of the letter H. One speaker, referring to the comparative value of converts in a rather singular strain, pronounced that there was little use in a sleepy "Hasia-hatic," but there was "henergy in the Henglish" which made them worth converting. When, however, the collection came on—when the huge Tabernacle was filled and the lights turned on to the full, the sight, says Dr. Davies, was most impressive, and the collection hymn, sung in unison by that vast body of voice, was quite overpowering. "Once every six hours," said one of the speakers, "the pearly gates of Heaven are thrown back for a Primitive Methodist to pass behind them." Dr. Davies came away through the crowd of vans and carts outside, feeling that he had seen strange things that night, and that there was a good deal of method in the madness of the Tabernacle Ranters.

"A Pastor's Farewell" is rather incongruously placed between "Tabernacle Ranters" and "Walworth Jumpers." It is simply an account of the farewell sermon of Dr. Brock, an eminent Baptist; and is interesting merely as proving how strong the religious principle still is, and how successfully it may be appealed to for good works of all kinds.

The "Walworth Jumpers" are introduced as the latest and strangest of Dr. Davies' experiences. He found them meeting under a railway arch in Walworth Road, a veritable nineteenth-century church in the catacombs, to listen to the preaching of an inspired woman from Suffolk. The building was nothing more than an arch of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, roughly boarded in, and lighted with sundry old window sashes, of which the broken panes recalled the missiles of the Walworth Gentiles. A few movable benches and a great many rough planks extemporized into seats held the place of pews, and the only arrangement approaching the idea of a pulpit was a carpenter's table at the further end of the edifice, covered with green baize, and furnished with two coffee-cups and a collecting box. A single gas pipe with two burners, shed a dim, if not religious, light. The archway was filled with a congregation of fustian-clad men, women in the proportion of two to one man, and a more than adequate force of babies. Some New Cut swells had found their way in for a lark, and broke in with irreverent interruptions, but got as good as they brought from the minister. As they met, the brothers and sisters, or the sisters one among the other, saluted with a kiss of peace—no half-and-half stage salute, but a good whacking kiss, that echoed all over the archway and amused the New Cut swells considerably, for they proceeded at once to imitate the sound and to remark audibly, "Ain't it nice?" The minister was a tall, thin peasant woman, of middle age, with high cheek-bones, piercing eyes, and the muscles of the jaw strongly developed, dressed in a red merino gown and rather jaunty black bonnet. With her were a good-looking girl of twenty and an inane-visaged man. The service was begun by the girl, who lifted one hand and prayed with rough but genuine eloquence for ten minutes, reminding Dr. Davies of Dinah, in "Adam Bede." The inane-visaged man followed in keeping with his visage. Then came the minister herself with a prayer "taller," and on that account less eloquent than the girl's, and with much gesticulation. Then a revival hymn, and then the sermon. The belief of these enthusiasts is, that having died at conversion they are exempt from bodily death—a delusion which it would seem must be proof against patent facts, since the sect having been in existence seven years, and numbering two hundred, must have paid many a tribute to mortality. Dr. Davies was delighted, therefore, to find the preacher selecting as her theme the Resurrection of Lazarus. The sermon, however, was long, allegorical and unexciting, though fluent and at times eloquent. Some old ladies fell into an apparently comatose condition, accompanied by a twitching of the limbs and an expression like that of the mesmerized, exciting the hopes of the New Cut swells and of Dr. Davies. But, to their disappointment, the meeting was dismissed without any jumping having taken place. The inquirer, however, did not go wholly unrewarded. Two little girls got up and began to dance as if they were dancing to a grinding organ. They were followed by a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who hopped very much like Mr. Stead in the "Perfect Cure." But all three, says Dr. Davies, wore that strange vacant countenance so suggestive of animal magnetism, and so difficult, especially for children, to assume. Dr. Davies feels convinced that whatever is the origin of the mesmeric condition, the same is the origin of jumping. He was informed that the jumping never begins till after the "death" of conversion. Afterwards a female, who had been sitting and grimacing idiotically, jumped up and joined the dance. Her demeanour was not happy; she prayed as in an unknown tongue, and cried out, "The devil! the devil." Another of the sect admitted that there was something wrong in the case, and said that this would happen sometimes even to the immortals. It seems the sect have more secret meetings, where there is a greater amount of jumping. Walworth is in arms against them, and the presence of New Cut swells disturbs the conditions. *Convulsionizers*, as Dr. Davies remarks, have been common in many ages, and under widely different religious systems.

The next chapter is "Jumpers Off the Jump." It reveals Jumperism subdued by the force of Walworth opinion or some other sedative, and sitting "clothed, if not quite in its right mind," in College Place, Chelsea. Here it has sunk into something very commonplace; and when Dr. Davies, having twice paid threepence for admission to the performances, was accosted by the sweep who lived next door with "Cotch me a-payin' threepence to see their goings-on," he was inclined to think the remark well founded. Some hobbledehoy saints in the orchestra seemed at one time to promise—one in particular, an unctuous-looking youth of sixteen, not only sang the hymns vociferously with his saintly eyes shut, but kept up a running fire of comment—"So it is," "Hallelujah," and so on—at the more exciting portions of the prayer. Eventually, however, he gave up any proclivities towards Terpsichore, and devoted himself to strong flirtation with the "sister" next him whose red fat hand he held in his own during the subsequent discourse. In vain did the prayer become more exciting; not a saintly toe moved. The kissing, however, which is supposed to have provoked the ire of the chaste Walworthians, was more open and undisguised, every salute ringing through the building with a smart crack. Dr. Davies, on the whole, was not inclined to waste more time or threepences on an exhibition so unedifying as Jumperism without Jumping.

The "Bible Christians" seceded from the Wesleyans, not on a point of doctrine, but on a point of discipline. One O'Bryan, who aspired to be an Evangelist, was held ineligible on account of being a family man.

The Bible Christians, therefore, are a standing protest against the celibacy of Evangelists. Their service at Jubilee Chapel, East Road, appears to have been nothing but a quiet Methodist service, with an unexciting sermon. Female ministry, however, is an institution among them. A woman was set down in their clergy list, and the Mrs. O'Bryan who was the original cause of strife was herself a preacher. The sect numbers twenty-five thousand. Dr. Davies has no particular remark to make, beyond expressing his regret at the loss of power consequent on needless separatism and isolation.

"The Surrey Tabernacle" is an imitation in miniature of the Tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. James Wells, who Spurgeonizes there, is a strict Baptist, and his congregation is necessarily limited by the inflexibility of his tenets; but he seems to be a good preacher and a real centre of religious life, in his special way, among the poor. Dr. Davies has good reason for saying that Mr. Spurgeon's example has proved fruitful; to his success are distinctly traceable, among other things, the Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's services, and the general revival of preaching in the Church of England.

The "Particular Baptists" meet in a chapel in Johnson Street, which is described as a dingy, ill-favoured slum, turning south out of High Street, Notting Hill. In that chapel, Calvinism of the strictest kind holds its grim reign. The style of the preacher appears to be vigorous, or, at least, vehement and colloquial. "I remember well," he said, narrating his personal experience, "when God came and raised me up. The whirlwind had come and knocked me down. Elijah was taken, but should no one follow him with healing power? Gospel ordinances may be all very well, so may well-tuned harmonies; but all are of no avail without *salt*. If a man can change his religion once, he can do it any number of times; but God's people are *glued* to Him." The organ of the sect, edited and vended by the preacher, is *The Earthen Vessel*. Nearly the whole of the number which Dr. Davies consulted was occupied with prose and poetical notices of Mr. Forman. But the correspondents are allowed to speak of "stirling" faith, and to say that "Mr. R. L. still *lays* in affliction." "Such and such a congregation has *come out* on the principles of free grace and strict communion!" The writer of a letter subscribes himself "Yours in *covenant* love," and Brother Flory, at Cheltenham, holds a short afternoon service "which *are* often useful to those who cannot get out morning or evening." For our part, we would wink hard at the grammar and condone the diction if the teaching were useful; but it seems to be little worth.

The "United Presbyterians" would probably be scandalized at finding themselves between the same covers with some of the sects which precede and follow them in this volume. The Presbyterian Tercentenary turned the thoughts of Dr. Davies in that direction; and he accidentally found himself, not in the church of Dr. Donald Fraser, whom he had selected as his type of English Presbyterianism, but in a church belonging to the United Presbyterians, so called because, though disunited from the parent stem, they have united a number of disunions. The service was an agreeable disappointment. There was a good choir, an organ, and a hymn from a metrical collection. The claims of the old rugged Presbyterian psalter were saved by binding it up with the hymns. There was an unexpected brightness and cheeriness about the worship, with which the sermon was in harmony, being rather florid in its style. Dr. Davies is probably right in saying that Presbyterianism is a special object of historical interest as the parent of British nonconformity, though we cannot endorse the extreme statement quoted from a ritualistic writer, that "Presbyterianism is the womb out of which has issued, from time to time, that innumerable progeny of modern unbelief, scepticism, heresy, schism and separation which has injured, and threatens to destroy, the Church of Christ."

"The Catholic and Apostolic Church," commonly called Irvingism, is characterized by Dr. Davies as the strangest of all the religious phenomena of the present generation, in its developments if not in its original idea. Irving was originally expelled from a Presbyterian church on account of a heresy respecting the nature of Christ, which is not now included among the doctrines of the Irvingites. The distinguishing marks of the body at present are: (1), The revival of the Apostolate, dormant since the death of St. John, with the restoration of the fourfold ministry as a necessity of church organization; and (2), the recognition of prophecy as a present mode of communicating the directions of God's Spirit to man. A recent development, flowing from the latter principle, is the adoption of vessels for holy water at the entrance, just as in a Catholic Church. The Apostolate, at first restored to the number of twelve, has dwindled to three, and the Church is not numerous, being outnumbered even by the Mormons. It appears that the members look upon themselves as the "first-fruits" to be gathered in at the Second Advent, and are not a proselytizing body. Though the Church is a daughter of that of John Knox, it is Ritualistic in the extreme. The "Angel," or Head of the Church, is habited in a rich purple cope; incense is burnt; the Sacrament is "reserved" and "exposed," and there are prayers for the dead. The Eucharistic service, as complicated and ornate as a mass, lasts three hours. The sacrificial vestments, when Dr. Davies attended, were of white satin with gold adornments; the Angel, as celebrant, wearing the cope. There were people in black tippets and people in puce tippets, and people in short surplices with coloured stoles. There were others in a simple white dress girt on with a cord at he waist. Catholic splendour was there, but Catholic antiquity was wanting. The musical performance was excellent, and there were virtually half-a-dozen anthems. Of preaching power there was no pretence; but, as among the Ritualists, an avoidance of rhetorical display. Dr. Davies drew the attendant into the delicate question as to the relation between the prophetic utterances on which the whole Irvingite fabric depends and Spiritualism. The attendant conceded that the "spirit voices" were from the other world, but contended that they were the work of evil spirits. How to discriminate between the evil and the good is then the question, which the attendant did not seem prepared to solve. "Probably," says Dr. Davies in conclusion, "as the latest outgrowth of the endlessly varying religious instinct in man, and still more as a wonderful and consummate systematizing of elements that seem at first sight to involve nothing but disorder, the scheme of which the church in Gordon Square stands as temple and type is well worth the attention of the religious philosopher in this nineteenth century."

It was, perhaps, this indefinite relation of Irvingite prophecy to Spiritualism that suggested to Dr. Davies, as the next subject of exploration, "The New Jerusalem Church," or the Church of Swedenborg. Saving the introduction of some Swedenborgian phraseology, the service of this Church reminded Dr. Davies very much of that of the Church of England. The music was very good; and this increase and improvement of the musical element in worship appears to be characteristic of almost all churches at the present day: even the Wesleyan Methodists now have anthems. The Swedenborgian creed is thus summarized by Dr. Davies: "Speaking broadly, we may say that the New Jerusalem creed superadds to slightly rationalistic views of the Trinity and Atonement a highly allegorizing method of Scriptural interpretation; and with regard to Swedenborg himself and his revelation, views almost identical with those of modern Spiritualism. Swedenborg had the power of inducing, in his own case, a state clearly the same as what we now call mesmerism or hypnotism. He himself says of it in the *Arcana Cœlestia*, "The man is reduced into a certain state which is a sort of middle state between sleeping and waking . . . . In this state spirits and angels are seen, heard and touched." "The resurrection of the dead is immediate, there being no pause or suspension of existence; the fleshly body is cast aside once for all, and never reassumed—a spiritual body, now resident in the fleshly tabernacle, being the true self that survives." Sex remains, and marriages are consummated in heaven. In fact, the spirit world is but the region of realities, whereof all things here are the phenomena. And so we come back to Plato again; but Plato with a difference—that difference, however, scarcely so great as one might expect when, in a different age and nation, men's thoughts recur to the old cycle; seeming clearly to indicate some underlying law at work in such recurrence, and making good the assertion of the wise man, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

On the subject of the relations between Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism, Dr. Davies heard a special sermon preached by Professor Tafel. The gist of the Professor's discourse seems to have been that the New Church admitted the reality of spiritualistic communications, but deemed them diabolical while its own were divine—which a Spiritualist would of course say was merely begging the question.

Of the "Plymouth Brethren," it seems to be the fate to be misunderstood. Their very name is a misnomer; they originated, not in Plymouth, but near Dublin, and instead of their having emanated from any of the outlying bodies of nonconformity, many of their earlier apostles, and some of their present leaders, are ordained clergymen of the Church of England. Popularly charged with transferring to the nineteenth century the Apostolic doctrine of the community of goods, they declare that they are not such poor political economists as to do anything of the kind. They simply hold in great esteem that primitive constitution of the Church, and trust largely to the power of prayer for the supply of their temporal necessities. Dr. Davies has found the endeavour to grasp the distinctive doctrines of the sect as difficult as the attempt to catch Proteus. In fact, he says, their *differentia* lies rather in an absence of positive dogma, and a broad division of mankind into the church and the world. Every denomination is wrong, because division is wrong, which amounts to saying, that on one side stands the church—that is, the (so-called) Plymouth Brethren—on the other the world. With this is combined an intense reverence for the written word. The Church dates from 1827, and numbers about 40,000; but as its members have no external badge, and rather shun publicity and proselytism, it is not easy to collect statistics.

The service was performed in a schoolhouse, and consisted principally of the singing of a large number of hymns without instrumental accompaniment, and the reading of Scripture. There was no minister, and apparently no preconcerted arrangement of any kind. "The breaking of bread," the special object of the assembly, was celebrated in the most primitive manner. A loaf of home-made bread was placed in common plates on a table in the centre of the room, divided into quarters, and passed round the benches; each member helped himself or herself to a portion, literally breaking it off the quartern loaf. The wine was passed round in like manner, in large common tumblers, the administration of each element being preceded by prayer. Then followed what Dr. Davies calls a *sermonette*, also very homely, but displaying minute knowledge of Scripture, and intensely earnest. The service concluded with two prayers offered by gentlemen of very different mental calibre. The names of "intending and accepted brethren" were then read, together with one who "sought restoration," and another who intended to take to himself a sister. Dr. Davies afterwards heard one of a series of lectures on the Books of Moses, displaying such critical and exegetical power as effectually to redeem the community from the imputation of being only one other set of enthusiasts seeking to revive the first century in the nineteenth.

Plymouth Brethrenism, pending the restoration and reunion of the universal church, has an *ad interim* Pope in the person of Mr. Darby, who, with his faithful adherents, twenty-three years since excommunicated Mr. Newton for an alleged heresy respecting the nature of Christ. Further differences with regard to prophecy and discipline emerging, Mr. Newton was expelled and anathematized, and Plymouth Brethrenism, like every other sect, now has a secession. Mr. Newton, among his other heresies, holds that of a "one-man ministry," in opposition to the thoroughly democratic theory of the Brethren. His views altogether seem to be tinctured by his former position as a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. The secession has a commodious iron church in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, where Mr. Newton lectures on Prophecy, which appears to be his favourite theme, and with regard to which he differs from the Brethren, expecting a train of events to precede the coming of Christ, which they regard as imminent. It appears that he incidentally gives his views on practical politics, and that he retains enough of Oxford to object strongly to constitutional government, and preaches the divine right of kings. Like the Brethren, he is for the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. Whatever clashes with that, whether it be political, commercial, or of whatever kind, must go.

The opposite poles in matters ecclesiastical are Ritualism, to which the age seems generally gravitating, and Quietism, or the exclusive development of the spiritual element in worship, the type of which is presented by the Quakers. How perfect the presentation is, is known to all readers of Charles Lamb. Quakerism is now, however, to all appearances, breaking up; and the process of decomposition is visible, along with much of the original character, in the description of a Quakers' meeting given by Dr. Davies. Passing the porch of the meeting-house in St. Martin's Lane, he found himself in a little old-fashioned, painfully clean quadrangle, where two or three sober-looking gentlemen, with stand-up collars and broad-brimmed hats, were engaged in conversation; and on inquiring whether there was accommodation for strangers, was quietly but courteously handed to a seat. The building was very plain, very neat, and painted drab from ceiling to basement. Raised seats, for officials or ministers of some sort, were the first sign of the transition which met the visitor's eye. Dr. Davies was puzzled what to do with his hat, the Quakers sitting with theirs on, and still more puzzled by the sight of Quaker boys, whose existence he had never realized; he wondered how they would get through two hours of silence. When the congregation came in, the decadence of Quakerism was ominously betrayed by the demeanour and attire of the ladies. Silks rustled up the narrow aisle, but they were not of the pretty silver-grey hue that Quakeresses are supposed to wear; and the bonnets were as killing, and had as many flowers in them, as would be seen in a West-end Church. A few only were prim-shaped and sober-coloured. Upon the ungloved hand of a youthful Quaker matron shone more jewelled circlets than the wedding-ring and keeper. On the raised seats sat some six or seven people of both sexes, facing the congregation, whom Dr. Davies took to be officiating ministers, the exact centre being occupied by a gentleman and lady in full Quaker attire. Generally the men were no more Quaker-like than the women, many having long beards, and some few quite a rakish-looking moustache. The only sign of the commencement of the service was the removal of hats. Then there was silence for an hour, unbroken save by voices outside the building, and the far-off chime of Big Ben striking the quarters. There was no fidgeting even on the part of the boys, and less coughing than there would have been in any other congregation. One by one covered their faces with their hands and engaged in silent prayer, still retaining their sitting posture. The visitor confesses that he had dropped asleep, when he was roused by the slow and measured accents of the lady on the raised seat. The Spirit had moved her, and she delivered a brief practical address on the necessity of personal holiness. The preacher was arrayed in pale Quaker costume, and from beneath her grey bonnet peered a face such as might be seen under the wimple of a Lady Abbess, or in a picture of the Mater Dolorosa—a wan, ascetic countenance. Then there was silence for a quarter of an hour, and then the clerically dressed gentleman took up his parable. He was a well-built and tolerably rubicund, country-parson kind of individual, one from whom might have been expected a *basso profundo* voice; whereas he spoke in the shrillest falsetto, preaching about twenty minutes, and in a more doctrinal strain than the lady. He spoke strongly against the possibility of ordinances such as "bread eating, wine drinking, or water sprinkling," bringing Christ nearer to the soul than His own presence, which had been promised wherever two or three should be gathered together in His name. Again there was silence for a quarter of an hour, and suddenly, at the stroke of one, hats were put on and a general shaking of hands commenced, with animated conversation, and every appearance of relief from a conscious restraint. Dr. Davies, remembering school days, almost expected the boys to start up with a war-whoop, but they were not more demonstrative than their papas. Such is the worship of Quakerism in its declining hour.

Dr. Cumming, who occupies the next two chapters, is universally known as the Coryphæus of those who seek to cast the horoscope of nations out of the Apocalypse. In his serious aspect he is an object of faith and interest to many worthy people. His comic aspect was portrayed by *Punch* when it said that, in consequence of the approach of the Millennium, he was taking in his coals by the sack. He is, at all events, too well known a personage to need any special notice here.

Surrey Chapel, where the Rev. Newman Hall ministers, professes itself entirely unsectarian. Unsectarianism, indeed, appears to be the only line which divides it from the Church of England, the Liturgy of which it uses with slight variation. Its only test of membership is a Christian profession of a very comprehensive and practical kind. Dr. Davies seems to have been greatly pleased with the service, especially the singing, and much struck by the heartiness with which the congregation took part in it. Mr. Newman Hall's excellence as a preacher is well known. Surrey Chapel educates 5,000 children in Sunday and 700 in week-day schools, besides providing mission services for the poor; and the chapel itself is used on week-day evenings as a place of popular education and amusement, by way of counter-attraction to the gin-shop.

The Seventh-day Baptists are one of the most curious waifs of the religious world. They have only two meeting places in England, but are more numerous in the United States. In a strange little nook in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, with unexpected trees and an antique school-house and cottages, Dr. Davies found the minister of the sect—Mr. Black, himself an antiquity, a venerable scholar-like old man arrayed in clerical garb, with a long white beard—and instead of the illiterate enthusiast who might have been expected, a bookworm, thinking, according to his own account, in Latin, saying his prayers in Hebrew, and reading his New Testament lessons from the original Greek. The congregation numbered fourteen persons—the minister and clerk, six men, five women and three children. To these hearers was read an exposition of Scripture which, in point of erudition, would have been over the heads of a University audience, and included a long discussion of the "demi-dialed vase." The sermon was part of a course on the Harmony of the Gospels. A former course on a like subject had occupied the preacher fifteen years. A course on Systematic Theology, commenced two years and a half before, and, according to the published programme, embracing seven lectures, had not yet advanced to the end of No. 1. What a varied work of mental quiet amidst the go-ahead restlessness of London! The female portion of the congregation meanwhile was lapped in happy slumber, while the children played among the hassocks. Mr. Black had published in defence of the perpetual obligation to observe Saturday as the Sabbath, and had been fortunate enough to light upon the curious argument that the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath was prescribed only by statute law, while by the venerable common law Saturday was *dies Sabbati*. It might be supposed that the existence of the Seventh-day Church hung by the thread of its minister's life; but though the shears of fate have since severed that thread, the Church continues to exist. It must owe its immortality to an endowment.

The "Christadelphians," whom Dr. Davies found meeting in a dancing academy, appear to be akin to the Plymouth Brethren, but of a less educated class. Though their name and their general profession are indicative of comprehensiveness, they have a very peculiar and very dogmatic creed. Their position is defined by Dr. Davies as a blending of Judaism with Chiliasm. The meeting was attended by about fifty members, mostly of the humbler class, who offered up their simple prayer and praise, preached in turn plain practical sermons, and partook, after their own homely, fashion of the bread and wine. Dr. Davies says he heard very solid truths, but nothing distinctive—nothing that might not have been preached in any church or chapel of London—orthodox or unorthodox. He was amazed to hear working men read and expound from their thumbed Bibles, showing complete familiarity with the text. He listened to their sermons and lectures, and thought how well it was for them to be there, since very possibly more elaborate faiths would have failed to comprehend them. He joined in the singing of their simple hymns, and looked on at their homely breaking of bread, not without thoughts that it might typify, more nearly than gorgeous rituals, the Original Supper. The democratic character of the community and the feeling of active participation which each of its members enjoys, are no doubt the main attractions to the Christadelphian Church, as well as to other communities of the same kind.

The name of the "Moravians" is familiar to all who have read the life of Wesley. The Church is venerable among Protestant Churches for its antiquity, dating from a period before the Reformation. Founded by followers of John Huss, and afterwards crushed by Papal persecution, it was revived in the beginning of the eighteenth century by the well-known Count Zinzendorf, and found its way into England in the train of the House of Hanover. The congregation in the chapel in Fetter Lane was small, not exceeding thirty; but the educational and missionary activity of the Society appears to be out of all proportion to its numbers. As might be expected from their German origin, the Moravians are great in hymnody. They are strict in life, eschewing balls, theatres, and places of amusement generally. Moravian marriage, the theme of many a jibe, has it seems undergone the general influence of the age; for instead of the young people being paired off by elders after casting lots, only a little judicious advice is now used. "If any one," says Dr. Davies, "tired of the unromantic routine of the present, wishes to throw himself back in imagination a few Christian centuries, he may do worse some Sunday morning than confide himself to the motherly care of the good old pew-opener at the little Moravian chapel in Fetter Lane. There he shall hear the quaint old chorales which carry him back to the days of Luther and Huss—nay, the familiar talk of 'Agapæ' or 'Love-feasts' bears him back to an epoch earlier still, and nearer the source of the Church's history. He may—if there chance not to be a Stockwell tragedy on the *tapis*—hear an eloquent discourse on Christian morals, and he will come away edified both by sermon and service, even if he is not able to go so far as enthusiastic John Wesley, who, in his first experiences of Moravianism, exclaimed, 'God has given me the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in heaven, in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who so walk as He walked. As they all have one Lord and one faith, so they are all partakers of one spirit—the spirit of meekness and love.'"

"Father Ignatius" (whose mundane appellation is Rev. Francis Lyne) is certainly one of the most singular religious phenomena, in the Ritualistic direction, of a singular age. He throws open the doors of his "Benedictine Monastery," No. 51, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, by public advertisement, to all who wish to hear him, on Saturday evenings. Attracted by the invitation, Dr. Davies presented himself, he says, at a most unmonastic-looking abode, and, on knocking at the front door, was admitted by a thoroughly secular boy, monastic only in his palpable aversion to soap, who desired him to mount to the drawing-room floor. In that apartment he found himself nearly "Jack among the maidens," in a congregation scarcely exceeding half a hundred, but still filling the forms in the Benedictine *salon*. The front row was occupied by some dozen females in a quasi-religious costume of dark gown and white cap, something like those worn by servant girls before chignons. What these women were Dr. Davies had no notion. They ranged from girls in their teens to women of forty, and seemed rather out of place in a monastery. They may have been there to sing, for they warbled like nightingales. In a small back drawing-room was fitted up a small altar on a footpace, with large crucifix and six composite candles. Soon after the visitor's arrival, the dirty page, now gorgeous in scarlet cassock and surplice, lighted up. There was a good deal of running up and down stairs on the part of the cœnobite brethren, but soon a procession entered, consisting of the Rev. W. A. Shoults, arrayed in lace skirt and surplice; the scarlet acolyte, with censers; three or four very juvenile-looking brethren, with their extinguisher cowls sticking strangely up above their heads; and, last but not least, Father Ignatius himself, in the garb of his order, and looking, from his emaciated face down to his sandalled feet, every inch 'a priest all shaven and shorn.' A service was then commenced, consisting of any number of psalms, with curious interpolations of melody, which nobody understood but Ignatius himself—the officiating priest least of all, for he had to be prompted continually by the "superior." The people in the room had books, but nobody near Dr. Davies had the faintest conception of what was going on. Then the resplendent page came and put a blue cloak on Mr. Shoults, handing him the censer at the same time. He was not *au fait* at swinging this at all, and once or twice he seemed as if he would have thrown it into the congregation and hurt some of them. As it was, he nearly poisoned them with the fumes; and there was an interval of coughing for several minutes, until somebody reasoned with him and he desisted. Father Ignatius then offered an extempore prayer, and as he *posed* himself to do so Dr. Davies could not help being conscious of the picturesqueness of the situation. There was considerable sweetness in the young monk's face, but the expression of that and the prayer he said were tinged with just the slightest degree of affectation. After partaking of light refreshment in the shape of a glass of sherry, and bearing more than his share in a beautiful hymn, sung by all the congregation, he girded up his loins and commenced his sermon. The style of the discourse, says Dr. Davies, may best be described as an evident copy of Mr. Spurgeon, equalling his eccentricities, but only faintly approaching his power. The Rev. Father seemed to Dr. Davies ever to shave the edge of profanity. He spoke of himself as "having pawned himself in the devil's pawnshop, till Christ came and took him out." "Do you know," he added, "I often think Christ must have *very bad taste* to choose a poor wretch like me." "Whom I serve," he kept on repeating over and over again, "whom I serve! Would you mind all standing up and repeating those words after me—whose I am and whom I serve?" So up all the congregation got, and said them like infants at school. "Troubles," he exclaimed, "troubles drop off the saint like water off a duck's back." "I always feel tempted to say funny things when I'm preaching, and it appears to me when I haven't been thinking of Christ, I get a fit of spiritual indigestion." Some saints, he informed his hearers, were so overcome by a sense of their own unworthiness of God's love, that they were obliged to cry out "No, don't, Lord; please don't; this is too much!" Dr. Davies recognises power and sincerity in Mr. Lyne's preaching, but ventures to expostulate in the words of Sam Slick, "This is coming it rayther too strong." As the visitor went away he was struck by the particularly cosy and unmonastic aspect of the parlour on the ground floor, in and out of which the white caps were flitting. His last word is that it was like *playing at church.* No doubt the craving for sensationalism seeks gratification in worship as well as in fiction.

It enlarges, if possible, our estimate of human credulity to find that Joanna Southcote has still a sect upon the earth. Originating, says Dr. Davies, towards the end of the last century with an old woman's assumption of immaculate conception, it would appear that when her followers' hopes were disappointed by her speedy death, and irrefragable medical testimony that her symptoms of impending maternity were only, like Queen Mary's, dropsical, the sect must have at once and for ever collapsed. But fanaticism has within it a more than feline tenacity of life. The sect lived on and explained away the failure of its hopes, notwithstanding the extravagant *layette* that had been prepared for the expected Shiloh, by saying that a spiritual not a material birth was contemplated.

The undaunted explorer with considerable difficulty found the saints, who had been much "drove about" by the Walworth improvements, in the back parlour of Mr. Peacock's cooperage at Walworth. The assembly numbered four. Dr. Davies ventured to pop the question whether the hopes of the saints had not collapsed when Joanna's real condition was revealed by a *post mortem* examination. With a smile at his heathen ignorance, the two male saints pointed to the old lady in the corner, and said, "There are our hopes; Mrs. Peacock has taken Joanna's place." Dr. Davies' look expressed his difficulty; but the old woman herself came to the rescue and said, "It aint a material birth we look for, but a spiritual one." The whole thing seems to be mere fatuity. Dr. Davies was asked to sign the manifesto of the saints, styled the "Indictment against Satan," dated from "the Royal Manger, No. 3 Gloucester

Place, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, Surrey, where this prayer lies for signing, already signed by over four hundred and fifty thousand." He resorted to the pardonable stratagem of appending the name of one of his boys, who had shown such a propensity to mischief as to be sometimes entitled an imp.

The "Sandemanians," or "Glassites," had the honour of numbering among the members of their Church Professor Faraday, whose intellectual life must have been curiously divided between two distinct hemispheres, that of physical science and that of sectarian enthusiasm. The sect derives its double name from its founder, John Glass, a deposed and seceding minister of the Scotch Kirk, and Robert Sandeman, his son-in-law, who developed Glass's doctrine. Glass was deposed in 1728. Sandeman preached for a few years in London, then emigrated to America, where bodies of Sandemanians exist, while the number in London is only one hundred. The Sandemanians take every word of Scripture in the literal sense, instead of adopting any formal creed or confession of faith. They retain the Agapæ, or love-feasts, of the early Christians. Attendance at these love-feasts is obligatory. Kissing is an institution. At the love-feast each member salutes the person that sits next to him on each side. The places are assigned by lot, which is regarded as sacred by the Sandemanians, while they shun cards, dice and other games of chance. The washing of the feet is also retained. Another peculiarity is the objection of the sect to second marriages: the possession of a second wife is a disqualification for eldership. So the Sandemanians interpret the precept that a bishop must be the "husband of one wife." The worth of works is utterly repudiated, "which," says Dr. Davies, "makes the Sandemanian a cheerless creed after all; no room for humble acts of piety; no space for hope; all resolved into a cold, hard, mathematical acceptance of historical fact." The service consisted of very dismal singing, followed by an equally dismal sermon. The subject was an exposition of the most penitential of the Psalms, and the preacher, though there was nothing really to cry about in his sermon, kept weeping and almost losing his voice from emotion; nay, more than that, he made many of his congregation cry too, out of mere sympathy, for the discourse was rather critical than pathetic. Dr. Davies could not pretend to give a sketch of it: the only idea he could clearly trace was that thoughts of sin in the night were not to be explained away in the morning by merely physical causes; but when the preacher arrived at this point he broke down from sheer emotion, and passed on to some other topic, which gradually worked up to the same lamentable climax. Dr. Davies never remembers undergoing such a protracted process of depression in his life; and he feels bound to put it on record that, if their worship does not belie them, the Sandemanians must be the most dismal people on earth. And all this must have been habitually undergone by Faraday! Swedenborg, however, was assessor to a school of mines, and Sir Isaac Newton had fancies about prophecy. Perhaps there is an intellectual Nemesis of physical science.

The "Plumstead Peculiars" have their abode in Woolwich. Dr. Davies found no difficulty in getting on their track, the neighbourhood being up in arms against them, so that, if unpopularity is a test of saintliness, the Peculiars stand at the head of modern hageology. The cause of this distinction was a too literal interpretation by the sect of the precept of James: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." By treating smallpox on this principle, as an inquest on two children who had died of it revealed, the

Peculiars naturally gave umbrage to their neighbours. Dr. Davies found the "Elder Sister" of the order, a decent sort of woman, in a sombre dress, full, as he says, to the very finger nails, of her strange faith, and impressed with the idea that her visitor was a lost sheep straying by a special Providence into the true fold. He proceeded in quest of the male Elders, Hurry, Hines and Vine, the last of whom was a coal-carter, and had been one of the officiating ministers in the case of the poor infant whose death had formed the subject of a recent inquest. Elder Hines had gone to London to further the legal interests of Brother Hurry, at that time in durance vile; and an infelicitous question addressed to Mrs. Elder Hines, how it came that while the saints dispensed with medical, they were not above legal assistance, closed that source of information. Elder Vine, when found, was, like all realized ideals, disappointing. He had only the same hobby as the others, ridden more to death. He had that afternoon been dismissed from his employment at the crowded arsenal, unless he would give up his Elderly functions; he had promised the head of the department to refrain from manipulating contagious cases; but the functionary naturally replied that he could not make it his business to inquire whether Elder Vine were manipulating catarrh or small-pox. A coloured gentleman was a bright light among the Peculiar people. Him Dr. Davies found airing himself at his shop door. After a modest half-disclaimer, he owned that he worshipped with the Peculiar people. He thought them good, consistent Christian folk. He believed, however, that everything "came from de Lord," *even doctors.* As he parted from Dr. Davies on the platform of the Plumstead Station, the little boys shouted "Peculiar" after him, while he strode through his tiny persecutors with a superb air of contempt. "Such are the Plumstead Peculiars. Their faith and morality are beyond question. They are all poor, but help each other out of their common poverty in truly apostolic fashion. They gather at their nightly prayer meetings. All the long Sunday they spend in their little grimy chapel, some who come from a distance bringing their humble fare, and making a sort of pious pic-nic of their devotions; but—alas for that inevitable but!—they let their little ones die. They spread small-pox heedlessly among their fellow-creatures; and why? Simply because they will ride to death that one text which tells of the prayer of faith, utterly oblivious of the fact that the same writer who penned it added: 'Faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone;' and are inconsistent enough, while repudiating the doctor for their sick little ones, not to hesitate to call in the lawyer to get their Elder out of Newgate."

The phenomena of Spiritualism, of which Dr. Davies gives us his experience under the titles "Mediums," "A Shilling Séance," "Spirit Faces," "At a Dark Circle," can hardly be classed with the eccentricities of religious feeling. They are in fact physical superstitions, occupying the vacuum left in the human mind and heart by the temporary suspension, among large classes, of religious belief. They correspond to the belief in astrology which was rife in the Roman Empire during the decadence of Paganism, and again in Europe during that period of scepticism which followed the downfall of the faith of the Middle Ages. Dr. Davies' experiences and observations of Spiritualism do not greatly differ from those of other men of sense. In one case submitted to him, there was a considerable amount of profanity mingled with the imposture or self-delusion. The age of miracles, it seems, has not altogether passed away. As Dr. Newton, an eminent medium, was on his way to the Progressive Library in a Hansom cab, the horse was taken with the blind staggers. "The people began to make a fuss," said he, "but I jumped out, laid my hands on the horse's head, and he was all right in a minute." A "Shilling

Séance" is the "African sherry" of Spiritualism, enabling the million at a moderate cost to taste the flavour of refined absurdity. Of a "Dark Séance," Dr. Davies remarks that it is difficult to assign limits to what might be done, given perfect darkness and utter silence. This consideration, coupled with the fact that the audience generally are predisposed to belief by the personal influence of an imposing charlatan, seems to us, if not to dispel whatever of mystery may in Dr. Davies' estimation remain, at least to justify an attitude of decided scepticism, until the manifestations shall take place in the light and be recognized as real by men of science. True, it was in the light—of a lamp at all events—that Dr. Davies saw "Spirit Faces" protruded through rather Punch-and-Judy-like openings of a partition behind which a "medium" was sitting. But why did he see only *faces*, not whole figures? We can tell him, and any one else whom it may concern. The faces are *masks*, and the head protruded is really that of the medium herself, wearing the different masks successively. In the operating box of a medium whom we ourselves visited, there were two Punch-and-Judy apertures, one above, through which the faces of adults appeared; the other below, for the faces of children, who it seems were unable to rise from the ground even in the spirit world. The adult masks were no doubt worn upon the woman's face, the masks of children on her knee.

Cognate to Spiritualism in character and origin are such thaumaturgics as the miraculous cures performed by the Zouave Jacob, which form the subject of another chapter. Jacob came to London at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, chased, as he said, from Paris by war and revolution; though, as Dr. Davies shrewdly remarks, a time of war was exactly the one in which miraculous powers of healing would have been most in requisition. Jacob's language was that familiar to thaumaturgists. He pretended that the healing influence, or "fluid," did not emanate from himself, but was dispensed by spirits surrounding the patient, whose ethereal attendance his own presence guaranteed. Dr. Davies attended a *séance*. At about three o'clock, he says, a gentleman of clerical appearance and most satisfactory valetudinarian aspect knocked at the door. It was his second visit. His maladies were relaxed throat and deafness. He was fortunately able to assure M. Jacob that both of these maladies had *increased* since his first visit. This, it seems, is the normal process under M. Jacob's treatment. The malady, whatever it is, first increases, then comes to a climax, and ultimately disappears. The party then adjourned to an inner room for the *séance*. Dr. Davies, the invalid, and an agent or secretary of M. Jacob occupied three chairs in line, and M. Jacob himself stood opposite them and remained in a state of seeming abstraction for several minutes after giving them the order "Ne bougez pas." Of course they immediately felt the inevitable tickling at the top of their noses, and apparent impossibility of keeping still. However, they sat quiet, and, in a few minutes, M. Jacob made some passes over the invalid's throat and ear, then seemed to be trying to crack his secretary's knuckles, like Newman Noggs, and finally came to Dr. Davies, telling him first that his left toe was cold—a statement he was compelled to contradict. Neither could he agree with M. Jacob that he experienced pricking sensations in his knees. He was then informed that he had a weakness in his back. He replied that he was not aware of it, a fact which was explained by saying the weakness was "undeveloped." So the *séance* ended, and Dr. Davies took the opportunity of going off with the invalid. So abject is the thaumaturgy which will attract devotees in this sceptical and rationalistic age. Christians have some reason for saying that great is the faith of infidelity.

The concluding part of Dr. Davies'

volume is occupied with the religious phenomena of Roman Catholicism, Judaism and the Greek Church. But though his experiences and his descriptions of them are very interesting, we cannot find room for subjects at once so extensive, and in their general features so familiar, at the end of an article already long.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee;
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she—
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,
Played with my dolly, and feeded my bun,

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture book,
And, Bella and I, we went to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast—
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children. Things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest,
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XVII.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WATCH.

IT was ten o'clock, but the long June twilight still lingered. In the west the sun's afterglow spread warm and golden, and with a faint tinge of rose, up to the zenith, veiling the pure light of moon and stars as they floated onward through the purple east in a soft, tremulous splendour, and throwing over earth and heaven a robe of ineffable loveliness.

Little Dorinn sat on the low step at her cabin door, looking dreamily out on the beauty of the night. But of this she had but a dim consciousness. The soft stillness, and lovely lights and shades, changing and vanishing and reappearing, as if the colour sprites of the air had been scattering their glorious dyes about in play, had lulled her into reverie, and she was living the past over again. Maurice Byrne, handsome, happy and gay as of old, was beside her; she felt his breath warm on her cheek, the curls of his hair touched hers, and his voice made her heart throb as she heard him whisper fondly: "You're the light of my eyes and the darling of my heart, and I'll never love any one but you."

Her happy dream was rudely broken by the harsh cry of a screech-owl among the rocks, and wakening with a start, she looked round and saw Matty the Mouse close by her side.

"Oh, then, is that you, Matty?" she said; "who'd have thought to see you here at this late hour?"

"Sure I was taking a short cut to Larry Neil's, where I'm going to stop for the night," said Matty in a dull, weary voice, very different from his usual cheery tones. "But what's keeping you up so late, acushla? You ought to be asleep in your bed long ago."

"It's too fine a night to be in bed," said Little Dorinn. "I'd rather sit here and look at the clear lights in the sky, and the shadows on the rocks, and the lovely moon and stars, and listen to the little stream running over the stones."

"Troth, honey, for my part, I think there's something sorrowful in the look of the night, for as fine as it is," said Matty, "and something mournful in the sound of the stream. And listen there!" he exclaimed, as the cry of the screech-owl was repeated again close beside them. "Isn't that a fearful cry?"

"Sure it's only a screech-owl," said Little Dorinn; "I often hear them at night."

"God help us and save us! maybe it's not a screech-owl," said Matty.

"Why, what else would it be?" said Little Dorinn.

"Maybe it's a warning," said Matty.

"A warning—of what, Matty?"

"Oh, God knows. How's your grandfather, alanna?"

"He's wonderful well. I never remember him better. He's sound asleep now. Listen, and you'll hear him breathing. He always sleeps sound the first part of the night. Sure you didn't think it was a warning for him—did you, Matty?"

"No, agra, I didn't. But sometimes there's strange warnings sent to us, we don't know how, to let us know them we love have been taken away from us."

"Maurice!" cried Little Dorinn, with wide-dilated eyes, and springing to her feet as she spoke, "have you heard anything about Maurice?"

"Och, and I wish it was myself was gone, and not him!" burst out Matty—"me, that's an ould withered stump, with no one to care for me, and not a brave young boy like Maurice, that has a tender heart like yours bound up in him—not to mention his poor ould mother."

"Oh, hush!" cried Little Dorinn, as old Paddy stirred and moved uneasily in his sleep; "don't waken grandfather! Come away from the door,"—and she moved a few steps away, beckoning to Matty to follow her. "Now, what was it you were saying?" she asked, with a great dread in her face—"Was it anything about Maurice? I was dreaming a little while ago that he was beside me; maybe I'm dreaming still."

"You're not dreaming, my poor little colleen," said Matty; "Sure there's no use in my trying to keep it from you; he's dead, poor fellow—he's dead!"

"May God forgive you, Matty, for saying such a thing!" cried Little Dorinn wildly; "some one has been deceiving you. Oh, why would you come and tell me such a wicked lie?"

"God pity you, it's no lie, asthore," said Matty, "it's the sorrowful truth. There was a band of Fenians in the Phooka's Glen, and Maurice was with them, and the men that led them wanted to have Mr. Frank Wingfield put out of the way; they ordered Maurice to do it, but he told them straight out he wouldn't hurt Mr. Frank for all the Fenians in the country, or even for ould Ireland herself; and with that the Colonel that was in command drew out a revolver and fired at him, and shot him."

Matty paused, but Little Dorinn's wildly gleaming eyes, her quivering lips, the mute anguish of her face, seemed to compel him to speak on.

"They were on the top of the cliff in front of the caves. Maurice was close on the edge when the Colonel fired, and he fell over the rock. But he didn't feel it, child! he didn't feel it!" cried Matty, as a wild shriek of agony burst from Little Dorinn, and pierced his heart through the crust in which old age and a wandering life had encased it; "the life was gone out of him before he ever touched the stones below."

"It's not true—it's not true!" cried Little Dorinn, with a desperate determination not to believe the dreadful tale, as one struggles in a wild effort to shake off some frightful nightmare. "It can't be true."

"Ochone, ochone," said Matty, "sure I was there and saw it."

"What did you see?" asked Little Dorinn.

"I saw him fall over the rock; and wasn't the big stone that fell over with him broken to pieces with a crash and a roar like thunder? No mortal man could fall into the Phooka's Footstep and ever come out of it alive, unless by a miracle."

"Sure there's miracles happening every day, if we only believed in them!" cried Little Dorinn, clasping her hands with feverish energy. "Many a one has been wounded and didn't die; many a one has fallen over the rocks and not been killed. Was there no one there man enough to go and see whether he was alive or dead?"

"Sure we all knew he was dead," said old Matty; "and some of the boys cried out that it was murder, and they were going to turn on the Colonel when the word was given that Wingfield was coming up the pass with a regiment of soldiers. But sure that was a scheme of McCann's to keep the boys quiet; and faix, as soon as they heard it they changed their tune, and followed the Colonel out of the glen as meek as mice. And what did he do, bad luck to him, but bring me along with the boys half a dozen miles up the mountain, till Captain McCann, that I once did a good turn to, let me off."

"Oh! Maurice, Maurice," wailed Little Dorinn, "it was you that had the kind heart for old and young and every living thing, and now you're left lying on the cold hard rocks with no one to help or comfort you!"

"Indeed, and there's no help for it to-night, avourneen," said Matty; "it's too late to do anything to-night; but to-morrow we'll get some good climbers to go up and bring his poor body down; and his mother, poor woman, is able to afford him all the rites of the Church—an elegant wake and a beautiful burying, and the best of masses for his soul. And what more could any one desire after he's dead?"

Little Dorinn shuddered convulsively, but looking at Matty with wild, intense eyes, and a feverish flush dyeing her cheeks, she said, "Matty, he isn't dead! I know he's not! There's something within tells me so."

"God forgive me!" said old Matty, "she's crazed entirely. I wish I hadn't told her, and I never would if I hadn't seen her sitting on the door-step. It was unlucky I came this way; but sure it was a short cut to Larry Neil's, and where else was I to get a lodging handy at this time of night, and I not able to go any farther? for I'm fairly broke down with fear and sorrow, and the sight of that poor boy murdered before my eyes. God help us all, what is she looking at now?" he cried. "Don't, asthore! don't!" and he laid his hand on her arm, "don't be looking at them mountains as if your spirit was coming out of your body and going to fly over them. Wirra! wirra! what an unlucky ould fool I was to tell her."

"Oh, Matty," cried Little Dorinn, "I'm glad you told me. God bless you for telling me! I'll thank you and bless you for it all my life. But you must go away now, and leave me alone. I want to be alone."

"Alone, honey? What is it you want to be alone for? It's best for us to go into the house and waken your grandfather, and tell him the sorrowful news, and then, maybe, the tears will come and ease your poor heart."

"For you see," Matty said when he told the story afterwards, "her eyes were dry, and shining like two stars, and there was a look in her face that went through me like lightning, and made me feel as if it was a spirit, and not a living woman, that was beside me."

"Oh, Matty, for the love of Heaven don't waken grandfather," cried Little Dorinn; "let him sleep in peace while he can."

"You're not meaning to do yourself any harm—are you, child?" asked old Matty. "Sure you wouldn't be so wicked as to shut yourself out from God's mercy that way, let alone forsaking the poor old man in there, that's as dependent on you as a child. What would become of him if he lost you?"

"No, no, I'll not do myself any harm; I'll take care of myself; only I want to be alone," said Little Dorinn.

"And there's Mrs. Byrne," said Matty, "who has she to look to for comfort in her heavy trouble but you? It's you that'll have to break it to her to-morrow, for there's no one else could do it."

"Oh, yes, I'll do anything you like to-morrow, but to-night—to-night I want to be alone. I want to pray to the blessed Mary to help me. She knew what it was to have her heart torn with sorrow like mine!"

"Yes, avourneen, yes," said Matty, "prayers is good. What would we do in this cruel world if we couldn't say a prayer to the blessed ones above? And you'll go into the house, alanna, won't you?" he added coaxingly; "you needn't waken the ould man, but it will be good for you to feel him near. Light a candle, avourneen, and shut the door, and say your prayers and cry your tears—tears would do you good, acushla, if you'd only let them come."

"Yes, Matty, I'll go into the house and

shut the door, and say my prayers. And, Matty, it's only a few steps from here to Larry Neil's—will you come over the first thing in the morning?"

"Indeed and I will, child, and I meant to do that same. Sure I'll stay with you and the ould man all night, if you like."

"Oh, no, Matty, thank you kindly, but I'd rather be alone—alone with grandfather and the blessed saints."

"Well, sure, you couldn't have better company, asthore, and so I'll bid you good night, and may God comfort you and have mercy on the soul of the poor boy that's gone."

Little Dorinn hastily turned away, unable or unwilling to utter the usual "Amen" in response, and going into the cabin closed the door. She was not afraid of wakening her grandfather, for he was so much accustomed to her quiet movements about the house that they never disturbed him. Lighting a rush candle, she placed some oat cakes and milk on a table beside the old man's bed, ready for his breakfast. Then she sought in a box for a bottle of whisky, which old Paddy sometimes took when his rheumatic pains were bad, and filling a phial put it in her pocket. Turning towards a little crucifix hanging on the wall, she then knelt down, prayed a brief, impassioned prayer, and rising, was about to go out when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. Coming back, she took from a nail on which it hung a dark woollen shawl, and wrapped it round her head and shoulders, then, opening the door, she passed out, carefully closed the door behind her, and ran swiftly down the winding path through the glen.

Having crossed the ridge of rocks which shut in the little glen, and passed over the common where Maurice had gathered the blackberries, Little Dorinn climbed a wooded hill, and coming down on the other side was stopped in her flight by a double ditch, and a screen of woodland. But only for a minute. She soon managed to cross the ditch and came out through the wood on a wide expanse of smooth green turf, part of a fine old domain, over which great branching oaks and beeches were scattered, the river flowing softly and dreamily among them, as if wearied with the strife and toil through which it had fought its way from the mountains. The moon was now getting high in heaven, and rapidly asserting her sovereignty over the night, which she filled with a brightness almost as clear and vivid as day. The planets shone large and lustrous in the dim aerial distance, and the light of moon and stars was reflected on the glassy bosom of the river, while the great trees made mysterious spaces of shadow on the silvery grass, from whence it was easy to imagine troops of fairies emerging to hold their revels in the moonshine. It was a lovely scene; and the silent figure passing through it so swiftly, so silently, and with such feverish intensity of purpose in her gleaming eyes and flying feet, might have served for a picture of Kilmeny escaping from Fairyland.

Fairies mingle largely with all the Irish peasants' beliefs and imaginations, and Little Dorinn thought of them now. She remembered how Maurice had said to her, "Maybe the Queen of the Fairies will take a fancy to me and carry me off to Fairyland, and then you'll never see me anymore!" "I was afraid when I heard him say it," Little Dorinn said to herself now, "for if there's such things—and who can say that there's not?—they might be offended, and punish him for making a joke of them. But, oh! there's far worse things in the world than the fairies."

And then, as she had hardly for one moment ceased doing, she poured forth passionate prayers that Maurice might be still alive—prayers such as only a faith never shaken or chilled by doubts or misgivings can utter; prayers that seem inspired to knock at the door of heaven till it is opened and their petitions granted; prayers that ask for miracles, and while they ask never doubt that their fervent supplications will be answered. At another time Little Dorinn, like old Matty and every one else, would have thought it impossible that any human being could survive a fall into the Phooka's Footstep; but now from the depths of her anguish was born a wild hope that in some way or other Maurice had escaped. She was like a mother who holds her dead baby pressed to her heart, and persists in declaring that it is only asleep, while she watches in an agony of fear and hope to see the closed eyes open and look at her with glad recognition, the pale lips part and smile at her as they were used to do.

Crossing a rustic wooden bridge, Little Dorinn passed through a field where herds of ruminating cattle were lying, the gentle creatures scarcely turning their heads to look at her, and thence, by wooded copses and ferny dells, she reached the region of rock and heath again.

A few minutes now brought her to the pass at the head of the Phooka's Glen. In this spot had been her earliest home, and she and her brothers, now all dead, had often picked froghans in the glen, and played hide-and-seek in the Phooka's Caves. Many a time she had thrown stones over the cliff, that she might hear the crash of their fall into the Phooka's Footstep, and listened for the echoes that repeated the sound again and again. To reach this chasm from above was impossible, but she knew that it was accessible from below, as she had seen her eldest brother, a bold, daring lad of fifteen, climb to it, and bring down as a trophy of his achievement a branch of the great yew tree that grew there; but had the way to it been ten times more difficult and dangerous than it was, she would have attempted it that night. She believed that no precipice a human foot could scale, no obstacle mortal energy could overcome, would be a barrier strong enough to keep her from Maurice. She felt like one inspired, and so in truth she was; inspired by her faithful and devoted love.

Following the path by the river, she soon reached the great boulder stretching half across the road, round which lay the only passage to the Phooka's Footstep. Nothing like a path was to be seen, but for a little way, by winding in and out among the rocks, it was comparatively easy to ascend. Gradually, however, the rocks closed in; she could no longer proceed without climbing their steep sides, and the footing was so difficult and precarious that a single false step would have sent her to the bottom of the glen. Here, too, the light was dim and uncertain, and she had often to pick her way more by feeling than by sight. But the image of Maurice, lying bruised and bleeding on the rocks, beckoned her onward with irresistible force; and whether the passionate intensity of feeling which impelled her, and which so immeasurably increases the power of every faculty, gave her skill and strength, or the Virgin Mother, whose aid she so fervently invoked, helped her, as she herself believed, she got on without slip or stumble, always instinctively placing her foot in the right place; always finding some branch of a tree or root of ivy to assist her in crossing from one rock to another; and never failing, when uncertain of her way, to catch sight of the great yew tree, on whose dark leaves the moonbeams steadily shone.

At last the edge of the chasm was reached, and she began to descend its side. Till the bottom was gained she kept her eyes heroically averted; she would not risk a glance that might unsteady her nerves, and endanger the life or limbs which might save Maurice. But as she dropped safely down on the fragments of rock which the Phooka's magic footstep had broken, with what an agony of hope and fear did she look round! There, under the shadow of the wide-branched old yew, lay something—oh! how her heart beat, how every fibre of her frame thrilled and quivered as she drew near!

Yes; it was Maurice; lying quiet and still as if in peaceful sleep; but as she knelt down beside him, she knew that the stillness was more like that of death than of sleep. One arm was extended, the hand clenched, and filled with twigs and leaves; the other was helplessly bent under him, and as she tried to raise his head, she felt that his hair was wet with blood.

"Oh, Father in heaven! Oh, blessed Mary!" she murmured, as she held him in her arms, "help me now in my hour of sore need! Maurice, avourneen! Maurice, agra! it's me that's speaking to you—your own Little Dorinn. Wake up, darling, and kiss me, and tell me you're not dead! Often and often you've scolded me for being so sparing of my kisses, but I'll kiss you now, my heart's darling, if you'll only waken! I'll kiss you all night long!" And with passionate love she kissed his brow, his eyes, his lips, while the tears she had not shed till now fell like rain on his face.

Her tears, her kisses, her loving words, seemed to penetrate through the dull torpor of his long and death-like swoon, and bring back his fast-failing life. He stirred slightly and uttered a faint moan. And now came an agony of hope, almost as hard to bear as the agony of fear she had felt before; but she controlled her emotion, forced back her tears, and, tenderly supporting his head on her breast, contrived to get a few drops of the whiskey she had brought into his mouth. They seemed to revive him; his clenched teeth unclosed, and he opened his eyes.

With a throbbing, quivering heart, but a hand that her great love made firm and steady, Little Dorinn gave him a little more whiskey; and as he swallowed it, a gleam of bewildered consciousness came into his face. "Dory—Dory Laverty," he muttered, slowly and painfully, "is it you, or is it your spirit?"

"It's me—me myself, Maurice, my own darling!"

"Is it sick I am? Have I got a fever? Was it all a dream that I was with the Fenians, and that I fell over the rock at the caves? But it was no dream!" he exclaimed; "I remember it all now. If I only had that black villain here!" and he tried to raise himself from the tender arms that held him.

"Oh, hush, darling; hush!" said Little Dorinn; "lie quiet, and don't think of him, only of the mercy of God that saved you!"

"Isn't that Little Dorinn that's speaking?" said Maurice. "Where is it I am?"

"You're here with me, Maurice, agra; in the Phooka's Footstep, where you fell. I'm here to take care of you till better help comes."

"In the Phooka's Footstep?" repeated Maurice. "Then it's all a dream. Little Dorinn never could get to me there. It's not her at all; it's only a vision."

"It's no vision, Maurice; it's me,—your own Little Dorinn!"

"But how could you get here, my pet? Sure your pretty little feet and your nice little hands never could climb these rocks. Was it the angels brought you here to comfort me before I die? Kiss me, then, darling! kiss me, and say you forgive me for leaving you in the cruel way I did. I thought I felt your kisses on my lips a little while ago. Kiss me again before you go away."

"Oh, Maurice, my heart's darling," cried Little Dorinn, kissing him again and again, "I'm not going away. I'm going to stay with you till help comes in the morning."

But Maurice did not hear her last words; the life that Little Dorinn had called back for a little while failed again, and he sank once more into stupor and unconsciousness.

In spite of her grief and terror, Little Dorinn did not lose her courage and presence of mind. Taking off her cotton apron and tearing it into slips, she bound up his wounded head and arm, having first applied a cloth dipped in whiskey to his head—a cure used by "the boys" for all cuts and bruises received in faction fights or other "rows and ructions" at fairs and patterns. Then, by a supreme effort of her strength she managed to place him in a more comfortable position, resting partly on her lap, partly on her shawl, which she had folded and laid under him; and, supporting his head on her breast, she waited in patient faith till the morning. She reproached herself now that she had not told Matty she was going to find Maurice, dead or alive, and asked him to rouse the neighbours and send help at once. She had not done so, partly because she knew that Matty would have believed her mad, and would have wakened and alarmed her grandfather, and partly from a superstitious feeling that if she went alone and unaided, except, as she said, by God and the blessed Saints, the hopes, which she knew every one else would deem the wildest insanity, were more likely to be fulfilled. And now that these hopes had been so wonderfully realized, now that she had found Maurice alive, surely the Power that had preserved him from so frightful a danger, and brought her to his side, would not suffer him to perish. Maurice had been saved by a miracle, she believed, and, if it were necessary, another miracle could be wrought to complete the work.

To others besides Little Dorinn Maurice's escape might well have seemed miraculous; but, wonderful as it was, it is easily explained. In falling, his hand had come in contact with a young birch sapling, growing in a crevice of the cliff some thirty feet from the summit; he caught it instinctively, and though it quickly gave way, for a moment it arrested his descent and lessened its rapidity; but this, perhaps, would not have availed him much if he had not been so fortunate as to come down on the heavy branches of the old yew tree, which effectually broke the violence of his fall; and in this way, though very much bruised, and his head severely wounded by the rocks, he escaped the certain death that would otherwise have been his fate.

Short as midsummer nights are, this one seemed of interminable length to Little Dorinn. Every now and then she moistened Maurice's lips with whiskey, but he did not revive again, and so faint was his breathing that at times it appeared to stop altogether. Sometimes strangely familiar sounds, as of well-known music, floated round her, now far off, then nearer, and then softly dying away; and, tremblingly, she asked herself if they were the voices of the angels of whom Maurice had spoken, coming to waft his soul to heaven. Then she would put her lips to his till she felt his faint breath, press him softly in her arms, pray with fervent faith, and hope again. She was sure that when Matty missed her from the cabin in the morning, and found that her grandfather did not know where she was, he would at once suspect that she had gone to the Phooka's Glen, and send the neighbours to search for her and Maurice there. With this hope, and her firm trust in God's mercy, she supported her courage through the long, slow, weary-footed hours, till the chill air that heralds the dawn came over the mountains, and above their eastern tops gleamed the first faint tinge of pearly light. Faint and pale it shone on Maurice's ghastly face; and as Little Dorinn gazed on him with yearning tenderness, she fancied that his breath came fainter and fainter, and was gradually ebbing away.

"Oh, Father above! take pity upon us!" she cried aloud. "Send us help before it is too late!"

As if in answer to her cry, something touched her shoulder, and, looking round with a start, she saw the small, dark, eager face of Malachy Bride.

"I was afraid it was your fetch, till I touched you," said the boy. "Who's that you've got in your arms?"

"Is that you, Malachy Bride?" said Little Dorinn. "It's Maurice Byrne that's here. The Fenians shot him because he refused to take Mr. Frank's life, and he fell over the rock at the caves."

"He's not dead, is he?" asked Malachy.

"Oh, no, he's not dead; but many a time this night I'd have thought he was dying, only I had faith in them above that saved him at first, and brought me up the rocks to take care of him."

"Who was it you said brought you?" asked Malachy. "Was it the fairies, or what was it?"

"No one but God and his angels," said Little Dorinn. "Old Matty saw him fall over the cliff, and told me, and I came to see if by God's mercy he was alive, or to watch beside him if he was dead, till other watchers came. Oh! Malachy, I thought the morning would never come; but sure it was God put it into your heart to find us out, for you'll go and bring us help, won't you?"

"I came to look what the Fenians were doing," said Malachy, "and I was roaming about, wondering what had become of them, when I saw you going up the rocks. At first I was afraid to follow you, for I thought it was your fetch, but something seemed to draw me on, and I came up after you, bit by bit, till I saw you get down into the Phooka's Footstep. Then I got an ivy leaf and played all the tunes I could remember, for I thought if it was really you, you'd hear me and call to me; but you didn't seem to take any notice."

"Oh, Malachy, was it you played that mournful music?" said Little Dorinn. "Sure I heard it well enough, but I thought it was the angels. Oh! why didn't you speak to me at first?"

"Because I didn't know it was yourself," said Malachy. "I thought it must be a spirit of some kind or other. And the tunes weren't a bit mournful, you only thought so. They were the merriest tunes I have, for I played them to keep up my courage. But for all that I was afraid to come near you, till I heard the blackcock whistling to waken up his mate, and then I knew it was morning."

"Oh, thank God you spoke at last!" said Little Dorinn. "But won't you go now, and bring some of the neighbours to get him off these terrible rocks? And oh, Malachy, dear," she cried, her agony of impatience at the boy's delay overcoming her fear of irritating his wayward temper by her urgency, and thus hindering instead of hastening his departure, "for the love of God make haste! Maybe his life or death depends upon your speed."

"Never fear!" said Malachy, "I'll run like a hare once I'm off. I'll go straight to Mr. Frank and tell him. He and Miss Katharine came home last night; and he's the only one that'll know how to get him safe down. But where did the Fenians go?"

"Matty said they went farther up the mountains, because it was cried out that Mr. Frank was bringing a regiment of soldiers into the glen. They're gone, any way, and sure we needn't think of them at all till we get Maurice safe out of this," said Little Dorinn.

"The soldiers will be down on them to-morrow," said Malachy, "and I hope they'll shoot them every one like mad dogs for wanting to murder Mr. Frank, and for murdering Maurice Byrne. But don't look like that!" he exclaimed, suddenly moved by the white anguish of Little Dorinn's face and the wild fear in her eyes, "sure he's alive after all, and when Mr. Frank gets him down to Dunran, he'll make him well in no time. And now I'm going, and I'll run every step of the way, and never stop to draw my breath!"

The next moment he was climbing the edge of the Phooka's Footstep, and Little Dorinn was left to her lonely watch again.

Though he had lingered till his curiosity was gratified, Malachy made up for lost time by descending the rocks with a rapidity which even he had never equalled before, and when he got down to more level ground he kept up his swiftest pace till he reached Dunran.

The shutters were all closed, and the doors fastened; no one was up in the house. But Malachy did not wait to rouse the sleeping servants. Climbing into a verandah which ran along part of the house, and on which he knew the window of Frank's bedroom opened, he put an ivy leaf to his lips and played "Shule, shule, shule, agra!" in shrill, long-drawn, thrilling notes, that wandered round and round the house, finding entrance through every crack and cranny in the building. The wild, piercing sounds quickly had the effect he desired; the window opened, and Frank Wingfield called out to know what he was doing there at such an extraordinary hour.

"Maurice Byrne is murdered in the glen, Mr. Frank," cried Malachy boldly, well assured that he needed no other excuse than the tidings he brought; "and if you don't come down to him at once, he'll be dead."

"Maurice Byrne—murdered!" exclaimed Frank. "Go round to my dressing-room window, and I will let you in."

"Tell me everything; quickly!" Frank said, as he opened the window, and Malachy sprang into the room.

As if the responsibility thrown upon him had suddenly steadied and sobered his intellect, the boy told his story briefly and clearly; relating, in as few words as possible, Maurice's refusal to put Frank out of the way of the Fenians, and his fall into the Phooka's Footstep, where he lay now, wounded and insensible, watched over by Little Dorinn.

"Rouse up the servants!" said Frank; "we must have a hammock and ropes to get him down the rocks. Tell Jackson and the other men to make haste: I will be with them in a minute. Dear Katharine," he added, turning to his young wife, who had followed him into the dressing-room, "have a room and bed prepared, and send for Dr. Daly. I hope we may be able to save him yet."

"Oh, I hope so," said Katharine, the cold blue light of the dawn mingling with the fading lamplight, and falling on her raven hair and sweet, pale face, as she stood wrapped in her white dressing-gown looking anxiously up at her husband; "but, Frank, you must not go. Jackson will know how to do everything you tell him, and it would be madness to risk your life among the Fenians after the warning you have received, especially in such a place as the glen."

"Dear Katharine," said Frank, "could I send the men where I would not go myself?"

"*They* would be in no danger," said Katharine.

"There will be no danger for any of us," said Frank; "but even if there were, would you have me so base a coward as not to risk my life for one who has perhaps sacrificed his for me?"

"No—oh, no!" said poor Katharine, trying to speak firmly, but throwing her arms round Frank, and clinging to him as she spoke.

"That's my brave girl!" said Frank, clasping her to his heart. "Think of poor Maurice lying on those rocks insensible all night; think of Little Dorinn watching beside him—how in the world the girl got there is more than I can conceive. Imagine, my Katharine, what you would have felt if I had been in Maurice's place and you in Little Dorinn's, and then you will no longer even wish me to stay."

"No—oh, no!" said Katharine; "you must go. But you will not be careless and reckless; you will be prudent and cautious. Oh, promise me that you will!"

"I can honestly promise you that, my Katharine. Life is far too sweet to me to be recklessly thrown away. I will come back safe to you, never fear; but you must not expect me too soon, for we shall have to bring the poor fellow very slowly. Now, kiss me; goodbye, my own love, and bid me God speed!"

This married pair were lovers still, and would be all their lives, for between them there was that complete and spontaneous sympathy so rarely found on earth, but which alone can make a perfect union:

"Heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

The last hour of her watch seemed longer to Little Dorinn than all the rest of the night had been, as she sat in the gathering dawn, with its pale shadows and glimmering lights, gazing on her lover's deathlike face, and listening for the first sound of the coming help. But her faith and hope, born of her great love, still sustained her courage, and held despair at bay. At last deliverance came; at last Frank Wingfield, with Malachy Bride and several men carrying hammocks, cushions, and shawls, appeared on the edge of the hollow; and in another minute or two Frank was beside her, bending anxiously over Maurice, and holding his hand.

" He's alive, sir," said Little Dorinn, looking at him with quiet eyes, and speaking in a quiet voice, almost like the voice and eyes of one from the spirit-world.

" Yes, my brave girl, he is alive," said Frank, " thanks to you. Now we must move him into one of the hammocks, and get him down the rocks as easily as we can."

" Oh, Mr. Frank, touch him gently! Take care they don't hurt him," said Little Dorinn.

"Don't be afraid, dear child, we'll be very gentle," said Frank tenderly, for he was deeply touched by her bravery and devotion; " we'll soon have him at Dunran, where everything will be ready to make him comfortable, and Dr. Daly will be there to meet him."

Little Dorinn trembled very much as Frank, assisted by the men, took him out of her arms and placed him on the pillows in the hammock; then with some difficulty (for she was stiff and sore from supporting Maurice's weight, and sitting in one constrained position for so many hours) she rose, and stood ready to follow.

" I have brought a hammock for you, too," said Frank; " you must not attempt to walk —you are not able."

" Oh, yes, sir!" said Little Dorinn, eagerly, " I can walk; I must walk. Don't try to hinder me, Mr. Frank," she added beseechingly; " I'm well able; I'm able for anything!"

" Poor child, how you tremble!" said Frank. " You shall do as you like; but you must let Malachy stay with you and help you down the rocks. It is a mystery to me how you ever got up them in safety—at night too! Come here, Malachy, and take care of Little Dorinn."

Under Frank's careful and skilful guidance, Maurice was got safely down to the glen, after which the road was easy enough. Two or three times on the way Maurice stopped the hammock, that Little Dorinn, who with Malachy walked close behind, might smooth his pillows, and give him some drops of a cordial which Miss Dicy had sent. The rosy light of a lovely summer's morning filled the sky as the little procession crossed the fields, and, following a path that ran under Dunran rock, came through the pleasure ground, glowing with June roses, to the house. Katharine, who, it need not be said, had been anxiously watching for them, met them at the door, while Dr. Wingfield, Miss Dicy, Dr. Daly, and every servant in the house, were waiting in the hall.

Maurice was at once placed in the bed that had been prepared for him, and Frank stayed beside him while Dr. Daly examined his injuries. Every one was so much occupied and absorbed in attending to Maurice, that for the moment Little Dorinn was forgotten, and she stood unnoticed in the hall—every nerve quivering with fear and anxiety—waiting, yet dreading, to hear the doctor's verdict.

But it was not long till a kind arm was placed gently round her and a sweet voice said softly, " Dear Little Dorinn, how much you must have suffered!"

" Oh, no, my lady," said Little Dorinn; " only—do you think he'll ever get well?"

" Yes, dear, I think he will," said Katharine; " Mr. Frank thinks you have saved him."

" Not me, my lady; it was God did it all—if he *is* saved," said Little Dorinn, clasping her hands, and pressing them against her throbbing heart.

"I hope and trust he is," said Katharine.

"His poor mother, my lady," said Little Dorinn; "could any one be sent to tell her? I'd go myself only I want to hear what the doctor says: it's only for that I'm waiting," she added, looking timidly at Katharine.

"I would not allow you to go," said Katharine; "you must stay here. I have sent for Mrs. Byrne, and I expect her every moment."

"Oh, my lady, I hope she won't hear it too sudden," said Little Dorinn; "it's dreadful to have such a blow come on you unawares!" and she shuddered.

"I thought of that," said Katharine; "no one will tell her till I see her. And now you must come with me, and rest and take some breakfast, or you will be ill."

"Thank you kindly, my lady, but I couldn't eat or drink, and I'd rather stay here if you'll let me," said Little Dorinn; and Katharine saw that her eyes were fixed on the door at the end of the hall through which Maurice had been carried.

"At least you must sit down," said Katharine, placing a chair beside her.

"I think I'm easier standing, my lady—I couldn't sit down—not till I hear—" She stopped, and again her gaze was rivetted on the closed door.

The next moment it opened, and Frank came out quickly. "I bring good news," he said. "Dr. Daly has very little doubt that Maurice will be as well as ever he was in a few weeks."

"Oh, Frank, she can't bear it!" cried Katharine. "See how she trembles and gasps for breath. She is fainting."

Yes, Katharine was right. The strained senses and faculties which had remained so vivid and active through all the pains and grief she had borne in the night gave way now, and slipping from Katharine's supporting arm, Little Dorinn fell to the floor.

Raising her very tenderly, Frank carried her into the breakfast-room and laid her on a sofa, while Katharine brought some water, and Miss Dicy hastened for hartshorn and smelling-salts.

"Poor thing! how white and worn she looks!" said Katharine compassionately, as with gentle touch she put back Little Dorinn's golden-brown tresses.

"Yes," said Frank, "she is only the shadow of what she was before Maurice went away; but I hope he will give up his Fenianism now, and repay Little Dorinn for all she has suffered."

"She is repaid already in having saved his life," said Katharine. "But there—she is opening her eyes. She will soon be better."

"Give her some wine, and make her lie quiet," said Frank. "I will send Malachy to tell her grandfather where she is, and to see that the old man does not want anything."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

THERE is not much more to add to my story. Maurice Byrne, nursed by his mother, and watched and tended at Dunran as carefully as Frank himself could have been, recovered rapidly, and in a month was almost quite well. In the meantime Dr. Wingfield and Frank, with Captain Mansell and other gentlemen of influence, whose interest in young Byrne's case had been excited, obtained his pardon from the Government; Maurice faithfully engaging to be henceforth a peaceful and loyal subject of the Queen.

The detachment of soldiers for which Frank had applied, but which had been detained by the usual official delays, did not arrive till they were no longer neede
Maurice's Fenian comrades, tired of hu
and inaction, and disappointed in their I
of being joined by the men of W

became dispirited and unmanageable, and fled to their homes, to wait and watch, as they said, for another and better opportunity to plant the Green above the Red. Their leaders escaped to America, and there joined in that abortive raid on Canada, so signally defeated by the gallant Canadian Volunteers.

One day, soon after Maurice had been allowed to leave his bed, Mrs. Byrne, who, since Maurice had been pronounced out of danger, had had many anxious misgivings about the state of her neglected household, had gone to Roebawn, and, almost for the first time since his illness, he had been left for a little while alone. It was a glorious day in July, and the air came sweet and balmy through the open windows, but its breath seemed rather to fever than refresh Maurice. There were easy-chairs and couches in the pleasant sitting-room to which he had been moved since his convalescence, but he seemed unable to find rest in them; lovely landscapes hung on the walls, but he never once glanced at them; interesting and amusing books, and the latest newspapers, lay on the table, but he did not look at them. He did nothing but move uneasily from window to window; sometimes looking across the brilliant flowers in the parterres below and the grand old trees in the park to the blue hills beyond; sometimes following with longing eyes the path that wound round the rock of Dunran, through the golden gorse and broom that blossomed on the lower slopes and the purple heather that decked the crags above, to the white crystalline cliffs of the summit, glittering in the sunlight. The bandage had been removed from his head, and no scar was visible. His arm was in a sling, and he looked pale and thin, yet there was the aspect of returning health and vigour in his face, and it seemed evident that his feverish restlessness was not caused by any physical pain or weakness, but rather by mental trouble or anxiety.

"Hallo! Maurice," said Frank Wingfield, coming hastily into the room, and laying his hand on Maurice's shoulder, "You look wofully dismal. What's the matter?"

"Oh, not much, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, making an effort to smile.

"Well, but there is something—what is it?"

"Mr. Frank," said Maurice, "you've all been so good to me that I can never half show you how grateful I am—"

"Nonsense, Maurice. I thought Mrs. Wingfield had proved to you that the gratitude ought to be all on the other side—if gratitude is a word that can ever properly be used between two such friends as you and I have always been. If you have anything like the same regard for me that I have for you, you will never speak to me in that way again."

"But just now, when I am going home, I *must*," said Maurice.

"Going home! That you certainly are not till Dr. Daly gives permission. Why should you want to go home? But I need not ask; it is all owing to that provoking Little Dorinn."

"Well, Mr. Frank, isn't it very queer that in spite of all Mrs. Wingfield could do, she wouldn't stay an hour in the same house with me, and has never entered it since to see me, or even to ask how I was?"

"Why should she? We all know she doesn't care what becomes of you. She climbed to the Phooka's Footstep at the risk of her life and watched over you all night, just to show how little she cared about you."

"I don't know, Mr. Frank; you may laugh at me, but she's a brave, tender-hearted girl, and she might do all she did for me, great as it was, and what no other woman in the world would or could have done, and not have forgiven me for the way I treated her. If she had, she wouldn't have stayed away from me all this time."

"Yes, she would, when she knew you

no longer needed her. She showed more love and devotion on that memorable night than any reasonable man ought to expect in a lifetime; but she has too much spirit and self-respect to take the place of your betrothed wife again till you yourself give it to her. How can she tell that you don't intend going off on some other mad expedition as soon as you are able, and leaving her as you did before?"

"That's very true," said Maurice, "and it's that troubles me most. I don't deserve that she ever should trust me again."

"Perhaps not, but I've no doubt she will," said Frank laughing. "Ask her and you'll see."

"That's just what I want to do," said Maurice, with a flash of his old fire, "and what I must do before I'm many hours older. Mr. Frank, I'm well able to go home, if you'll only send me there."

"I'll do no such thing, but if you like I'll take you out for a drive. Dr. Daly told me this morning a drive would do you good."

"Will you take me to see *her*?" asked Maurice.

"Of course I will. I have business at Glenmore, and you know if we go by the upper road, we can drive within a few yards of Little Dorinn's door, so that you will not have far to walk."

"I could walk twice as far," said Maurice.

"You certainly do look better than you did when I came in," said Frank laughing, "and I think, with my help, you'll be able to manage it. Then I will go on to Glenmore, and call for you on my way back; you shall have a good hour to settle your affairs; and if in that time you don't get Little Dorinn's full forgiveness, and her promise to marry you as soon as you are able to go to church, you are not the boy I take you to be."

Maurice seized Frank's hand and wrung it warmly. "And you're the man they wanted me to put a bullet through," he said with deep emotion.

"There wasn't much likelihood of your doing that, old friend!" said Frank, returning Maurice's grasp, "not even for the sake of the Irish Republic! But now I will go and order the phaeton."

One glance at Little Dorinn's loving and welcoming eyes put to flight all Maurice's doubts and fears, and their meeting was one of perfect happiness. Her face, though bright now with her great joy, was pale and wasted with anxiety, and the great agony of grief and fear through which she had passed, but to Maurice it was dearer and lovelier than ever, and his every look and tone showed his passionate and adoring love.

"But why did my darling never once come to see me all those weary weeks?" asked Maurice, as he drew her away from the cabin door, where old Paddy was sitting in placid content, to the bench under the great quicken tree, that he might have her "all to himself."

"Dear Maurice," said Little Dorinn, "I heard every day, night and morning, how you were, and I knew you were getting well, and had your mother and plenty more to take good care of you—and didn't want me."

"But I did want you. I wanted you all day long, and all night I dreamed I was lying on the rocks with you beside me, and felt your warm tears and your sweet kisses on my face. Every morning, I hoped, would bring you, and every night my heart failed me, because you had'nt come. What was it kept my darling away?"

"Oh, Maurice, it was hard to stay away. I could never tell you how hard!" said Little Dorinn, her eyes filling with tears, "but I thought it was right."

And Maurice kissed the tears away, and clasped her to his beating heart.

Then he took the little card-box in which lay the wedding-ring and the brooch he had bought so long ago, and with delight only equalled by Little Dorinn's, tried the ring on her finger, and fastened the brooch on her dress, "to see if it became her," he said; adding, with a lover's fond flattery, that the jewels of her eyes would shame the finest ornament ever worn by a queen.

"I've got a little ring," said Maurice as he held Little Dorinn's hand in his, and looked with pride at the wedding-ring and its guard on her finger, "made of a bit of straw, that I wear next my heart, and that I wouldn't give for all the rings in the world. It was my only comfort while I was away, for, some how or other, it seemed a pledge to me that, in spite of all my folly, Little Dorinn was my own still. How miserable I was after I found out my mistake I could never tell you, and often when I looked at the little box and the pretty things that were in it, and thought the happy day for which I bought them might never come, I was ready to throw them into the river and myself after them. And it never would have come," he said, softly and tenderly, "only for you, my own true love, my brave darling, only for you! I pray God to make me worthy of all your love and truth!"

"Oh, Maurice, I'm so happy!" said Little Dorinn. "I'm so happy I'm afraid it can't last!"

"If my love can make it last, it will last for ever!" said Maurice.

"What else in the world do I want?" said Little Dorinn.

"Well, Little Dorinn," said Frank Wingfield, as after more than an hour's absence, which seemed scarcely a minute to the lovers, he came up to them as they sat under the quicken tree, "I hope you have been as hard-hearted and unrelenting to Maurice as he deserves; but he looks so happy and triumphant that I'm very much afraid you haven't punished him sufficiently."

"I'm sure, sir, he's been punished more than enough," said Little Dorinn.

"Punished? He's been rewarded. Would he ever have known how much he was loved and what a true heroine his little sweetheart was, if he hadn't tumbled over the cliff? But I'm determined to make him do penance yet by making him drink the Glorious, Pious and Immortal Memory at the wedding-feast."

"No, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, laughing, "you'll never make me do that. I'm a true Irishman still, and a good Catholic, and the only reason I agreed to give up fighting for Ireland's independence is because I have no hope of success. But that only makes me hate the English Government more than ever. It doesn't make you love your enemy any better to know that he's not only able to knock you down, but strong enough to keep you there."

"England does not want to keep you down," said Frank; "her desire is that you should put your hand in hers in good faith, and stand by her side. Ireland can be far greater as an important part of the British Empire than she ever could be as an independent nation, allowed to exist as such on sufferance, even if she could stand alone under any circumstances, as I don't believe she could."

"Well, perhaps not, if such men as the Fenians were her rulers," said Maurice, with very pardonable bitterness.

"No, certainly not. And that seems to me to prove absolutely that the time for any such revolution in Ireland has gone by. In Ninety-eight all Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, was treated with gross and tyrannical injustice, and the leaders of the United Irishmen—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, the Emmetts, Theobald Wolfe Tone—all their chief men, not forgetting William Michael Byrne and his brother, were noble men and true patriots, who knew the penalty they were incurring for the sake of their country, and paid it bravely when they failed. Again, when the Young Ireland party was formed, the Irish still had wrongs enough remaining to excite their just indignation, and the leaders were honest and disinterested, and not without some excuse. But now Ireland really has nothing to complain of, or if there is still anything that could reasonably be considered a grievance, the means of redress are as open to Irish Catholics as to English Protestants. There is in truth nothing now to justify a revolution, and, therefore, no one has been found to head the Fenian movement except men without principle or honour, or one spark of genuine patriotism. The selfishness, falseness, and cupidity of the New York leaders are plain to all the world, and your own experience of the Irish leaders has not shown them in any better light. This, of itself, is enough to condemn Fenianism."

"Well, Mr. Frank, I own there is truth in what you say," said Maurice. "I fully intend to consider the subject more thoroughly than I have yet done, and make myself acquainted with all that has been said on both sides of the question."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Frank, "and I don't despair of seeing you take my view of the subject before long. In the meantime, I know Little Dorinn will take care that you don't join the Fenians again."

"Oh, sir, he has given his word that he won't," said Little Dorinn. "Maurice will never break his word."

"I am quite sure he never will," said Frank. "I must go and speak to your grandfather now, and then I will come back for you, Maurice."

"And when is the wedding to be?" asked Frank, as the young men walked down to the carriage, Maurice leaning on Frank's arm.

"As soon as ever I can get my arm out of this sling," said Maurice. "I feel so much stronger since I came out that I don't think it will be long before I can do that."

"I see Little Dorinn is the only doctor you need now," said Frank, laughing. "I suppose, to let her perfect the cure, I must take you there again to-morrow."

In less than a fortnight Maurice and Little Dorinn were married, Katharine presenting the bride with a complete wedding outfit, and a charming wedding-dress. Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy also made her handsome presents, and Frank gave her a valuable emerald and pearl brooch. But though charmed with all her beautiful things, and full of gratitude for the kindness of Maurice's friends, she prized Maurice's little brooch far more than Frank's expensive gift, and, in spite of Mrs. Byrne's half angry, half pleased protest, wore it on her wedding-day.

When the writer last heard of Maurice and Little Dorinn, they were still living at Roebawn, happy and prosperous. Mrs. Byrne declares that she cannot tell whether she loves her son or daughter best, and she has never yet said one hasty or unkind word to old Paddy, who has lived to hold his great-grandson on his knee. Maurice has bought another farm adjoining his old one, and is rapidly gaining a high reputation in his neighbourbood as a skilful and enterprising farmer. In fact he is getting on so well that Mrs. Byrne is confident her grandchildren will restore all the greatness of the clan O'Byrne. Matty the Mouse is a constant and welcome visitor at Roebawn, and still plays tunes on his wonderful stick, to the great delight of little Baby Byrne and his own. Malachy Bride goes to school and learns music, and not only Katharine and Miss Dicy, but Dr. Wingfield, and even Frank, believe that he will yet be a great musician.

THE END.

CANADA.—A VISITOR'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land of lake, forest and river,
Where joyous I've roamed many bright Summer days:
I go from thy shores, but to think of thee ever,—
And lands o'er the ocean shall echo thy praise.

I have gazed on the woods no horizon was bounding,
Spread out in their beauty—vast, varied and wild;
I have heard the dread fall of thy waters resounding,
And joyed in the Maker who owned me His child.

From morning to eve o'er thy lakes I have glided,
Where cape vies in beauty with islet and bay;
Down thy rivers and rapids have sped, safely guided
Through dangers and glories that marked all their way.

I have mused in the shade of the pine-trees gigantic
That seek the high heav'n from low earth where they stand,—
And thought how far more than my day-dream romantic
Of thee was fulfilled, rare and beautiful land.

Thy forests yield bounteous their long-cherished treasures,
And scatter their riches to regions less blest;
Thy lands give to Labour possession's new pleasures,
And Industry hails them the home of her rest.

But better than glories of woodland and waters,
And better than riches of city or field,
Are the brave hearts that beat in thy sons and thy daughters,
And the homage to thee, their lov'd country, they yield:

Hearts gen'rous and true, to the stranger outgoing
With love's warmest welcome, to place him as friend,
Heaven's smile keep Love's fires on thy hearths ever glowing,
And bright lights of Thought in rich harmony blend.

May peace be the lot of the children who own thee—
Thy statesmen be wise, patriotic and pure—
Truth, Virtue, and Freedom the garlands that crown thee,
While thy lands sleep 'neath heav'n, and thy waters endure:

While through thy deep forests hoarse Autumn winds bray loud,
St. Lawrence his islets of beauty doth lave,
Niagara thunders and throws up his spray-cloud,
Or queenly Ontario rolls her blue wave.

Farewell, land of rest for the day that is fleeting—
Of hope for the Ages that tread at the door;
Soon shall seas west and east on thy frontiers be beating,
And the hum of thy peoples from shore reach to shore.

PERTH, SCOTLAND. R. C.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION IN ONTARIO.

BY J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., ST. CATHARINES.

THE Central Administration of our School System has of late been the subject of severe animadversion, and is likely to receive particular scrutiny during the next session of the Legislative Assembly : it may therefore be serviceable to discuss some of the most obvious defects ; to endeavour to trace them to their sources ; and, if possible, to indicate appropriate remedies.

In 1844 Dr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent of Common Schools ; in 1846 he received the assistance of a Board of Education ; in 1853 this joint jurisdiction was extended so as to include the Grammar Schools, and under this central control the school system still remains, with, however, an exchange of the original titles of office for the more sonorous and rather comprehensive designations of Chief Superintendent of *Education* and Council of Public Instruction. Surely a magnificent arena was here offered for administrative wisdom and capacity. In other civilized countries such mental activity was being exhibited as the world never before witnessed. Our educational autocracy ruled over a people possessed of very unusual intelligence, and eager to emulate foreign progress. Now if, after more than twenty-five of the best years of the nineteenth century, we take stock of our educational position, what is the evidence furnished by the inventory? We find an unlimited quantity of the finest raw material, and an accumulation of the most expensive plant and machinery. But the appreciable educational results are surprisingly small. That even the Education Office itself acknowledges its failure is sufficiently evidenced by the rolls of Parliament. The number of School Bills which, during the past five or six years, has been recommended to the Legislature by the Chief Superintendent, is truly wonderful ; but hardly less admirable is the patient consideration with which the House has generally treated these often contradictory and mutually destructive measures. Perhaps, after all, it is *not* singular that the Chief Superintendent should have always ascribed the defects of the school system to local management,—to the imperfections of teachers and school boards, —and that he should never once have found anything susceptible of remedial legislation either in his own Department or in the Educational Council. The disturbance is always least at the centre of motion ; the sailor finds a perfect calm at the very pivot of the tornado. The Legislature probably supposed that the Council of Public Instruction would prove a weighty balance-wheel, serving to counteract the unsteadiness of a personal administration, where the moving spring is often some personal interest. A close reading of the School Law will show that, in almost every instance where the Chief Superintendent has jurisdiction, there the Council has concurrent jurisdiction ; and that in many departments of school administration the authority of the Council is paramount. Even in the management of the Book Depository—over which Dr. Ryerson appears now to assume personal control—the names of all books intended for school libraries ought, before the actual purchase of the books, to be submitted for the approval of the Council. This is plainly intended in the 119th section of the Consolidated Common School Act. The Chief Superintendent himself so interprets the law : for in a letter read to the Council of Public

Instruction on March 11, 1867, and engrossed in the minutes, he says: "One great object for creating the Council was to give additional aid to the Chief Superintendent in managing the Normal and Model Schools, in making general regulations, in *selecting text and library books*," &c. No one can doubt that the evils inseparable from every Government monopoly would have been mitigated had the Council insisted on a close scrutiny of Dr. Ryerson's mercantile operations; yet, on an examination of the Minutes of Council, as laid before Parliament, I cannot find that for many years this important provision of law has been complied with. But neither in this nor in many similar cases—as will be illustrated farther on—has the Council resented the contemptuous indifference of the Education Office. The announcements of the Council now visibly fail to command the attention and respect with which they were once received. I think that this evident decline in public esteem is attributable, partly to the defective constitution and procedure of the body, but partly also to a fallacious educational policy. The constitution of the Council was closely modelled on that of the Irish "National Board of Commissioners;" though the social and educational conditions of Ontario differed as essentially from those of Ireland as the latter differed from those of Russia. Up to the present time the Ministry of the day has held in its hands the appointments to vacancies, and in all but the most recent nominations the choice of new members has been directed towards the representation and conciliation of the various churches. Not only was our Educational Council based on the representation of religious sects; but, unlike the Irish Board, it soon began to acquire an almost exclusively *clerical* complexion. Of the vacancies that occurred during a period of twenty years, but one, if I remember aright, was filled by the selection of a layman; and even here the exception is only apparent, for this appointment was intended to have a special ecclesiastical significance. Experience has not shown that the mildest type of aversion is the *odium theologicum;* or that an Œcumenical Council is the least acrimonious of deliberative bodies. It is to be feared that, in both Ireland and Ontario, the very precaution taken to prevent the alienation of religious sects only hastened the catastrophe. The circumstance that all the members of the Council of Public Instruction are drawn from a single point of the Province is unfavourable to a due regard for local conditions and resources. This has been well exemplified in the official programmes of study, and the timetables, which were evidently moulded on the routine of some city school, but which have been found utterly inapplicable to those of the public schools that possess only one teacher—that is to say, inapplicable to 3,000 out of 4,000 public schools! It is only by taking the greatest license with these schemes that any useful application of them becomes possible; and then, of course, we are as far as ever from uniformity. The policy of attempting to supersede the administrative ability of each individual teacher by general rescripts of this character is obviously unsound; and the unsoundness of the policy was all the more speedily betrayed by the narrowness and inflexibility of the details.

Passing from the constitution of the Council to its mode of procedure, it is observable that the School Act makes it the first duty of the members to "appoint a chairman" (22 Vic., cap. 64, § 119),—intending undoubtedly thereby, an officer who should preside for such term of years as may be settled by the Council itself. Such, at all events, was the interpretation of the law for twenty-one years. But after the death of Judge Harrison, its second chairman, to whose faithful performance of duty, down to within a few weeks of his death, the Council itself bears record, I can find in the annual lists of members no mention of a regular chairman. Indeed, from the minutes of Council submitted to Parliament, it is evident that a temporary chairman is, contrary to the purpose of the Statute, selected for each meeting. The Statute also intends that there should be fixed times for regular meetings; and accordingly, in the earlier lists of members, the "days of meeting" are stated as "Tuesdays, at 10 o'clock a. m." In addition to the legal provision for *regular* meetings, which, according to all practice, should assemble at the call of the chairman, permission is given in the Act to the Chief Superintendent to call "special" meetings, "by giving due notice to the other members." But, since the Council has been left headless, there has been no official qualified to convene regular meetings; consequently all the meetings are of the exceptional character described in the Act as "special," and are summoned on, I believe, about two days' notice by the Chief Superintendent. Then, though the Council consists of ten members, and though all are residents of Toronto, the quorum consists of only three members, of whom the Chief Superintendent may, of course, be one. In the period between the 10th of October, 1871, and the 9th of February, 1872, nine meetings of the Council were held. At four of these meetings only three members were present, the Chief Superintendent being, in each case, one of the three; at three meetings, four members were present, and at the remaining two, five were present. Going back to the earlier records, the attendance was at times somewhat better; but, on the other hand, I find that on the 7th of August, 1869, *two* members had the temerity to assume the functions of a quorum; to finally sanction and authorize the only Elementary Arithmetic thenceforward to be permitted in Ontario schools, and thus to impose on teachers a text-book against which they have been protesting ever since! From the certified proceedings of the Council, it is possible to obtain this much information; but the general record much resembles the physique of "one Pinch"—it is in good truth "a mere anatomy." More arid and sterile annals it would be impossible to compile. No educational policy is enunciated; the most arbitrary edicts are adopted without any allusion to the necessities that were conceived to justify them; and while Parliament itself, in the preambles to its Statutes, deigns to justify itself to posterity, the Council of Public Instruction abrogates the decisions of the Legislature without condescending to tell us anything more in its record than "*It was ordered.*" The written proceedings of the Council exhibit no traces of "notices of motion." And thus not only may a meeting be called at any moment, but business of the utmost consequence may be sprung upon it. The record can never become an accuser, for all individual responsibility is avoided by the impersonality and the colourless complexion of the minutes. The proceedings are not distinguished into resolutions and amendments; consequently the names of mover and seconder are not supplied. If a division ever disturbs the serenity of the Council, it is apparently thought best to forgive and forget it; at all events, no account of the yeas and nays is preserved. The law provides a means of communication between the Council and Parliament in the form of an annual report. It is made the duty (22 Vic., cap. 64, § 119) of this body "to transmit annually, through the Chief Superintendent of Education, to the Governor, to be laid before the Legislature, a true account of the receipts and expenditures of all moneys granted for the establishment and support of the Normal School." It is further provided (§ 120) that, under the regulations of the Council, there shall be expended the Superannuated Teachers' Fund, and the sums appropriated for the maintenance of the Model Schools. *An* annual report is now undoubtedly presented to Parliament; it is the report, however, not of the Council, as required by law, but of the Chief Superintendent. Opening at random any of these annual documents, we find Dr. Ryerson's prefatory note, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, to read as follows: "Sir, — I have the honour to transmit herewith, to be laid before His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, *my* report on the Normal, Model, Grammar and Common Schools of Ontario," &c. The expenditure on which the Council is required by law to report, and for which it is legally responsible, appears to be nowhere authenticated by that body; and the minutes of Council clearly indicate that the accounts have never been submitted for its audit, or even its inspection. Where the plain requirements of the Statute have been thus set at naught, it will occasion no surprise to find that in its highest advisory functions—which, though not formally defined in the law, follow by easy inference from its provisions—the Council is completely overlooked. It would strike most persons as an eminently proper course that the Chief Superintendent, before recommending a School Bill to the Legislature, should submit for frank criticism and emendation, his proposed measure to the Council, out of whose deliberations many of its provisions must have originated. The day has gone by when the Legislature would amend the School Law without the amplest discussion; and it is only fair to presume that, if a proposed Bill has received the careful consideration of the Council, it will suffer less at the hands of the Legislature. Dr. Ryerson has, however, I believe, distinctly repudiated the claim of the Council to be regarded as an advisory body on questions of School legislation; and, as a matter of fact, such questions are never submitted for its opinion. The members are, I understand, not even furnished with a copy of the measure recommended to Parliament, and popularly supposed to receive their concurrence; and not unfrequently their first acquaintance with the law, on which will hereafter be based their by-laws or regulations, is made after it has passed the Legislature.

It would be absurd to regard a body so imperfectly organized, and so perfectly dispossessed of its legal functions, as an efficient counterpoise to what Mr. Blake characterized as the "one-man power" of our educational machinery. Reform in this Council, from any interior impulse, is hardly to be anticipated. If any member were to initiate a searching inquiry into an alleged Departmental abuse, he would probably soon become dismayed by the magnitude of the task and the intricacy of the inquiry. He could obtain the necessary meetings of Council only with the concurrence and at the call of the head of the very Department which was being subjected to scrutiny. Even if meetings were granted him, endless obstacles could readily be interposed. The peculiar character of the minutes would exclude all mention of the investigation, until that point had been reached when "*it was ordered.*" He need not expect much support from the presiding member, for what authority can the chairman exert when the chair is at all times "in commission?" Nor will the Council be sensitive to outside opinion. Its proceedings are conducted with profound secrecy—in only exceptional cases can it be immediately known what members were parties to unwise or objectionable measures; and, even if it were known, these members are not dependent on an election for their seats in the Council. The rumbling of popular discontent may be heard from afar; but it is merely thunder in a cloudless sky: it occasions only blank surprise, and it is not followed by the refreshing rain of reform.

Among practical educationists there appears to exist but little variance of opinion as to the amendments required in the constitution and the procedure of the Council of Public Instruction. It seems to be generally conceded that all members, whether appointed or elected, should hold office for short but renewable terms, instead of, as at present, occupying seats at the Council-table for life. The urgent necessity for an elected representative element was fully recognized by the present Ontario Ministry in their School Bill of last Session; but it is questionable, looking to the great popular interest in the proceedings of the Council, whether this elective element might not with advantage be given still fuller recognition. The payment of the expenses of non-resident members, and the publication of full official reports of the Council's proceedings, are important corollaries flowing from the representative system, and indeed the former was not forgotten in the Premier's School Bill. The reorganized Council should be permitted to commence its administration untrammelled by the precedents and policy of its predecessor. On some most important questions the educational policy of our central executive is undoubtedly fallacious. Within the limits of an article it would be impossible to traverse the large area occupied by the rules and regulations emanating from our educational bureau. From a large mass of material inviting criticism I shall select two topics—the Text-book system and the Depository system. These appendages of our educational system proper were apparently suggested by certain regulations of the Irish National Commissioners; but since their first adoption among us they have undergone special developments for which no precedent can be quoted, and which now render them a peculiar—and in my judgment a most injurious—characteristic of our educational system. Even from the beginning very significant differences existed between the Irish and the Upper Canadian regulations respecting text-books. Brief extracts from the rules of the Irish Commissioners will clearly illustrate this: (*a*) "The use of the books published by the Commissioners *is not compulsory;* but the titles of all other books which the patrons or managers of schools intend for the ordinary school business are to be notified to the Commissioners, and none are to be used to which they object." (*b*) "The Commissioners furnish *gratuitously* to each school a first stock of school books, in proportion to the attendance of children, which is renewed at the end of every three years." (*c*) "The managers [trustees] of schools have the privilege of selecting their grants of free stock from the whole list of books supplied by the Commissioners, and are at liberty *to choose such of them as they most approve of, and to omit any to which they object*, except in the case of a first free stock, when the Commissioners require that a map of the world and a set each of spelling and arithmetical tablets shall be procured." Now, the defence of the existing text-book system of Ontario has been constantly based on the alleged analogy of the Irish system; but the above extracts conclusively disprove such an allegation. The Commissioners intervene only when books inconsistent with the non-sectarian character of their National Schools are introduced; in other respects the freest choice among standard school books would be permitted. Even where books are accepted by the schools as a donation, the utmost latitude of selection is invited. From the whole tenor of their regulations, the Irish Commissioners have evidently acted upon the wholesome maxim of Horace: "*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*" An examination of the list, including both the books published by the Commissioners and other books recommended by them, shows the great care taken to avoid all appearance of official dictation to school managers. The Commissioners' own publications included, in addition to the National Readers, with which we are all familiar, five distinct volumes are available for instruction in reading. In other subjects of instruction they were careful to embrace among their "sanctioned" books, treatises occupying the same ground as those published under their own direction. Thus, while publishing the "National Arithmetic," they were careful to say that "Thomson's Arithmetic" was a very good one; while publishing an English Grammar, they also recommended "Sullivan's Grammar;" and so in each of the other subjects. Such a system is manifestly a very different one from the system which, in Ontario, is alleged to be based on it. To official recommendations of certain text-books there can be no objection, so long as there is perfect freedom on the part of school managers to accept or to reject such recommendations. In Ontario, however, "recommendation" at length passed over into "prescription," though without any corresponding change, or indeed any change whatever, in the *Public* School Law. It may surprise some readers to be told that the *prescribing* of text-books to *Public* Schools has no statutory authority; but such is undoubtedly the case, as is quite evident both from the School Act itself and from certain official correspondence laid before Parliament during its last Session (Sessional Paper No 72). The Consolidated Public School Act (22 Vic., cap. 64) empowers (§ 119) the Council of Public Instruction "to examine, and at its discretion recommend or disapprove of text-books for the use of schools, or books for school libraries;" while in section 98 the Act declares, "It shall be the duty of each County and Circuit Board of Public Instruction (now called County Boards of Examiners), and each such Board is hereby empowered to select, *if deemed expedient*, from a list of text-books recommended or authorized by the Council of Public Instruction, such books as they may think best adapted for use in the Common Schools of the County or Circuit, and to ascertain and recommend the best facilities for procuring such books." There is here a genuine analogy to the Irish system. The Council of Public Instruction is empowered to recommend to Public Schools *a general list* of text-books from which the County Boards may, *if they choose*, single out particular text-books for their districts. This for many years continued in Ontario to be not only the law, as it still is, but the practice, as it no longer is. I have now before me a list of books sanctioned by the Council, and issued soon after the passing of the original Act containing the above provisions. This list includes the titles of three distinct treatises on grammar, and five treatises on geography. The following Minutes of Council will clearly illustrate the transition of our text-book system from the optional stage to one of compulsion:

"*Minutes*, 9*th Jan.*, 1860.—The Council of Public Instruction having had submitted to them for approval 'Sangster's National Arithmetic,' has much pleasure in viewing it as an important addition to Canadian school-books; *and while they direct its adoption in the Normal and Model Schools, they strongly recommend its use in the Public Schools of Western Canada.*"

"*Minutes*, 31*st Dec.*, 1860.—The Council having had presented for their approval 'An Elementary Arithmetic in Decimal Currency,' for the use of schools, by J. H. Sangster, Esq., have much pleasure in acceding to the request, and recommend it accordingly."

"*Minutes*, 14*th March*, 1865.—The letter of Dr. Sangster, laid before the Council at its last meeting, having been under consideration, it was *Ordered*, That his 'Elementary Treatise on Algebra' be approved as a text-book in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes*, 1*st May*, 1865.—*Ordered*, That the permission to use 'Morse's Geography' in the Grammar and Common Schools be henceforth withdrawn. *Ordered*, That 'Hodgins' Easy Lessons in General Geography' be authorized for use in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes*, 5*th June*, 1865.—The question of a General Geography for the Public Schools having been under consideration, it was *Ordered*, That 'Lovell's General Geography' be authorized for use in the Grammar and

Common Schools of U. Canada. *Ordered*, That 'Hodgins' History of Canada' be authorized for use in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes*, 31*st December*, 1867.—The letter of Campbell and Son, submitting the copyright of their Geography was laid before the Council, and it was *Ordered*, That the Chief Superintendent be requested to inform Messrs Campbell and Son that the copyright of 'Mr. Lovell's General Geography and Easy Lessons on General Geography,' had been offered to and accepted by the Council previous to the receipt of the above communication."

In 1860, the Council limited its action to *recommending* a certain work concurrently with others: in 1867, it had got to the length of "authorizing" *one* text-book, to the exclusion of all others. One cannot fail to remark, in reading these suggestive Minutes, that this change of policy coincided, in point of time, with the publication of works by officers of the Education Office and Normal School. The author of the Mathematical books above named was at that time a Master in the Normal School; while the author of the Geographical and Historical text-books was both Deputy-Superintendent of Education and Clerk of the Council of Public Instruction. The *Journal of Education* displayed unusual energy in enforcing the decisions of the Council. In the number for June 1865, under the caption "Use of American Geographies not Sanctioned," school authorities are informed that "hereafter it will not be lawful, after the copies now in actual use in any school are worn out, to use either Morse's or any other American Geography in either the Grammar or Common Schools of Upper Canada. A violation of this order, in any case, will subject the school concerned to the loss of its share in the Grammar School Fund, or Legislative School Grant, as the case may be." In his Annual Report for 1866 the Chief Superintendent tells us, that during that year 601 additional Public Schools adopted "Lovell's General Geography," and with delightful *naïveté*, he regards this as "a striking illustration of the endorsement by the public of the recommendation of this excellent Geography by the Council of Public Instruction." (P. 8.) "The necessity for uniformity in text-books" was now becoming a favourite dogma with our educational officials. The introduction of a Grammar School Bill into the Legislature in 1865 afforded an opportunity for strengthening the central censorship of text-books, and for the first time we encounter the term "*prescribe*," while the terms applied to Public Schools were, as we have seen, "select," "recommend," "sanction." Lest there should be any misunderstanding as to the application of this formidable implement of censorship, the *Journal of Education* introduced the newly-prescribed list of Grammar School text-books with the following announcement:—"It will be seen that the general principle upon which these text-books have been selected throughout is the excellent and only practicable one, of *leaving no option to the Trustees or Masters in the choice of text-books in particular subjects*." The general proposition implied in this and similar announcements of the Educational Department is by no means universally true; indeed, the supposed necessity for uniform text-books has carried away our educational authorities into most dangerous fallacies. If the text-books are of inferior execution, then the uniform employment of them becomes the very reverse of desirable. In school exercises other than reading, the exact reproduction of the words of an author is generally very far from being either essential or desirable; and in such general subjects the employment of a variety of standard text-books ought not to occasion a competent teacher the least practical difficulty. At all events, in such departments as arithmetic and geography, there can be offered no valid reason whatever for restricting school authorities to a single text-book. Even in the matter of reading-books, uniformity may easily be purchased too dearly. The National Readers, at the time of their first adoption by the Council, had already become antiquated, and otherwise unsuitable to our schools. The literary selections very inadequately represented the resources of English literature. The historical summaries were so condensed and distorted as frequently to convey very erroneous ideas of the real sequence of events. The condition of the scientific portions may be judged from the circumstance that gas-light was, at the time of their compilation, to use the words of the Fifth Book, "a recent discovery." For more than twenty years the Council of Public Instruction compelled the use of these unsuitable books in our schools; and at the end of that period, Dr. Ryerson, in his pamphlet entitled "The Brown-Campbell Crusade," was still bewailing the abandonment of "this admirable series," after the Irish Commissioners themselves had condemned the Readers, and were undertaking the task of revision. Now, it may well be questioned whether, during these twenty years, the benefit of uniformity was not far outweighed by the general retardation of youthful intelligence and knowledge. The remonstrances of educationists against these books became loud and frequent, and the Council at length addressed itself to the question of a new series of Readers. It decided, perhaps hastily, that no existing Readers would form an appropriate substitute, and determined to officially superintend the publication of a new series. The compilation of the higher Readers, and of the "Companion to the Readers" (Spelling-Book), was even committed to certain members of Council. At the same time stringent copyright regulations were devised, under which was secured the remuneration of authors or editors. Now this was manifestly very delicate ground for persons administering a high educational trust, and unpleasant references to commercial transactions between publishers and certain members of Council soon found their way into newspapers. Mr. Blake's Government at length found itself compelled to address the following letter to the Council (Sessional Papers for 1873, No. 72):—

"PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
"*Toronto*, 8*th March*, 1872.

"SIR,—I am commanded to acquaint the Council of Public Instruction that it has been represented to the Government that certain late members of the Council were appointed to paid employments in the gift of the Council; and also that certain present and certain late members of the Council have, under the regulations of the Council or otherwise, obtained, or are to obtain, payment from publishers for work done in connexion with the preparation or revision of some of the text-books authorized by the Council, or have received, or are to receive, a pecuniary benefit from the publication.

"I am commanded to enquire of the Council whether any of these representations are true, and if so, to request a detailed statement of the various transactions, with particulars of names, dates and amounts.

"I am further commanded to request that the Council will procure and forward a detailed statement, with like particulars, of the various sums received, under its regulations or otherwise, by authors, editors and others in the public service under the Council of Public Instruction, concerned in the preparation of the text-books authorized by the Council, and a report from the Arbitrator appointed by the Government to act in matters of this kind.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
(Signed) "PETER GOW, *Secretary*."

The terms of this letter evidently required the fullest information respecting the commercial relations existing between publishers on the one hand and members of the Educational Council, officers of the Educational Department, and masters of the Normal

School on the other. So long as a Book Depository is maintained under its present conditions, there will exist obvious facilities for maintaining at the public charge a great central agency or depot, for the advertising, the sale and the dispersion of works in which Educational officials are interested; and it is the obvious duty of the Government to exact the very fullest information on the working of the whole machine.

The Council, in a letter dated March 27th, 1872 (Sess. Paper, No. 72), professed to reply to the Provincial Secretary's question, but the reply contains no information whatever as to the relations of publishers to officials of the Educational Department, or (with a single exceptional reference) to masters of the Normal School. As regards the remuneration of members of Council by publishers, one member admits, under his own hand, having received $1,080 in two sums of $600 and $480; two other members—since retired—obtained, one a larger, and another a smaller sum. If I were dealing with individuals rather than with the text-book system, it would be easy for me to show that the information supplied by the above statement of the Council is very incomplete. My purpose, however, is simply to secure a genuine reform of what I regard as great educational abuses, and for my argument the admissions of the Council itself are sufficient. On these admissions the Government of Mr. Blake was certainly justified in issuing the following important Order in Council, dated 8th April, 1872 (Sess. Paper, No. 72):—

"1. The Committee of Council have had under consideration the letter of the Provincial Secretary to the Council of Public Instruction of the 8th of March last, its reply of the 27th of March, and its minutes.

"2. By these documents it appears that the Council, while controlling the authorization, publication, and price of text-books for the schools of Ontario, has made arrangements and regulations under which some of its members have become pecuniarily interested in the preparation of text-books: and further that, on two occasions, the Council has appointed members to paid employments in its gift.

"3. The Committee, in view of the facts thus disclosed, have read with surprise the following extract from the Chief Superintendent's letter to the Provincial Secretary of the 15th of February last:—'I have also to remark that it has been a principle acted upon from the beginning, that no person should be a member of the Council who was subjected to its authority, or in any way interested in any salaries or allowances it might grant or recommend, or in regulations it might adopt.'

"4. The Committee regret to observe that the members of the Council have in these proceedings violated the fundamental principle referred to by the Chief Superintendent, a principle applicable to all persons in positions of trust, and which forbids them so to act as to create a conflict between their interests and their duty. It is the duty of the Council to see that the work is done by the best men in the best manner, to allow no needless alterations or revisions, and to keep down the cost of the books by moderating the charges for preparation and profits of publishers; but when they sanction the paid employment of themselves, becoming judges in their own cause, they prevent impartial judgment, and make it their interest to promote alterations and revisions, to increase the charges for preparation, and to enlarge the profits of the publishers, out of which their own remuneration comes.

"The Committee advise that your Excellency should direct that no members of the Council of Public Instruction be pecuniarily interested in the preparation of any text-book authorized by the Council, or be appointed to any paid employment in its gift."

In the foregoing examination of our text-book system I have not discussed the *quality* of the various works at present authorized. I did not wish to be understood as object-ing to particular books, for the real objection lies against the *system*, which, by prescribing one book to the exclusion of all others, virtually *prescribes the thoughts and opinions* of the country. This consequence of the system became apparent to many minds when a text-book on Christian Morals was authorized; but the same objection is valid in all other subjects except the mathematical; and in these latter subjects a close restriction of text-books is highly objectionable on other grounds. Like other teachers, I am only too well aware of the great imperfections of many of these authorized text-books. The truth is, that for many years, in educational subjects, our little Republic of Letters has been in the hands of a triumvirate of authors. Works other than those of this triumvirate, Ontario teachers can employ only surreptitiously, and at the risk of a penalty being inflicted by officials whose vigilance is maintained by the sharp spur of personal interest. Enterprising houses in the book trade are only too willing to do their share in making accessible to our youth the ablest and freshest authors of the time; but the edicts of the Council of Public Instruction have, in advance, declared contraband for school purposes all intellectual products not included in their tariff, and book importers have to govern themselves accordingly. Such is the present intolerable condition of things. True intellectual progress is no more promoted by these uniformity Regulations than true religion was in the olden time promoted by the Act of Uniformity. This idea of arraying our youth in an intellectual uniform of strict regulation pattern and colour is quite as fantastic as the Republican Ordinance of 1848, issued to the *Ecole Normale* of Paris, and requiring of the *normaliens* to never appear in public unless trussed with swords and surmounted by three-cocked hats!

Passing now to the Book Depository, we find the same erroneous policy, only in another form of development. Fortunately, public opinion is pretty well matured on the reform here required, which is none other than the total discontinuance of the Book and Map Department of the Depository. The country has, moreover, the assurance of the Premier from his place in Parliament that the extinction of the Depositary will, before next Session, receive the consideration of the Ministry. It may, perhaps, be said that the whole question is one of administration, and that under an improved administration of the Depository it may do good service. This is in one sense true, but in such a sense as would completely alter the character and objects of the Depository, and thus the discussion would be wholly transferred from the merits of the institution as it exists. The Departmental authorities strongly urge the argument that the Depository is greatly resorted to by school authorities in search of books and other requisites. Certainly; and this will continue to be the case so long as the Legislature adds 100 per cent. to the remittance of parties effecting purchases at the Depository. Will the Department, however, be pleased to inform us what proportion of the whole Legislative grant to Mechanics' Institute libraries is annually expended at the Depository? In this case the purchasers, who are almost invariably connected also with the local School Boards, are under no compulsion, and they do not, as a rule, think of purchasing at the Educational Depository. Now, Mechanics' Institute libraries do not exhibit the unwholesome literature against which the Educational Department assures us its intervention alone protects school libraries, and it may be assumed that the men who find their way without paternal guidance in the one case may be safely trusted to do it in the other. The protection of the Educational Department against the "*extortions of booksellers*" is kind but unnecessary: an examination of the invoices at Mechanics' Institutes would satisfy any one that the average book-buyer is quite aware of the distinction between buying a single book and buying a large number of books. Taking up at hazard any one of the educational or library catalogues published by our importing houses, and comparing it with an Educational Depository catalogue of the same date, an intending buyer would not require many minutes to decide (the Legislative 100 per cent. being available in each case) against the Depository. According to the official rules for the conduct of school libraries, no books must be admitted that are not included in the Departmental catalogue. Let us open the official catalogue for 1868, the most recent published. In scientific works the record is conspicuously deficient. In history, all the names of eminent contemporary writers are absent. In political economy there is no mention of so established an author as John Stuart Mill. In poetry there is no mention of Shakspeare! Now it is the custom of the Depository, where an author is not in the catalogue, as often happens, or not on the shelves even though in the catalogue, as is still more frequently the case,—it is the custom, I say, to console the applicant with "*the nearest thing*" to the order. Then would it be unreasonable to inquire what the Educational Department of Ontario regards as "the nearest thing" to the works of Shakspeare? This mode of substitution reminds one of the story of the Consul Mummius, who, when sending away from doomed Corinth the choicest pictures and statues of antiquity, compelled the carriers to sign a bond engaging, in the event of the destruction of their freight, that they would replace those masterpieces of Greek art by "*new ones just as good!*" Happily, the general intelligence of our people will sustain the Government in energetic measures for the correction of Educational as well as other abuses. An interested outcry there may, and probably will be; but, to borrow a sentiment from Victor Hugo, *il faut que celui qui défriche un marais se résigne à entendre les grenouilles croasser autour de lui.**

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* "He that drains a swamp must make up his mind to hear the frogs croak around him."

FAINT HEART.

WHY was I born, ye angels? was it well?
Ye might have killed me, such a little thing!
And I had been in Heaven all this while,
And missed mine heritage of suffering.
Would it have been a loss? I cannot tell;
God knows.

Why cry and moan? What matters anything?
Why vex the quiet air with vain complaints?
The army of immortals marches on,
And must not tarry, though one, footsore, faints;
Would it be better if another stayed?
God knows.

What if I died? The world is over full;
Stronger and better souls would come instead.
Is there no place in Heaven yet for me?
Must I keep on, with feignèd martial tread?
Live to fear death, and count my sorrow sin?
God knows.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE incriminated Minister has fallen under the weight of obloquy evolved, mainly by force of his own confession, out of the Pacific Scandal, and his fall has dragged down an Administration against some members of which there was no evidence of complicity, but whose mistaken chivalry in clinging to the soiled robes of their condemned chief more than condoned a great State crime in which they had individually no part. Many of his old supporters went further, and as an additional solace marked their approbation of what their old leader had done by formally electing him anew. They ought to have been spared this act of self-sacrifice. The chivalrous course for Sir John Macdonald, from the first, was the one marked out alike by candour and policy. If, while denying that he had sold the charter, or received a personal bribe, he had admitted what was sure to be proved, that a grave impropriety had been committed, by which his resignation became a necessity, he would have done the best thing for himself and all connected with him. The mistaken chivalry of his followers stands in marked contrast to his own want of self-abnegation, while it throws a dark cloud over their future. Seldom do the moves of faction, even when the last stage of party rashness has been reached, take the actors so directly to the brink of the fatal precipice. In the last stages of the parliamentary agony, the sinking Minister gave proof of but a single quality on which admiration can fix: he was deficient in everything but courage, and the courage that defends State crimes by precedent loses almost every claim to our regard even when directed to legitimate ends. It is a monstrous doctrine, in the mouth of the practical ruler of the country, that if an English Minister bribed electors in 1832, the Canadian Premier was authorized to utilize the precedent in 1872. No man and no party ever gained by attempting to defend what is indefensible, and in this case the late Minister, as well as his colleagues and supporters, will be heavy losers. This is to be regretted, because it narrows the foundation on which the government of the immediate future must rest, and because an act in itself wrong can never be defended by forbidden weapons without widening the circle of the evil till it embraces an alarmingly wide area.

The Pacific Scandal was prevented from becoming a cause of national humiliation only by the determination of Parliament to perform, with whatever reluctance or regret, a great act of public justice. It must be the desire of all, except those who have been thrown off their judicial balance by seeing in the event little more than a party triumph, that just resentment against the confessed offence should not be mingled with the stock accusations of party by which, all experience proves, it is so easy to create sympathy for a political offender. One of the surest means of elevating a public man of unquestioned ability to a controlling position at the head of the state is to pursue him with personal malignity, to give to his blackest deeds a blacker tinge, to deny him the possession of any redeeming qualities whatever; and if there be resurrection for Sir John Macdonald, it can only be brought about by his enemies pursuing a policy of unrestrained and unmeasured vituperation of which, outside of Parliament, symptoms are not wanting. The sagacity of the authors of such a policy is on the same level with that of blind admirers of the fallen Minister, who, taking the other extreme, see nothing in the evidence which he furnished against himself but grounds for acquittal and vociferous demonstrations of renewed confidence.

Fortunately, the course of events relieves us from the necessity of criticizing the despatches in which the Governor-General defends the prorogation and the appointment of the Royal Commission, and in writing which he was holding a shield over the head of the accused Minister under the guise of defending his own. These despatches, we are bound to say, are among the least favourable specimens of State papers of the class to which they belong. Lord Dufferin's duty was very simple: he had merely to acquaint his superiors that the question of the prorogation had led to a very natural difference of opinion in Canada, as it might possibly do in England, but that he had not felt at liberty to depart from an arrangement which had been announced to the House of Commons before the adjournment, and on the faith of which many members had entered into engagements that would have rendered it impossible for them to be present on the thirteenth of August; that he had agreed to the appointment of a Royal Commission because it might be useful in eliciting information, and could not interfere with the right of Parliament ultimately to investigate the charges. If, after doing this, he had marked his sense of the gravity of the charges, which in these long despatches he nowhere found room to do, and expressed the hope that they might prove to be unfounded, he would have done all that was necessary. However captivating it may be to a literary man to seize an opportunity for writing a page of cotemporary history, we doubt whether Lord Dufferin sufficiently considered the impossibility of doing so in a rhetorical style without making many questionable statements, while a grave State paper should contain only facts incapable of being questioned.

But the mistake of writing these despatches was not graver than that of laying them before Parliament at the time and in the manner in which they were laid before it. If it had been necessary to write them—which we do not admit—it was not necessary to put them to the use to which they were put on the opening of Parliament. They were written ostensibly for the information of the Imperial Government; and assuming that to have been the object, they were not necessary as a means of informing the Canadian Parliament. We are forced to the conclusion that Parliament would not then have had them laid before it, unasked, if their contents had not been in fact, under whatever disguise, an elaborate defence of the accused Minister; a defence discursive enough to embrace the smallest gossip, and extensive enough to repel newspaper criticism actual and possible. This is not our idea of what a grave State paper should be; this is not our idea of the way in which rhetorical State papers should be dealt with. The Minister, with more devotion to himself than his master, disclaimed in the face of Parliament the responsibility of the act of the Governor-General by which Parliament became possessed of these papers. The extreme constitutional doctrine that the Governor-General can never do any act of his own motion, can never do anything for which he cannot fall back on the constitutional advice of the Minister, here breaks down, and it breaks down in the wrong place. That the Governor-General, as the organ of communication between the Sovereign and the Parliament of Canada, should regard as sufficient authority the instruction contained in an Imperial despatch to lay that despatch before Parliament, it is not difficult to understand. He is an Imperial officer, and the connecting link between England and Canada. But this is not a despatch in which the Imperial Government desired to make some communication to the Canadian Parliament. It is a despatch from the Governor-General, written, we must assume, for the information of the Imperial Government; information for which the Parliament of Canada had not asked, of which it had no need, and of the production of which it certainly gave no signs of approval. The responsibility of the Minister in this case is clear and direct—the disavowal of it unfair to the Governor-General, and wanting in duty to Parliament. The protests with which the disclaimer of responsibility was met must prevent its being taken as a precedent, or the doctrine it embodies being erected into a constitutional maxim.

Before the Session opened, opinion inclined to the belief that the Minister would retain a small majority in the House. As the debate proceeded his chances steadily declined; and when Mr. Donald Smith, of Manitoba, and Mr. Laird, of Prince Edward Island, took their places in the ranks of the Opposition, every one saw that the game was up, and the Ministry resigned to escape a formal vote of censure moved by Mr. Mackenzie to a paragraph of the proposed address in reply to the Governor-General's speech. "We have to acquaint His Excellency," the motion ran, "that by their course in reference to the investigation of the charges preferred by Mr. Huntington in his place in this House, and under the facts disclosed in the evidence laid before us, His Excellency's advisers have merited the severe censure of this House." This was met by a counter-amendment, moved by a supporter of the Ministry, making a general charge of corrupt expenditure on elections; deploring the fact as alleged, without proof; and expressing confidence in the Government. The policy of the Government throughout was to strike back, but in the random hitting nearly every blow missed the mark. Electoral corruption is not confined to one party; but if, on the plea that all are alike bad, proved guilt should escape unpunished, thenceforth a practice which everybody condemns would attain its utmost development, from the immunity accorded to it by Parliament under the mockery of simulated regret. Nor was the question confined to corrupt expenditure on elections; grave as this offence is, it is dwarfed beside the spectacle of a Minister extorting from a public contractor the means of electoral corruption, and constituting himself the agent for its distribution. The amendment to the amendment admitted, inferentially, the improper character of the expenditure in making it a ground of regret; but if in this respect the confession outran the evidence, the gratuitous candour was not without its object: the intention was to provide the Minister a loophole of escape through a general and unproved charge which made everybody guilty of a common offence. This line of tactics was followed up by the defendants on the Treasury benches; but the House refused to be convinced that one man, proved to be guilty, should be acquitted on all the counts because he alleged in defence that others were also guilty of the minor accusation brought against himself.

Of the fallen Minister it must be said that he furnished against himself weapons more powerful than those wielded by the united array of his opponents, while the means used for the perpetuation of his power, and by which he did prolong his lease of power, became in the end the instrument of his destruction. Whatever may be done in secret, the result shows that public opinion is healthy enough and strong enough not to allow proved corruption to go unpunished—a proof of the soundness of the nation, and the great hope of the future. This is the only cause for exultation. It is no cause for rejoicing that a Minister who has practically been the ruler of the country for twenty years should have fallen with his robes besmirched, and a name which is connected with great public services should have to be mentioned otherwise than with honour. There is visible in some quarters a slight undercurrent of sympathy with the late Minister in the hour of disaster, founded on the appreciative recollection of his long public services; on the feeling that he may have been as much the victim as the author of the system to which he owes his downfall; and that among his censors there are probably many who, in his place, would have done no better than he did. If his successors, now or hereafter, should repeat his errors, this feeling would be much strengthened, though it would not go to the extent of excusing acts which admit of no excuse, much less of justification, and on them condemnation would fall with double weight.

At the last moment, and when it had become certain that his majority had melted away, the retiring Minister consummated two of the most important appointments in the gift of the Government, by which Mr. Tilley became Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Mr. Crawford Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. These appointments, it cannot be denied, ought not to have been made; for if there was an antecedent promise, dating some months back—as in the case of Mr. Crawford there certainly was—how could the member who had agreed to accept office at the hands of the Government give an independent vote on a question which the Minister himself had treated as equivalent to an impeachment? The impropriety was scarcely less grave in the case of Mr. Tilley, who, as a member of the Government, had a share in his own appointment. A Ministry that has lost the confidence of the House, in consequence of accusations such as were made in this instance, should be regarded as having ceased to be in a position to advise the Governor-General to exercise the appointing power. If it concealed from him its true position, and left him under the impression that it had still a right to count on a parliamentary majority, and the Crown was thereby deceived, the case would become one of extreme gravity, though the legality of the appointments could not, from the peculiar circumstances, be brought in question. The appointments could not, we take it, be impeached, as they are not during pleasure, but for a definite term of years. Recourse has sometimes been had to the Court of Chancery, where the authority of the Crown has been brought into action by misleading advice or deception, and instruments bearing the Governor-General's signature have been judicially cancelled. But it is more than doubtful whether the present case would come under that rule. At any rate, the new Ministry would be under no obligation to move against these appointments; and, as they are not personally objectionable, the policy of doing so would be questionable, especially as the new Administration must, in the absence of a general election, depend for existence on the support of a Parliament which, on everything except the Pacific Scandal, has up to this date given a majority to the other side. The tie of sentiment which binds these new supporters of Mr. Mackenzie to old colleagues will become feeble with the growth of new associations and the fading of old memories. But Mr. Mackenzie would have had a stronger motive to allow the two new Lieutenant-Governors to retain their places, even if the appointments had been voidable. It is not his interest to stimulate the growth of that undefined dread, shared by large numbers, of almost untried men, who, after a long course of opposition, come to be judged by the least attractive qualities which may have risen to the surface in the long game of politics in which they were almost uniformly losers. A man must be more than mortal if he can alway spreserve the golden temper under the irritating influence of constant defeat. The public contrasts his conduct with that of the winners in the game, and he is lucky if he be not credited with more than an ordinary share of unloveable qualities. Any appearance of harshness would tell strongly against the new Government.

In a crisis such as we have just passed through, the actual mode of selecting a Ministry affords a temptation to purchase support, by the bestowal of Cabinet offices, which the Minister expectant can hardly ever resist. If the selection of Ministers rested with the House this abuse would cease, but in the absence of this change it will abate nothing of its vigour. The Ministry on trial had, on its side, something to offer to ambition, necessity or cupidity. It disposed of some of the highest offices which ever fall to the gift of the Canadian Government, at the last moment; it bestowed places in the Customs, and was charged—but so far without proof—with having, through the agency of Alderman Heney, attempted, by the coarsest form of direct bribery, to purchase the support of a hostile member. The charge has not been investigated, and Alderman Heney will remain in the nominal custody of the sergeant-at-arms till next session. It would have been desirable that justice should, in this case, have been more speedily administered.

The distribution of offices in the new Cabinet differs a little from the general expectation of what it would be :

Public Works	Mr. Alex. Mackenzie.
Minister of Justice	M. Antoine Aimé Dorion.
Marine and Fisheries	Mr. Albert Jas. Smith.
Agriculture and Statistics	M. Letellier de St. Just.
Finance	Richd. John Cartwright.
Minister of the Interior	Mr. David Laird.
Secretary of State	Mr. David Christie.
Customs	Mr. Isaac Burpee.
Postmaster-General	Donald A. Macdonald.
Receiver-General	Mr. Thos. Coffin.
Inland Revenue	M. Telesphore Fournier.
Militia	Mr. Wm. Ross.
Without Portfolio	Mr. Edward Blake.
" "	Mr. Richd. Wm. Scott.

From the composition of the Ministry it is evident that the idea of sectional representation in the Cabinet is still regarded by one party as well as the other as a necessity. When the component parts of the nation come to be more firmly knit together, the first object of the framers of Cabinets will be to bring together the best materials available. If a "strict party Government" has not been formed, the supposed incongruities of what is usually assumed to be a mutually hostile coalition, pregnant with internal strife, are not observable. Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Scott, formerly and perhaps now Conservatives, drifted by the force of eccentric influences into the ranks of the other party, and they would have been scarcely conscious of passing the dimly-marked dividing line but for the twinge of the severance of old connections. It is said of Mr. Scott, that in doing so he was incidentally repaying the perfidy of a violation of confidence; and if so, the curse came home to roost on his appearance at the political trial of which the House of Commons was but yesterday the scene. Mr. Cartwright's reputation has not suffered, and will not permanently suffer, from the evil motives to which enemies were, in his case, pleased to attribute the change. Mr. Mackenzie has done wisely not to select any one like M. Jetté, who passes for an advanced Liberal, whatever that may mean when no distinctive principles are avowed, and who defeated the late Sir George Cartier in Montreal, with the aid of the Programme, the Syllabus and the Jesuits. The unfortunate who is drawn into so narrow and tortuous a rapid is almost sure to be driven with violence upon one or other of the opposite banks. The presence of Mr. Blake gives breadth of view where the opposite quality threatened to become the most serious defect. That he is for the moment without a portfolio is of minor consequence; the circumstance is regrettable chiefly, or only, so far as it may be held to imply a modified identification with the Cabinet, through which his services might be of great value to the State, or a disposition to give to his official duties secondary attention. He will probably find it difficult long to be responsible for a policy which he does not take a leading part in framing. It is a mistake to suppose, as Sir John Macdonald did, that there is only one instance, or, as the chief newspaper on the other side alleged when it undertook to correct the error, that there are only two instances which can be referred to as precedents for a public man having a seat in the Cabinet without a portfolio. To the case of Lord Lansdowne, which was cited by the late Minister, and the case of Lord John Russell, which was mentioned by his corrector, must be added that of the Duke of Wellington. The difference whether a portfolio was held or not held has been treated as one of convenience; but the precedents, from their limited number, do little more than prove the rule, from which frequent or long deviations are not desirable. The general rule must continue to be, that it is best for the State to pay those who fill the chief offices such salaries as will command the services of the most capable; services which cannot generally be gratuitously given, and which can never be so given in individual cases without creating an invidious distinction, between paid and unpaid officers of State, which has a tendency to reflect unfairly upon the former.

The policy of the Government, of whomsoever it may be composed, on two great questions of material improvement, is predetermined. Over the time when the canals are to be enlarged there may be some control; over the enlargement itself, which is subject to a direction in the Act of Confederation, none. The ineffable folly of constructing a great trans-continental railway years before it will be required, or can have the remotest chance of paying, must be consummated, if terms are to be kept with British Columbia to the letter. But it cannot be the true interest even of that Province to anticipate the necessity of an expenditure which nobody estimates at less than a hundred millions of dollars, and which will probably be much more. The election law, looking to the suppression of bribery, which the late Ministry passed, but refused to allow to go into force at the last general election, if now made even more stringent by a further enactment, will drive corruption from its accustomed haunts, if it cannot be altogether destroyed.

If six years have proved too short a time for a political party to frame a distinctive policy, it would be much to expect that the feat will be performed in three months. It will be for the new Minister to prove that he is self-sustaining, and does not, as has often been charged widely believed and more widely feared, partake largely of the character of an echo of an irresponsible authority outside of Parliament. If he live down this suspicion, his Administration may long survive the shock of opposition originating in any other source.

Scarcely less important than a change of national administration is the aggressive tendency of the town and city municipalities of Ontario on the subject of taxation. Never have representative institutions been so greatly and so unjustly discredited as by the audacious imposture of irregular political conventions, whose pretensions are often great in proportion as their bias is narrow and their authority small. Nobody accepts as representatives of the several towns and cities of Ontario the half a hundred of municipal councillors, town clerks and assessors who recently met in solemn convention at Toronto, to instruct the Legislature of Ontario in the first principles of taxation. Every element of true representation was wanting. The members were sent, not by the ratepayers by whom the taxes are borne, but by the corporations by which they are spent—by ward politicians who, for the time, have got the upper hand in their several wards. It is a mild description of these conventionists to say that they had no special aptitude for the task they made no scruple about undertaking—settling the general principles of taxation; and if there had been no grounds for misgiving on the score of qualification, general powers of taxation in no way belong to local corporations. The cry of Tammany is ever for money; but Tammany itself never stretched its pretensions half so far as these conventionists who claim the right to wield general powers of taxation over almost every conceivable form of property; over all personal property and all real property, with some special exceptions, often of the most arbitrary nature. It was among other strokes of wisdom decreed, that steamboats ought to be taxed for local purposes, wherever found, as if corporations kept in repair the water-ways on which they float; that churches should be exempt, as if the exemption of the church would not necessarily throw the burthen of the exemption on secular property; that mortgages should be taxed, as if the making of a mortgage was a new creation of wealth; the simple fact being that if A. has a property worth five thousand dollars, which he mortgages to B. for three thousand, they are neither of them the richer or the poorer for the transaction, that all the borrower and the lender own between them is the five thousand dollars' worth of land and nothing more. But if both land and mortgage are assessed, the assessment is on a total value of which three-eighths are fictitious. The convention did not know, or refused to recognize, the difference between gross and net incomes, by insisting on the assessment covering the whole amount, without regard to debts or charges by which it is reduced. The advocates of this injustice came together in the name of equal taxation; they discussed the question in the name of equal taxation; and to do them justice, they really seem to have imagined that they were advocating equal taxation. Like a tiger that has had a taste of blood, they pounced on bank stock and every other form of capital as lawful prey, and they evidently saw no use in a Legislature but as a tax-authorizing machine, the servant of local assessors, local tax-collectors and local tax-spenders. And accordingly they decided to ask the Legislature to compel the banks to make a return of all shareholders; to take means to gauge the value of the personal property of incorporated companies; to prevent the registration of deeds till they have been handed over to the assessment department; to punish the neglect of individuals to fill up a schedule, whether the neglect be wilful or accidental, by putting it in the power of the assessor—who may be ignorant, careless or incapable—to put down whatever figure he likes, and by deprivation of the right of appeal. These are sufficient indications that the time has come when men will have to combine to protect themselves against the tyranny of municipal encroachment, as they have had to combine in opposition to other forms of tyranny, whether invented to enforce arbitrary and unjust taxation, or for some other purpose. We are glad this convention has been held, and it is well that it has been betrayed into the wildest extravagances of communism. Some such piece of crowning folly was necessary to direct public attention to the great and growing evil of our times. The habitual apathy in which men of property and intelligence wrap themselves up, on this continent, when Tammany and its myriad of imitators are carrying on their stealthy operations, was scarcely aroused by a tax which confiscated one-third of the average revenue of bank stock; a tax which fell with greater weight than any which the most oppressive Government ever ventured to extort from the misery of its subjects.

But the iniquities proposed by this convention in the much abused name of equal taxation, of which, in fact, its members had only the most confused and mistaken idea, must arouse public attention to the whole question of municipal government and its growing abuses. There are two points in which the municipal system, as constituted at present, has manifestly broken down: the too wide range of legislative power, of which the municipalities cannot or will not make a good use, and the deplorable inefficiency of an irresponsible executive. The question of public health, for instance, is a general question, and should be dealt with by the Legislature through a Public Health Act, and the prevention or arresting of an epidemic should not be left to the varying intelligence and other equally accidental qualities of a hundred municipalities in different stages of development. The authority by which the charter of a street railway company is granted should impose the necessary regulations for the security of the lives and persons of the passengers, otherwise, as has just happened in Toronto, the Corporation may refuse to regulate the number of passengers, or to afford them the most necessary protection. If the object of granting a common municipal charter be uniformity of result, the failure is complete. The true rule would be, that with all subjects which admit a general treatment the Legislature should deal. The Provincial Legislatures represent a higher standard of intelligence than is to be found in the municipal councils; they are freer from the influence of rings of ward politicians, they are more directly under the surveillance of the press and the public, and they have ample time to deal with all general questions. There are in the Legislature of Ontario many who have been, and some who are now, county councillors; but when they come to Toronto they will not forget that their duty, in their legislative capacity, is towards the Province, and is not to be contracted to the dimensions of a municipality. When one Legislature had to do the work which is now divided among three, there was some excuse for attempting the experiment of giving large legislative powers to municipal corporations. The experiment has failed, and the necessity has ceased to exist. While the area of the legislative authority should be greatly narrowed, the authority of the executive requires to be strengthened, and it should be exercised under a responsibility which it would be possible to enforce.

The Toronto Convention had for its object to ask for towns and cities discriminating powers of taxation. The chairman explained that one reason why counties had not been invited to send representatives was, that the Council of the City of Toronto, with whom the movement originated, "felt that the assessment law for cities, towns and villages should be entirely separate and distinct from that of counties." While the Parliament of Canada is prohibited from levying discriminating duties of customs, the town, city and village municipalities of Ontario claim the right to exercise discriminating powers of general taxation, for the narrowest local objects, as between themselves and the county councils. The latter, we imagine, will not be very proud of the distinction accorded to them, of good-naturedly allowing to escape taxation a multitude of objects on which towns, cities and villages wish to fasten with leech-like tenacity; and the opposition which is challenged by this discrimination should alone be fatal to the designs of the convention. But it would not be safe to trust to this, for the counties might become consenting parties on condition of being made sharers in the spoils. If the representatives of the immense aggregation of interests at which this menace is directed fail to rouse themselves, they may awake to find the hand of Tammany on their throats, while the tax-gatherer rifles their pockets on pretexts which, if more specious, are, in a moral and economical point of view, scarcely more tenable than any by which a footpad might defend his vocation.

Startling as this may seem, it is but too easy of proof. The only pretext urged at the convention for taxing bank stock was, that cities and towns throw over it the shield of police protection. We are touching ground at last; we have at last got something in the shape of a reason; we are told that, in exchange for police protection, the bank stock confiscation tax is levied. What does this protection amount to? What does it consist of? Is it an imaginary general and indirect protection, or a special and direct protection? The former must be ruled out as an imposture—the latter is almost non-existent. The only visible thing, in connection with bank stock, that requires protection, is the bank building and its contents; and it becomes a simple question of fact whether a special police service is detailed for its protection. Has each bank a single policeman specially detailed for its protection? We believe that this question cannot be answered in the affirmative; and even if it could, it would not be a reason why one and a half per cent. should be levied on millions of dollars of stock. The police protection afforded to a bank amounts to just as much as the police protection of the nearest warehouse, and not half as much as that expended on the meanest and the noisiest tavern. The case breaks down, as we were certain it would, on the first attempt to make it stand on all-fours.

The revenue derived from tavern licenses and police fines goes far to meet the expense of the police force; and as the first two are the natural correlative of the last, only the deficiency between the receipts and the payments can be sought elsewhere. Part of the expense of the police protection being provided in this way, the whole of it cannot be thrown on other shoulders, much less can it be made a pretext for levying on a special interest an amount grotesquely disproportionate to the protection accorded to it.

The qualification of the convention to pronounce a definite opinion on a thousand intricate questions of taxation, may be judged by the tone of implicit confidence with which it assumed that wherever a tax is laid there it will stick. In taxing mortgages, only one member expressed a doubt whether they would be taxing the mortgagee, or whether the burthen would not, in an indirect way, fall on the mortgagor. By taxing existing mortgages, the mortgagees would undoubtedly be reached; but, where the competition is among borrowers and not among lenders, as it is in Canada, the tax levied on future mortgages would fall on the borrower, whom the convention would compel to stagger under the weight of a double tax—the land tax and the mortgage tax, a tax on his property and a tax on his necessities.

One of the reasons given in favour of taxing all kinds of personal property was, that, during the panic of 1857, real estate became unsaleable. But the disasters of that crisis were not confined to land: they were felt throughout the whole range of commerce and industry. The land speculators were of all others the class that least deserved sympathy. They were trafficing in a commodity of which there was a superabundance, and had relied only on a speculative demand. When speculation outran reason and probability, when all had become sellers, and buyers had yet to be born or to immigrate, the bubble burst. That is, in brief, the history of the land panic of 1857; and whatever be the lesson it teaches, the lesson certainly is not that all personal property ought to be subject to a local tax, from the expenditure of which it derives no benefit. But if no force of reason could move the convention, no difficulty could appal it; not even that of deciding between two statements, one given to the assessor, and one printed for another purpose, which respectively fixed the capital of a trading firm at amounts as wide apart as sixtyt housand and two millions of dollars. The labours of the convention, such as they are, are not unworthy the attention of the Legislature, though its suggestions, far from being rules to be followed, are valuable only as errors to be avoided.

Seldom has the conquest of science over nature been better illustrated than in the successful completion of the Intercolonial Bridge which, spanning the Niagara between Fort Erie and Black Rock, forms a new link of commercial connection between Canada and the United States. The theory that man becomes awe-stricken and superstitious in the presence of gigantic Nature, which he is unable to subdue, must soon crumble away for want of a solid foundation of fact. Rivers are no longer too wide or too rapid to be bridged, and when mountains are too high to be scaled, a road is found through them. The International Bridge and the Hoosac Tunnel are examples of the two kinds of conquests achieved by engineering science. To the difficulty of building a bridge over a river in which one of the piers would have to be sunk in fifty feet of water, having a current of five and a half miles an hour, was added the problem whether piers could be constructed capable of resisting the weight of ice-pressure that would sweep down upon them from Lake Erie. On the latter point strong doubts were expressed ; though they were never shared by Mr. C. S. Gzowski, who, besides being one of the contractors, in connection with the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, is eminent as an engineer ; and the grounds on which they were based have been cut away by the test of three winters, one or two of them exceptionally severe, during which three of the piers have stood the shock without injury. The length of the bridge is 3,651½ feet, with spans varying from 197 to 248 feet. A drawbridge in the centre, with two openings of 160 feet on each side of the pivot pier, can be opened by steam-power in less than a minute. It being impracticable to use coffer-dams in the construction, floating caissons were substituted. In a work of a magnitude and difficulty to tax the keenest skill, casualties were sure to occur, and some accidents did take place in putting the caissons into position ; but the courage and perseverance of the contractors were superior to all obstacles. The total cost of the work, the whole of which is reported by capable judges to be of the best character, is about a million and a half of dollars, including interest on capital during construction.

So signal a triumph of engineering skill is better deserving of recognition than many other kinds of public service for which Imperial honours have often been bestowed. The designers and the builders need desire no better monument than their own work. Much will be gained if the successful construction of this great and difficult work should direct attention to the necessity of providing greater facilities for the education of engineers in a country where there will be increasing need for their services, and lead to some practical action looking to that end. It would be vain to hope for any such service from the College of Technology, the higher scientific education being manifestly beyond its sphere. If any such thing was ever expected of it, the expectation was illusory. What is wanted is the creation of a new scientific department in our national university, under a distinct direction. It need not, and would not, interfere with the Presidency of Dr. McCaul, or other existing arrangements. The need of additional provision for scientific education is apparent in several directions. For want of capable mining engineers, millions have been wasted in experiments which would otherwise never have been made, and the same blunders, not always free from fraud, are being repeated every day. The more speculative a thing is, the greater are its attractions for minds excited by the hope of drawing prizes in a grand lottery. Rightly understood, there would probably often be no speculation at all ; only delusive hope without any rational basis. Plans of impossible improvement in navigation have, before now, been thrust upon the Government, and experimentally accepted at ruinous cost, as the once boasted but long since abandoned Trent improvement attests ; and we venture to say that any Government engineer who has seen much service will be ready to admit that his whole life has been a struggle against wild, useless and ruinous projects. The Ontario Government could render a real and permanent service to the country by taking some practical step towards providing the means of a superior scientific education.

The organ of the commercial classes of the United States, the National Board of Trade, at its recent meeting in Chicago indicated its desire to see a new Reciprocity Treaty with Canada negotiated. The executive committee was instructed to prepare a Bill authorizing Congress to appoint a Commission to act in concert with the State Department in negotiating a treaty. As the old treaty was put an end to by the action of Congress, the Board properly recognised the necessity of the question being first reopened by the United States, and it wisely avoided anything more than the most general expression of opinion; insisting only that, as part of the arrangement, the Canadian Canals should be open to Americans on the same terms as to Canadians. Whenever the Washington authorities express their desire to enter on the negotiation, Canada will be prepared to meet them on fair and equal terms. Any attempt to compile a schedule of articles for reciprocal exchange free from duty that should go beyond raw produce would have but little chance of success, and the difficulty of the negotiation would turn on this point. It is the policy of nations which have carried furthest the principles of economic science into the practice of legislation, to make raw materials free, whether they serve as food or enter into manufactures. The difficulty is that the United States have not yet fully recognized that principle; and as they would buy more from us than we should buy from them under a rule which excluded manufactures from the list, their current notions of economy would lead them erroneously to suppose that they would be losers by any arrangement under which such a result was not only possible but certain. But they should remember that were it possible for us, which it is not, to discriminate by treaty or legislation against British productions, the mutually free exchange of manufactures would not now open to the United States the same market as they might reasonably have expected to find ten years ago. The country which could produce manufactured goods at the lowest rat would become the manufacturing country, and Canada would be that country unless the general scale of prices in the Republic undergo a very large decline. The depression of many kinds of industry there is sending here large numbers of skilled workmen, and if we had command of the United States market we should soon be able to send them more manufactured goods than we should receive from them. If, as was frequently complained, the old treaty was one-sided, in being confined to raw material, the altered circumstances of the two countries have removed that objection, and a new treaty on nearly the old basis would be more equitable than it would have been at any previous time. Whether it would be acceptable to the United States is not so certain.

Life is still appraised at a low figure by New York juries. The murderer of James Fisk, condemned to be hanged on the first trial, gets off with four years' imprisonment on the second. The second jury found that shooting, without immediate provocation, a citizen on a hotel staircase at mid-day is only a mitigated form of manslaughter barely distinguishable from justifiable homicide. There is reason to believe that the jurors were tampered with. During the long trial they were allowed to go about the city, under surveillance of officers of the Court. In a low drinking saloon, which the police officer had improperly, and contrary to express orders, allowed one of the jurors, James Delos Center, to enter, the latter carried on a conversation in whispers with one Clark, by whom the officer was told that he could make two thousand dollars for his share. The juror spoke in disparaging terms of Judge Davis and the district attorney, and told the officer that he might bet his last dollar that a verdict of murder in the first degree would not be returned. These facts being sworn to since the trial, the juror was condemned to thirty days' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $250 for contempt of Court. Meanwhile Stokes enjoys the benefit of the mitigated verdict which Clark seems to have been employed to procure; and it looks as if resort to the same means were making his confinement in Sing Sing a merely nominal imprisonment, for on the plea of ill-health, which a section of the press, and that the best informed, proclaims a sham, he has been allowed comfortable quarters in the hospital, and other congenial but forbidden indulgences. While corruption remains so potent and all-pervading, human life will be correspondingly cheap in the great commercial metropolis.

The conviction of Tweed comes as a fleck of dawn across the darkness. A sentence of twelve years imprisonment, passed on a man of sixty-six, is equal to confinement for life. This sentence, with the addition of a fine of $12,750, is more than merited by the magnitude of his crimes, by which one million two hundred thousand dollars were abstracted from the coffers of the county and added to his private fortune. As member of the Board of Audit, for auditing the county liabilities, Tweed purposely neglected his duty that he might employ others to magnify real into fictitious accounts, by the addition of enormous sums, and to manufacture others out of nothing. Keyser, who was set down as having received over four hundred thousand dollars, got no part of the money. The proceeds of both classes of accounts passed first to Woodward, and then twenty-five per cent to Tweed; an equal division being presumably made among the four confederates, three commissioners of the Board of Audit and their outside 'pal.' It is an encouraging sign that a jury was found to convict a man with unlimited means of corruption at hand, and no more scruple than Stokes about making use of them. Tammany receives a heavy blow from this conviction; but, if it is to be broken up, the confederates of Tweed must not escape unpunished.

The startling maritime delinquency of which the Spanish war-ship *Tornado* has been guilty, by the capture of the American ship *Virginius*, followed by the massacre of many of the crew at Santiago de Cuba, may have an important bearing on the fortunes of Cuban independence, if not on the stability of the Spanish Government. The *Virginius* sailed from Jamaica with arms, ammunition and men intended to aid the Cubans in their revolt. The passengers appear to have numbered over one hundred, and comprised Cubans, Americans and British subjects. According to some accounts, the *Virginius* was not intended to land her passengers and cargo at Cuba, but to transfer them to a schooner, which she was to meet at sea, to be conveyed there. She allowed herself to be taken without resistance. It is generally assumed that she was captured on the high seas, though doubts have been expressed whether she was not near enough to Jamaica to bring her within the maritime jurisdiction of England. In the latter event, the character of the delinquency would compel England to bear her part in demanding redress, and, if necessary, in administering justice.

Disavowal of the acts of its officers would be, for the Spanish Government, among the easiest means of solution, if immunity could be purchased on such terms; though, if the capture had been made in Cuban waters, that avenue of escape would seem to be closed. In the summer of 1869, General Caballero de Rodas, Captain-General of Cuba, issued a decree threatening with seizure all vessels carrying contraband of war in Cuban waters, and their crews with trial for piracy. The decree was in general terms, without regard to the flag under which such vessels might sail; and though it was protested against by Secretary Fish, on behalf of the United States, yet, as it does not appear to have been withdrawn, there is reason to suppose the *Virginius* may have been captured in pursuance of this decree. If so, the disclaimer of an act such as was contemplated four years ago could not be made with dignity, nor accepted without difficulty. But it may prove that the seizure was not made under that decree. Secretary Fish admitted the right of Spain to search American vessels, in virtue of a treaty concluded between the two nations in 1795, in time of war, but in time of war only; and Spain, according to its own theory, is not at war, for it has never acknowledged the belligerency of Cuba. What extent the Spaniards intended, by the decree of 1869, to give to the waters of Cuba is uncertain; but the United States Government notified the Government of Spain that it should regard the capture "on the high seas near the Island of Cuba," under colour of the treaty, as equivalent to a recognition of a state of belligerency. The event anticipated has happened, and the United States stands pledged to recognise the Cubans as belligerents, whatever else it may do in demanding redress for the insult to its flag and the murder of its citizens.

If Spain be correctly reported as taking the ground that the question concerns only the administration of her municipal law, she assumes the act to have been committed in waters over which her maritime jurisdiction extends, that she had a right of search, and that the right of capture resulted from evidence which the actual search brought to light. The United States, it may easily be foreseen, will raise an issue on every one of these points; and if she maintain her ground, it is not difficult to predict what will follow. International justice cannot, in that view, be fully satisfied without demanding the restoration of a vessel illegally captured, and of the remnant of the crew which survived the butcheries of Santiago de Cuba, with compensation to the heirs of the murdered men. So much seems to be certain. If, in addition to this, the belligerency of Cuba be acknowledged, the acknowledgment would not date back to the time of the capture, and would not give Spain any rights under the treaty of 1795. If General Burriel was acting under orders, and did not assume the exercise of doubtful discretion in the part he took in the executions, he cannot be censured, much less punished, unless he is to be sacrificed for the errors of his superiors.

The first four victims of Spanish ferocity, or Cuban barbarity, as the case may be, had all taken a leading part in the insurrection. Jesus del Sol had taken a prominent part in the struggle for independence from the beginning; General Ryan, a Canadian by birth and an adventurer by profession, was employed by the Cuban Junta, at New York, as early as 1869, to raise a regiment of cavalry for the Cuban army of independence; Bernabe Varona, *alias* Rembetta, as the Cuban official description reads, was General of Division; Don Pedro Cespedes gets from his executioners the title of Commanding General of Cienfuegos, and though his weak constitution had prevented his taking the field, he had done whatever was in his power to aid the cause of Cuban independence, at the head of which his brother stands as President. The selection of these four, at first, as objects of vengeance, points to the conclusion that their execution may have been intended as a punishment for past offences, not particularly connected with the expedition on which they were captured. And the selection of the victims of the next execution was marked by the same characteristics. But as the seizure of the *Virginius* was unjustifiable, the massacre of any of those on board of her, on what pretext soever founded, was an act of savage barbarity.

But while the guilt of Spain does not admit of question, have the United States always done their whole duty? General Ryan, it is true, was arrested in New York in 1869 for a breach of the neutrality laws; but that did not prevent him, while on bail, entering openly on the business of recruiting. Still the law was so far enforced that his men were captured by the United States marines. Yet expeditions against Cuba do manage to get away from the United States, that of the *Virginius* being among the number, contrary to the duties of neutrality and the laws of the Republic. At several places in New York men have, since the affair of the *Virginius*, been openly booked for new Cuban expeditions. Whatever course it may be the duty of the Washington Government to take in demanding redress, it is equally its duty to prevent the fitting out of fillibustering expeditions, of which there has been a long list since Miranda sailed in the *Leander* from New York, in 1806, to attack the authority of Spain in one of its South American provinces. If the *Virginius* had been an English vessel, it would have been the peremptory duty of the authorities of Jamaica to prevent her sailing with the hostile expedition she had on board; and it ought not to be permissible to make that island a rendezvous for illegal expeditions set on foot in the ports of the United States. While we demand justice from Spain, we must be prepared to grant what we exact.

The United States Government is acting with reticence and dignity. Far from echoing popular threats and popular boasts, it contents itself with taking steps to ascertain the exact facts, and putting the ironclads into an effective condition. The legion of interviewers by whom the President is besieged have little to report but that the Chief of the nation finds the navy incapable of coping with that of Spain, that justice will in the end be satified, and that to Congress must be left the settlement of the difficulty. Senator Sumner is throwing oil on the troubled waters. He puts the *Virginius* on a level with the *Alabama*, and asks for "Immediate Emancipation and Justice in Cuba," as the condition on which the American Republic should give a moral support to the Republic of Spain. But this does not go to the bottom of the difficulty. It rests with Spain to make reparation, and this the Government should not show a disposition to withhold. The reactionary forces of Europe will be unable to produce war between the two Republics, if on the one side and the other there be a desire for peace. Even the Cuban sympathizers in American seaports would be silenced by the recognition of independence; but this is what no Government in Spain can afford to concede, except under the most imperative necessity. War with Spain means maritime war, and for this the United States are ill prepared, while the South is sullen, and the financial situation outlook gloomy. The Republican Government of Spain has bid fair to overcome its domestic enemies; but if to Carlists and Intransigentes at home, an insurrection and uncontrollable loyalists, more dangerous than rebels, in Cuba, a foreign war against an enemy so powerful as the United States were added, the whole situation would undergo an immense change, but not a change that would necessarily be fatal to Castelar and the Republic. A foreign war, appearing to have for its object the retention of Cuba, would rouse the national enthusiasm; but the end would be, whoever might hold the reins of government at Madrid, the loss of the island, through its becoming independent, or being annexed to the States. In the end, the nation having the largest resources would win. Spain might have learned from the lessons of the past that the attempt to retain an overgrown colony against its will is to nurture a source of national weakness and embarrassment.

The Conservative reaction in England has met a check, the Bath and Taunton elections having been carried by the Liberals. The success of Colonel Pease at Hull, though it adds a vote to the Conservative side, was obtained under circumstances which deprive it of all importance as indicating the direction of the popular current. Though the friends of the winning candidate fought with the weapons of superior organization, and were profuse in the use of money, they obtained a majority of only 279 in a constituency of 2 000. Mr. Reed, the Liberal candidate, failed to concentrate the full strength of the party in his favour, and nearly one-third of the electors abstained from voting.

The utterances of Mr. Bright since he re-entered the Cabinet indicate an attempt to turn the wavering support of the left wing of the Liberal party into a more steady and certain allegiance. Mr. Bright's Birmingham speech looks to some reform in the Land laws, at which he only hinted, and to the ultimate disestablishment of the English Church. He was, however, careful to make it known that he spoke only for himself, and was not to be regarded as committing his colleagues. He went further, and in denouncing the denominational character of the School Law, indicated the necessity of a retreat on this point. His main objection is to the clause under which rates are collected from the whole body of ratepayers, and applied to the support of Catholic and Church of England schools. This attack on the School Act is regarded as dealing a blow at Mr. Forster, the author of the measure. But though this may be true, every member of the Ministry must share the responsibility, and Mr. Bright himself should not ask to be relieved, if he continued to be a member of the Government when the obnoxious clause was framed, unless it be quite certain that he was at the time unable to attend to public business. It is not clear whether Mr. Bright intends to advocate disestablishment of the Church of England as a practical measure, or only to speak prophetically of it as a thing sure to follow the policy that has been carried out in Ireland. For the abolition of purchase in the church, after the precedent afforded by the army, he is evidently prepared; and to this extent he might induce his colleagues to go with him, though some of them would certainly refuse to agree to immediate disestablishment. The London *Quarterly* predicts that "the two great conflicts of the future" will be "the battle of property and the battle of the Church;" and no doubt it is true, with the reservation that the conflict will not endanger the legitimate rights of property, but only the privileged abuses which cluster around the hereditary succession and possession of large estates. The Church, when it ceases to be the church of the majority, and becomes the church of a decreasing minority, will lose its national character through the change of national sentiment. But the first reform will be to put an end to the scandal of the cure of souls being awarded, through the auctioneer's hammer, to the bearer of the heaviest purse. The invitation given by the *Quarterly* to the right wing of Mr. Gladstone's supporters, to join the Tories in combating the more advanced Liberals, is not likely to be accepted, even though ecclesiastical should go the way of army purchase.

Intelligence from the Ashantee expedition comes through two channels—London and New York. The arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley at the Gold Coast was at first marked by a feat of diplomacy, intended to impress on the natives that the war with the Ashantees was their own war, and that as England was concerned only on account of her allies, they must, as a condition of receiving assistance, show that they were willing to help themselves. This statement of the case has been keenly criticised. The men employed in making the road to Coomassie were paid a shilling a day, and as only one-fourth of that sum was offered for fighting, doubts were expressed whether the natives would be willing to fight on these terms; though it might have been foreseen that an African savage would vastly prefer executing vengeance on his enemies to enduring the steady toil of road-making. Sir Garnet Wolseley could not have been long in commencing his march towards the seat of Ashantee power; and, according to the accounts received, meeting the enemy on the way, inflicted on him a severe loss in dead and wounded, leaving desolating traces of his passage in the destruction of native villages. Though the mortality among the troops was frightful—the Gold Coast maintaining its bad reputation of being fatal to the European—and the odds of numbers immense, Sir Garnet ventured to harass the rear of forty thousand retreating Ashantees with a mere handful of marines, stated at one hundred. He afterwards took some prisoners. Than the disparity of numbers, vast as it is, there is even a greater danger from bush-fighting, by which forty-seven of the expeditionary force, apparently under Col. Festing, have been killed or wounded. A small number of savages can, by concealing themselves, inflict severe losses, and then escape by flight where they cannot be followed.

If the Comte de Chambord has committed political suicide by virtually telling his admirers, and through them the French nation, that he could only accept the throne on condition of being at full liberty to take his family traditions for his guide, and to recommence the monarchy where Charles X. laid it down, he has but done what an honest man was bound to do. But his open candour is criticised where ill-concealed perfidy would have been commended. A man who thinks it would be the duty of a French sovereign to reconstruct society on the the ante-revolution model may not be sagacious enough to know that no one with such ideas of duty could ever come to the French throne, if the nation were prepared to restore the throne on any conditions. The Comte de Chambord admits that France has not yet come to see that "his principle is every thing," which is only another form of admitting that he and his dynastic traditions are unacceptable to the nation. The efforts of his friends to get the Assembly to vote the Restoration, without an appeal to the electors, was a conspiracy of which the audacity was intensified by the smallness of their numbers, and it is remarkable that they should have been foiled by the frankness of their idol. The Bourbons, elder and younger, with their antipathies arising out of the intrusion of Louis Philippe and their puerile quarrels over their flags, are for the present out of the question, and unless society is to retrograde they will be allowed to spend their lives in complete relief from the cankering cares of supreme government.

If the Comte de Chambord had not ruined his own chances, and put his candidature out of the question, it is not at all certain that a vote in his favour could not have been obtained from the Assembly. The influence of the *salon* favoured the Bourbon restoration; and ladies who, by connection and supposed opinion, were set down as Republican, were captivated by the thought of the figure they might make in the Court of Henry V., where they might be able to avenge the unpardonable social pre-eminence of the wife of President McMahon. The Republicans, even after the failure of the Legitimist plot, had no leader on whom they were united to put forward as President. Gambetta could think of nothing better than falling back on Thiers; others, who thought the crisis was one demanding "a man of action," sounded both General Chanzy and General Billot in turn, only to get refusals from both and a rebuff from one. The proposal to prolong McMahon's term of power for seven years, wherever it originated, was soon found to have the support of the Right and of the Government, and the latter resigned when the vote was carried, in accordance with a previous understanding. The committee that reported in favour of the prolongation threatened wavering Conservatives with a dissolution of the Assembly, in which event it was believed an immense majority of Republicans would be returned, unless they would give their assistance to consolidate the Republic, which they themselves were anxious to overthrow. The moderate section of the Left first showed their dissatisfaction, and then sullenly acquiesced. McMahon's conduct, in wishing the prolongation to be voted before the Constitutional Acts were passed, was not above suspicion; and when he told the Assembly, through the Duc de Broglie, that he would use his power in favour of Conservative ideas, he threw off all disguise with nearly the same frankness the Comte de Chambord had shown. When he told the Assembly he wanted to be armed with additional powers "to discourage faction," to curb the press, and to restrain the municipalities, he betrayed a design to make war on the Republic. The demand for a *plébiscite*, the old instrument of Imperial ambition, came in as a disturbing influence, with the object of prolonging the present provisional and uncertain state of things; for while there was no definite action by the Assembly, of which the decision was so uncertain that, a few days before, it was about an even chance whether it would restore the elder Bourbons or continue the Republic, every intrigue would find advocates, and every plot gather conspirators around it. Though it would be unwise of France to subject itself to the disturbing influence of a periodical popular election of the head of the executive, the prolongation of McMahon's term for seven years is an usurpation of power, looking to the establishment of a military dictatorship. The Assembly is itself incomplete, and votes are carried by majorities less than the number of unrepresented constituencies. The Royalists have not elected their king, but they have gained a victory in direct opposition to the national sentiment. The Constitutional Acts will now be carried under their guidance; the rigorous laws of the second empire will be supplemented by additions to the executive power, arbitrary in their nature. The system of repression will be supported by the army till the army revolts, or a new revolution breaks out. The Royalists commenced their intrigues for the restoration by promising the Assembly that the Comte de Chambord would give all requisite guarantees for the preservation of public liberty; and from the moment his own words belied their promises his chances were at an end. The Assembly, feeble as are its pretences to represent the nation, dare not accept him as king. Marshal McMahon promises to put down the "factions," as he calls the Republicans, to muzzle the press, to lay the heavy hand of authority on all who are not of the Royalist faction; and the Assembly accepts the Royalist president on his own terms. Unfortunately, there is no doubt as to the use McMahon will make of his power, whether he act in the interest of the Comte de Chambord, or veer round to the Empire again, should circumstances favour such a course, or endeavour to perpetuate the central power in his own hands. Once more France is meeting foul play at the hands of those who pretend a right to rule her in a representative character. Can we wonder that France appears difficult to govern, when there is so little good faith in her rulers?

The Pope's fatherly care in making it known to the Emperor William that that evil counsellor Bismarck was undermining his throne, by the measures adopted to prevent German Ultramontanes giving their first and best allegiance to his Holiness, has not been received at Berlin in the same benignant spirit in which it was conceived. The reprobate Emperor, who belongs in some undefined way to the Pope, through baptism, is so little gratified for being allowed a means of escape through the suggestion of a rumour that he does not countenance these measures, as to say in reply, "According to the Constitution of my States, such a case cannot happen, since the laws and Government measures in Prussia require my consent as sovereign." He adds that it is his mission to preserve the authority of laws which some leading priests have openly defied, and expresses the hope that his Holiness, on being informed of the true state of affairs, will use his influence to put an end to an agitation supported by falsehood, and the abuse of priestly authority. At the same time, he knows very well that his Holiness will do exactly the reverse of this. On some of the questions in dispute, the lower clergy must be on the side of the State. In the Rhenish Provinces, where the bishops have been in the habit of exercising over them the power of arbitrary removal, the law of last May has come to their aid. Under it the bishops nominate and the State confirms, the priests appointed being relieved from the fear of arbitrary dismissal by the bishop. In decreeing the immovability of the cures, Prussia has only done, in 1873, what Louis XIV. did for France two centuries ago, and what was done for Canada by a royal edict in 1679. If the priests of a Church in some way paid by the State, teach the people that their allegiance to the Pope is to be preferred to that due to their own Sovereign, the State must have some means of protecting itself against the effects of such teaching. The aim of the Emperor's Government is to prevent the Church having an anti-national character, by disallowing ecclesiastical appeals to the Pope, by insisting that disciplinary power shall be exercised by German authorities, and that the final appeal shall not go beyond the German Courts. It seeks to disarm the Church of the powers of excommunication, by rendering the bishops liable to prosecution for making use of this weapon without the consent of the civil authorities. The Emperor is strong enough to be able to disregard the warning of the Pope that he is undermining his throne by the measures taken for the protection and security of the State. But the Pope is not without resources. As a flank movement, he sets up the Bishop of Nancy to order the faithful to pray for the recovery of Metz and Strasburg. The Emperor meets him on this point by remonstrating with France; and though that nation might desire to take a step in the direction indicated by those prayers, she is in no position to do so; for if the war indemnity has been paid, it has been paid in borrowed money, and many bankers who made advances on the bonds are nearly in the condition that Jay Cooke & Co. found themselves in after advancing on Northern Pacific bonds. As a practical measure, this flank movement of his Holiness must fail, like the rest.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

RECENT experiments appear to prove that the rapidity with which gun-cotton detonates is something altogether unprecedented. The imponderables, such as light and electricity, of course, move faster than any material body; but with the exception of these, the detonation of gun-cotton travels faster than anything we know of. A bullet discharged from a rifle usually travels at from thirteen to fourteen hundred feet per second; sound does not get over more than eleven hundred feet in a second of time, and this is much quicker than the flame travels along a train of gunpowder. On the other hand, when a number of cakes of gun-cotton are placed in a line, and detonated at one end, it is found by accurate instruments that the detonation runs along the line with a rapidity of twenty thousand feet—or not far from four miles—per second. It has also been discovered—and the discovery is one of great practical importance—that gun-cotton, though both non-explosive and non-inflammable when wet, is nevertheless capable of being detonated by any fulminating material even when dripping with moisture. So that gun-cotton can be readily detonated under water, if the action be simply started by a dry fulminate fuse. The importance of this discovery, from a military point of view, can probably hardly be over-estimated.

In an elaborate paper by Professor Joseph Henry, read before the American Academy of Sciences, the laws of sound are treated at length with especial reference to the employment of fog-signals. The sea-coast of America extends over ten thousand miles, and over a great part of this distance it is liable to be beset with dense fogs. Hence, much attention has been devoted to the subject of fog-signals, and the appliances employed for this purpose in America are probably superior to those used anywhere else. The majority of the fog-signals now in use are founded upon the principle of resounding cavities, in which the air itself is the sounding body as well as the conductor of sound : and three principal varieties are employed :—1. The fog-trumpet, furnished with a reed, and blown by air condensed by an Ericsson caloric engine ; 2. The siren-trumpet, blown by steam from a high-pressure tubular boiler ; 3. The ordinary locomotive whistle, of large size, and likewise blown by the steam of a high-pressure engine. All these instruments can be heard in still air at a distance of from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

The second part of the first volume of the Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio has just been issued. It is a handsome quarto volume, with four hundred pages of letter-press and forty-eight beautifully executed lithographs and steel engravings, illustrative of the fossils described in the work. It treats exclusively of the Palæontology of Ohio, and is, therefore, only of direct interest to a comparatively select circle. Such works as this, however, promote in the most important manner the general progress of science ; and it is most creditable to the State Legislatures that they continue to ungrudgingly vote considerable sums of money for their publication.

According to Dr. W. B. Carpenter, there can be no doubt that the Caspian was originally connected with the White Sea ; and it has sunk to its present level, about eighty feet below the present ocean-level, in consequence of the great evaporation to which it has been and still is subjected. That the Caspian was formerly connected with the ocean by way of the White Sea, is shown by the numerous marks of marine action on the rocks between the two seas, at a height of eighty feet above the level of the former. The evaporation at present going on in the Caspian is also quite sufficient to account for its having sunk to its present level ; but it is a curious fact that in spite of this, and in spite of the enormous quantity of salt daily being poured into it by rivers, the waters of the Caspian are not more than half as salt as those of the Black Sea, instead of being, as might have been anticipated, much more highly impregnated with saline matters. The reason of this seems to be that large quantities of the salt are drawn off and deposited in shallow lateral lagoons, which act as great natural salt-pans.

It has long been known that the contractile tissues of animals (such as the muscles) have the property of contractility associated with definite electrical currents, which exist only so long as the tissue is alive, and cease at the moment that an act of contraction is effected. Late observations have now brought to light the singular fact that the irritable and contractile parts of plants are traversed by precisely similar currents. The phenomenon is most readily observed in the leaf of the Venus' Fly-trap.

Amongst the papers read before the late meeting of the British Association, at Bradford, was one by a lady, Miss A. W. Buckland, of Bath. The paper was presented to the Anthropological Section, and its title was "The Serpent in connection with Primitive Metallurgy." The object of the paper was to show that the serpent-worshipping races of the East were the earliest discoverers of the metals and of precious stones.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

THE complimentary dinner given to Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the eve of his departure for England, has many claims to a permanent record in these pages. It is but seldom, in Canada, at any rate, that a company of gentlemen assemble to do honour to literary ability and scholarly attainments. Its novelty, therefore, would entitle this demonstration to notice in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, even if there were not special reasons why it should receive exceptional treatment at our hands. It was assuredly no ordinary feeling which prompted the gathering together, during a political crisis, of men of both parties, to offer a tribute of respect possessing no political significance. It was, in the strictest sense, a literary demonstration, and as such, an additional proof, if that were needed, that the literary spirit, untrammelled by the ties of party, and undisturbed by its animosities, has come to be a power in the Dominion. Of those present at the dinner there were doubtless many who would be found to dissent from some of the opinions held by their guest, and from others it has been the fashion to attribute to him.

It is no insignificant item in the debt which modern society owes to culture, that differences of opinion are no longer incompatible with generous appreciation of sterling merit and unquestioned integrity in an opponent. Nor is it indifference to truth which underlies the tolerant temper of the time—it is rather the growing conviction that discordance of view is the inevitable result of thorough inquiry. Discussion is the only highway which leads to knowledge in the best sense of the word; and discussion can only be conducted with profit when it is conducted with fairness and good temper. So far as the judicial spirit enters into the arguments even of a partisan, he will cheerfully concede to his opponent the honesty of motive and confidence in the truth of his opinions he claims for himself. It is to the literay culture of the time we owe that charity which weighs the evidence *against* us as well as *for* us, and has thus gone far to remove the personal element from modern disputation.

Hence the enthusiasm with which a mixed company, composed of legislators, lawyers, professors, bankers, and merchants, representing diverse pursuits and varied phases of opinion, testified their admiration of great talents, eminent scholarship, and undoubted purity of motive in the person of Prof. Goldwin Smith. During a two years' residence in Toronto, the guest of the evening had approved himself to the people of Canada, not only a man of learning or a mere master of language, but one determined to use his gifts for the noblest purpose—the advancement and elevation of his adopted land. On the lecture platform, at the annual gatherings of the Universities, or through the columns of the press, the same earnest aim has ever been set before him, and pursued with an unselfish and unobtrusive earnestness. If we may borrow from the *Fortnightly Review* a phrase used in another connection, he has given us an eminent example of such "lovers of truth and honesty as we usually find a great scholar or man of science to be in our own day." Added to this was a generous endeavour to encourage and stimulate nascent ability wherever he found it, which attached to him all with whom he came in contact. For all these reasons he has surrounded himself with a host of friends, without striving for or desiring popular applause.

It is not our purpose to give in detail the proceedings at the dinner of the 7th ultimo, for they have already appeared at sufficient length in the daily press. Dr. Wilson's extremely valuable services in the chair did not, however, receive that prominence in the reports which they deserve. Nothing could have been more felicitous than the remarks made preliminary to the toasts. His introduction of the guest was especially happy both in manner and matter. The audience, we are sure, shared his conviction that whilst we had enjoyed, during the Professor's residence, the services of one of the most eminent of England's scholars, so during his sojourn in his native land we should have a faithful representative of Canada there, who appreciates, because he thoroughly understands, the resources of the country, and entertains rational and well-founded hopes in the greatness of its future.

We touch lightly upon a subject personal, in a sense, to ourselves. Incidentally, the CANADIAN MONTHLY received many complimentary notices on the occasion. It would be affectation to deny that these evidences of public favour were grateful and encouraging to us. The efforts we have made, in the interests of national literature, have resulted in substantial and assured success; still, to the literary public we must look for continued and increased support. Apart, however, from considerations of the future, we are pleased to find that what has been effected in these columns is thoroughly approved.

Mr. Goldwin Smith referred to the enterprise with which his name has been closely associated. Perhaps we may venture to supplement his remarks with one or two of our own. The playful title of "literary loafer" would give an erroneous view of the Professor's labours on behalf of the MONTHLY. Whilst declining to undertake the editorship of the new venture, we had the fullest assurance of his advice and assistance. That promise has been amply fulfilled from the first until now. To his suggestions and to his counsel, always at our command, as well as to the valuable contributions we have received from his pen, the success achieved is mainly owing. These services have been rendered to the cause of national literature at the sacrifice of personal ease and personal advantage, for a worthy purpose. If, at times, Mr. Smith's efforts drew upon him attacks from the party press which ought to have fallen upon other shoulders, and if, at others, a respect for impersonal journalism failed to secure him immunity from personal assaults, he was obliged to bear the fire from both armies, if not without complaining, at least without redress.

For these exertions we believe our readers, of all parties, are grateful. The sole aim has been to build up, through our columns, by contributions from all quarters, a patriotic feeling in the Dominion, and to encourage a literature—indigenous in character and honest and pure in spirit. So far as this has been done, Mr. Goldwin Smith has inspired and directed our efforts. That he may enjoy his visit to the mother-land, and return with renewed strength and vigour to his adopted country, we, as well as his many Canadian friends, earnestly desire. Of one thing we are sure, that when Canada is evil-spoken of by ignorant tourists or superficial observers of any description, she will find a constant, a truthful, and an intelligent champion in Professor Goldwin Smith.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE controversy between Christianity and the various forms of unbelief is one of the most important and interesting phenomena of the age. The parties to the momentous argument cannot afford to give their opponents quarter; so far as present appearances go, therefore, it is a struggle *à l'outrance.* The literary criticism of former years, though it affected the doctrine of plenary inspiration and the integrity of the Scriptural canon, was by no means so formidable as the fierce onslaught of modern science upon the very foundations of evangelical religion. The inexorable sequence of cause and effect, the unalterable character of natural law, and the consequent impossibility of miracle, special providence, and even of a supernatural revelation had been mooted before; but they have acquired a fresher, clearer, and therefore more popular aspect from recent discoveries, real or supposed, in the material universe. Not content with the domain of experimental knowledge and a rational induction from facts carefully established and cautiously generalized, we are launched upon an unknown sea of hypothesis, not to be verified by the most acute and sober observation. The system of Herbert Spencer, the development theory of Darwin, and the bold negation of spirituality in man by Huxley and the entire school, tend to a conclusion subversive of all man has hitherto recognized as religion. The worship of "the unknown and unknowable," as our English scientists have it, or of the blind, unintelligent, remorseless force known to Strauss as the Cosmos, is the only religion; and a struggle for personal enjoyment under natural laws, the only morality. Immortality is, of course, a fiction of the imagination; as Strauss remarks: "If this be considered pure, unmitigated materialism, I will not dispute it." We have only to take one step further—a step, however, which even the author of "The Old Faith and the New" declines to take—to reach the depths of pessimism in Schopenhauer and Hartmann. "It must be an ill-advised God," says the former, "who should be able to devise no better pastime than to transform himself into so hungry a world as ours, to appear in the form of innumerable millions of living, but, at the same time, terrified and tormented beings, who can only exist for a space by mutually devouring each other and enduring measureless and objectless ills of anguish, misery and death." "If God," says Hartmann, "previous to the creation, had been aware of what he was doing, creation would have been an inexpiable crime; its existence is only pardonable as the result of blind will; the entire Cosmic process would be an equally unfathomable folly, if its unique aim, self-consciousness, had existed without it." Strauss shrinks from the verge of this precipice, because he believes with Darwin in "the survival of the fittest;" yet he seems to coincide with Hartmann in the theory of "an unconscious Absolute"—whatever that may mean—which creates and determines and rules the evolution of the universe, not by an intelligent Will, but by a "clairvoyant wisdom superior to all consciousness." In his last work, Strauss attempts a sort of eclecticism of unbelief—combining the destructive criticism of Baur and the Tübingen school on the canon of Scripture, with all the objections raised by the physicists. The Darwinian theory especially delights him as "the first child of the true, though as yet clandestine, union of science and philosophy." It is possible that Mr. Darwin would not thank him for some of the conclusions he has drawn from the evolution theory. Certainly Helmholtz has misrepresented the actual position of the English naturalist, when he claims that he has eliminated the notion of design from the idea of creation. Darwin certainly does not "show how the adaptation of structure in organisms may be effected without any interference of intelligence, by the blind operation of law." In strictness he cannot be said to "show" anything but an hypothesis, unsupported by fact. He cannot show that any *species*,—we do not say *variety*—has been originated within the memory of man. His theory may be true, but it is not proved, and remains, therefore, an hypothesis. Much less has he shown that the creation of species may be effected by "the blind operation of law;" for having gone backward as far as his inventive faculty can reach, he is compelled to beg some atoms or molecules from the "Intelligence" the German philosopher ignores. If, then, the original matter came from the hand of a "conscious" and intelligent Absolute; why, even supposing the Darwinian theory to be true, may He not have ordered and ruled the genesis of all the species that have arisen since earth emerged from chaos? It would not be difficult to show that there is nothing in the development theory of itself to alarm the orthodox; it is only when its advocates, as Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man," transcend the limits of scientific investigation, that they become enemies to philosophy, ethics and religion. The attempt to leap the chasm between plant and animal life, instinct and reason, and more especially the effort to reduce the moral sense of man to a development of animal affections, are of this nature. Mr. Darwin has taken this false step and made shipwreck of his method. The Curtius of physical science, he has leaped into the abyss without saving the citadel.

We have made these remarks on the attitude of modern science towards religion, because it will save us some space in the brief outline we propose to give of the papers on Scepticism at the late conference of the Evangelical Alliance. It is scarcely possible to classify these essays; we shall, therefore, indicate briefly the line of argument taken in each, with a synopsis of such remarks as were made upon it. Prof. Stanley Leathes, of King's College, London, confined himself to the evidence of fulfilled prophecy as it is deducible from the history of the Jews. There was nothing novel in his treatment of the subject, except perhaps his reply to the parallel attempted to be drawn by Prof. Müller between the development of Buddhism from Brahminism and that of Christianity from Judaism.

The next paper, which, in all respects, was the most solid contribution to the literature of the Conference, was read by Dr. Theodor Christlieb, Professor of Theology at Bonn. It traversed, in fact, the entire subject of modern infidelity, systematically and conscientiously, suggesting modes of encountering it in all its phases. It would be impossible to give an outline of this learned and exhaustive paper. When we state that the tendencies of scepticism were divided into three heads—Unchristian Philosophy, Destructive Historical Criticism and Anti-Miraculous Natural Science; that each of these was separately treated with the accurate learning we have learned to expect from German scholarship; and further, that the apologetic was applied not merely to the systems themselves, but to their influence on individual, social and national life, our readers will have some idea of an essay which occupied three hours in the reading. Dr. Christlieb approached the subject with perfect candour. Fervent as his faith in Christianity is, he did not fail to rebuke extravagant dogmatic views, especially those sometimes entertained upon Inspiration. Let us quote a few words on this topic; they will suffice to show the sincerity and honesty of an able apologist of the faith: "The very limits of our canon are not an ordinance by Divine right, inasmuch as no prophet ever declared the list of inspired Old Testament writings closed in the name of God, and no apostle superintended the collection of the New Testament books." He then suggests the argument that the same Spirit who inspired the Scripture ordered their collection so that they might make a complete and compact whole. He admits the existence of a human element—consents to a reverent criticism, not merely extending "to texts, and translations, but also to a searching comparison of the different types of doctrine (*e. g.* Pauline, Johannean, &c.) and of the various ethnographical, historical and other data," &c. Should such a criticism should discover errors, the Professor applies the words of Luther: "If there be found a strife in Scripture and the same cannot be settled, let it alone; it is of little moment, so that it runneth not counter to the articles of our faith." To these articles Dr. Christlieb clings with unfaltering tenacity; though he protests against insupportable assumptions and disengenuous devices in defence of the truth. The paper read at New York may well claim the attention of Christian readers; it is, however, we believe, only an abridgment of a more systematic treatise—"Modern Doubts on Christian Faith,"—a translation of which is being published by the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh.

Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, was the author of another paper on the subject of Infidelity. There was nothing original in his division of the phases of unbelief—subjective and objective in character, or depending in each case upon moral or intellectual causes of doubt. His exposition of the "scandals" or stumbling-blocks caused by the Church itself, either in doctrine or practice, and his suggestions for remodelling Christian evidences, were fresh and pointed. Dr. Warren, of Boston University, gave a sketch of American Infidelity. It was interesting historically, but tinctured a little too strongly with the *odium theologicum.* Geographical sketches were given of the three who bore the name of the sceptical apostle, "Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Cooper and Thomas Paine," and thence down by Priestly and Owen to Theodore Parker and Emerson. Dr. Washburn followed on "Reason and Faith,"—the one apprehending intellectual, the other spiritual truth; reason being barren opinion, faith being "reason knit with affection and conscience." Differing from Dr. Warren, he contended that American Unitarianism was the result of the prevailing dogmatism of New England. As Neander declared of German unbelief, so in America it arose from "dead orthodoxy"—a natural reaction from scholastic divinities.

The Theory of Development was ably treated by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, the well-known author of "Christianity and Positivism." His mode of handling the subject under the figure of a temple divided into great halls—the religious and scientific—was well wrought out. Of the principal objections to Darwinism as a cosmogony we have already spoken—they are fully, though not extravagantly, stated in this paper. One brief extract we venture to quote for the benefit of those who denounce evolution without investigating its claims:—"It is useless to tell the younger naturalists that there is no truth in the doctrine of development; for they know there is truth, which is not to be set aside by denunciation. Religious philosophers might be more profitably employed in showing them the religious aspects of the doctrine, and some would be grateful to any who would help them to keep their old faith in God and the Bible with their faith in science."

An animated discussion arose on this subject. Dr. Brown, "a missionary of forty years' standing," declared that all he knew in regard to the vegetable kingdom was in accordance with the theory of development. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, somewhat warmly demanded to know whether Dr. Brown meant that God was electricity or some other unintelligible force? He could not stand there and hear men talk about development without telling what development was. Dr. Brown very sensibly said that he believed in the creation of the world by the Almighty, as asserted in the Shorter Catechism, but he did not see that that prevented him from believing that development was the mode of God's action.

Principal Dawson, of McGill University, Montreal, read a paper on "Primitive Man and Revelation." Dr. Dawson contends that the modern theory of the antiquity of man is founded upon exaggeration and mistake; that even if we accept the skeletons recently found as those of the primitive race of mankind, the admission overthrows the "Simian" origin of the race, because they are highly developed in the cephalic region, and, therefore, are existing proofs of the truth of the Scripture narrative. We are glad to learn that Principal Dawson is about to submit his researches on this subject to the public.

In a subsequent discussion on Darwinism, Dr. Dawson was "catechised" on Darwinism. Dr. Hodge could not let the matter rest; hence the Principal was compelled to mount the platform and state the commonplace fact, that evolution, up to a certain point, is not anti-Christian, but that after that point it becomes so. Dr. Hodge urged that Darwinism, as he understood it, "excludes God; excludes intelligence from everything."

Dr. Dawson's reply, though tinged with characteristic dislike to the development school, is worth quoting:—"I think Darwin would not admit so much as has been said, and yet I believe his doctrine leads to that conclusion. The Darwinian theory takes hold of the production of varieties. Our doctrine is that these varieties are the action of external nature upon the species. As regards the varieties, Darwin is well enough; but as regards species, I don't believe in it, because it comes in contact with the Bible. The Darwinian theory, I believe, is this: That species have come into existence by natural selection, arising in the struggle of one species with another for existence, and the survival of the fittest in that struggle. It is not science at all—only a bad philosophy."

Here we are compelled to take abrupt leave of the New York Conference. We trust, however, that we have given a glimpse of its proceedings sufficiently clear to tempt our readers to a better acquaintance with the subjects discussed, when the complete record is published.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CANADA. By Samuel James Watson, Librarian, Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

In this small volume of 157 pages, Mr. Watson, commencing with the British conquest, brings down the constitutional history to the Constitution Act of 1791, and adds a slight sketch on "Canada, Past and Present." Our history has hitherto been chiefly written from a French Canadian point of view, and we have had to look at the past through spectacles that did not quite suit the sight. Mr. Watson writes from a British stand-point, and judging from the present instalment, his work will be creditably performed. Every one may not agree with him in thnking the Quebec Act of 1774 was "the worst Act which the British Parliament ever imposed on an American colony." In placing Canada under a Governor and Council, that Act was not only a breach of faith in withholding the promised representative institutions, but it was regarded as a menace to the other colonies. It is proper, however, to note the exceptional position in which Canada was placed. The colony, a recent conquest, was chiefly peopled by French settlers and their descendants; and if representative institutions had been given to it in good faith, and the oaths of abjuration had been dispensed with, the English population, to whom representative institutions had been promised by the proclamation of 1763, and for whom they were more particularly regarded as desirable—the French colonist never having lived under such institutions—the effect would have been to place the entire Legislative power in the hands of the new subjects, and it is quite conceivable that the colonists of British origin might have been worse off than under a Governor and Council. The change made by the Constitution Act of 1791 was much less real than apparent. The ultimate power was still in the Governor and a Crown appointed Legislative Council, which could always be successfully played off against the elective chamber. The extent to which that power was used to counteract the popular tendencies of the Assembly is familiar to every reader of Canadian history.

While writing in a clear and forcible style, it may be doubted whether Mr. Watson has exhausted all the materials bearing on his subject. We miss all mention of the contests that arose between the authorities at Quebec and the merchants over the right of the new Government to levy the same rate of import duty as the old Government had collected; disputes which occupied the attention of the English courts and made much noise at the time. Perhaps the author may not consider them as belonging to the constitutional history of the Province; though it would be difficult to class them otherwise. Nevertheless we welcome this new contribution to our history; and we believe that those who peruse the first volume will look forward with interest to its successors.

SUB-TROPICAL RAMBLES IN THE LAND OF THE APHANAPTERYX. PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, ADVENTURES AND WANDERINGS IN AND AROUND THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS. By Nicholas Pike. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1873.

We give the full title of this work, since, probably, not one in a thousand would know what was meant by the "Land of the Aphanapteryx," or in what portion of the habitable globe this favoured region might actually be. Nor do we suppose that many people would know with any accuracy what the "Aphanapteryx" is; whether it is some valuable gem or mineral, some wonderful vegetable production, or, perhaps, something to eat, just as we speak of the land of the sugar-cane or grape vine, or the "land o' cakes." In truth, however, the Aphanapteryx is nothing more than a peculiar wingless bird, which formerly inhabited the Island of Mauritius, along with the still more singular Dodo, and which has become extinct within a comparatively recent period. We are bound to add, also, that nothing beyond the merest mention of the Aphanapteryx, together with its portrait on the title-page, will be found in this work; so that the title of the work is only justified by the author's announcement that he intends to publish a second volume, in which he will describe fully this and the other remarkable natural productions of Mauritius.

Mr. Nicholas Pike, whose name has a strangely familiar ring, was appointed United States Consul in Mauritius in the year 1866; and the present volume is the result of his stay on the island for some years. The work has little literary excellence to recommend it, and its arrangement is such as to render its perusal a matter of considerable difficulty. This difficulty is enhanced by the enormous amount and miscellaneous character of the material collected by Mr. Pike, and here presented to the public in a concrete form. It does not seem possible to mention any subject, having any conceivable connection with the natural or acquired peculiarities of any given country, which is not more or less fully treated of in these pages. The general reader will find himself agreeably entertained with the account of Mauritian life and society; the naturalist, the botanist and the geologist will all meet with matter of special interest to them; the physician has a chapter on the causes and nature of the Mauritian fevers; the meteorologist can revel in the details of cyclones and hurricanes; the ethnologist is presented with a long account of the various elements composing the mixed population of the island; the historian, the statistician, the educationalist, and the student of theology are one and all liberally cared for; and the financier or man of business can study at length the industries and commerce of the island. Upon the whole, however, Mr. Pike, though a keen observer and a fair recorder of other matters, appears to most advantage as a naturalist and botanist; and we shall look forward with interest to the promised second volume of the work, in which the rich fauna and flora of the island are to be described in detail.

LITERARY NOTES

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have ready an edition of the new issue of the Christian Evidence Society Lectures, delivered in the new Hall of Science, London, entitled "Popular Objections to Revealed Truth." "Modern Scepticism" and "Faith and Free Thought" are the subjects of the two earlier volumes of the same series, also issued by this firm.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark are issuing Prof. Christlieb's eagerly expected work on "Modern Doubts on Christian Faith," the substance of which was delivered by the author at the Evangelical Alliance Convention recently held in New York. Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, have published a cheap edition of the matter of the address, extracted from the complete report of the proceedings of the Alliance, which they have now in press.

Messrs. W. Isbister & Co., the successors to the firm of Alex. Strahan & Co., of London, announce the "Autobiography and Memoir of the late Thomas Guthrie, D. D.," edited by his sons, to be issued in two volumes. The same firm have ready a new work by Mr. Samuel Smiles, entitled "The Huguenots in France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with a Visit to the Country of the Vaudois;" also a manual of Homiletical and Pastoral Theology, with the title of "For the Work of the Ministry," by Rev. Professor W. G. Blaikie, D. D.

Messrs. H. S. King & Co. have ready M. Jules Favre's interesting work on "The Government of the National Defence," from June 30 to October 31, 1870; a new volume from the pen of the Country Parson, entitled "A Scotch Communion Sunday, and other discourses from a University City"; two new issues of the "International Science Series;" Prof. Bain on "Mind and Body: the Theories of their Relations;" and Mr. Herbert Spencer on "The Study of Sociology." Messrs. King have also issued a collected volume of recent Papers by James Greenwood, the *Amateur Casual*, entitled "In Strange Company; being the Experiences of a Roving Correspondent."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s new publications embrace Dr. Edward Freeman's Lectures, recently delivered at the Royal Institution, on "Comparative Politics;" "Speeches on some Current Political Questions," by Prof. Fawcett, M. P.; "Cobden and Political Opinion," by Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers; and a new and enlarged edition of Prof. Calderwood's "Handbook of Moral Philosophy."

Messrs. Holt & Co., New York, issue, by arrangement with the author's executor, John Stuart Mill's "Autobiography." They announce a translation of Dr. Strauss' recent work on "The Old Faith and the New," and reprints of Mr. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," and "Primitive Culture."

Messrs. Harper Brothers have just reprinted the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," edited by her daughter, which has been very favourably received by the English critics.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce Mr. Mivart's new work on "Man and Apes," and a reprint of the new novel by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," entitled "Nancy."

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons have in press a new work by Dr. David Page, on "Economic Geology, or Geology in its Relation to the Arts and Manufactures," and a reprint of a new series of articles on social subjects, from the *Saturday Review*, entitled "Sketches and Essays."

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s current publications embrace a cheap edition of "Jean Ingelow's Poems;" two new and attractive editions of "Tennyson's Complete Poetical Works," suitable for the holiday trade; and a further edition of Hesba Stretton's recent novel, "Hester Morley's Promise." They will shortly issue a Canadian edition of "French Home Life," a delightful volume on domestic life in France, a selection from which appeared in the November number of this journal.

A reprint is preparing, at Messrs. Lovells' Lake Shore Press, Rouse's Point, N. Y., of Miss Florence Montgomery's beautiful story of child-life, "Misunderstood," and will shortly be issued.

Mr. Lovell of Montreal, in a handsome 8vo. volume, has made a further contribution to Canadian literature in a work entitled, "Nova Scotia, in its Historical, Mercantile and Industrial Relations," by Mr. Duncan Campbell of Halifax. We trust to find space to review it in our next issue.

Mr. R. T. Walkem, Barrister, of Kingston, has just issued, with the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Willing & Williamson, Toronto, an important work on "The Law relating to the Execution and Revocation of Wills, and to Testamentary Capacity," which, doubtless, will be appreciated by the legal profession.

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